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MOTION PICTURE

magazine

August

15 cents

ONFESSIONS OF A OLLYWOOD WIFE

EVELYN VENABLE
by
MARLAND STONE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
JUL 1934

HOW TO MAKE YOUR CHILD A MOVIE STAR

PN1 .M5

The easy way to stop a headache . . . *and the quickest*

EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER FOR HEADACHES NEURALGIA
ALBERT DORNE

HEADACHES CAN COME from so many things . . . something you ate, stuffy rooms, sometimes sheer nervousness.

And that's why you need a *balanced* preparation for relief. Look what happens when you take Bromo-Seltzer!

Drink it as it fizzes in the glass. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. Gas on the stomach is promptly relieved.

Then Bromo-Seltzer quickly attacks the pain. Before you know it your headache is relieved. It works so fast because you take it as a *liquid*.

At the same time your nerves are soothed and calmed . . . you are gently steadied, refreshed. And your alkali reserve (so necessary for freshness and well-being) is being built up by citric salts which are rapidly absorbed by the blood.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take and so dependable. It contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach.

Keep the large family-size bottle of Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet. Always ready to bring quick, dependable relief from headaches, neuralgia or other pain of nerve origin. Simply follow directions on the bottle. You can also get Bromo-Seltzer at any soda fountain.

Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced remedy

No mere pain-killer can give the same prompt results as Bromo-Seltzer. It is a balanced compound of *five* medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose . . . each of which has a special benefit. That's why Bromo-Seltzer is so much more effective.

Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same . . . are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for over 40 years. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.

EMERSON'S

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick Pleasant Reliable

3281
5252
D

Isn't It A Shame!

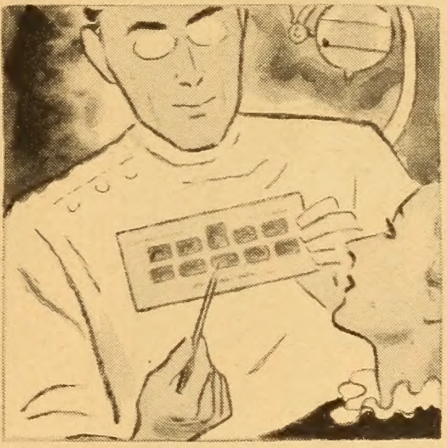
SHE HAS A BIG HOUSE . . . A SUCCESSFUL HUSBAND . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

Emily's house is a show-place—the finest house in town. And Emily is as gracious and lovely as her house is grand! But—there's a "but" about Emily!

Emily's successful young husband would send to the ends of the earth to grant her smallest wish! But—the "but" about Emily gives her many bad moments!

When Emily goes to parties in other people's houses, she doesn't seem to "click." She feels left out of it all. For the "but" about Emily is her teeth!

Emily's husband should tell her what people notice about her teeth—that they look dingy and ugly. If only she'd go to her dentist . . .



He'd explain that it's "pink tooth brush" which is responsible—that she should clean her teeth with Ipana—and massage Ipana into her gums.

By the time Emily's gums were firm, her teeth would be good-looking again. She'd be attractive again! And she'd get plenty of compliments!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

YOU, like Emily, should examine your teeth in a mirror, by bright daylight. If your teeth look dingy and ugly, "pink tooth brush" may be at the root of the trouble.

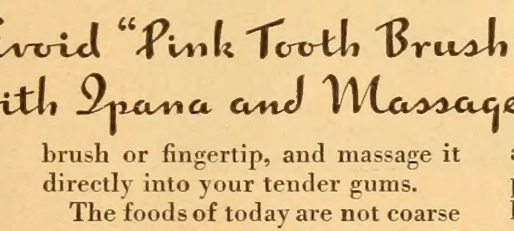
To be sure that your teeth are brilliantly clean and good-looking—do as many dentists suggest: clean them with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

The foods of today are not coarse enough to stimulate the gums and keep them hard. Inactive gums often become tender, and sometimes bleed. This is "pink tooth brush."

Stimulate your gums and keep them firm with a twice-daily massage with Ipana. The ziratol in Ipana aids the massage in toning them. In protecting them against "pink tooth brush," you are safer from gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You can feel safer, too, about your teeth. Remember: Ipana for tender gums, and Ipana for *clean* teeth.

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

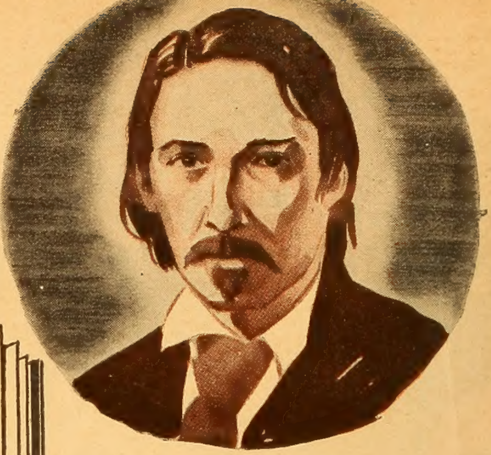
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

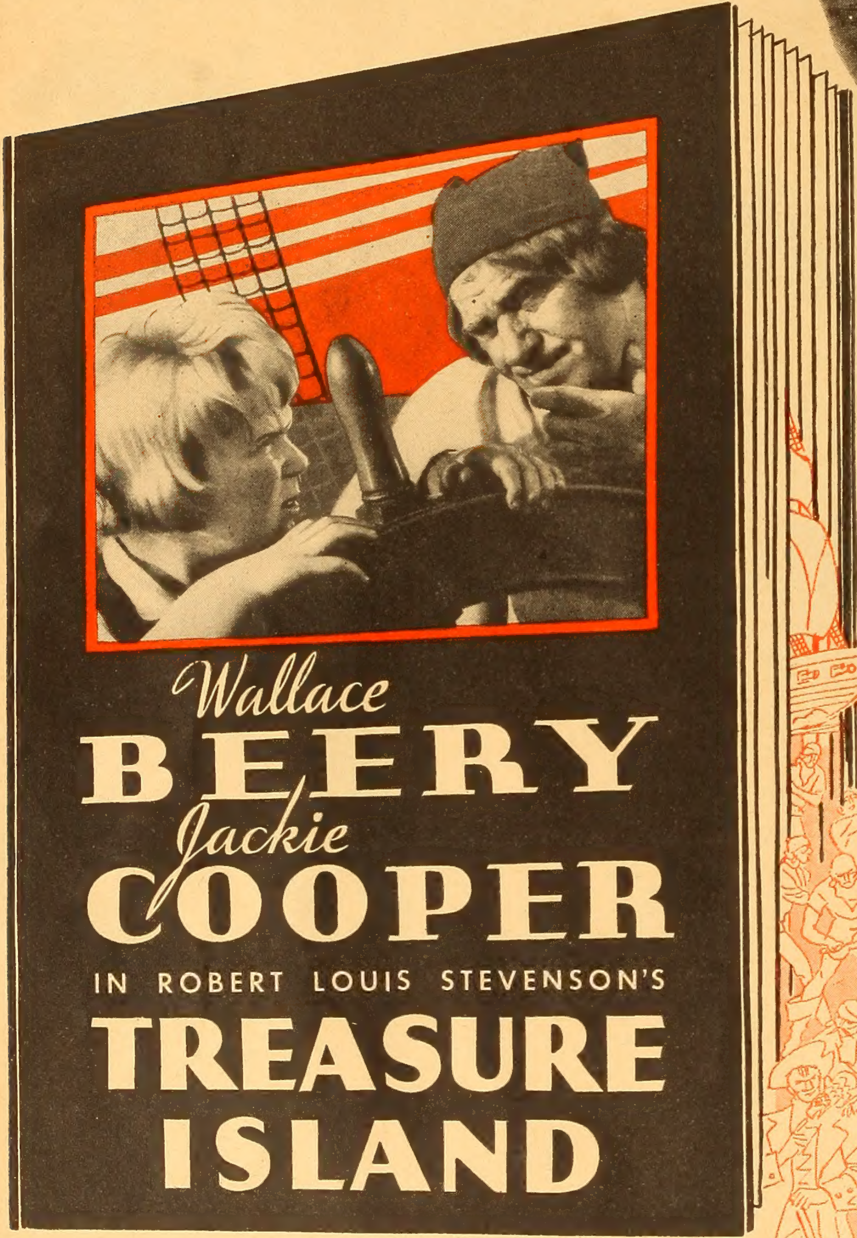


NRA

VISIT
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934

If Robert Louis Stevenson had traded his pen for a camera . .





Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life . . . just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!

WALLACE BEERY *as Long John Silver*
JACKIE COOPER - *as Jim Hawkins*
LIONEL BARRYMORE *as Billy Bones*
OTTO KRUGER - - - - - *as Dr. Livesey*
LEWIS STONE - - - - *as Captain Smollett*
"CHIC" SALE - - - - - - - - *as Ben Gunn*
WILLIAM V. MONG - - - - *as Old Pew*
DOROTHY PETERSON - - - *as Mrs. Hawkins*

Directed by Victor Fleming • *Produced by* Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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JUN 28 1934

MOTION PICTURE

AUGUST
1934

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVIII, No. 1

The Original Film Magazine Edited in Hollywood and New York

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Cover Design of Evelyn Venable Painted by MARLAND STONE

EVELYN VENABLE
Has Found a New Way to Fame!

That is the news about the girl on the cover—and it is the title of a story you will read about her a few pages farther on.

No girl ever got her start in the movies as Evelyn did. She hired a chaperon to help her dodge romance rumors—which most newcomers seek. (She still has the chaperon.) She carried—and still carries—a small revolver in her handbag, for protection. She didn't try to dazzle the world with her sex appeal; she concentrated on doing some fine acting. And she was called "The Kissless Girl."

To-day, she is the closest to stardom of any girl her age. And it's time you knew her better!

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Hollywood Editor*

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INSIDE News FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

Did you ever see a "beef trust" chorus? Ah, you don't realize what you've missed! But Mae West—the blonde girl with the sense of humor—shows you in her newest picture, "It Ain't No Sin." With these healthy Amazons to back her up, she plays a burlesque queen in the Happy (and hippy) Nineties, who drifts down the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans

By Glen Dale

The Observing Reporter Who Gets **All** the News

Mae Keeps Them Guessing!

MAE WEST is smart; there is no getting around that. She insisted, against studio advice, on making "She Done Him Wrong" as her first starring picture—and it made $3,000,000 for the studio. Then, sensing that the public wanted to be shown that she could be amusing in modern dress, too, she next made "I'm No Angel." After which she realized that audiences preferred her in the Naughty Nineties sort of thing—so she made "It Ain't No Sin." And now, before anyone has a chance to tire of her comedy style, she is going in for some straight drama of the daring kind in "The Queen of Sheba." Keeping up public interest, in other words.

And because Mae *is* smart, some people are now wondering about the new romance rumors that are toying with her name. For a long time, she was rumored married to James Timony, her ever-present lawyer-manager; she denied the rumors insistently. But since Hollywood denials have come to mean very little (thanks to the truth-dodging of other stars), maybe the impression that she *was* married did gain some headway. Anyway, you are now hearing rumors that she and her manager have tiffed, and you are reading of romance rumors about her. The most persistent one links her with a boxer (not Maxie Baer). Those maybe-she's-married rumors are dying a natural death.

Star Meets Tragic Death

ALL Hollywood is mourning the tragic death of Dorothy Dell, the beautiful blonde star, whose life and career were cut short on the night of June 7th in an automobile accident. Dorothy, who was nineteen years old and destined for the screen's highest honors, had attended a party in Pasadena and was returning with Dr. Carl Wagner in the latter's car. He lost control while rounding a sharp turn and the car struck a telephone pole, killing Miss Dell instantly. Dr. Wagner, physician and socialite of Pasadena, suffered a fractured skull. As we go to press, little hope is held for his recovery.

Young, beautiful, talented—Dorothy Dell was on the brink of a great film career when killed in an auto accident

Dorothy Dell had a meteoric career. At thirteen, she introduced the famous ballad, "Louisiana Moon." At fifteen, she was crowned "Miss America" and "Miss Universe". Vaudeville, stardom in Ziegfeld's "Follies" and Broadway musical shows followed—until the movies claimed her. She had been in Hollywood only six months, had already played several leading rôles (her last was in "Shoot the Works"), and had been chosen by Earl Carroll as one of the "sixteen prettiest girls in films." Sad Paramount officials say: "She had made the fastest progress of any young girl who ever came to Hollywood."

Will Lee Follow Isabel?

HOLLYWOOD can't figure out whether Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell are on the outs or not. When M-G-M exiled Lee after the famous and much-exaggerated Mexican incident, Isabel asked for release from her M-G-M contract. Lee went to Universal for "I'll Tell the World"; so did Isabel, for "Let's Be Ritzy." M-G-M wooed her back long enough to play in "Manhattan Melodrama" and "The Thin Man." Then she went to Paramount, where

(*Continued on page 8*)

Multi-Ring Circus! A mighty drama. An eye-and-ear spectacle. Thousands of extras. 800 horsemen galloping up Palace stairs in a cavalcade of fury...priests in solemn processional...the most gorgeous wedding ever screened...all against a background of marvelous music and choral singing.

With the Reigning Beauty of the Screen. MARLENE DIETRICH as the woman of fire, leading Hell-riding Cossacks or as the woman of love, surrounded by her admiring courtiers, has never been more beautiful. Gowned in twenty different costumes, she is truly and incredibly lovely.

MARLENE DIETRICH

in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

with John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!

Inside News Flashes From Filmland

It must be nice to lead a dog's life sometimes. Sammy, for example, has a girl like Mary Carlisle to look out for his welfare. And thanks to her rapid rise in films, Sammy now has a soft berth—and a wall rack to hold his combs, brushes and the other necessities of a dapper companion of a movie starlet

(*Continued from page 6*)

Lee had just signed, for "Here Comes the Groom." But Lee had hardly started rehearsals for "Fifty-Two Weeks for Florette" (giving him a chance to play a vaudeville song-and-dance man, instead of a reporter) when Isabel signed a contract with M-G-M. Some say that this presages Lee's return to the same studio; others, that the long-inseparable duo have finally split. Certainly, they haven't been seen together so often.

Welcome Home, Charlie!

CHARLES RAY, who has been missing from the screen for five years, gets his chance for a comeback in a supporting rôle in "Ladies Should Listen"—and Hollywood is giving Charlie a great big hand. The movie town still talks about the way he took his tough break, and Hollywood has never since seen a party to touch the one that Charlie gave on the night before he announced that he was a bankrupt. Of recent years, he has been in vaudeville.

Also you'll notice, two other former favorites get comeback chances in "It Ain't No Sin"—namely, Jack Mulhall and George Walsh, a brace of Irishmen who haven't had "the luck of the Irish" since the advent of talkies. And another well-remembered Irishman who is coming back is Thomas Meighan—in support of Jackie Cooper in "Peck's Bad Boy."

Mary Notifies Doug

HOLLYWOOD got its biggest surprise of the month when Mary Pickford started pushing her divorce suit against Douglas Fairbanks, obtaining a court order to serve him by publication, since he was abroad and beyond the reach of California process-servers. Hollywood had been believing all that it had read in the newspapers about an imminent reconciliation. Doug, meanwhile, having finished "The Private Life of Don Juan," was entering a defense against the charges of Lord Ashley, who had named him as co-respondent in his divorce suit against Lady Sylvia Ashley. Newspaper dispatches recently have told of both Doug and Lady Ashley being guests at week-end house parties of British nobility. Mary, parenthetically, denies rumors from Washington that she has Congressional ambitions.

Elissa Calls It Off

ELISSA LANDI'S divorce suit against John Lawrence, London barrister (whom she married in 1928), was less of a surprise. There have been no romance rumors about Elissa, who has led an almost cloistered life in Hollywood, but the movie town is no believer in the "absence-makes-the-heart-grow-fonder" theory.

Elissa—whose fourth novel, "The Ancestor," is just off the presses—explains thus: "Although my husband at first did everything possible to insure the continuation of my acting and writing, he now refuses to submit to any situation that he says might entail his being called 'Mr. Elissa Landi.' This, no doubt, is pardonable masculine pride. Contrary to reports, I have continually urged him to make his home here, but my requests met with refusal. It is apparent we are temperamentally unsuited . . . I have no intention of marrying again and earnestly desire to devote my life to acting and writing."

"Yessed" Her Way to Freedom

VIRGINIA BRUCE, fourth ex-wife of John Gilbert, had to say only one word to divorce him. She just had to say "Yes" when asked if each item in her complaint was true, and it was all over in three minutes. By the terms of the property settlement, she receives $42,500 outright, $150 a month for the support of their baby daughter, Susan Ann (whom Gilbert still sees often, since the divorce is a "friendly" one), and $92.31 a week for herself for three years. (The odd sum was not explained.) Virginia, who was given what may be called "a leave of absence" two years ago when she married Gilbert, is now resuming her screen career. For her "comeback," she is playing the title rôle in "Jane Eyre."

(*Continued on page 10*)

Wide World

Three brave lads—James Cagney, Chester Morris and Edward G. Robinson—embark on a ferris-wheel at the Film Stars' Frolic. What if it stuck with them on top?

June Knight HATES STOCKING RUNS!

"So I always insist on LUX," she says . . . "Lux is simply marvelous for stockings. Why, when they're washed in Lux, they not only fit better, but actually they don't go into runs nearly so often!"

STOCKING RUNS used to be June's pet peeve before she began using Lux. For this popular young blonde knows that dowdy stockings make even the loveliest legs look ugly.

But while she was dancing her way to stardom, she discovered for herself an important stocking secret. Like so many other Hollywood stars, she found that stockings whisked through Lux after *every* wearing not only fit better—but don't go into runs nearly so often!

YOU, TOO, can cut down runs in stockings the way Hollywood does. Lux helps stockings *give* instead of snapping under everyday strains, because it saves *elasticity*.

But do avoid cake-soap rubbing and soaps containing harmful alkali, because these things weaken elasticity. Of course, Lux has no harmful alkali. Stockings wear ever so much *longer* cared for the Lux way!

"I won't let my maid use anything but Lux for my stockings or any of my personal things," says this star of Universal's *Romance in the Rain.* "It keeps them lovely as new!"

Specified in all the big Hollywood Studios

Vera West, wardrobe supervisor for Universal Pictures, says, "Some of the costumes used on the sets are returned to my department in rather bad condition. But if they're washable at all, I know Lux will make them like new. It cleans them like magic, and it's so *safe!* Materials and colors come out of Lux as lovely as ever. I wouldn't be without it!"

Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck **TRUST TO LUX**

INSIDE NEWS FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

Ruby Keeler shows Philip Regan, "the Singing Cop" of radio fame, how Hollywood girls will take to him. He's in her new picture, "Dames"

(*Continued from page 6*)

Joan Is the Win-nah!

FLASHES: Joan Blondell won the Wampas 1934 award for being the Baby Star who had made the most progress in the last three years (since election, in other words). Runners-up were Ginger Rogers, Constance Cummings, Gloria Stuart and Mary Carlisle . . . Brian Aherne has been re-discovered by Hollywood since making "The Constant Nymph" abroad. He will be Ann Harding's hero in "The Fountain" . . . Part of Hollywood is emigrating to England for the summer. George Arliss is already Over There, about to play *Wellington,* Leslie Howard is Blighty-bound after "British Agent" to make a picture; Maurice Chevalier has a picture date in England; John Barrymore is going over to face the British cameras; Charles Farrell and Gregory Ratoff are to be in the same English picture . . . Charles Bickford, on the other hand, is going to Russia to make a picture for the Soviet film company, Sovkino . . .

Explaining the Delay

WHAT'S holding up Gloria Swanson's divorce from Michael Farmer—now that Michael has shown his willingness to let Gloria have her freedom without a fight? Her plans can hardly be news to him, but according to good old legal custom he must be notified by publication. And that takes three months.

Helen Hurries West

HOLLYWOOD has at last demanded that Broadway give back Helen Hayes. To live up to her film contract, she had to withdraw from her stage hit, "Mary of Scotland," and hurry West—with a busy Summer ahead of her. One of the pictures she is scheduled to make is "What Every Woman Knows," the Barrie comedy in which she scored a great stage success a few seasons ago. Helen craves something light after her life of screen tragedy and her tragic rôle as *Mary, Queen of Scots.*

And, once again, she and hubby Charles MacArthur are separated by three thousand miles. Most of the time when she was in New York, he was in Hollywood, writing scenarios. Now, the situation is reversed. He is in New York, where he and Ben Hecht (with whom he wrote "20th Century") are turning movie producers. They are filming their first effort—"Crime Without Passion," starring Claude (*The Invisible Man*) Rains—at an Eastern studio.

In Memoriam: Lew Cody

THE "old-timers" of Hollywood feel lost and lonely, with Lew Cody gone. It was in character for him to give a party the night before he died. (He passed peacefully, in his sleep.) He enjoyed life and his friends, laughter and gaiety. One of the movie colony's favorite guests, he was also one of its favorite hosts. And, lately, he had received so many acting offers that he could not take them all.

Some of the fondest memories that Hollywood has of him are of the days when he was the husband of the late Mabel Normand, whom he married after she was barred from films.

Eddie Invokes the NRA

THE Screen Actors' Guild, formed last year to combat proposed salary slashes, recently celebrated its first birthday by re-electing Eddie Cantor as President. And Eddie, in accepting the honor, made a speech in which he served notice on producers that the Guild was out to do some collective bargaining under the NRA motion picture code, to arrive at some agreement with producers about a fair minimum compensation for actors and actresses.

Vice-presidents of the Guild are Robert Montgomery, Ann Harding and James Cagney; Kenneth Thomson is secretary; and Lucille Gleason is treasurer. The board of directors includes such famous names as George Arliss, Mary Astor, Arthur Byron, James Cagney, Berton Churchill, Dudley Digges, Leon Errol, C. Henry Gordon, Jean Hersholt, Miriam Hopkins, Boris Karloff, Jeanette MacDonald, Noel Madison, Ralph Morgan, Alan Mowbray, Edward G. Robinson, Ivan Simpson, Spencer Tracy, Richard Tucker, Arthur Vinton and Warren William. The membership of the Guild numbered 3,372 when noses were last counted and includes practically every player of note in Hollywood.

(***More News of Players? Turn to page 36!***)

Acme

The screen stars are sold on the idea of having a big Frolic every year—the first one, just held, was that successful. Practically everybody in town was there—including (left to right) Jimmy Durante, James Cagney, Eddie Cantor, Ann Harding (who reigned as queen), Adolphe Menjou and Robert Woolsey

You Can't Judge Anna Sten by "Nana," Says Coast Reader

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

Anna Sten Given All Kinds of Opportunities to Make Good

I have just seen "Nana." I went to discover what a Russian girl had that was superior to an American girl's talent and personality to such a degree that a producer was willing, nay, eager to bestow an enormous salary upon her, for two years before she even faced a camera—years spent solely, in eradicating her foreign accent. My mission was in vain. I could not discern that magic something that evidently revealed itself to said producer.

Perhaps Anna Sten is a superlative beauty and actress, but the cinematic cotton batting, in which she was wrapped in "Nana," will have to be removed if we are to judge fairly. She was supported by two of our lesser beauties whose negligible charms were further obscured by a previously instructed make-up man and costumer. The director distorted and curtailed their acting ability until they gave an impression of two grimacing, chattering monkeys. Beside them, a solicitously posed and photographed Sten provided a dazzling pre-arranged contrast, uttering inanities that dripped solemnly from a perpetually half-opened mouth.

The passion flower of Russia turned out to be an ordinary garden variety of dandelion.—FRED RACKNER, Los Angeles, Cal.

SECOND PRIZE

Hepburn's Acting Is Good, So Why Worry About Her Off-Screen Acts?

Why all the severe and unfair criticism of Katharine Hepburn? Isn't she our reigning star—Lady of the Hour? Hasn't she already accomplished more than the average star accomplishes in a career? Wasn't "Little Women" the leading picture of 1933? Why? Because of Hepburn's poignant *Jo* and nothing else.

And who but Hepburn could have played the difficult rôle of the mountain hell-cat in "Spitfire"? No one!

So who cares about her off-screen acts as long as we can thrill to "Morning Glory," sit enthralled through "Little Women," and marvel at "Spitfire"? As long as she continues to give us what we want in pictures, why meddle in her private affairs? —LOUISE WILLIAMS, Richmond, Va.

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

THIRD PRIZE

"Viva Villa" Is Wallace Beery's Greatest Triumph

A little extra bass drum beating and brass trumpet tootin' for Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa."

His *Pancho* is nothing if not fascinating, a character with whom noble virtue mingles oddly with villainy. He is a slow-witted animal, yet Beery invests him with a certain dignity that impresses; he is a creature of instinct, yet *Villa* is given a certain loyalty that is admirable; he is an out-and-out caveman as far as his women are concerned, yet Beery gives this brutishness just enough touch of shyness to make it miss being bestial.

The sidelights upon life in troubled Mexico, from peasant hovel to president's palace, are all very good. And to my mind, one of the most amusing scenes is where *Villa's* self-appointed press-agent (Stuart Erwin) talks him into capturing a town so that he will not have to retract a story already put on the wire.

It's a grand picture with a grand cast, but it's Wallace Beery's triumph. As some one has remarked: "Beery is *Villa* and *Villa* is Beery."—MARY F. DONER, Seattle, Wash.

Honorable Mention

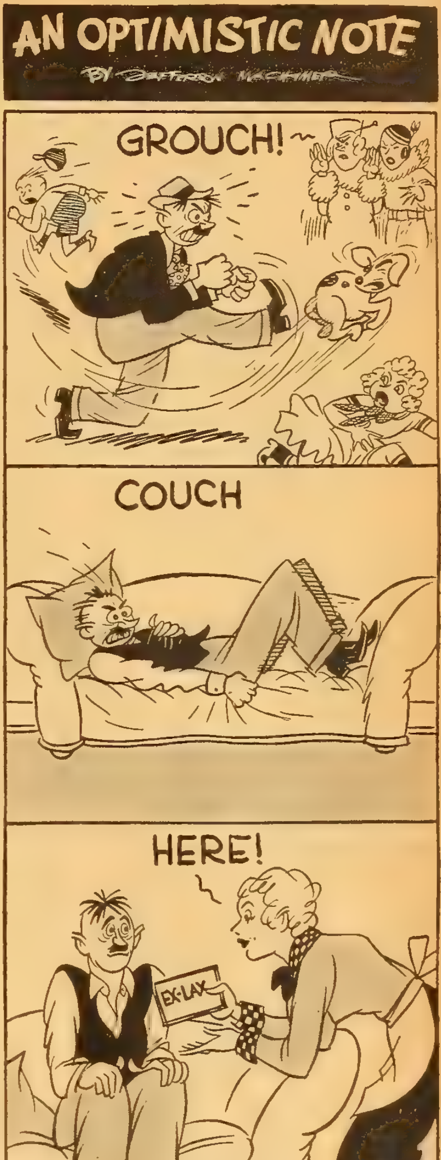
This Reader Wants More Historical Gems, Starring George Arliss

Socko! Right between the eyes! But instead of becoming black, said optics were opened wider! I was just a little "fed up" on sex, crooners and musicals in the movies—then I saw "The House of Rothschild." In my opinion, it is by far the greatest in a long line of George Arliss successes. It is a different type of story and a welcome change from the usual film-fare.

Though I'm not a Jew, Heaven knows we can all profit by the lessons taught in this picture; our own national set-up included, and a step has been taken in the right direction when we are spending to maintain peace rather than to further war.

Hollywood! Put another flower in your buttonhole and hold your head high! Bring us some more historical gems such as this one—and "Disraeli"—if you can find them.

It's a foregone conclusion you'll find no better star to make them live again than Arliss.—H. D. VAN TASSELL, Newark, O.



"KEEP regular" and you'll find it easier to keep cheerful.

Millions take the pleasant way to keep regular. That's Ex-Lax—the chocolated laxative!

They find it so much more pleasant and effective than nasty, violent purgatives. 10c and 25c—at all drug stores.

Keep "regular" with

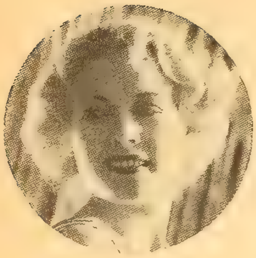
EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.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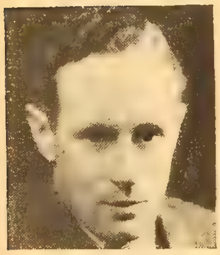
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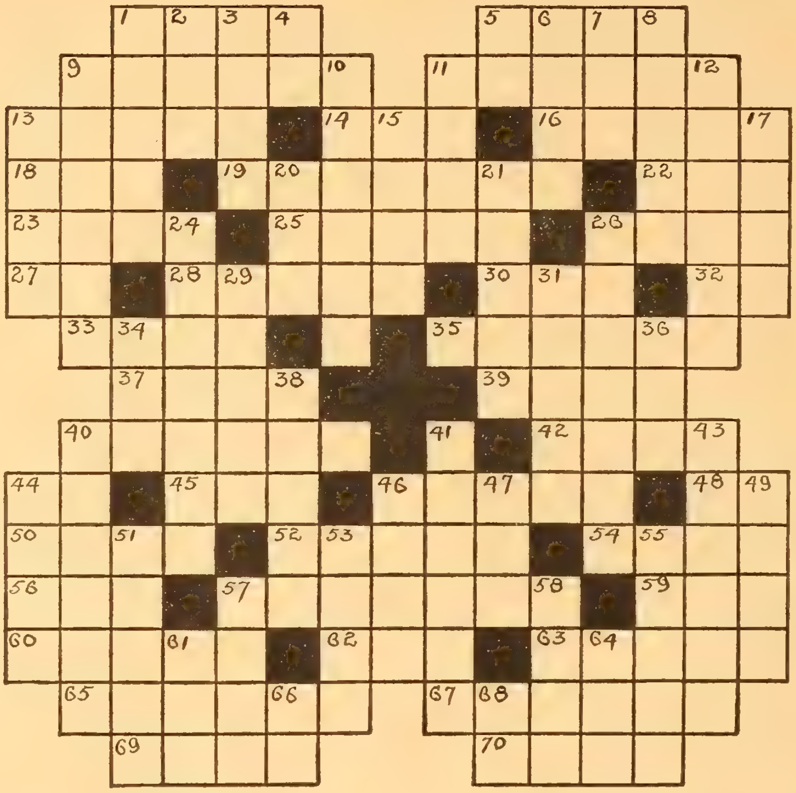

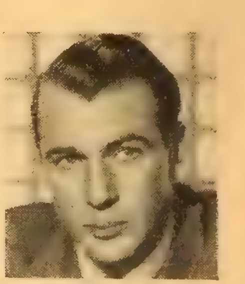
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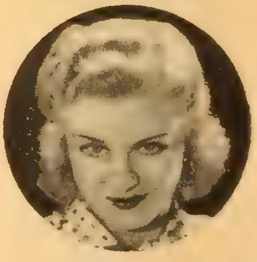

No. 9

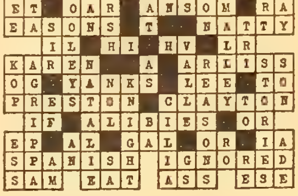
HORIZONTAL

1. *Stephen* in "We're Not Dressing"
5. Her real name is Natalie Bierl
9. He plays *Bulldog Drummond*
11. Colored child actor
13. *Henrietta* in "Hollywood Party"
14. First name of a movieland orchestra leader
16. Polish star long absent from Hollywood
18. "This Day and ——"
19. The taxi driver in "The Cat and the Fiddle"
22. "Go W——, young man"
23. Movie contracts are usually signed on one of these
25. Lubricator
26. Entreaty
27. See illustration above
28. She was once Harry Thaw's protegée
30. East Indian Office (abbr.)
32. National League (abbr.)
33. A coarse hair
35. See illustration above
37. "—— Side of Heaven"
39. This means a drawing-room in Antonio Moreno's language
40. Former Mrs. Adolphe Menjou
42. Belonging to Keith
44. "——This Is Africa"
45. Yes
46. Oil from rose petals used to make perfume for the stars
48. He has a marionette show (init.)
50. Ripped
52. Lorin is his first name
54. "——Hazard"
56. The murderer in "Murders in the Rue Morgue"
57. Her first name is Effie
59. To deny a romance rumor and not mean it
60. "—— the Twain Shall Meet"
62. Atlantic (abbr.)
63. *Mrs. Thorne* in "The Witching Hour"
65. A Dorothy whom heroes always revere
67. She is Mrs. Wesley Ruggles
69. She just married director Hal Hall
70. To apportion

VERTICAL

1. A poor movie does this to you
2. One of John Gilbert's ex's
3. Sten's first American picture
4. Director La Cava's initials
5. Tad's initials
6. Her first name is Lissa
7. The white kind is very popular
8. *Joan Cassell* in "Murder in Trinidad"
9. See illustration above
10. Sparkling French star
11. Feast
12. "—— Lupin"
13. "—— on Broadway"
15. *Dr. Verdegast* in "The Black Cat"
17. Italics (abbr.)
20. King (Fr.)
21. Helen's last name sounds like a dozen of these
24. Miss Sergava's first name
26. *Victor* in "Stingaree"
29. What an ingénue is supposed to be
31. Biblical name
34. Gr—— is "the woman who walks alone"
36. He plays *Octavian* in "Cleopatra"
38. The traitor in "No Greater Glory"
40. See illustration above
41. Remember "——Dallas"?
43. Ambitious players —— for perfection
44. Oliver's partner
46. He's a song writer and his first name is Harry
47. Claire ——vor
49. Luis Trenker used two of these in "The Doomed Battalion"
51. Montgomery's rôle in "The Mystery of Mr. X"
53. Wing-like
55. Her first starring picture was "Heat Lightning"
57. Maureen O'Sullivan came from this island
58. Claudette Colbert plays the —— of "Cleopatra"
61. A character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
64. Illuminated
66. *Chato* in "The Trumpet Blows" (init.)
68. *Tommy* in "Riptide" (init.)

Solution to Last Puzzle



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M	R	■	M	E	■	X	E	R	■	E	S	■	L	E
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K	A	R	E	N	■	■	A	■	A	R	L	I	S	S
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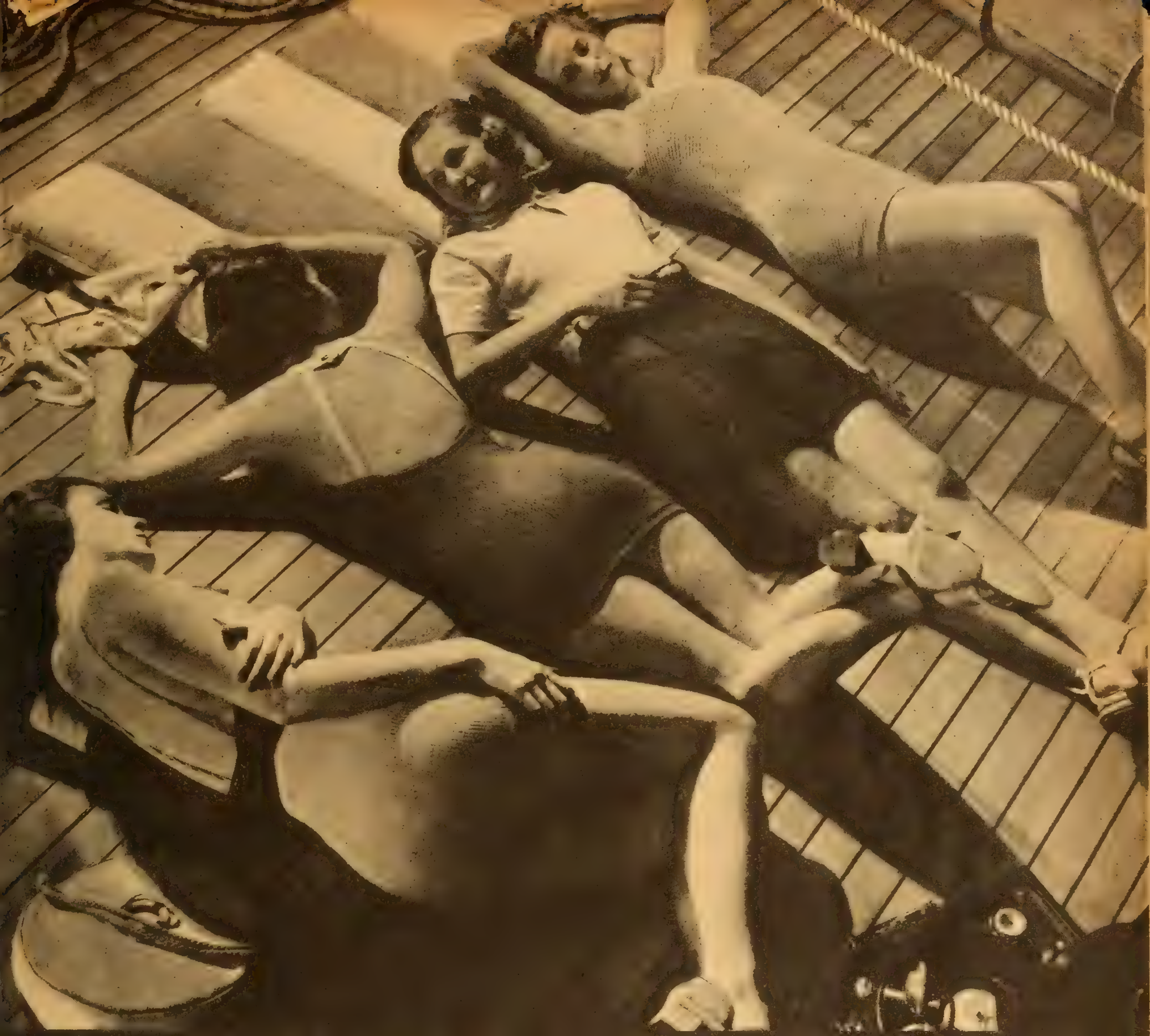
THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!



B.V.D.

BY LAND AND BY SEA

Photo by Bruehl

B. V. D. Swim Suits are neither sweet, bold, dressmaker nor Victorian. They are as strictly and as beautifully amphibian as a dolphin. They flash through the water in a blue as exotic as any of Mr. Will Beebe's little Galapagos wonders. Or in rich shades of brown—so handsome against white sand—or in the new deep-sea shades of gray greens, ghostly pinks and moss yellows. • The colors are glorious — the rich-ribbed materials are warm, practical and an eyeful to behold. But it is their anatomic perfection, their forthright, stream-line, beauty-giving contours that puts them on high — higher than the highest diving-board! The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York City. Also made and sold in Canada. B.V.D. TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFF.—COPR. 1934 THE B.V.D. COMPANY, INC.

(left to right)

A perfect example of the anatomic perfection of B. V. D. suits. Note two-toned braided straps and moulding effect of the contrasting wrap-a-round belt.

•

Don't miss *brown* in your Swim Suit wardrobe! It has a natural affinity for white decks and all the bright outdoor shades. B. V. D.'s backless Swim Suit with that yoke of chic—a harness neck.

•

B. V. D.'s new "short" story—Shorts are longer and more slenderizing, immaculately tailored and vastly becoming. Made of Perl-knit and worn with B. V. D.'s famous mesh sports shirt and braided belt.

•

A handsome new amphibian model — diagonally striped in a pattern exclusively B. V. D. and with a back that reaches a new classic low.

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID

Affairs of a Gentleman—Paul Lukas, a novelist who is Studying Life and Love with about eight different girls, has to face them all at a surprise party. His dilemma, though not a new one, is surprisingly amusing (Univ.).

The Affairs of Cellini—A hilarious and naughtyish bedroom farce, which reveals Fredric March as the medieval Great Lover and Constance Bennett as a Duchess who appreciates him. But Freddie and Connie are just stooges to Frank Morgan, as the sublimely funny Duke (20th Century).

All Men Are Enemies—War and Another Woman again part two sweethearts, and it's all a bit dull, despite some swell settings. Hugh Williams, just over from England, is the hero; Helen Twelvetrees, his true love; and Mona Barrie the picture-stealer (Fox).

As the Earth Turns—Gladys Hasty Carroll's quiet, affecting novel about life in a Maine countryside becomes a quiet, affecting picture, refreshing in its lack of hokum. Jean Muir, as the heroine, has stardom within her grasp (W. B.).

Beyond Bengal—Intended as a travelogue-thriller, but it looks too much like many another travelogue to agitate the skin on your scalp. For those with a jungle complex (Showmen's Pictures).

The Black Cat—Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi get together in an old, dark house, plot against each other, and make horrific faces. The net result, however, produces more snickers than chills (Univ.)

Dolores Del Rio is plenty happy about getting a chance to be dramatic in "Madame Du Barry"!

Born to Be Bad—It's a puzzle why this one was ever made. Loretta Young, of all girls, is cast as an unwed mother who tries to live by blackmail—picking Cary Grant as a likely-looking victim (20th Century).

Catherine the Great—History undergoes another change in the movies, with Russia's ruthless Empress made a wistful figure who breaks her heart over the neglect of her half-mad husband. But Elizabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., make it both plausible and dramatic (U. A.).

Change of Heart—After two years of separation, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell team up again—in a comedy that is disappointingly flimsy. It concerns the adventures of two young couples just out of college. Ginger Rogers, as a gold-digger, and James Dunn, as an admirer of Janet's, help considerably (Fox).

The Circus Clown—Joe E. Brown tries a dual rôle, playing a father who loves the circus, but wants to keep his son away from the sawdust, and playing the truant son. Joe pulls some new slapstick stunts—such as only he could get away with (F. N.).

The Constant Nymph—Glorifying the love of a young girl in a wistful, absorbing manner—with Victoria Hopper, a new face, as the girl, and Brian Aherne as the object of her love (Fox).

The Crime Doctor—Otto Kruger, whose business is solving crimes, plots a "perfect" one and makes his wife's lover (Nils Asther) look guilty. With the help of Karen Morley, they make it gripping, suspenseful (RKO).

Double Door—Here's what you've been waiting for—a horror tale (and a good one!) with a woman as the villainess. Mary Morris, as a wealthy old maid with a dread secret, tries to frighten Evelyn Venable out of her wits. And that goes for you, too (Par.).

Finishing School—Frances Dee attends a strict girls' school and, with Ginger Rogers egging her on, plays hookey and gets "in trouble." The plot is a step-sister to "Eight Girls in a Boat"—a dreary step-sister (RKO).

Glamour—Paul Lukas loves Constance Cummings enough to make her famous, and then gets left; whereupon Connie loves Philip Reed to excess and success and gets left in turn. A backstage story that is ironic—which is a welcome change (Univ.).

Half a Sinner—"Alias the Deacon," that old favorite, comes back in disguise—with Berton Churchill swelegant as the gambler who pretends to be pious and then lives up to the new title (Univ.).

The Hell Cat—Ann Sothern, spoiled society girl, has a feud with reporter Robert Armstrong, who slaps her and eventually makes her like it. Nothing new in this one (Col.).

He Was Her Man—James Cagney and Joan Blondell join forces in a melodrama that starts out well, but bogs down toward the end. He's an ex-gangster who is "on the spot"; she's a salesgirl of love who has to choose between Jimmy and honest Victor Jory (W. B.).

Hitler's Reign of Terror—The sensational title is a come-on for a hodge-podge of newsreel-like shots that don't look any too exciting or convincing (Jewel).

Hollywood Party—A variety show with a thread of plot, a cast full of comics, a chorus full of cuties, and a microphone full of music. It's fast, but not very funny—despite the efforts of Jimmy Durante, Polly Moran, Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy and others (M-G-M).

The House of Rothschild—This drama of Napoleonic times, glorifying the rise of a persecuted race, is one of the great pictures of all time. And George Arliss, in a dual rôle—playing the two idealists who lead the way—gives one of the greatest performances the movies have ever seen (20th Century).

I'll Tell the World—Lee Tracy is a foreign correspondent this time—one who gets tangled up with an incognito princess (Gloria Stuart). It's constantly entertaining, with Lee contagiously chipper (Univ.).

Laughing Boy—Ramon Novarro and Lupe Velez turn Navajo to picturize Oliver La Farge's novel of a young Indian who is cheated of love and happiness by the white man. But the picture has more sex and less depth than the novel, with Lupe a better Navajo than Ramon (M-G-M).

Little Miss Marker—The wonder child, Shirley Temple, scores another triumph, as an orphan who is adopted by a racetrack hanger-on (Adolphe Menjou) and has her belief in knights sustained by him and his cronies. It's colorful, real, amusing and not to be missed (Par.).

Madame Du Barry—Dolores Del Rio brings to life the intriguing little milliner who ruled Louis XV and France—and makes her more fragile, more wistful, more tragic than Du Barry, herself, probably was. And Dolores proves her right to be allowed to dress up (W. B.).

The Man with Two Faces—Edward G. Robinson, in a dual rôle, keeps you guessing about how a blackmail plot and a murder mystery are going to turn out (F. N.).

Many Happy Returns—Gracie Allen, George Burns, Guy Lombardo and the dancers, Veloz and Yolanda, present a dizzy, laugh-provoking satire of Hollywood—particularly its night life (Par.).

Men in White—What hospital life is really like, told with force and power and frankness. And Clark Gable, as a young doctor who has to choose between love and profession, does the best work of his career—with superfine assistance from Jean Hersholt, as a surgeon who has been through the mill (M-G-M).

The Most Precious Thing in Life—Jean Arthur, robbed of happiness and her baby son, helps him find happiness twenty years later, when she's a scrubwoman in his college dormitory. An old-fashioned tear-jerker (Col.).

No Greater Glory—Two gangs of boys battle over a vacant lot, playing at war—and George Breakston, a great boy actor, drives home the tragedy of it all, that young boys should catch war fever from their elders. This is a haunting, unusual picture (Col.).

Now I'll Tell—Using fictitious names, Mrs. Arnold Rothstein, widow of the mysteriously murdered gambler, paints a pale portrait of the man and gives a surprising explanation of his end. Spencer Tracy, Helen Twelvetrees and Alice Faye do well enough by the principal rôles (Fox).

Registered Nurse—Bebe Daniels, who has an unhappy life, weeps over the woes of her patients. It's pretty sad, in more ways than one, except for some really funny slapstick comedy in a couple of spots (F. N.).

Scarlet Empress—Marlene Dietrich gives her version of what Catherine the Great was like, but both the story and the cast are overshadowed by the fantastic, exotic settings, the sound effects and the photography. It's different, at least, from anything you have ever seen before (Par.).

Side Streets—A simple, intensely real little story of "a woman in her thirties" who finds love after youth has gone and then loves a man who has sea fever. Aline MacMahon and Paul Kelly are both superb (F. N.).

Sisters Under the Skin—Frank Morgan, a married millionaire in search of his youth, takes to Elissa Landi, who later can't resist young Joseph Schildkraut. It's an honest, interesting probe into the workings of human nature (Col.).

Smarty—Joan Blondell, a teasing little minx, teases herself out of house and home—first with Warren William, then with Edward Everett Horton. It has the virtue of being wholeheartedly hilarious (W. B.)

Sorrell and Son—H. B. Warner re-creates his once-famous rôle of the father who lives only for his son—and makes the story even more touching than before. It's sentimental, yes; but it's also irresistible (U. A.).

Springtime for Henry—Otto Kruger, as a shy man who tries to dodge romance and can't, makes the most of an entertaining light-comedy rôle, with Nancy Carroll and Heather Angel in support (Fox).

Strictly Dynamite—Jimmy Durante, with Lupe Velez as his partner, plays a radio entertainer and has to work hard for his laughs. Sterling Holloway, as a long-haired poet, supplies most of what little mirth there is (RKO).

Such Women Are Dangerous—Warner Baxter, a novelist idolized by women, tries not to be cruel to Rochelle Hudson and his kindness has tragic results for both of them. It's worth your time (Fox).

Tarzan and His Mate—Here's one the youngsters will eat up. And you may go for it, yourself, if you like jungle fiction and like it exciting. Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan have an even better time than they had before. The whole show is better (M-G-M).

Thirty-Day Princess—Sylvia Sidney, in a dual rôle, plays a princess and a girl who is hired to masquerade for her and impress Cary Grant, hardboiled publisher. Sylvia proves herself a talented light-comédienne (Par.).

20th Century—In three words: it's a riot. John Barrymore runs gloriously wild as a temperamental theatrical producer, who is driven to near-insanity aboard a train by a temperamental actress (Carole Lombard) and his love for her. To date, it's the year's funniest picture (Col.).

20 Million Sweethearts—Clever musical comedy, about a nervy young crooner (Dick Powell) who is press-agented to fame by Pat O'Brien and who almost breaks the heart of Ginger Rogers. It's sprightly and tuneful (W. B.).

Upper World—Warren William, neglected by his wife (Mary Astor), neglects her for showgirl Ginger Rogers—and finds himself entangled in a double-murder mystery. In other words, the old triangle theme has a few new trimmings (W. B.).

Viva Villa—Wallace Beery brings the Mexican Robin Hood back to life, making him both sentimental and brutal, amusing and pathetic. And the background for his vivid portrait is spectacular (M-G-M).

We're Not Dressing—Bing Crosby in a musical comedy about a shipwrecked yachting party that is super-musical (Bing sings ten times) and is reasonably comical. Ethel Merman, Burns and Allen, Leon Errol and Carole Lombard are also present (Par.).

Where Sinners Meet—Behind this movie-ish title lurks A. A. Milne's whimsical comedy, "The Dover Road," about a philanthropist who shanghais eloping couples to test their love for each other. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray see to its being amusing (RKO).

Adolphe Menjou makes a big hit with Shirley Temple in "Little Miss Marker"—and both make a hit with everyone else

Wild Cargo—No one can make a jungle picture more educational or more exciting than Frank Buck, who brings some tough specimens back alive this time. A python, in particular, causes him plenty of trouble (RKO).

The Witching Hour—Perhaps you remember the story from silent days. It's about a boy who commits a murder while hypnotized and is defended by a hypnotic lawyer. Sir Guy Standing, as the lawyer, almost breathes life into its out-dated drama (Par.).

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES

THIS BRUNETTE GIRL IS ACTUALLY 3 YEARS YOUNGER THAN THE BLONDE!
No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

• BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

FREE

LADY ESTHER
2014 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

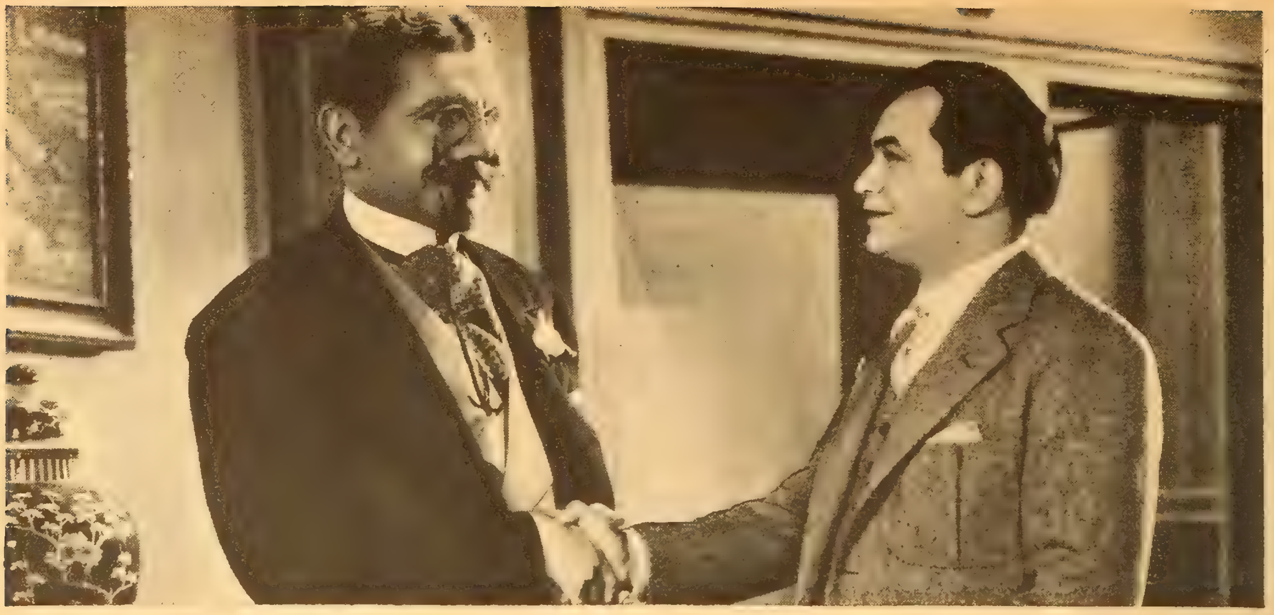
Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name..

Address..

City.. *State*..............

This offer is not good in Canada (5)



Who is the man shaking hands with Edward G. Robinson?

AND HOW MANY OF THESE OTHER QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER CORRECTLY? GIVE YOURSELF THIS

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE

2. Can you name two silent-day screen favorites who are about to stage a return to films?

3. The recent death of what well-known screen villain saddened Hollywood?

4. What is proof that Clara Bow, the red-headed film flapper, is serious about settling down?

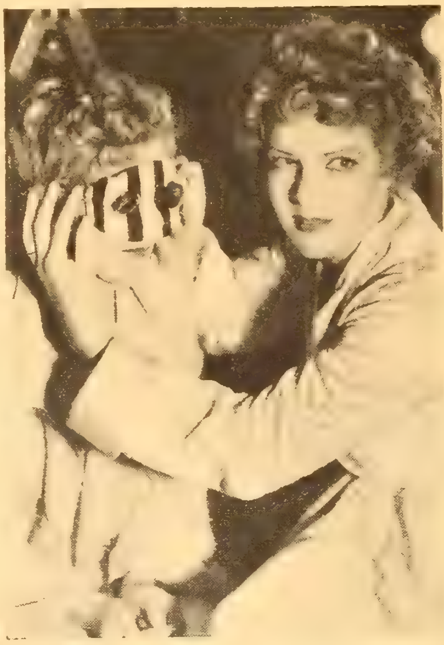
5. Who has been playing the rôle of gallant escort to Joan Marsh of late?

6. Do you know the popular movie star about whom reports were published that she would run for Congress?

7. Which well-known screen and radio favorite expects to become the father of twins?

8. What change has come over the screen star who was often referred to as "the coldest woman on the screen"?

9. When a certain motion picture player filed a petition in bankruptcy, recently, whom did she blame for her financial state?



10. Can you name the two motion picture personalities who look so much alike above?

11. What Hollywood couple lost their infant son ten days after his birth?

12. Who is the Elsa Lanchester who will make her American screen début in "Marie Antoinette," the Norma Shearer picture?

13. Why did Earl Carroll, well-known authority on feminine pulchritude, wait until he had left Hollywood to announce his choice of the sixteen most beautiful movie girls?

14. Can you name the famous writer and humorist who has signed a motion picture contract to make two-reel comedies?

15. Do you know the film actress and the director who recently eloped by plane to Las Vegas, Nevada, to be married?

16. Why does the recent bridegroom of one of the motion picture players carry two guns?

17. William Seiter, Laura La Plante's ex-husband, is showing what screen player a lot of attention?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 92)

YESTERDAY . . the privilege of one woman in 65
TODAY . . . . . the beauty right of every woman . . .

"The Skin you love to touch"

No man can resist the glamour of a woman's lovely skin!

Costume, Courtesy of Jay Thorpe

BARONESS IDA LEGAN

participant in Vienna Half-face Beauty Test—one of many conducted in 9 nations by leading dermatologists. For 30 days, the subjects used Woodbury's Facial Soap on the right half of their faces. Other cleansers on the left half. In every test Woodbury's produced a volume of proof for its scientific care of the skin unmatched by any other method.

THE same 25-cent quality you have always known in Woodbury's Facial Soap is now yours . . . for just 10 cents.

Woodbury's has not changed its world-famous beauty formula by one single detail. Today, for 10 cents, you get the same high quality, the same fine ingredients, the identical precious oils and unguents as the 25c size contained.

Today, for 10 cents, you may expect the same definite and visible improvement *within 30 days*, as Woodbury's recently gave to hundreds of women in beauty clinics conducted by leading dermatologists in nine great nations.

The big, new, long-lasting 10c cake of Woodbury's is ready for you now . . . at your druggist's, your department store or your grocer's . . . the proved formula for *"The Skin You Love to Touch."*

Woodbury's 10¢
FACIAL SOAP • NOW

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John H. Woodbury, Inc.

SEND 9c IN STAMPS FOR LOVELINESS KIT Containing trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, 6 dainty packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder . . . John H. Woodbury, Inc., 944 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont.

Name ______________________ *Address* ______________________

IT IS *Dangerous* TO FORGET

A pretty girl, a charming girl, well-dressed, witty and sympathetic—but she never gets asked anywhere. What's the trouble? She'd give a lot to know . . . and so would thousands of other girls like her . . . yet even her best friend wouldn't tell her . . . After all, the subject *is* rather delicate.

• • •

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. The tricky thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. Moreover, you are more likely to have it than not, for the reason that many cases are caused by the fermentation of tiny bits of food the tooth brush has failed to remove.

Therefore, don't assume that your breath is okay. Don't take foolish chances on offending others needlessly. It is so easy to render your breath wholesome and agreeable with Listerine.

This safe antiseptic and quick deodorant quickly halts fermentation, the cause of odors, and then attacks the odors themselves. Deodorizes hours longer, too.

If you wish to be welcome to others, keep your breath agreeable. Use Listerine morning and night, and between times before social or business engagements. It's an investment in personal attractiveness. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

She: "Our first date in six weeks. I thought you had ditched me."

He: "I very nearly did—but you've got rid of a fault I used to hate."

Before any
social engagements
use
LISTERINE
to end halitosis
(unpleasant breath)

Hurrell

STEN FACES THE FUTURE

You saw her magnificent artistry in "Nana"—a story that didn't do justice to her talents. You saw her beauty, her emotional depth, her vividly expressive face; you heard her vibrant voice. And you raved. But the Soviet sensation has clear eyes—eyes that see the future as more important than the past. And Anna Sten is intent on being even more real in "Resurrection"!

Eugene Robert Richee

DIETRICH— MAY SHE ALWAYS BE "DIFFERENT"!

When Marlene dons mannish suits and shirts and hats, it is no longer news. But it is news that in them she still is as piquant and provocative as ever. And when you think it over—as Marlene, herself, no doubt has—they do accentuate how super-feminine she is in dresses on the screen. As in "Scarlet Empress," for example, giving glamour to *Catherine the Great*. But what's this we hear of differences between Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg? Is the screen's most famous star-director combination breaking up?

THEY'VE NEVER FOUND "ANOTHER GABLE"!

Studios have looked high, low, near and far—but there is, apparently, just one Clark Gable. And he's still taking his success with a puzzled smile—still claiming he can't explain it. But the fact remains that he IS the Great American Lover. Joan Crawford wouldn't have anyone else for her co-star in "Sacred and Profane Love." Next he's scheduled to go voyaging with Jean Harlow in "China Seas"

Clarence Sinclair Bull

NOW NORMA WILL PLAY SOME FAMOUS LADIES

Norma Shearer can look more like an emancipated "young modern" than any other star on the screen—and can act the part a little better than anyone else. But Norma is too clever to let herself be "typed." She is delving into the last century and bringing you one of history's great romances in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—the romance of invalid Elizabeth Barrett and poet Robert Browning (Fredric March). And next she will be "Marie Antoinette"—a queen, no less!

THE DRAMATIC DVORAK—SEEN FROM A NEW ANGLE

It doesn't matter how you look at Ann—she's unusual. And her unusualness is more than surface-deep—deeper than her new coiffure, with a ribbon interlaced in a coronet braid and tight curls on her forehead. When she married Leslie Fenton, she proved she was unusual by leaving Hollywood for a year's honeymoon with him. Ever since she has been back, she has been proving her versatility by her variety of rôles. She just finished "Midnight Alibi." Now she is in the title rôle of "Housewife"

Reginald Denny was a star once—in light comedies. Now he's on the rise again—as a dramatic actor. "The Lost Patrol" started it. "The World Moves On" will boost his stock

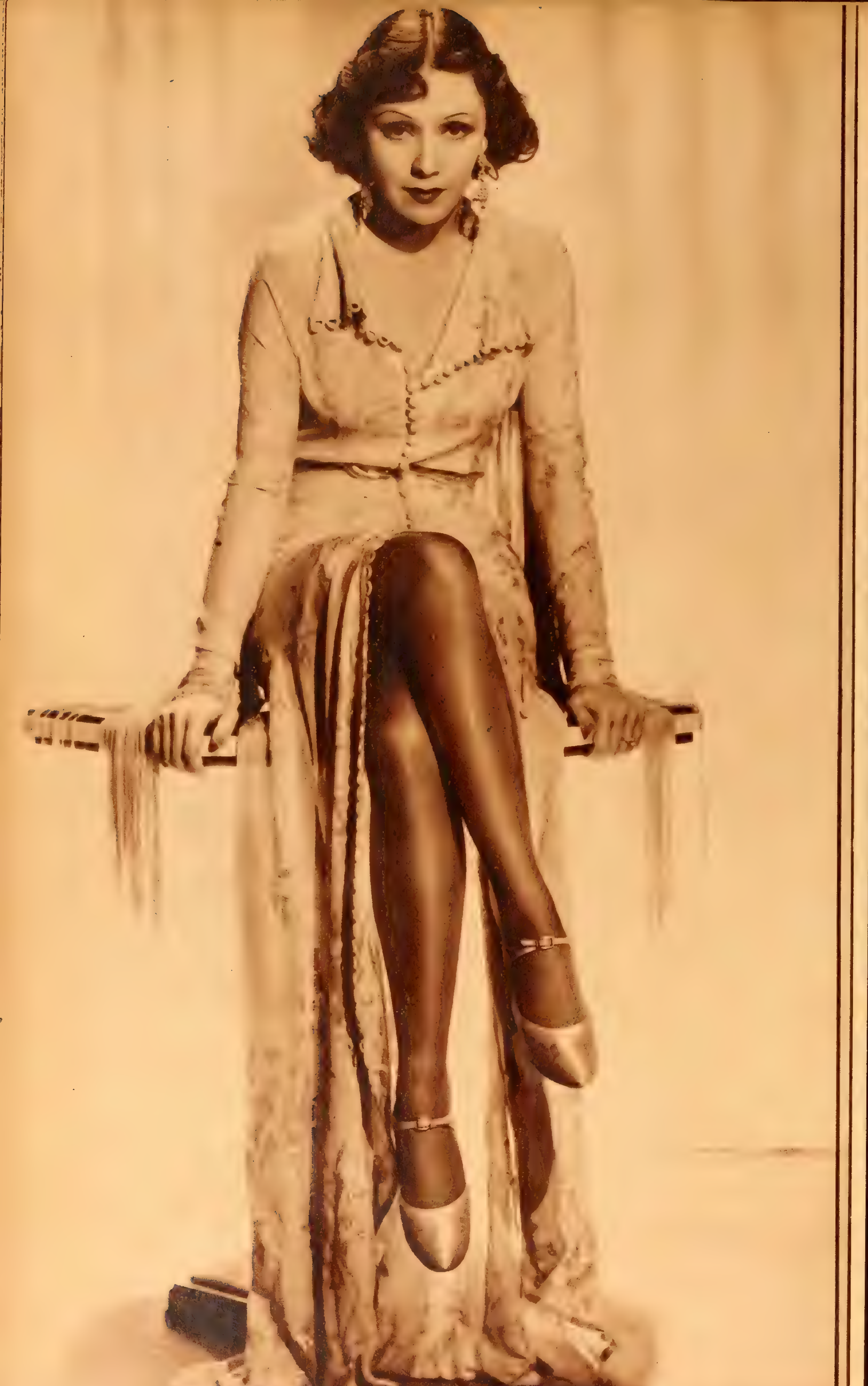
MEN OF THE HOUR AGAIN

Ricardo Cortez (above) has had ups and downs—but he's clicking these days, either as a hero or as a "heavy." Right now, he's in "The Lost Lady." Joel McCrea (left), too often submerged in leading-man rôles, gets a big chance in "Green Mansions"

ATTRACTING NEW KINDS OF ATTENTION . .

Ann Sothern made her first screen hit in a musical comedy—"Let's Fall in Love." But now she's springing surprises. She isn't remaining "the musical comedy type." She's going in for drama. Having proved in "The Hell Cat" that she could be a spitfire, she thinks maybe it's safe for her to go back to musical comedy for just one picture—Eddie Cantor's "Treasure Hunt." Next she'll make "Blind Date" with Paul Kelly!

Only a few months ago, Helen Twelvetrees (above) seemed to be fading from films. But she has changed all that with her performances in "All Men Are Enemies" and "Now I'll Tell." She's headed for new stardom in "She Was a Lady." Mary Carlisle (right) used to supply flippant cuteness to films. Now she's making young love look real—and she scores another hit in "Handy Andy"



"ROSITA, DARLING OF SPAIN"

That's how Rosita Moreno used to be billed as a child dancer on the stage. And the phrase is probably even truer to-day than it was then. For the beauty from Madrid—who is no relation to Antonio of the same name—has been so popular in Spanish versions of films that she is scheduled for rôles in pictures that America will see!

Printed in U. S. A

Confessions of a HOLLYWOOD Wife

This is a true story—an eye-opening story — a heart-breaking story, told by the wife of a famous screen lover. The names that she uses are fictitious—for obvious reasons. But what she reveals is only too real!

As Told to JERRY LANE

Illustrations by

G. Patrick Nelson

It is my duty to stand in the doorway, clinging to him until everyone has seen us, smiling that set "happy wife" smile, stilling gossip . . . Then I go home alone

TEN million women are in love with my husband. To them, he stands for Romance, dreams shot through with star dust. To me he stands for—a world lost. Heart-stabbing pain. The *end* of the dream. In theatres, I have heard rapturous sighs around me when he took his screen love in his arms. And I've whispered: *"Dear God, let me forget!"* Those arms encircled me once. . .

I've heard the ecstatic words so often: "Isn't he too divine? Imagine having a husband like *that!"*

Well, I have a husband like that—and our marriage has been reduced to a business proposition, a cold legal contract by which I have become only the buffer between Tod Freeland and Rumor.

It wasn't always like that. Five and a half years ago, when we came to Hollywood, we were very gay, almost wildly in love. Our hopes were high and our purses empty. He had had a small amount of success on the stage and was confident he could make good in the movies. Strangely enough, considering the overwhelming odds in film work, he did—within six months.

Even as I watched them, with everything I held sacred

He came home one night and caught me to him jubilantly. "Angel, do you realize you're talking to a big shot? Look at me, honey. See that hand? That hand signed a contract this afternoon that is going to put us on top of the world! About time, too! No more teaching dancing so that Papa can get a shave. No, sir! It's all cream for you from now on."

Tod "caught on," as they say out here, like fire in a dry forest. At the end of four pictures, they tore up the old contract and gave him a starring one. Letters by the thousands poured in from women everywhere. Love letters. Letters that made my face burn with their passionate outbursts. I know about them because I acted as his secretary until the baby was coming. It never occurred to me to be jealous of those unknown women. The Tod I shared with them was, after all, merely a shadow on a silver sheet.

Was Envied—and Frightened

BUT it was different at the luncheons and teas I attended. It didn't exalt me to read that only faintly veiled envy in the eyes of other women. It terrified me a little.

"Oh, Mrs. Freeland, I think your husband is utterly charming! Tell me—is he that fascinating at home? You know—when you're alone?" Intimate questions, things they wouldn't think of asking another wife, were pounded at me. I had to bite back a sharp retort that it really was none of their business; I had to answer civilly.

And then one night at the Cocoanut Grove, Sylvia Serat came floating up. She knew the couple we were with only slightly, but she gushed until they introduced her to Tod. Then she turned to him and her eyes seemed to devour him.

In fairness to Tod, I must say that Sylvia was the most beautiful creature I've ever seen. She had a dramatically lovely face and a voice that flowed and rippled and reminded you of the soft, thrilling notes of a carillon. On the other hand, I was at the most uncomfortable, most unflattering state in a woman's life.

"But how wonderful—meeting you," she murmured. "I have something to confess, Mr. Freeland. I saw you four times in 'Paris Nights.' I—have adored you . . . on the screen! . . . since you started. . ." Her tone was a caress. I could feel my heart turn cold as I saw the light in Tod's eyes. There was good reason for it, of course. A compliment like that coming from a star of Sylvia's rating meant much.

They danced. She melted against him, her forehead touching his chin. They danced for two hours together.

I wouldn't leave. Vanity, I suppose. I couldn't let this woman get the best of me altogether. But I was not surprised a few days later to learn that she had arranged for Tod to appear in her next picture.

Tried to Forget Other Woman

I DIDN'T go near the set. I went about making our home—and myself, too—as attractive as possible. As much as I could under the circumstances. I had facials twice a week and dressed as becomingly as I knew how—and tried to forget Sylvia's man-eating reputation.

crumbling and dying, the force of her glamour swept over me.

At night when Tod returned, tired and nervous from a difficult shooting schedule, he would hold me close and Hollywood—so fast encroaching upon our happiness—was swept away.

But one day I had a desperate need to talk to him. I couldn't reach him on the telephone, so I went to the studio and walked across to his dressing-room to wait for him. I didn't even think of knocking as I entered.

He was there—with Sylvia.

They had not heard me come in, but I couldn't move, couldn't escape. I seemed riveted to the spot by what I saw. Even as I watched them, with everything I had held sacred crumbling and dying, the force of her glamour swept over me. She was all in white velvet. Her slender hands pressed his head to hers, her lips to his. . .

They saw me finally and drew apart. Tod looked stunned, but Sylvia said easily, "Do come in, Mrs. Freeland. We're rehearsing the action of the next scene. The public demands warmth, you know!" and she laughed that flutey laugh of hers. In that moment, I could have killed her. . .

My baby was born that night. Tod remained with me through most of it, but he had to leave for location in the morning. It was two weeks before I saw him again.

Those were two weeks in which I saw nothing but bleak, bare hospital walls decorated only with my imaginings of Tod in Del Monte—with Sylvia. Pictures of the two of them walking along the picturesque shore, standing with moonlight sprayed on them. . .

And I wished feverishly, with all my soul, that my husband was just an average man, coming home from an ordinary office in ordinary man fashion, telling me the little trivial things of the day's work, helping me decide, with much counting of money, on a new dress. Or a new rug. . .

Tod gave me a ten-thousand-dollar star sapphire and diamond bracelet when he returned. I took out my old seventy-five-dollar engagement ring and cried over it all night.

But, of course, he didn't know. I felt that if I could keep our life running smoothly, maybe things would adjust themselves. I wonder how many wives have deluded themselves that way!

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How to Make

Every child star you see on the screen makes you think of some child you know—perhaps your own. You could imagine THAT child in pictures, too. But how would you go about getting him "discovered" by the movies? The mothers of Jackie Cooper, Shirley Temple, Cora Sue Collins and Baby Le Roy tell how their children broke into films!

Baby Le Roy got his movie start by being healthy, alert and lucky. Mrs. Gwenneth Weinbrener, his young mother, never dreamed of a screen career for him

By GERTRUDE HILL

HOLLYWOOD turned the leaves of a child's story book, and found itself on every page. Wizard, witch with an evil leer, Cinderella, Prince—Hollywood had played every part but one. Now she wanted the children, themselves, so she turned Pied Piper. To the tune of promised wealth and fame, she piped the children into pictures. Hundreds and hundreds of little pink boys and girls, with now and then a chocolate one, followed her call. Every studio gate felt the soft, insistent pounding of chubby fists. But of all the children who heeded her tune, only a big armful have succeeded. Only three can rightfully qualify as stars—Jackie Cooper, Shirley Temple and Baby LeRoy—though Cora Sue Collins is not far behind them. (And a new child star is on the rise in the person of Edith Fellowes in "Family Man.")

LeRoy is not an actor—he is a baby bewitched. He got into pictures through a contest, and was sublimely unconscious of the fate that was tossing him starward. But what is the secret of the others—of Shirley, Jackie, and Cora Sue (who has played in fifteen major pictures during the past two years)? Why were these youngsters selected out of the hundreds of little ones offered up to Hollywood? I went to their mamas to learn the ropes of baby-starring.

Mrs. Temple, who did not deliberately seek film fame for her little girl (now four years old), told me, "I have always believed in Shirley's talent. She has shown unusual ability from the time she was a tiny baby. She was quick to observe, to imitate, to improvise. When she grew a little older, she showed a remarkable knack of yielding to direction. She does anything you tell her, just as you want her to do it. I was able to judge Shirley's ability fairly. I have two sons, one of whom is now a young man. Both of them were bright youngsters, but they lacked their sister's mental agility.

"I wanted a little girl so many years before Shirley came to me that maybe I wished a lot of her grace and beauty into her. Long before she was born, I tried to influence her future life by association with music, art, and natural beauty. Perhaps this pre-natal preparation helped make Shirley what she is today. Also, she may have been aided by the fact that she was born so long after my first child. They say that children of older parents have more initiative.

Dancing Gave Shirley Her Start

"WHEN Shirley was three years old, I sent her to dancing school. She developed so rapidly and so perfectly that she attracted the attention of a scout from Educational Studios. He asked that a film test be made of her. Her father and I were terribly surprised, as we had done nothing to make Hollywood Shirley-conscious. We didn't think studios would be any too good for her, but we agreed to the test. It won a contract for Shirley to appear in a series of shorts, 'Baby Burlesks.'

"When Fox needed a little girl to be Jimmy Dunn's child in 'Stand Up and Cheer,' Shirley tried out with other children. She was the type they wanted, and had so much rhythm in her toes that she won the part. After the first day's rushes were released, she was signed on a long-term contract. Since then she has appeared in 'Change of Heart' and 'Now I'll Tell,' has been

Your Child a Movie Star

borrowed by Paramount for the title rôle in 'Little Miss Marker,' and has just finished 'Baby, Take a Bow,' a picture named for her hit song in 'Stand Up and Cheer.'

"I have found that picture work for a child is mostly play. Children love to dress up and act, anyway, and doing it in front of a camera is practically the same as doing it in front of a mirror at home. My baby is allowed to work only four hours a day. I am constantly on the set with her, and Mrs. Geddes, of the State Board of Education, supervises her schedules. The greatest danger for a child star is the unaccustomed petting and flattery, which may spoil her. So far, I think I have protected Shirley from that.

"She will attend school at the studio when she is old enough. I don't want the public grade-school children pointing Shirley out and whispering, 'She's in pictures!' I want her to develop as naturally as possible. She will continue to study dancing, of course, as that is the thing she does best."

"Why didn't you ask me the questions?" Shirley suddenly demanded in a surprisingly deep voice. "I'm the star."

Jackie's Mother Toured Studios

MY composure badly frayed at the edges, I left Mrs. Temple firmly feeding the little star carrots, and went to find out how famous Jackie Cooper got that way. He and his mother were arguing about a little matter of three dollars that eleven-year-old Jackie was trying to chisel when I interrupted with the question, "How did Jackie get in pictures, and why?"

Mabel Cooper temporarily satisfied her son with fifty cents, and began. "Jackie's success in pictures has meant everything to us. There was no one for him to rely upon but me, and I didn't make much. I hoped desperately that the studios would like Jackie and he would like them. I knew he had talent, but it was a long, hard pull to get Hollywood to see it.

"When I knew Jackie was coming, I wanted him to be somebody. With every bit of will I had, I focused my hope on his future. I wasn't disappointed. When he was a little bit of a thing, Jackie took notice of everything around him. He never

(*Continued on page 91*)

You wouldn't think it to-day, but Mabel Cooper had a hard time persuading Hollywood that Jackie had talent. She tells you the story here.

Mrs. George Temple did not have screen ambitions for Shirley. She was "discovered" at a dancing school

Mrs. Clyde Collins planned a definite campaign to get Cora Sue into films. And Cora Sue is almost a star to-day!

Movie Acting—*That's Society's Newest Thrill!*

"What's a million dollars? We want to be movie stars!" That seems to be the cry of Janet Snowden, Merry Fahrney and other "children of the rich." They're giving up their easy lives for Hollywood's excitement!

GUESS who is "going Hollywood" now! The movie town is being invaded by some entirely new types of newcomers. They are not the average, unsophisticated, inexperienced seekers of fame or fortune—awed by the formidable "front" that the studios present to newcomers, or afraid they won't meet the Right People. All of the customary tricks for impressing Hollywood mean nothing to these new arrivals, for they come from a different world. Wealth, adulation and social supremacy have been their birthright. They are the "children of the rich"—seeking a new thrill!

Time was when the Social Register-ites of America looked upon the picture colony as a hodge-podge group of ham actors—though they could tolerate stage actors. The Barrymores and Bennetts knew their forks and were socially passable! But if any of the Four Hundred invited a movie star to dinner, it was as a part of the entertainment for their guests, like exhibiting a trained chimpanzee.

That's all changed now—*how* changed! John Hay Whitney, millionaire sportsman and one of THE Whitneys, has come to Hollywood to spend some of his fortune—and maybe add to it—by turning movie producer. James Blakeley, who calls Park Avenue "home," is now in Hollywood, under contract to a studio that considers him a natural-born rival of Robert Montgomery.

And Hollywood now has such feminine "blue bloods" in its midst as Merry Fahrney, Mrs. John D. Spreckles, III,

Rosamond Pinchot (below), niece of the Governor of Pennsylvania, hasn't sought movie fame; the movies have sought her. She starts soon . . . in important rôles.

Acme

Elizabeth Young

Acme

Doris Duke

Wide World

Janet Snowden

BY MAUDE LATHEM

Virginia Peine Lehmann, Winifred Flint, Lillian Moore, Rosamond Pinchot, Elizabeth Young, Hazel Forbes, Barbara Fritchie and others. Most of these girls have now, or will inherit, millions! They have been to exclusive finishing schools, have had costly débuts, have been presented at Court. But their money is not enough for their restless, modern minds. They want new thrills. They want to be in the movies! And if Katharine Hepburn, of the Hartford Junior League and the New York Social Register, could make good—they may ask themselves—why can't *they* click?

Winifred Flint (above) didn't rely on her father's millions to get her into films. She sought a movie job without telling who she was. (P. S. And got it!)

Merry Fahrney

Acme

Mrs. John D. Spreckles, III

Virginia Pine

No matter how firmly intrenched they have been as social leaders, they have been compelled to recognize the disconcerting fact that movie stars are the ones who determine the style in dresses, hats, homes, bathtubs, cars, couches and dogs. Society no longer gets the spotlight, and this piques them. So they are in Hollywood—and there to stay, if possible. And directors are now bidding against each other for one of these *Blue Book* names for every production. Their names have "publicity value."

These women, with millions at their disposal, have discovered that Hollywood has more excitement, more thrills to the minute for them than any spot in the world. And they *have* been all over the world. There have been schools abroad and trips abroad; there have been friendships, flirtations, and even marriages with royalty; there have been beaux of wealth and position, as well as indolent young men of charm and grace dancing attendance upon them. There is no form of amusement that they have not been able to participate in, if it suited them. Even so, they have found that Hollywood still has something new to offer bored heiresses.

Take Merry Fahrney, for example. If there is any sensation she has not experienced (outside of Hollywood), I wouldn't know where to look for it. Now only twenty-three years old, she has already had travel, luxury, airplanes of her own, love, marriage, motherhood, and divorce! She has lived through all the usual emotions of the average life already. Merry has blue eyes and a round face, slightly suggestive of Helen Hayes and a little like Mary Pickford. While not a raving beauty, she has individuality and poise.

She has more money than she knows what to do with and, while she may not have acquired fame, she has certainly had newspaper headlines. All the sensational details of her efforts to escape from the bonds of matrimony have been blazoned across the Sunday supplements. She was first married to Hugh Pickering and has one child, Peter, by him. Divorcing him last Fall, she expected to marry his friend, Count Giorgio di Giorgio. Her parents prevented this match. She married a childhood friend, Frank van Eiszner—and the car bearing the wedding party was wrecked, killing the groom's brother and injuring Merry slightly. She has just won an annulment of this marriage.

Merry Wants to Be "On Her Own"

SHE "had no thought of pictures" (?) when she came to Hollywood, but, living at the Ambassador Hotel, with her money, hectic headline history and good looks, she inevitably met the picture people socially, and it was not surprising that Cecil B. DeMille persuaded her to play a small part as a Roman lady in "Cleopatra."

This daughter of the Chicago "patent-medicine king," Elmer H. Fahrney, admits that she is without a single inferiority complex. And we know she is fearless, for she has been in

(*Continued on page 82*)

The Sphinx Is a Mystery —and So Is GEORGE ARLISS

You don't know George Arliss unless you know the part that Florence Arliss plays in his life, both on and off the screen. She acted with him in "The House of Rothschild"

In private life, George Arliss is the silent star of a great mystery, entitled, "What Is He Really Like?" And we're out to solve the mystery right now!

By EDWIN SCHALLERT

Pach Brothers

THE hills of Hollywood may some day be shaken loose from their foundations, but nothing in the world will ever twist George Arliss out of plumb as a pillar of the noble, the upright and the honorable profession of acting. Not only is Arliss a pillar, but the very rock upon which rests the tradition that acting can be dignified, righteous and distinguished. He is as solid as the Sphinx —and almost as quiet about himself. Few people really know him. Let's look into this "mystery"!

Arliss, born in 1868, has been able to prove that it is not necessary for an actor to be young to be smart, sophisticated and bedeviling; he, himself, in many of the scenes of his pictures, is as sly, as worldly-wise and as diabolical as it is possible to be; and with it all he is cheeringly and ironically humorous. What is he like in *real life?*

Arliss now seems to be a fixture in Hollywood, though it looked for a while as if his career had abruptly ended when he and Warner Brothers did not get together upon the expiration of his contract last Spring. Warners wanted to renew his contract at a lower figure (somewhere between $40,000 and $50,000 a picture), but as Arliss had taken one cut already, he didn't see the idea, especially with inflation on the horizon. So he went to England to vacation, and shortly the news was spread that he had signed up to make two pictures a year for Darryl Zanuck, erstwhile Warner production executive, who had resigned and started a rival company (20th Century Pictures) with Joseph Schenck. And this showed that Arliss had a keen belief in the value of stubbornness, of watchful waiting.

For he took no cut; in fact, he gained by the deal. And this business acumen—acumen that has served him well through the years—is attributable in part to Mrs. Arliss. It has made him surmisedly very rich from earnings in the show game—in which few artists know how to handle finances, and few business men are artists.

(*Continued on page 88*)

Who Else Is a Man of Mystery?
LIONEL BARRYMORE!

On the screen, Lionel Barrymore can be many different men. Off the screen, he can be only one—and what is that one like? This story ends the mystery!

By ELZA SCHALLERT

I NEVER see or think of Lionel Barrymore without suffering the memory of one of the most embarrassing moments of my life—a moment that gave me an inkling about what he is really like. And I want to tell you about this Lionel Barrymore whom few people know, whom many regard, off the screen, as a Sphinx.

Sometime about a year ago, I was undergoing one of those days that every household occasionally experiences—when the 'phone rings fiendishly every few minutes. Finally, as it rang again, I answered with curt abruptness. With painstaking courtesy, yet with unmistakable self-consciousness, a man's voice exclaimed:

"Oh, I am *so* sorry to trouble you . . . I really shouldn't be doing it. . . . As a matter of fact, I havent any right to bother you. . . . I have hesitated to call you, knowing that you are a busy woman, but . . ."

My unknown caller's manner was so extraordinarily polite that I decided some clever real estate or insurance agent was putting on an act to enlist my sympathy. I blustered in bullying fashion:

"You haven't bothered me yet, but you certainly will, if you don't state your name and business pronto!"

I never have recovered from the shock of hearing that gentle, almost bashful voice say:

"I'm ever so sorry, really. Please pardon the intrusion. This is Lionel Barrymore speaking. I wanted to ask a big favor of you."

The "big favor" that Mr. Barrymore wanted was a copy of a photograph of ships in a harbor that had appeared in a rotogravure section of a Los Angeles newspaper. He thought that through some of my contacts I might be able to get it for him.

"I'd like to have it," he continued gently, "if it wouldn't be putting you to worlds of trouble. I want to make an etching of it."

C. S. Bull

You don't know Lionel Barrymore unless you know him as the husband of Irene Fenwick, former Broadway actress. This is his great est rôle!

He's Many Men in One

ANY other actor as famous as Lionel Barrymore would have had his valet or butler or secretary or one of the boys from the studio press department request the picture. But, of course, Lionel Barrymore is not like every other famous actor. He is a fine, simple, unaffected human being first, and a celebrated actor next.

(*Continued on page 86*)

INTIMATE News and

The better a girl's figure, the more pull she has—and the more pull she has, the better her figure. Anyway, these six Fox starlets are tugging against seven across the page. Their suits are some of The Very Latest to be seen at Malibu

Acme

Marian Marsh, now back from picture-making in England, has a secret. She won't tell whether the posies she received just before docking were from an English admirer or an American one

Jean's Friends Mad at Maxie

IT appears that the break-up of the marriage of Jean Harlow and cameraman Hal Rosson "wasn't anybody's fault; it just wasn't meant to succeed." Sports writers are asking: Will it be Maxie Baer now? The big fighter is reported as willing, but Jean says "No!" and her intimates say harsh things about the Baer press-agent, claiming that the rumors are just a publicity stunt for Maxie, the big sex-appeal man.

Hal Rosson just grins and asks, "Did you see Jean's ad in the paper?"—referring to the divorce announcement. (By the way, whatever became of the San Francisco girl to whom he was supposed to be engaged before his sudden marriage to the Platinum Blonde?) Jean wept when giving her divorce interviews to the reporters, and they went away with a sort of "there, there, little girl" look. Perhaps her supporters are right in insisting that "Jean is one girl divorce can't hurt."

Gloria Gains Another Friend

MICHAEL FARMER, sailing from Europe for a six months' yacht cruise around the world with a Baron-friend, left the way open for Gloria Swanson to get a divorce without a battle and promised to see her when the yacht reached California in the Fall. At first, he was reported as planning a fight to the bitter end for custody of their baby daughter, who is now in the care of a nurse in Europe (far from kidnap threats).

Meanwhile, there is no stilling the rumors of romance between Gloria and Herbert Marshall, who were seen together constantly in New York during his recent vacation and her "personal appearance" engagement there. But Hollywood's own personal resentment about the rumored romance apparently has not permeated to the rest of the country. Gloria's tour (her first experience at stage acting) has been a hit, and Herbert's screen career advances apace; he is now playing opposite Constance Bennett in "The Green Hat" and is scheduled to be Norma Shearer's hero in "Marie Antoinette." Gloria parries all queries by asking, "How can I be going to marry Mr. Marshall since he is at present the husband of Edna Best?" Edna, who has gone back to England, is "trying" a separation.

Just "Fighting" for Fun?

LUPE VELEZ and Johnny Weissmuller, after their "elopement," kept reporters guessing for three weeks about whether or not they had actually eluded the press posse and committed marriage. Now, they are getting great gobs of publicity, making the reporters guess whether or not they are on the verge of separation. One week they are together (Lupe is making a personal appearance tour, and Johnny is vacationing); the next week, Johnny is back in Hollywood alone. Lupe promised early in her matrimonial career that this would be Hollywood's fightingest marriage—and it has been so far. But, at that, it might last longer than some of the town's "perfect" matches.

Lupe's former dolling, Gary Cooper, is one of Hollywood's most inconspicuous bridegrooms. (He and Sandra Shaw and Johnny and Lupe, by the way, are close friends these days.) Sandra has evidently persuaded Gary to give up week-ending at his beloved ranch and, although she was courted on horseback, she and Gary are never seen on the bridle paths these days. Hollywood is looking for "the inevitable conflict between Park Avenue and Montana." Hollywood *would* be looking for such a thing!

Katie Doing a Dietrich

KATHARINE HEPBURN has joined the ranks of trousered ladies of Hollywood. Accompanied always by curly-haired Laura Harding, her constant and wealthy "side-kick," she is striding about town in the footsteps of Garbo, Dietrich and Sullavan. (She has discarded her famous overalls in favor of slacks.) Katie is going to do Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga," playing the modern, restless *Irene*. The family of the late novelist said she could. She has gained a little weight and, while looking less hungry, also looks a trifle less exotic.

Gossip From HOLLYWOOD

Meet the newest newlyweds—Andy Devine and Dorothy House. The gravel-throated comedian must have a soothing voice in real life. They eloped

The mysterious absence from Hollywood of Zelma O'Neal is solved by her seafaring clothes. She has sailed over to England to make pictures, like hubby Anthony Bushell

Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, are back from their two-months' vacation in Europe—where, the proud papa claims, Dick the 2nd attracted more attention than they did. "A Son Comes Home," appropriately enough, is Dick's next picture

VIRGINIA PINE, the wealthy and attractive young Chicago divorcée who has entered films, returned from the East without George Raft in tow and went to the hospital for a breakdown. But she still insists that she is "happier than she has ever been in her life." She says that the reason why George didn't go to Europe on his vacation, as he originally planned, was because she couldn't go, too. Meanwhile, his divorce plans seem to have struck a snag of some sort. Virginia won't discuss their "engagement." She says that she has done all the talking so far and she'll let George talk now—but insists that they will be married within three months.

Merry Got Her Own Taxi

ANOTHER Chicago heiress who has been twice married and who has entered movies is Merry Fahrney. (She plays a "bit" as a Roman lady in "Cleopatra.") She just shed her second husband, Frank van Eiszner, by the annulment route, testifying that she didn't know when she married him because a cocktail had made her numb.

They tell an amusing story about Merry's first day at the studio. (She had to report at six-thirty a. m., like everyone else.) It seems that when work was finished, she swept into the office of a studio executive and asked him to call a cab for her.

That gentleman gazed at the lady who is heiress to patent-medicine millions. "The cab stand, Miss Fahrney," he said

Grace Moore is back in films, playing a rôle she has played in real life—that of an opera singer. She's made up as *Madame Butterfly* here for "One Night of Love"

gently, "is just outside. I'm sure you can't miss it."

Louise Fazenda, who just won a new contract, is off for a vacation in Europe with hubby Hal Wallis, film executive. They'll be looking for a big story for Louise. With them (at right) is his sister, Minna Wallis

Clark Warns the Animals

CLARK GABLE has been hunting again—with that gr-r-rand new rifle of his, which has gold sights and mountings that catch the sunlight and warn any animal within range that he is on its trail. The plan to have his débutante step-daughter, Georgiana, screen-tested seems to be in abeyance for the moment. We understand that Clark is wholly in favor of the idea, but wants to take the tests with her and have her gowned by Adrian first.

Ruth Pondering Divorce

RUTH CHATTERTON, they do tell, is visiting soothsayers and fortune-tellers these days—perhaps trying to discover whether or not to divorce George Brent. She is very pally with Grace Moore, who is back in pictures in "One Night of Love." Meanwhile, Brent goes about singing to himself. If his heart is broken, he is concealing the fact nobly. Completely on his own now, he is drawing some rôles at Warners that are intended to zoom him up to stardom fast. Ruth has signed with M-G-M, and whisperers are wondering if she is going to get some of the rôles intended for Gloria Swanson, whose "comeback" seems to be held up temporarily—perhaps to await public reaction to her fourth divorce.

Some Drive 'Em; Some Don't

LILIAN HARVEY has taken so much ribbing about her "ice cream wagon"—her white automobile—that she has put it in storage and has bought a small, inexpensive (and inconspicuous) car. Carl Brisson still drives his block-long, dazzling-white import. Jean Harlow still drives her big platinum-colored coupé. And Mae West is driving around these days in a bullet-proof steel car. (Those threats, you know.)

Will Connie Be the Next?

THE next big divorce, we predict, will be that of Constance Bennett and her Marquis. During his absence in the South Seas and China, filming native life, Connie and Gilbert Roland have been seen together constantly—with romance rumors resulting. Roland even sits on the set of "The Green Hat" all day, waiting for her.

If Connie and Henri de la Falaise do part, there will be a title on the market again. Remembering how Gloria Swanson's face flamed crimson and remained so for hours when she met her ex-husband at a dinner party this Spring and he kissed her affectionately, some people wonder . . .

All Better, Thank You

MIRIAM HOPKINS' often-broken ankle (which she sprained again in making "She Loves Me Not") has mended. Claudette Colbert is resting from the long strain of "Cleopatra," made under the stress of illness. Fredric March has emerged from his near-breakdown. Mrs. Wallace Beery, who has been desperately ill with heart trouble, is back at home, gaining. And reassuring news comes from Marie Dressler that she is really on the mend.

While Mrs. Beery was so ill, Wally went to the hospital every morning to see her, flew to location at Catalina (for "Treasure Island"), rushed off the set to his 'plane, flew back to the mainland and raced to the hospital, staying at his wife's bedside until they put him out.

Did you ever picture Ann Harding as a cowgirl? That's the part she played to perfection in the recent Film Stars' Frolic in Hollywood!

Wide World

This fine young actress got her start in Hollywood as "The Kissless Girl"... a title no other newcomer has ever sought. And this story-interview tells you how and why she has been dodging romance!

EVELYN VENABLE Finds a New Way to Fame

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

IT SEEMS that, in spite of all the printed and whispered hints to the contrary Evelyn Venable is still Different From The Crowd. Evelyn, you remember, is the young actress who was introduced to Hollywood by zealous press-agents as "The Kissless Girl," and whose impeccable conduct has sent the gossips into frenzies of doubt, disbelief and dismay ever since.

How and why would any healthy, attractive girl—free, white and almost twenty-one—remain kissless in Hollywood? That's what Hollywood wanted to know. And yet there was Evelyn to confound the cynics. That is, she confounded them until the day she finally looked at a man—in the person of Hal Mohr, Fox cameraman. On that day, the gossip columnists (who don't believe what anybody else says) asserted that Evelyn and Hal were playing post-office. Nay, more—they were planning to marry as soon as Evelyn's father arrived to give his blessing. At about that point, Evelyn waxed indignant.

But this is getting ahead of the story. First, it must be explained how and why Evelyn became known as the "Kissless Girl."

Evelyn is the only newcomer to Hollywood who could conceivably qualify for that immaculate title. Most of them are sexy little numbers who will never, never be mistaken for home girls, and who are seen to the best advantage in their lingerie. "A young Mae West" is the favorite slogan for any of these kiddies, but nobody seems to realize that it takes rare talent, as well as a rare figure, to make a Mae West. And to give these girls a real chance, every picture must be a strip act.

That leaves Evelyn Venable as the sole heir to such refined rôles as she has played in "Cradle Song," "Death Takes a Holiday," "David Harum" and "Double Door." Imagine Toby Wing or Grace Bradley impersonating the delicate convent orphan in "Cradle Song." Or Joan Marsh or Ida Lupino reflecting the spiritual mood

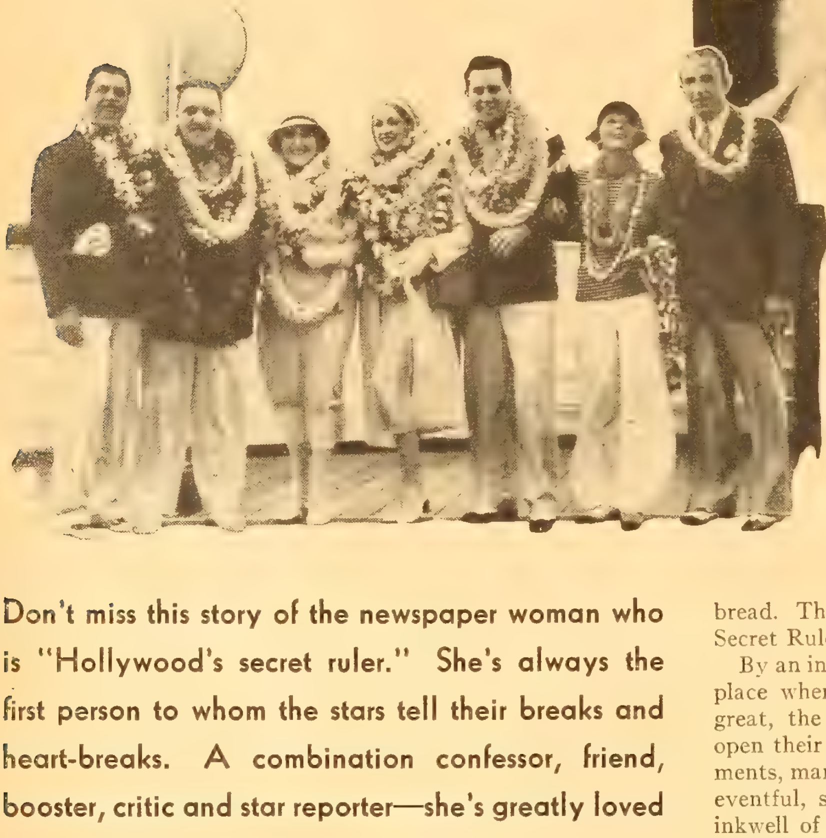
(Continued on page 76)

Hollywood gossips keep insisting that there is a romance on between Evelyn and cameraman Hal Mohr (left). Evelyn calls the rumors "embarrassing"

Meet LOUELLA PARSONS —*She Knows Them All!*

Hurrell

This is Louella Parsons—the newspaper woman who knows all that's worth knowing about the stars, because they tell her all, themselves. Left, arm in arm on a cruise to Hawaii: left to right, Warner Baxter, Dr. Harry Martin (Louella's husband), Louella, herself, Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon (she first reported their romance), Dorothy Mackaill and director John McCormick



Don't miss this story of the newspaper woman who is "Hollywood's secret ruler." She's always the first person to whom the stars tell their breaks and heart-breaks. A combination confessor, friend, booster, critic and star reporter—she's greatly loved and secretly feared!

By GLADYS HALL

This is a story of a newspaper woman who knows all the stars by their first names. It is the whole, intimate, inside story of Louella Parsons—who has not only met them all, but has discovered many of them, and is the confidante of practically all of them. It tells you how she has become the star reporter of the stars, and she tells you, herself, what her life is like and how she gets those stories of Hollywood that make newspaper headlines.—Editor.

HER intimate friends call her Lolly. The world of print knows her as Louella O. Parsons. In all the movie kingdom, no by-line is so significant, so eagerly, hopefully, fearfully read . . . "Louella Parsons says—" and "Have you read Louella Parsons this morning—?" are sentences broken over Hollywood's daily bread. They call her the Czarina of the Cinema, Hollywood's Secret Ruler, the Power Behind the Thrones.

By an inky and indefatigable trail, Louella has arrived at the place where the Mary Pickfords, the Charlie Chaplins, the great, the near-great and the would-be-great of Hollywood open their hearts to her, give her the breaks on their engagements, marriages and divorces. All of the major events of their eventful, stellar lives fall like ripe plums into the altar-like inkwell of Louella. Never a party is given, never a picture premiered, never a microphone handy but what Louella is begged, entreated to be there.

Every head-waiter in town waits most assiduously upon Louella. Every "extra" and "bit" player in town dreams of the day when his or her name may be mentioned in Louella's Sunday column, "Hollywood Movie-Go-Round." From stand-in girl to producer, she is welcomed with open arms and more than a modicum of secret awe. She dares to say what she thinks—about pictures, about the work of producers, stars and directors, and about their private lives. She dares to print what she knows. She is the recipient of hundreds of stories that are *not* printed and she is the friend of hundreds because these stories are unprinted.

She was the first to tell the world about the Pickford-Fairbanks separation (said to be the *greatest* scoop ever to

When Louella Parsons returned from a trip to Europe a few years ago, Marion Davies gave her a "welcome home" party—and these were the guests. Front row, left to right, Mona Maris, Gertrude Olmstead Leonard, Virginia Bushman Conway, Eleanor Boardman, Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn, Marion Davies, Louella Parsons, Diana Kane Fitzmaurice, Mrs. Herman Mankiewicz, Kathryn Carver, Aileen Pringle and Hedda Hopper. Back row, left to right, Clarence Brown, Robert Z. Leonard, Jack Conway, Irving Thalberg, Adolphe Menjou, King Vidor, Samuel Goldwyn, George Fitzmaurice, Herman Mankiewicz, Dr. Martin, John Gilbert and Lloyd Pantages

Above, Louella Parsons with her friend, Mary Pickford. It was to Louella that Mary first confided her plans of parting with Douglas Fairbanks—and Louella "scooped" the world with the story. She has had many other famous "scoops"

come out of Hollywood); first reporter to interview George Bernard Shaw when he reached America; first to predict Gary Cooper's marriage to Sandra Shaw; first to publish the contents of Valentino's will; first to tell of Sally Eilers' elopement with Harry Joe Brown, Virginia Bruce's engagement to John Gilbert, Gloria Swanson's plans to divorce Michael Farmer; and she has scored enough other scoops to stud any reporter's typewriter with stars.

She says that in all her years of experience only one star who has promised to tell her *first* has ever broken faith with her—namely, Ruth Chatterton, on the occasions of her parting from Ralph Forbes and her more recent parting from George Brent. On both of these occasions, however, Louella was saved the ignominy of being scooped, thanks to the cooperation of the husbands before the bar. *They* gave Louella her stories.

Louella has conquered all obstacles that have ever threatened to interfere with her picture-pilgrim's progress. But underneath the suave enamel of the crack reporter is still the eager and interested girl who *cared* about what Mrs. Tewksbury served for supper . . .

Which takes us back to the beginning of Louella—as a dark, eager and very young girl living in Dixon, Illinois, with her parents. She was a girl more than normally interested in her neighbors and what they were doing and where they were going and what parties they were giving and what "the refreshments" were going to be. Some-

(*Continued on page 96*)

Louella Parsons tells the world about the stars on the radio, too. Above, Norma Shearer and Herbert Marshall rehearse for her program

What Every Girl Should Know about Miriam Hopkins

Are you up-to-date about Miriam? Do you know what she has been getting out of life? Plenty that other people just dream about! She has found a design for living that gets her what she wants. And she tells you about it here!

IT seemed to me, as I sat sunning with Miriam Hopkins in the patio of her Monterey-Colonial home in Bel Aire, that Miriam has everything that a human being might reasonably desire. She has beauty and the talent of self-expression and fame and fortune and health. She has this charming home with its walled-in garden, bordered with frondy pepper trees, vivid with flowers, gay with laughter. She has bought her long-desired home in New York, in Sutton Place. She has always wanted to live in New York for a part of each year, wanted to do a play there each season. Now, at last, she can. She wants to be in California for the balance of the year and make pictures—and money—and she will.

Marriage with writer Austin Parker didn't work out for her, but out of divorce has grown a firm and rare friendship. He spends a considerable part of his time with Miriam. Where, how and with whom he spends the rest of it is no concern of Miriam's. And vice versa. She wanted a son and she found one for adoption who seems, just from living in her environment, to be forming in her image. Miriam seems able to make time and tide do her bidding. But HOW? By what means?

Can we really take Life and mold it, like pliable clay, as we want it to be? Is it possible to take the stuff of life and cut it to our own measurement, wear it as we want to wear it, dye it with the colors we love the best? Does Miriam hold the promise that we are not puppets to be pulled about on strings that we resent and resist—but are, ourselves, the Puppeteers who can make the marionettes of life dance at our will? Is Miriam a Puppeteer?

I asked her, as she sat opposite me, with her bandaged ankle—broken in the window-jumping scene of "She Loves Me Not"—reposing on a foot-rest. She laughed. "I—have everything? Oh, but have I . . . ?"

"Well, haven't you?" I parried, indicating the sunny garden and all it stood for, all it held. (At the moment, it also held Austin Parker, who had just finished a book and wanted Miriam to be the first to read it. And it also held two-and-a-half-year-old Michael, who was occupied with sand-boxes, slides, kiddie-kars, balls and scooters.)

"It *is* peaceful here," Miriam said, "and peace is what I want . . . "

Austin laughed pleasantly. "Miriam would run like a racer if she saw peace anywhere near her," he said.

"No, that's not true, Billy." (She calls him Billy.) "I do want peace—but not the drab, gray thing that most people mean by the word. I mean a peace softly, brightly colored, filled with the music of content and quietness within. Peace can be as fulfilling as passion; the side-lines can be as thrilling as the arena, if we know how to use our hearts and our minds. There is, of course, a very great deal in being satisfied with what we have, instead of *thinking* we'll be satisfied with what we *want*. I think I do make the best of what I have. Which is why I have been horridly dubbed 'Happy Hopkins'—horridly because I loathe the type of person who goes about saying blithely, 'Isn't everything *lovely?*'

What She Asks Herself

"BUT to get down to cases—my case. You think I have everything. You ask me if I believe it possible to get what we want from life, to mold it into the shape we would have it? I think we can get all of the little things, yes. I think we can get a measure of success, houses, money, good times, the environments we want—if we have a bull's-eye to aim at. I *have* got all the little things, granted. But the big ones? I'm not so sure.

"While Austin is in the pool, I'll say this: It isn't good to live alone. I think that if I had it to do over again, if I had known then what I know now, perhaps Austin and I would be together now, as hus-

By FAITH SERVICE

(*Continued on page 94*)

PAT CALLS IT LUCK

When Pat Paterson brought her sparkle over from England, she thought she was leaving a sure thing for a gamble. Back in Blighty, she was a triple hit—on the stage, on the screen and on the radio—but in America she was unknown. When she clicked in her first picture, "Bottoms Up," she said, "Call It Luck." And that, said her bosses, was a good title for her second picture—in which she clicks again, we'd have you know. But Pat, with a smile that rivals Jeanette MacDonald's, still insists she's lucky. Didn't she meet and marry Charles Boyer in Hollywood?

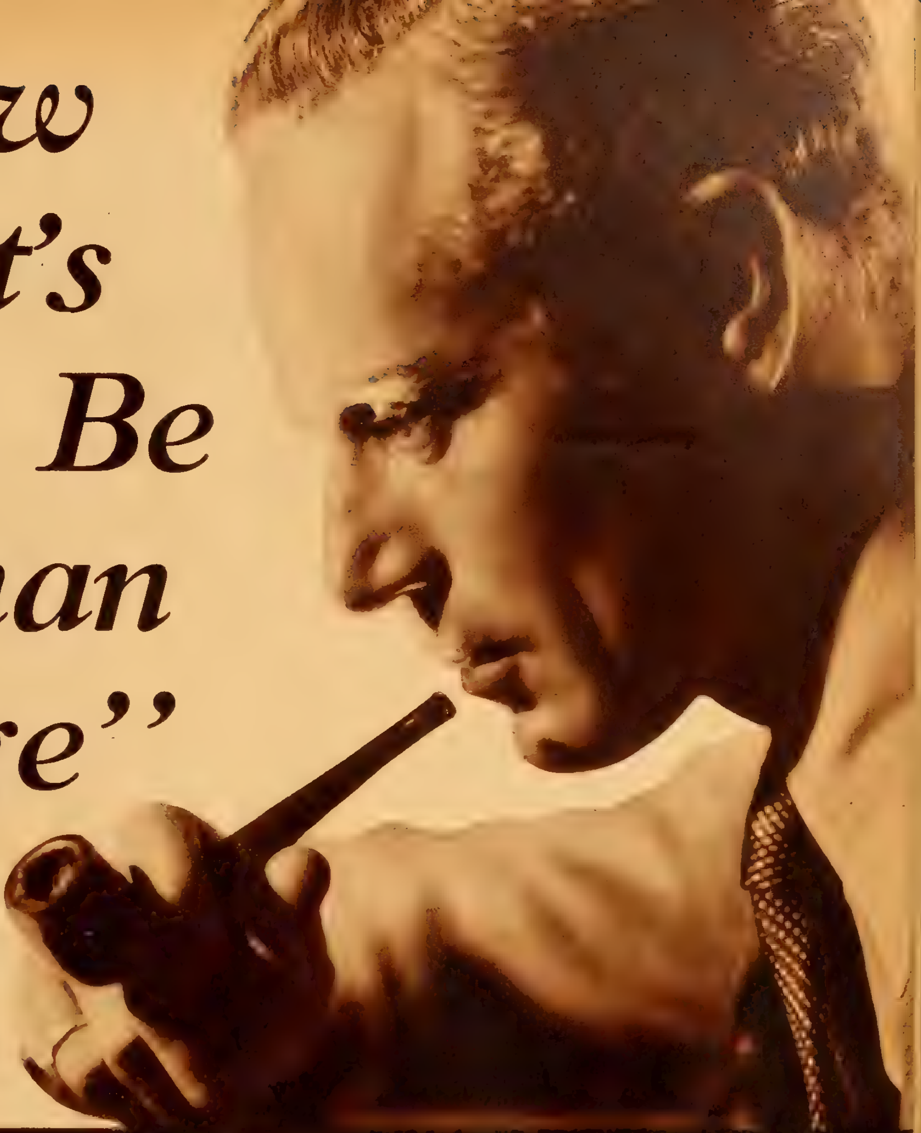
Recognize the little girl in the big bow? It's Sidney Fox, back in films, making a new name for herself in "Down to Their Last Yacht." And you'll be hearing from Irene Hervey (far left)—a real beauty who can do some real acting. And does in "Let's Try Again"!

Girls Making Themselves Heard . . .

Pert Kelton (in circle) has a chirp and a sense of humor that are practically devastating; that's why she's being starred in "Bachelor Bait." Steffi Duna (right) is new, exotic. Francis Lederer, the boy-friend, predicts a great film future for her

"I Know What It's Like to Be in Human Bondage"

—Leslie Howard



"We are in bondage to those who have the potential ability to make us suffer," says the hero of the picture, "Of Human Bondage." His two children have Leslie in bondage. He tells you about it here—and reveals himself as the world has never seen him before!

"YES, I am in human bondage," Leslie Howard told me, lounging, pipe in mouth, on the chintzey davenport before the fireplace in his Beverly Hills home, "and not to a lady with a greenish pallor, either." That little reference to "a lady with a greenish pallor" was to the girl in Somerset Maugham's great story of super-sensitive youth, "Of Human Bondage," which Leslie has just filmed.

"I have been in bondage ever since my son was born. I have never, from that moment to this, drawn one completely free and all-for-myself breath. I am in bondage to my love for my children, my concern for them and for their concerns, my nostalgia when we are separated, my anxiety for the way their lives shall go when we are not together. There is no human bondage unless the chains are riveted on by love. If love does not exist, then, naturally, one does not care—and where one does not care, bondage is impossible.

"We are in bondage to those who have the potential ability to make us suffer. And there is no one in the world with such potentialities where I am concerned as my own children. The bondage is not physical. I don't mean that. The world can be between parents and children as it is between my children and me right now, and we grown-ups can be as footloose as gypsies if we want to be. But we don't want to be—and that is where the ties bind. Because if we stay put, we are inactive; and if we *go*, we are unhappy and our abilities are undermined.

"I am, of course, speaking only for myself. Mrs. Howard doesn't take it as I do, at all. She's more sensible. She says that we have our lives to live and they have theirs, and that it's only for a part of each year, anyhow, and then we'll all be together again. She believes in taking things as they come, without any agonizing. She's right and I'm wrong, but it's a wrong I can't right in myself. I can feel them in my nerves and brain and heart. I am never without consciousness of them.

Never Free from Worries Now

"NO, it is not physical bondage. It's a matter of mental and spiritual bondage. Never again, after the birth of children, is one free for one moment from worry about what they are doing, wondering if they are safe, happy, in the right environment, getting what they should be getting from life, and

(*Continued on page* 78)

By GLADYS HALL

DON JUAN FAIRBANKS AND TWO LADIES HE COURTS

Don Juan, like Henry the VIIIth, was not miserly with his love—but, unlike Henry, he had his love returned with interest. Doug, playing the rôle, has six leading ladies—the chief one being Benita Hume (left)

Douglas Fairbanks is returning from England—not only in person, but in "The Private Life of Don Juan." And this rôle of early Spain's Great Lover is the most ambitious of his career!

Tunbridge—London

Remember Merle Oberon as *Anne Boleyn* in "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth"? Now she's exotic in a XIVth Century manner in "The Private Life of Don Juan"!

How come Veloz and Yolanda haven't been in the movies until now? Don't tell us Hollywood never heard of them!—for they are one of the world's greatest dance teams. But they're finally here—better late than never. You'll see them DANCE (they have rhythm) in "Many Happy Returns"

DISCOVERED AT LAST!

By
WILLIAM F.
FRENCH

Tom Keene was a big star in Westerns, but he passed it all up —"disappeared" for a year, forgetting Hollywood and letting Hollywood forget him. WHY? Because he was willing to take a gamble on his future. And he has won. He's back now—as a *dramatic* actor! Watch him!

Paid to Leave Hollywood!

Director King Vidor (left) was the man who paid Tom Keene to "forget" Hollywood and his screen-cowboy days—and now stars him as the dramatic hero of "Our Daily Bread"

WITH twice as much fan mail as Constance Bennett's, a starring contract with a major studio, and a record of making pictures that earned more money for RKO than Katharine Hepburn's or Ann Harding's, Tom Keene deliberately left Hollywood cold, a year ago. Buying up his contract from RKO, refusing other offers totaling sixty thousand dollars, this young Western star hied himself East, to disappear for a year, forget pictures, and take the risk of pictures' forgetting him.

"Because," to use his own words, "that was our agreement, and because I couldn't afford to kid myself that I was getting anywhere on a horse."

Behind that phrase, "our agreement," lies one of Hollywood's most amazing untold stories, the story of a contract that had no legal form to bind it except a handshake between two men, a most un-Hollywood contract, a contract based on faith.

King Vidor, the director who made "The Crowd," "Hallelujah," "Street Scene" and "The Champ" (to mention only a few of his pictures), had been nursing an idea in his head for a year—an idea of a picture dealing with the problems of fighting Old Man Depression. But to make this picture, he had to have two things—free rein and just the right star. The free rein he secured by resigning his post with one of the biggest studios so that he could make the picture on his own—and the star he found *by paying a young, ambitious picture actor to leave Hollywood!*

"The man I needed," explains Vidor, "might or might not be in Hollywood. He might or might not be under long-term contract to someone else. He might or might not be within reach of what I could afford to pay. But there was such a man—and I had to have him.

"I spent months hunting for him. I had exact specifications that he must fit; for this was not a part that could be whittled down or rewritten to suit the conveniences and limitations of a star. The boy who was my hero must not only look the part; he must *be* the part. He must wear overalls as if they 'fitted' him, work as though he was used to work, and fight as if he had battled his way all through his life.

Tom Filled the Bill

"AS my struggling young American, he must look as though he had struggled, had learned to lose, and had gone on struggling. His face must show youth—and experience; his manner must hint of memories, of disappointments and bitter battles; and his bearing must reflect the courage to keep on fighting. Just acting wouldn't do here. I had to have someone who could re-live my story and who 'belonged' with the common people with whom he would be cast.

"I had almost given up my quest—or, at least, I was becoming mighty discouraged, when I happened to see Tom Keene. From appearances, he was made for the part. When I learned how he had been orphaned at the age of six, and how he had battled for existence through his childhood, I knew I had found the main character for my new picture."

And now comes the inside story of Tom Keene's disappearance from Hollywood, a story without parallel even in this town of strange happenings.

"Tom, I'm planning to make a picture," Vidor told him, and gave him a brief outline of the script. "I have a very definite idea regarding the man I want to play the lead. I haven't found anyone who comes closer to filling the bill than you. So I have a proposition to make to you: If you'll gamble with me, I'll gamble with you. . . . If you would like to start your picture career over again, here is your chance. If you will buy up your contract at the studio, I'll guarantee you the lead in my new picture. Further, I'll pay you a reasonable salary until I'm ready to go into production."

"How long will that be?" asked Tom.

"Perhaps a year. But I don't mean to have you just sign up with me and then go on as you have been doing. *I want you to go away—get completely out of Hollywood—disappear.*

Why He Wanted Him to "Forget" Movies

"I DON'T care what you do while you are away—so long as you live among real men and women and get the taste of Hollywood out of your mouth and the ideas of Hollywood out of your brain. Forget Western pictures. Forget contracts and money-making. Don't worry for fear people will forget you—I want them to. Brush up a bit on your acting. Get on the stage a while—study—relax—have a good time—but keep away from Hollywood. *Then, when I'm ready to go ahead, I'll call you—and I'll star you.*"

Most young Hollywood actors with a safe niche in the picture business, a sure future, a splendid salary, with prospects of an even larger pay-check, would have hesitated at the prospect that King Vidor offered. A year on a small income, the possibility of being forgotten by the fickle fans, and a part

(*Continued on page* 93)

LEO CARRILLO—BIG-RÔLE HUNTER

Leo is ready for action when a nice, juicy rôle comes ambling along. He'll go gunning for it or else lasso it. And Leo knows his firearms and his lariats—having an eleven-acre rancho where he can practise. This caballero also knows his acting. He could be a killer in "Viva Villa"—and then be a priest in "Manhattan Melodrama." In any rôle, he can be vivid!

Russell

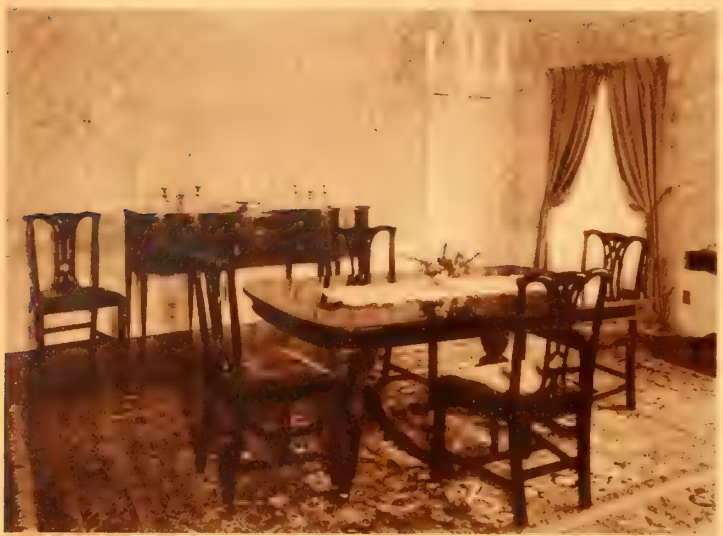
LITTLE MISS WINNER

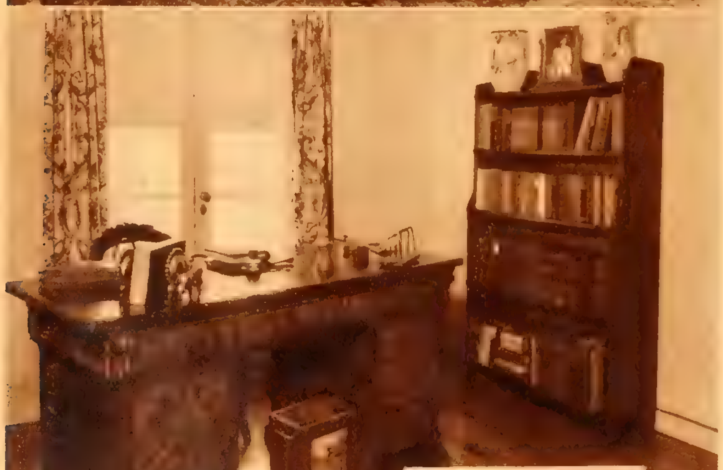
"Oooo! The pretty birdie bites!" says Shirley Temple—just as if she means it. The whole world has fallen in love with this four-year-old wonder child who can register any emotion in the whole long list. As in "Little Miss Marker," she plays the title rôle in "Baby Take a Bow"

Any *Man* Would Like CLARK GABLE'S House!

BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

This is the story of the house that a million women have dreamed about and have wanted to know about—Clark Gable's new home. And when men read about Clark's surroundings, he will rate even higher with them as a he-man than he already does. Don't miss this vivid pen-picture of the interior of his home, which will give you new ideas for your own!—Editor.



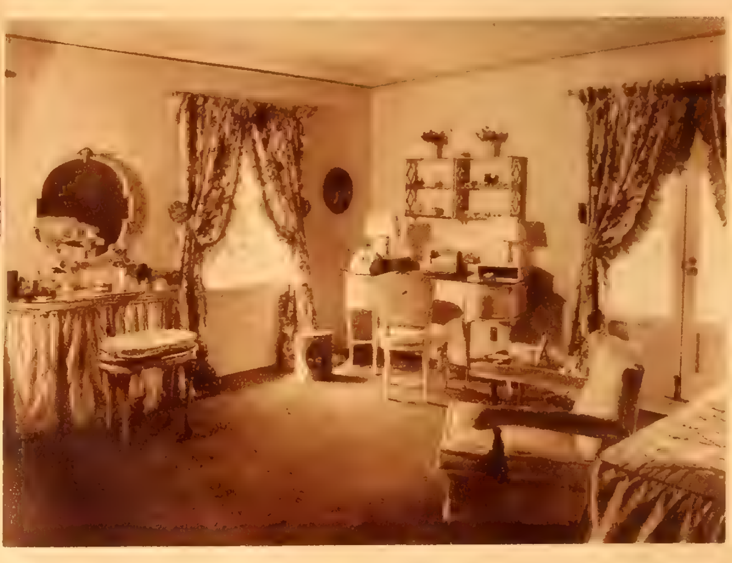


Clark Gable, a he-man on the screen, is a he-man in real life, too—as his home proves. Note the simplicity of the dining room at the top. Above, his desk and bookshelves in his upstairs sitting room. The only really feminine room in the house is that of Georgiana, his step-daughter, at the lower right

CLARK GABLE'S new home is distinctly a compromise house—a compromise between the California landscape with its mimosas and eucalyptus trees and the Colonial background of its occupants; a compromise between a masculine house, with its wood-panelling and mounted deer heads, its sporting prints and heavy, comfortable furniture—and a feminine home for the two charming women who live in it . . . his wife and step-daughter.

Monterey in type—long, low, solid and unpretentious—it nestles into its landscape as though it had been there for years, instead of a few months. Since Clark spends much of his time on horseback when away from the studio, his home is situated near the foothills with their bridle paths, and he and his step-sons—one of them only four years younger than himself—hunt, fish, ride and hike to their hearts' content.

There is nothing of the "I'm-a-movie-star-and-must-show-off" flavor about Clark's home, with its plain white walls, red roof and prim balcony across the front. Too many Monterey houses have a tea-roomy, gift-shoppe look, overdressed as they are with *ollas*, window boxes, pottery and strings of peppers. And the first glimpse of the interior as

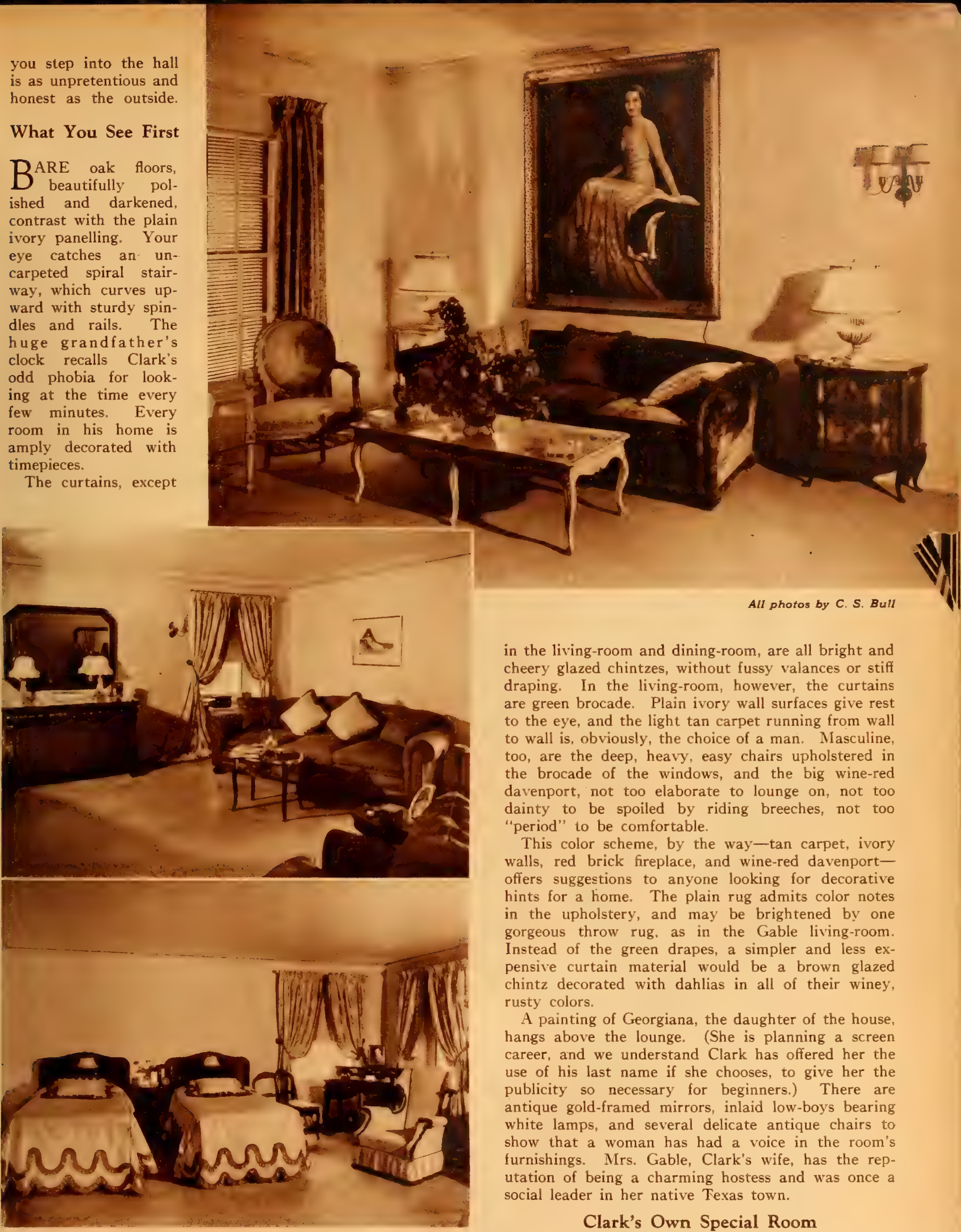


No wonder Clark is a "home" man! Read about the attractiveness of his new house—and its solid comfort! Clark and Mrs. Gable both had ideas about the interior decorating, and the ideas harmonized. How would some of them go in your own home?

you step into the hall is as unpretentious and honest as the outside.

What You See First

BARE oak floors, beautifully polished and darkened, contrast with the plain ivory panelling. Your eye catches an uncarpeted spiral stairway, which curves upward with sturdy spindles and rails. The huge grandfather's clock recalls Clark's odd phobia for looking at the time every few minutes. Every room in his home is amply decorated with timepieces.



Top, you see a corner of the Gables' living room, which has some "period" furniture, but comfort before all else. The painting is of Georgiana, Clark's step-daughter. Above, two views of the master bedroom, where the massive furniture (note the davenport—a new idea for a bedroom) reveals the masculine influence, while the bedspreads and drapes reveal the touch of Mrs. Gable. Except in size, this room might easily be duplicated.

All photos by C. S. Bull

The curtains, except in the living-room and dining-room, are all bright and cheery glazed chintzes, without fussy valances or stiff draping. In the living-room, however, the curtains are green brocade. Plain ivory wall surfaces give rest to the eye, and the light tan carpet running from wall to wall is, obviously, the choice of a man. Masculine, too, are the deep, heavy, easy chairs upholstered in the brocade of the windows, and the big wine-red davenport, not too elaborate to lounge on, not too dainty to be spoiled by riding breeches, not too "period" to be comfortable.

This color scheme, by the way—tan carpet, ivory walls, red brick fireplace, and wine-red davenport—offers suggestions to anyone looking for decorative hints for a home. The plain rug admits color notes in the upholstery, and may be brightened by one gorgeous throw rug, as in the Gable living-room. Instead of the green drapes, a simpler and less expensive curtain material would be a brown glazed chintz decorated with dahlias in all of their winey, rusty colors.

A painting of Georgiana, the daughter of the house, hangs above the lounge. (She is planning a screen career, and we understand Clark has offered her the use of his last name if she chooses, to give her the publicity so necessary for beginners.) There are antique gold-framed mirrors, inlaid low-boys bearing white lamps, and several delicate antique chairs to show that a woman has had a voice in the room's furnishings. Mrs. Gable, Clark's wife, has the reputation of being a charming hostess and was once a social leader in her native Texas town.

Clark's Own Special Room

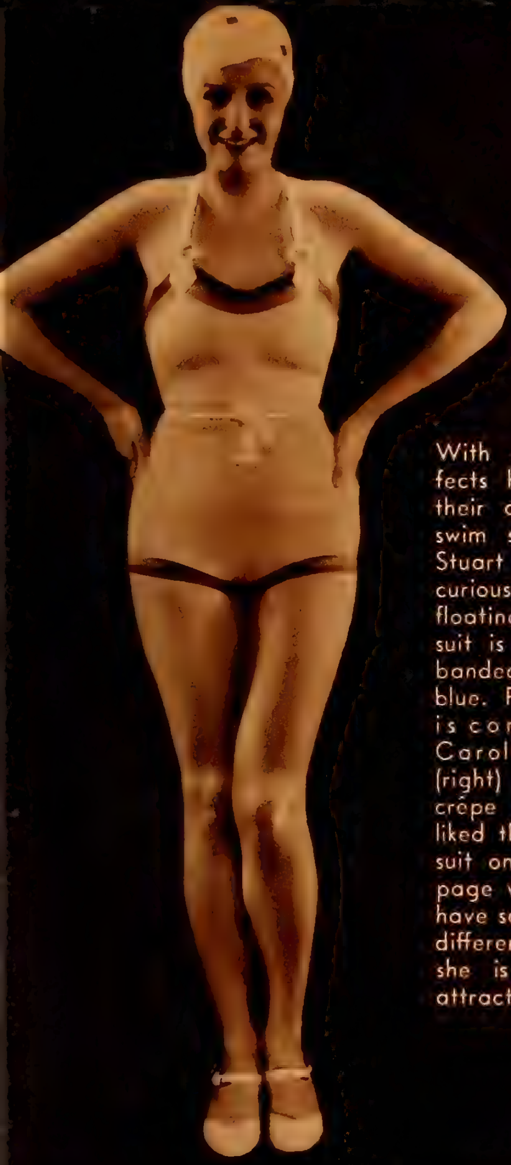
IF Clark should find the living-room a trifle elegant for his outdoor tastes, he has a game room and study close by, where he can scatter ashes from his pipe to his heart's content—and loaf on a man-size, built-in davenport. Heads of animals, which have

(*Continued on page 90*)

HOLLYWOOD—BY-the-SEA

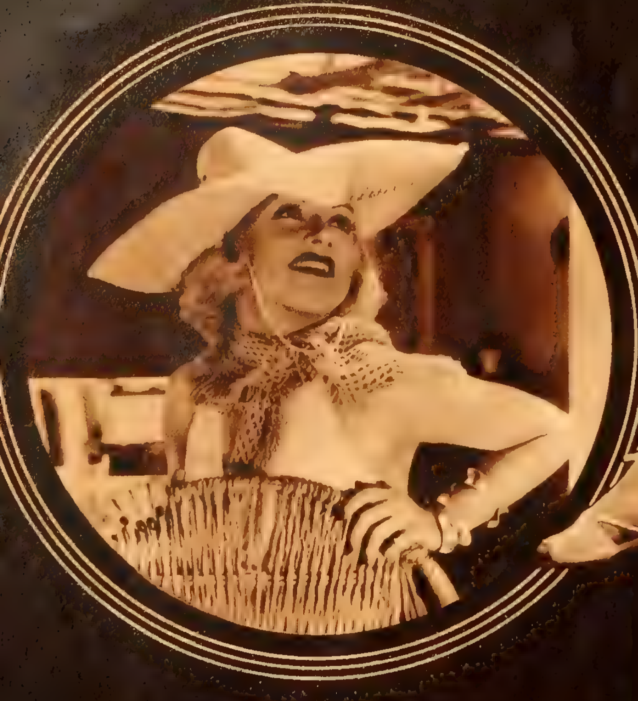
Apparently, Carole Lombard teases Old Man Sun to do his stuff by wearing the daring black silk bathing suit (above) and then seeks the shelter of a beach umbrella. Very fair blondes can get severe cases of sunburn and she takes no chances. Alice Faye, not quite as fair, managed to get a nice suntan and the contrast of her skin with her white beach outfit is striking. Her rubber suit and terry-cloth cape are trimmed in green to match her straw hat

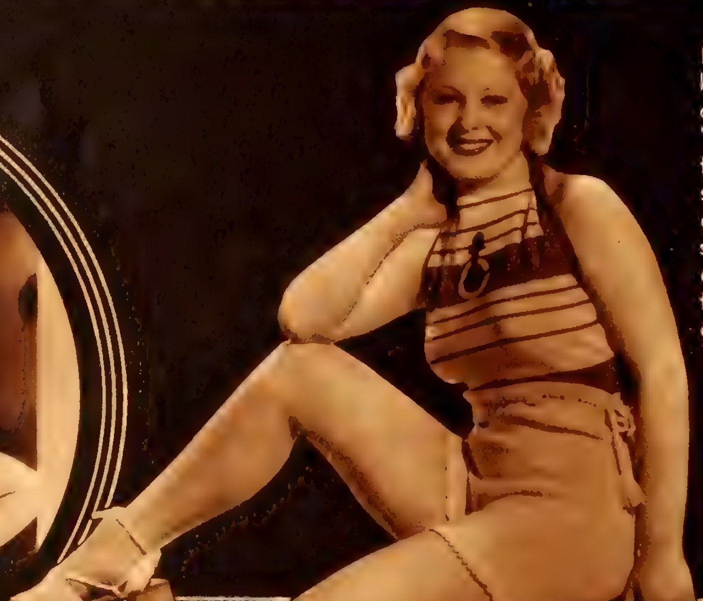
For her ocean plunge, Lillian Bond sheds her finery for a brassiere-top, two-piece suit of white rubber, piped with blue. But the bather pictured with her doesn't shed his fine feathers for his dips and confines his water-sports to a small pan in his cage



With streamline effects having made their appearance in swim suits, Gloria Stuart (left) is now curious about their floating power. Her suit is white rubber, banded in red and blue. Pleasing piracy is committed by Carole Lombard (right) in her white crêpe hat. Carole liked the lines of the suit on the opposite page well enough to have several made in different colors. Here she is wearing the attractive white one

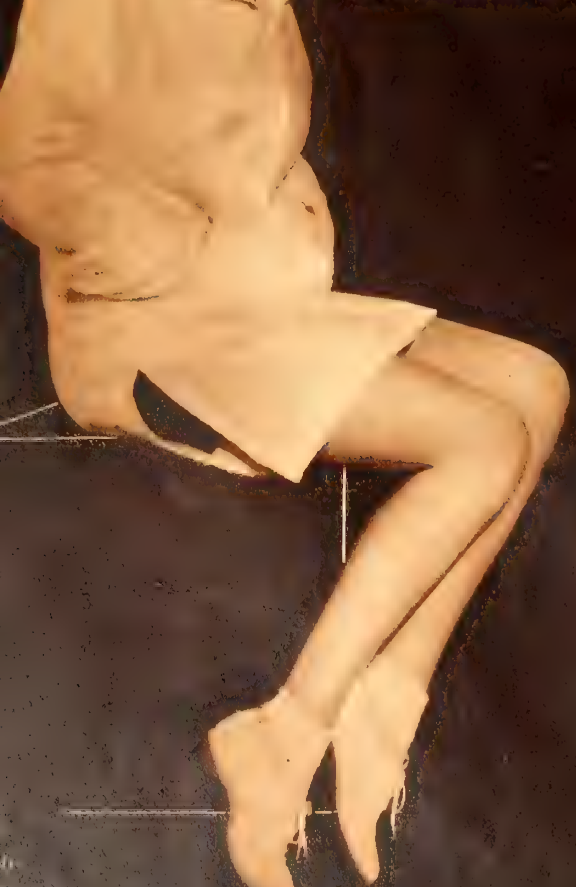
If this were a bathing beauty contest, we would expect to see Jean Parker wearing a sash across her bathing suit inscribed "Miss Simplicity." There's really nothing to her white wool swim suit, it being a simple little one-piece affair—but a youthful figure like Jean's needs nothing more

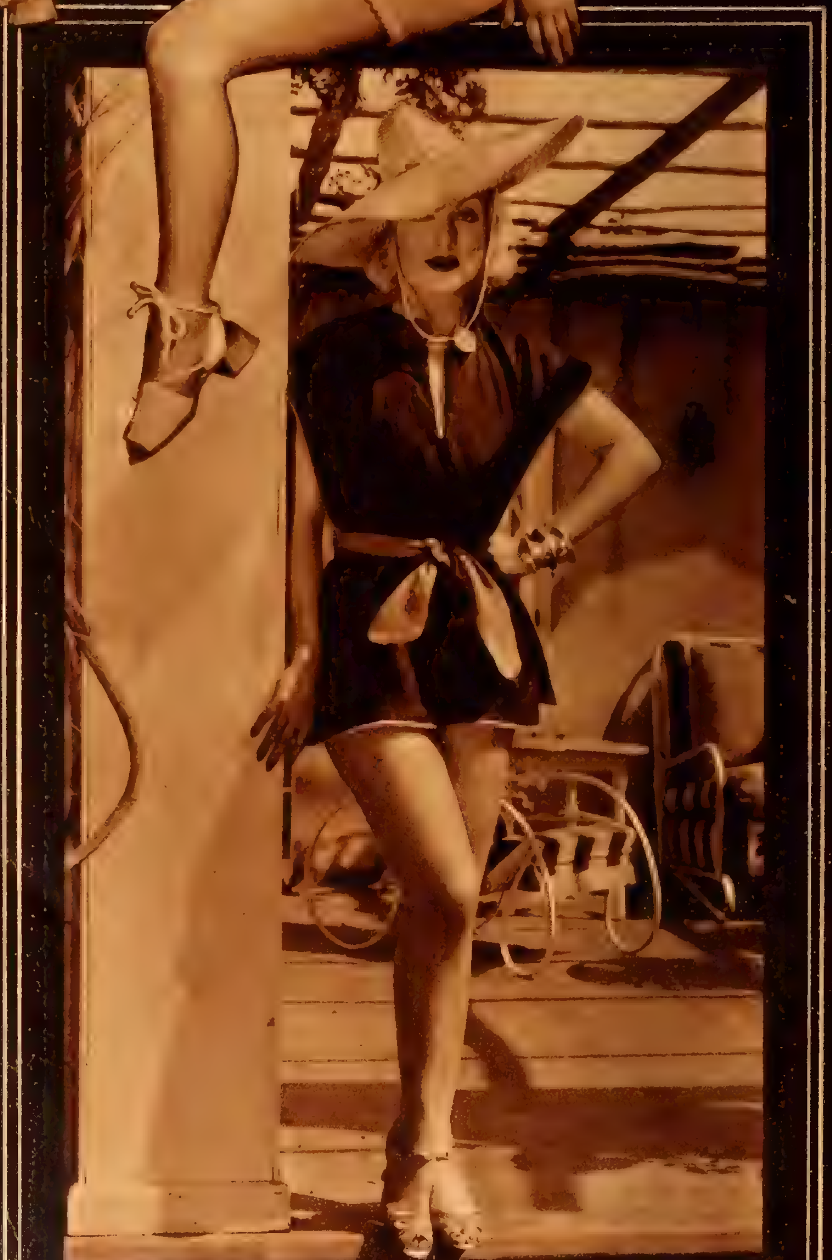




Mary Carlisle's white knitted shorts, with the drawstring, resemble "baby pants" and they are that cute. The striped jersey top, with anchor trimming, is cut somewhat like a triangle kerchief. Mary thinks her beach clogs go well with this outfit

The Mexican influence invades the beaches in the form of millinery. Carole Lombard's straw sombrero (above) has a yellow cord around the crown and continuing under the chin. A saucily-tied yellow and red kerchief adds more Mexican flavor. Virginia Pine's white pullover terry-cloth coat (left), with notched collar and slit sides, is popular with the girls

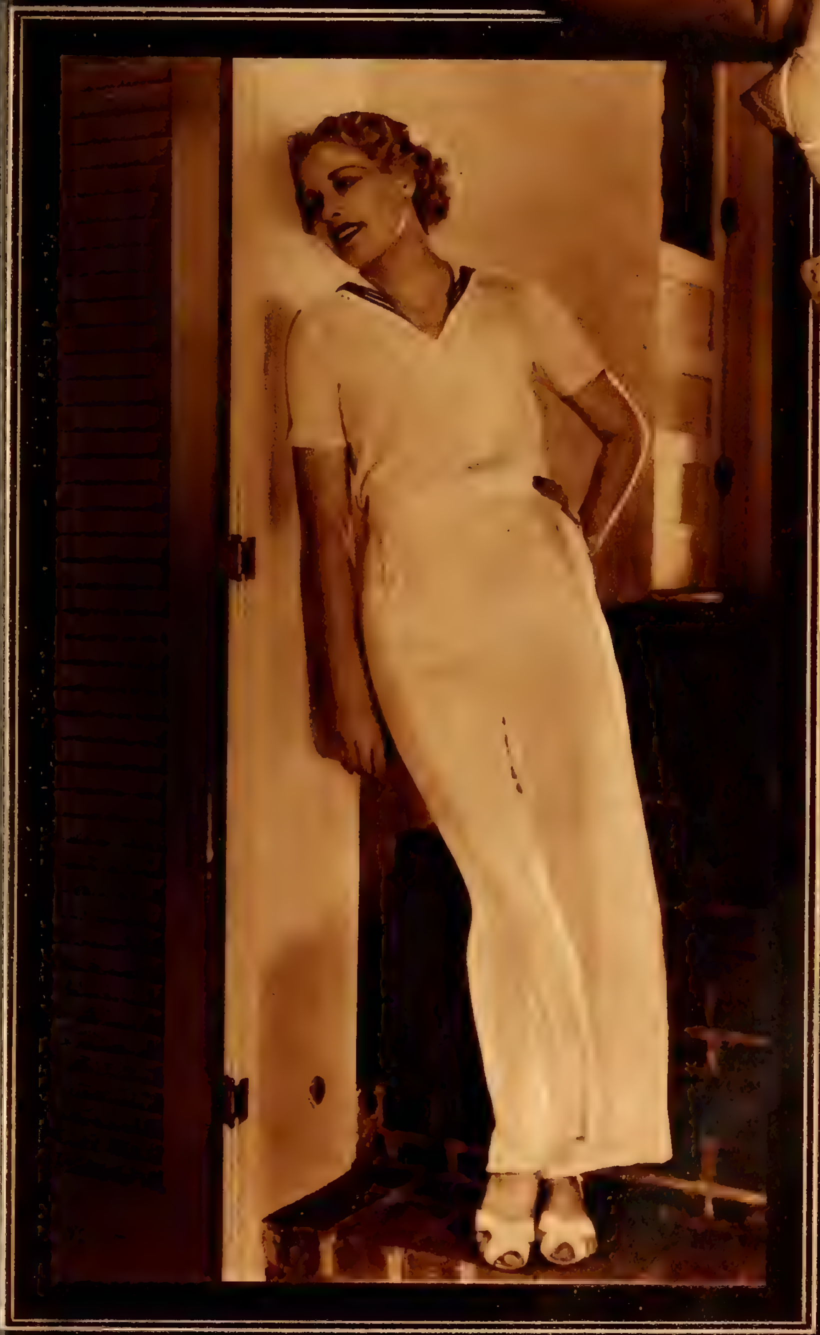


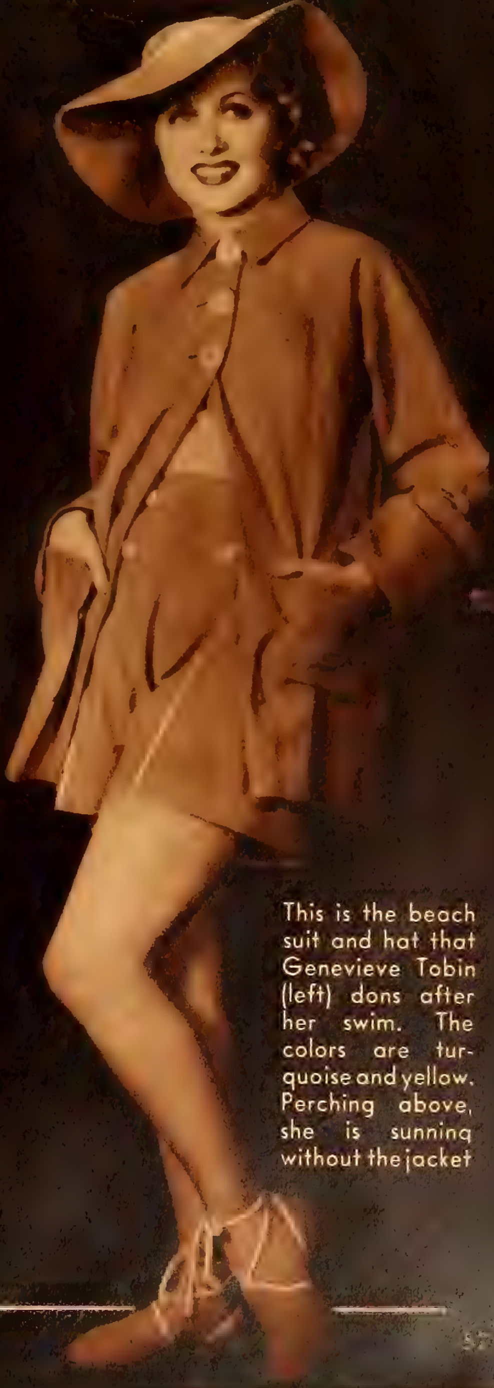


Carole Lombard goes Mexican (above) in the newest resort fashion—a swanky version of the Mexican serape, which is an ideal cover for the one-piece swim suit. The serape may also be spread out and used on the beach as a blanket. Carole chose one of brown linen, lined and belted with green terry-cloth. The hat is the same as in the circle

Ida Lupino wears this brown and white jersey jumper with a pair of brown flannel slacks when she plays beach ball

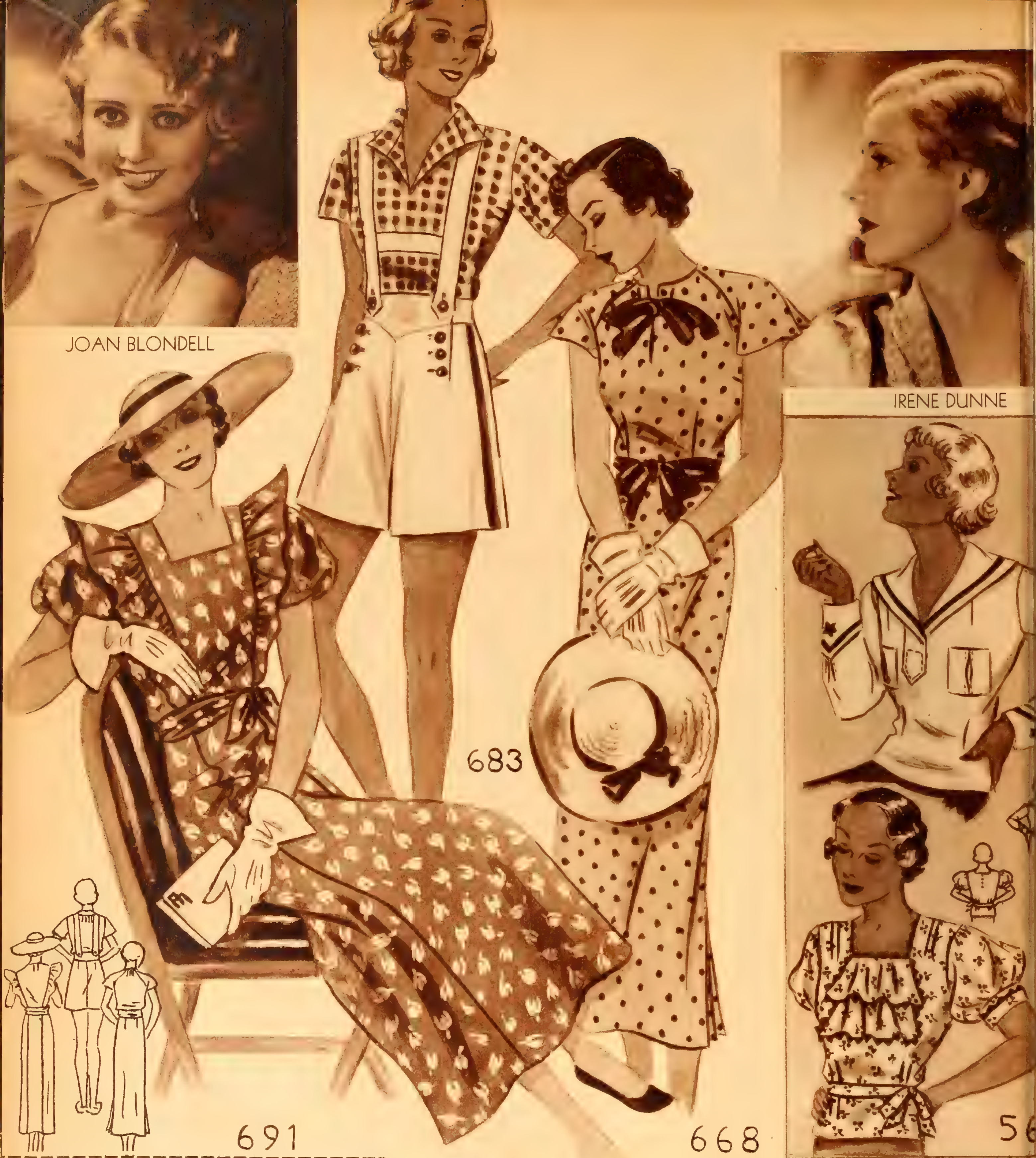
VHEN IT'S HIGH TIDE AT THE SEASHORE— IT'S HIGH TIME FOR HOLLYWOOD TOGS!





This is the beach suit and hat that Genevieve Tobin (left) dons after her swim. The colors are turquoise and yellow. Perching above, she is sunning without the jacket

sther Ralston (above) introduces a beach version of the sailor suit made p of soft, fine, white linen. The sailor collar of the tuck-in blouse is rimmed with navy blue braid and there is a navy star embroidered in he two corners of the collar in back. The slacks are fitted and buttoned real sailor fashion on both hips. Only the sandals are non-nautical



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Hollywood Pattern Book, 10c, if purchased with a Pattern, 15c if ordered alone.

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Hollywood 691
A ruffly one-piece frock—adorable in dimity. You can leave off puff sleeves if you wish. It's very easy to make. 14 to 20; 32 to 38. Size 18 (36): 3¾ yds. of 35-inch fabric. Pattern, 15c.

Hollywood 683
Joan Blondell (one of the cutest tomboys in California) wears shorts and shirts. These have optional Tyrolian suspenders and are cut in sizes 14 to 20; 32 to 38. Pattern costs 15c.

Hollywood 668
It's hard to find a dress that is simple, thrifty of fabric, and pretty to boot. Here it is! In 14 to 20; 32 to 38—and size 18 takes only 3¼ yds. of 35-inch fabric and belt and tie. Pattern, 15c.

Hollywood 564
What ho! The whole movie world and all points East have "gone" for the middy. You get an extra blouse in the pattern! Make one of voile, one of linen. Designed in sizes 32 to 40. Pattern, 15c.

Printed in U. S. A.

She Plays Any Nationality

Dolores is Mexican by birth, American by preference, French in "Madame Du Barry," and will be Oriental in her next picture. She would be at home in any country on earth!

By Winifred Aydelotte

WILL ROGERS' studio bungalow is an old Western ranch house; Janet Gaynor's is thatched English; Marlene Dietrich eats German food; Lupe Velez' house has one room that is entirely Mexican; Maurice Chevalier thinks in French; Madge Evans is the typical American girl; Carl Brisson is the pride of Denmark; once there was a man without a country; Hollywood is the melting pot of the world, and . . . Dolores Del Rio is a woman with two countries who can play any nationality.

Technically, she is a Mexican citizen. By preference, she is an American; but intellectually and emotionally (and artistically) she belongs to the world. The limits of nationality cannot apply to her, for she can understand the people, and adapt herself to the customs, of any country in the world. She is a true internationale—this darkly beautiful star who has just played a tempestuous French charmer of the late XVIIIth Century in "Madame DuBarry."

I went to see her the day after she finished the picture. And she looked—in a simple blue silk dress—as if she had just returned from a nice, restful vacation, instead of indulging in the terrific mental contortions necessary to project herself, for long, exhausting weeks, into a difficult, foreign character and into an old, strange century.

She kept me waiting for a half-hour. Rather, the mean old studio portrait department did. But any time they can find Del Rio relaxing in a spare moment, they jump at the chance for stills, for her pictures just naturally come out perfect. Even a camera will turn to look at her.

"I am sorry I have kept you waiting," she said, and it is a matter of deep disappointment on my part that my typewriter cannot capture her charming accent. She led me into her very modern, very white, and very attractive studio bungalow. With her black hair parted in the center, her perfect features, and that lovely golden color of her skin, Dolores Del Rio is one of the few real beauties in Hollywood. Add to all that her charm, her graciousness and her intense, definite honesty, and anyone can understand why even film writers gladly stand patiently in line to see her.

"How I loved playing *DuBarry!*" she said. "I felt I knew her so well. I understood exactly how her mind worked. I knew what she was thinking and feeling when, aroused to a magnificent rage by the trickery of those horrible people who stole her clothes to prevent her attending an important ball, she arrived impressively late, and, standing at the head of the marble staircase, threw back her cloak and revealed the fact that she was dressed in nothing but her best

(*Continued on page 74*)

The Secrets OF THE DRESSING TABLE

By GINGER ROGERS

Her Helpful Hints to Beauty

Ginger Rogers told us, "This is something new for me—writing about beauty." In other words, she has never before revealed the beauty secrets that she shares with you here—as the second star to write intimately and frankly of "aids to beauty" for MOTION PICTURE. Last month, Lilian Harvey began the series. Next month—and each month—another star will write of *her* "Secrets of the Dressing-Table." No feminine reader can afford to miss these revelations. They will pay dividends in added attractiveness. And—remember—they will be found only in MOTION PICTURE!—*Editor.*

WHEN anyone asks me to talk about beauty I have to take a quick look at my mirror—for as a child I was an ugly duckling, and sometimes it is hard to believe that I am not one still. Those childish impressions stick. I was gawky and lanky, with red-gold hair, a mess of freckles and a bit of an inferiority complex. Can you blame me for feeling inferior—especially when my family were always reminding themselves (and me) that I *had* been a pretty baby, at least? Well, what mother or father doesn't take it hard when "the baby" starts growing up and changing?

Fortunately, my mother wasn't one to blame it on Nature and just let it go at that. Before I was fifteen, she had begun

As a child, Ginger Rogers claims, she was "an ugly duckling." That's hard to believe today. But Ginger says she learned how to improve on Nature—without being artificial. She tells you all about it here

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to teach me how to care for my appearance, to make the most of what I had—and enjoy doing it. She gave me a facial every ten days, a good oil treatment with my shampoo, and daily exercises for poise and grace. Her treatments weren't all nicely dished up out of some expensive beauty kit, either; you can be sure of that.

On her dressing-table at home, Ginger Rogers has some beautiful little antique figurines whose beauty will not fade. And neither will Ginger's!

My dressing-table was stocked with good old home-made beauty aids, many of them cooked on my mother's stove, and the raw materials for these were gathered from the bee-hive and the pasture that were all a part of our Texas home. Well, it's hard for me to believe it, myself—when I look at the lovely jars on my studio dressing-table to-day. But though I daily use these cleansing and astringent creams, I still find time and use for those beauty aids that mother discovered for me long before I ever thought of going into the movies. Let me tell you about them.

A "Lotion" YOU Can Make

FIRST, there is nothing like mutton tallow for keeping the skin soft and smooth. I use it on my hands, alternating it with a good hand cream or lotion—and also on my lips. You know, a lot of you have written me to ask why it is that my lips always look so shiny and moist and soft on the screen. Lipstick will go on evenly and smoothly (as it should) only if your lips are soft and smooth, and without a crack or bit of dry chafing. And a little bit of the mutton tallow smoothed on every night is a wonderful softener! Here's how you make it:

Take two pounds of mutton fat and boil it in water for two hours. Then pour off all the liquid and allow the residue to cool. When it's cold, you'll find a nice layer of the pure, white fat, congealed on top. Skim it off, and you will have one of the best toilet preparations I've ever known. Keep it in a jar in the ice-box, and a little of it will last for ages. You can use it for hands and lips as I suggested before, and also for elbows (probably the most neglected part of our anatomies!)

I don't have to tell you how important cleansing is for the face, and you can imagine how much more vital it is to actresses, since we are simply loaded with make-up from morning to night—when we're working, that is. So, in addition to a thorough cleansing with soap and water and a good cleansing cream, I also use honey about once a week for a complete "clean-up." (That is another of Mother's discoveries, and now I find that many beauty authorities recommend it!)

Yes, just pure liquid honey—rubbed well into your face and allowed to stay there for fifteen or twenty minutes and then washed off with warm water—is one of the greatest cleansing agents in the world. Don't ask me why, because I don't know . . . except that it is! They tell me, too, that if you have blackheads, it's almost sure death for them.

A "Rub-Down" in the Bath

ANOTHER of my own personal beauty aids is unique and may be a discovery for you. All smart women use depilatories and epilators these days, of course—under the arms and on the legs, if necessary. But sometimes, when you have just a light downy fuzz on your arms, you hate to attack it too strenuously.

(*Continued on page 72*)

Left, the studio dressing-table of Ginger Rogers, who uses "very little rouge, but never feels dressed without lipstick"

Why MOVIE STARS Are *Safe* from Kidnapers

Buron Fitts, hard-hitting District Attorney of Los Angeles County, whose office solved the recent Gettle kidnaping, tells how stars are protected from the "snatch racket." He serves notice on gangsters that THEY won't find Southern California a healthy climate!

Bing Crosby (left) recently received kidnap threats against both himself and his baby son, Gary. They are guarded twenty-four hours of the day

Marlene Dietrich (right) received extortion letters two years ago, threatening kidnaping of her daughter, Maria (in circle). Both have been guarded ever since

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

"HOLLYWOOD has little to fear from the kidnaper! Timely realization of the danger, a definite, common-sense plan of defense, and relentless, unceasing vigilance have combined to checkmate effectively a very grave menace!" Such was the reassurance offered to a panicky movie colony by Buron Fitts, the hard-hitting District Attorney of Los Angeles County, as the curtain rang down on the recent six-day drama of the Beverly Hills kidnaping of William F. Gettle, oil millionaire. Hollywood—the wealthiest town in the world—is the "white spot" in the new terrorism from the kidnaping gangs; movie stars are the safest people in America from the snatch racket.

Fitts' voice carried the ring of triumph. His war-without-quarter against organized gangsterism has been crowned by another signal victory. The fate of the Kirk kidnap gang—caught, convicted and entombed for life behind the walls of San Quentin Prison, all within less than one week after the snatching of the unguarded Beverly Hills millionaire—again serves notice on the underworld

Below, an architect's drawing of Warner Baxter's new home, which is burglar-proof and protected by flood lights, which are turned on automatically by approaching cars

Architect, Harry G. Werner

that Los Angeles will not tolerate a kidnaper. On their way North, breathless from the swiftness of California justice, one of the convicted kidnapers said ruefully to a reporter: "Say, believe me, Los Angeles is a bad spot for the snatch racket!"

And Hollywood breathes more easily. The Gettle case struck close to home, for Bill Gettle is the friend and neighbor of many of the screen's most famous stars. Every celebrity in the picture colony watched the development of the case with breathless interest and genuine fear. *If* the kidnapers succeeded in reaping a rich ransom—*if* they managed to escape capture and punishment—*who would be next?* Had gangland at last grown desperate enough to challenge the impregnable defenses which have been building around the stars of Hollywood ever since the Lindbergh tragedy?

Stars Welcomed Gettle Home

WHEN Gettle was rescued, unharmed, without the payment of one cent of ransom and returned to his home, the movie colony surged *en masse*, to stand in front of his house and cheer. Edmund Lowe, John Barrymore and Dolores Costello (his next-door neighbors), Winnie Lightner, Wallace Beery, Robert Montgomery, Johnny Weissmuller, Joseph Cawthorn and many others were there. The lawn of the Gettle mansion, for more than an hour, was crowded by world-famous stars—and each one of them was more wildly excited than the most frantic fan who ever elbowed his way through the mob at a great première. They demanded that Gettle should appear in his doorway and speak to them; they cheered at every appearance of Buron Fitts, Chief-of-Police James E. Davis and Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz.

"And Hollywood had reason to cheer," declared Buron Fitts, grimly. "Undoubtedly, its leading stars and executives, at one time or another, have been marked down for kidnaping by every big gang in the country. Fortunately, the stars, themselves, as well as every law enforcement agency in Southern California, realized the danger soon enough to combat it. Otherwise, kidnaping would have been rampant here.

"Hollywood was a natural target for the snatch racket. The reasons are obvious. The fabulous salaries earned by many stars had been publicized to the ends of the earth—and gangsters reasoned that anyone who draws a five-thousand-dollar-a-week pay-check must be in a position to raise a huge ransom on short notice. Also, since stars are all recognized wherever they go, and gangsters are undoubtedly movie fans, a kidnap gang would not need to depend on a 'finger man'—a person to point out the victim.

"Furthermore, the professional racketeer, whose cunning cannot be safely underestimated, must quickly have grasped another of Hollywood's most vulnerable points. During the production of a picture costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, the star's im-

(*Continued on page 84*)

Acme

Top, Buron Fitts, Los Angeles District Attorney, who has "secret police" guarding the stars. Directly above, William F. Gettle, Beverly Hills millionaire and neighbor of many stars, whose recent kidnaping was quickly solved. Left, Harold Lloyd's home—constantly guarded by armed watchmen

We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

The Picture

BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK

Clicks All the Way—Smooth Acting

RONALD COLMAN has a swell time kidding his own picture. It involves the mystery of a foggy night in London, a ship from the East almost ready to dock, and an amateur detective who has planned to retire from trouble and excitement to raise hollyhocks in a country garden until a beautiful girl knocks at his door and faints in his arms. Thrills and surprises fill the scenes.

Colman is debonair, jaunty, poised under the most trying situations. Loretta Young is charming as the heroine, but Charles Butterworth as Bulldog's friend, just about steals the honors. This picture has everything.

Highlights: The clever acting. The scene at the East India Hotel where Room 34 disappears. The cellar symphony with *Bulldog Drummond* ringing all the house telephones. Butterworth's comforting assurance to his dejected bride that he thinks that they "will be quite happy in our platonic way." (20TH CENTURY)

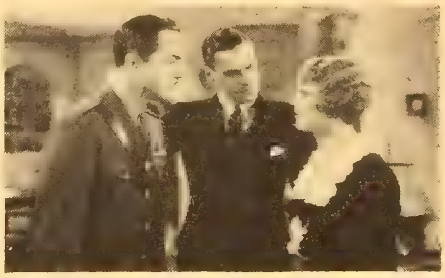
THE LAST GENTLEMAN

Charming Picture—Arliss Shines

A LEISURELY and well-plotted story is revealed here. It revolves around the whimsical character of a wilful, puckish and overbearing old gentleman who is the last of his illustrious line—the last, that is, except for a girl, his granddaughter, whom he has never forgiven for not being a boy to carry on the name. George Arliss is full of tricks and eccentricities which his worthless son records in a little black book in order to prove that he is of unsound mind.

The patriarch gathers his family together on two occasions to please his own cynical sense of humor—and what a collection of types they are, from his weeping sister *Augusta* (Edna May Oliver) to his temperamental granddaughter (Charlotte Henry). It's thoroughly delightful and charming.

Highlights: The scene at the memorial service where the old eccentric's hundred and thirty clocks all strike at the same time. The final sequences in which the dead man speaks from the screen and bids the world farewell. (20TH CENTURY)



THE KEY

Has Its Moments—Watch Edna Best

THE background is the best thing about this tale of Dublin in the throes of the Irish Revolution of fifteen years ago. The scenario writer made the hero (William Powell) an impossible and insufferable swaggerer and the director allowed Powell to exaggerate the part far beyond the bounds of reality. Colin Clive, as the plain-clothes officer who risks his life indifferently—and loves his wife even more indifferently—is strong and sincere. Edna Best is natural as the girl who dreams of a month of romance under country apple blossoms with a dashing story-book hero who explains that he must be free and so cannot marry.

It is when this fanciful, debonair adventurer comes again into the quiet of her married life that the expected complications arise. Powell is too reckless to ring true.

Highlights: The suspense in the search for the revolutionary leader, Donald Crisp. The mourning of crowds before the prison waiting to hear that their idol is hung. Edna Best's performance. (WARNER BROTHERS)

THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS

Harding Triumphs—Worth Seeing

AT last Ann Harding has a story in which she can really act. And she makes the most of the part of *Vergie Winters*, the outcast little dressmaker of the small town, who must make her togs for the soiled ladies of below-the-tracks, because honest matrons know that she has had "an affair" with the town politician. What they do not know is that she has also had a baby by him, a baby whom he has adopted. From her window *Vergie* watches her daughter grow up.

The director, somehow, has managed to make this tender and tragic little story hold its interest to the melodramatic ending. The small town life and characters are done faultlessly, and Ann Harding has lost herself, her mannerisms and affections completely in the rôle of the humble outcast. An intelligent picture.

Highlights: Ann Harding's beauty in her old-fashioned clothes. Helen Vinson's big scene as the wife who finishes a lifetime of bitter resentment by killing the husband she adores. (RKO-RADIO)

Parade

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

GRAND PICTURE, HUMAN AND SINCERE--DON'T MISS IT!

HERE is a picture so real that it hurts, so human that you become the boy or the girl, so simple that you forget you are watching a screen, but instead are looking at life. It is life as it's lived by all the little people of the world, with their dread of losing a job, their piteous yearnings, their hunger and bravery.

The boy is anyone, whom Nature has burdened with responsibility. The girl is every woman who is made strong by love. In shabby attics and city squares, they work out their destiny—a destiny almost wrecked by the romantic purchase of a dressing table, but who are saved from utter disaster by a tender old junk-dealer. Into their humble, unimportant lives come a woman with a sordid business, and her gigolo (gorgeously done by Alan Hale), a sympathetic clerk, a hungry soap-box orator, wolfish with hate of vague oppressors, and—a baby, with frail hands and a heart-shaped yawn. Margaret Sullavan is sincere and tender, Douglass Montgomery is bewildered and heroic.

Highlights: The wild remorse of the girl as she sobs out her confession that she has eaten the supper. The scene in the gaudy bedroom of the doubtful house of mirth where the two young lovers peer down from their mountainous bed at their befuddled benefactor. The lyric ending. The human touches in the direction. (UNIVERSAL)

PERFORMANCES

YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

MARGARET SULLAVAN, DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY, ALAN HALE in "Little Man, What Now?"
EDWARD G. ROBINSON and LOUIS CALHERN in "The Man With Two Faces"
WILLIAM POWELL in "The Thin Man"
ANN HARDING in "The Life of Vergie Winters"
GEORGE ARLISS in "The Last Gentleman"
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
EDNA MAE OLIVER in "Murder On the Blackboard"

OPERATOR 13

Old Story Has Spirit and Charm

WITH all its gorgeous production and the glamour of the old romantic days of the South in the Civil War this story is an ancient plot dressed up in crinolines and blue and grey uniforms. The dangers encountered by *Operator 13* (Marion Davies), the Northern girl spy, fail to thrill because the audience knows well that the heroine will escape unscathed. Gary Cooper is stiff, and has no acting opportunities as the dashing officer (also a spy) whose destiny is bound up with the capture of *Operator 13*.

The war scenes are the make-war-hideous propaganda of the editorial writers, put into sight and sound. The screams of dying horses and agonized writhings of bayoneted soldiers are needlessly gruesome. Marion Davies is spirited and makes a gallant figure in masculine disguise and a gorgeously beautiful one in her feminine costumes.

Highlights: Davies in octaroon disguise parrying the advances of the white soldiers. The incidental music. The atmosphere and settings. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

DR. MONICA

Rather Spotty and Lacks Suspense

THE going-to-have-a-baby theme, not much disguised by making the characters involved such as a novelist, his physician wife and an amateur aviatrix, furnishes the plot for this picture. Even Kay Francis' beauty and popularity cannot survive such dull and dreary stories long. Except for the scene where she is told that she will never be able to realize her passion for motherhood, all of the sympathy and emotional values are given to Jean Muir. The latter plays the terrified girl who has to pay the piper in her stolen love of a friend's husband.

Warren William is anything but inspired in the rôle of a cheat. The direction is thorough enough, but lacks imagination. At no time is there any suspense. An unnecessary and far-fetched suicide paves the way for what is evidently intended for a happy ending, but which only leaves a bad taste.

Highlights: There aren't any. But Veree Teasdale makes the routine part of friend and confidante vital and interesting. (WARNER BROTHERS)

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES

What a Wow—Great Acting

THIS is an Edward G. Robinson picture, but Louis Calhern comes near to stealing it. Seldom has the screen seen a more adroit villain than the *Sidney Vance* of Calhern, who lives off women, has a hypnotic power over his wife (Mary Astor) and lavishes affection on two white rats.

A great deal of footage is necessary to get the audience into a hateful frame of mind toward this arch adventurer. By that time Edward Robinson's familiar pan has disappeared, hidden under the goatee and putty nose of one "Dr. Chautard." The murder is plausibly planned, diabolically—almost cheerfully carried out, and discovered through the slip, only an actor could have made. Interesting throughout, not a dull moment.

Highlights: The by-play between Robinson and Mae Clarke. Mary Astor's automaton behavior as the wife held by an evil spell. The well timed, and played dialogue between the detective and Robinson at the end. (WARNER BROTHERS)

THE THIN MAN

Grand Murder Mystery, With Laughs

A GRAND murder mystery with William Powell as the detective (he makes a delightful drunk), who complains that these murders are getting him behind with his drinking. The whole thing has an air of impromptu fun, combined with masterly timing that makes the action fairly crackle with excitement.

The detective solves the disappearance of the *Thin Man* with the aid of an ornamental scatter-brained wife, a pet pup who thinks he is a police dog, and a couple of parties to which he invites all the suspects and everyone connected with the case. Everyone in the cast is apparently having as good a time as the audience. Result: excitement, humor and prolonged suspense.

Highlights: Minna Gombel as the really insane member of a slightly insane family. The flawless direction. The fight between Powell and a midnight visitor. The speech by Ed Brophy, as the suspect. It nearly stops the show. The dinner party with its assorted guests. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

(Note! You will find more Reviews on page 95)

Stealing the Spotlight from the Stars—

Everybody's Doing It!

The battle is on. The Big Names of Hollywood are getting panicky. In picture after picture, minor players are making "stooges" out of stars—stealing both the pictures and the glory!

WHO DID YOU THINK WAS THE REAL STAR OF THE FOLLOWING FILMS?

What player did you talk about most?

- "The Affairs of Cellini"
- "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
- "Sadie McKee"
- "Dr. Monica"
- "Little Man, What Now?"
- "Scarlet Empress"
- "Stand Up and Cheer"

By Dorothy Donnell

THE stars are faring badly in pictures these days. They are playing "stooges" to character actors, comedians and secondary players, who are given the colorful lines and vivid action and calmly walk away with the audience applause. It is an amazing situation in an industry dedicated to star-worship. Even the critics are brushing aside headliners to praise "bit" players. *And how are the stars taking it?*

Recently, Kay Francis was the victim of rumors that she had taken it hard. The rumors started in this way: Kay, late at night, heard her dog scratching at the back door of her house, begging to get in. Rather than wake her maid, who had been ill, Kay went down, herself. The wind blew the door shut, with Kay outside. Still trying to keep from disturbing her maid, she broke a small pane in the door, reached in and turned the key. As she withdrew her arm, a jagged point of glass slashed her wrist, cutting an artery, and Kay went to the hospital where it took twenty-three stitches to repair the damage. But commenting on the occurrence, a radio gossiper remarked, "Out in Hollywood they're calling Kay Francis' cut wrist an accident—"

Instantly, the inflammable movie capital was buzzing with rumors that Kay had attempted suicide, although it would seem difficult to find a motive for such a thing on the part of a girl who was beautiful, famous, wealthy and being courted at the moment by one of Hollywood's most debonair and eligible

No, Ronald Colman isn't yielding to a suppressed desire to put away Charles Butterworth, who steals "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Ronnie didn't get upset; he let Charlie have a chance

Joan Crawford must have known in advance that Edward Arnold (with her, right) would steal "Sadie McKee"—but she thought of the picture, not herself. Kay Francis was more unhappy when Jean Muir (with her, at lower right) stole the sympathy in "Dr. Monica"

divorce-bachelors. But Hollywood was stumped for only a moment.

"It was the preview of 'Dr. Monica,'" the whisper went around. "She was there with Chevalier. She came out deathly pale and hurried through the crowd to her car. She has been on the verge of a breakdown over the picture . . ."

Hooey, of course. But, though her cut wrist *was* an accident, there is no doubt that Kay Francis' last two pictures have been galling to the pride of one who has every right to consider herself an established star. In "Wonder Bar," her part was little more than a "bit"; her few scenes gave her no opportunity to do anything except look smolderingly beautiful. (Almost every review singled out Louise Fazenda, who played a small comedy rôle, for more enthusiastic comment than Kay received.) In "Dr. Monica," Jean Muir stole audience sympathy away from Kay, who had a morbidly unhappy rôle. A bored preview audience, embarrassed by the theme of the woman doctor who had to play obstetrician to her husband's mistress, stirred restlessly whenever Kay appeared on the screen and openly laughed at Warren William in a rubber-stamp part.

"I am convinced that Darryl Zanuck is a genius," someone remarked the other day, "because only a genius could have persuaded such stars as Constance Bennett and Fredric March to support Frank Morgan in 'The Affairs of Cellini.'"

Connie looked beautiful in the ruffs and velvets of a medieval Duchess, and Freddie was dashing as the Great Philanderer, but Frank Morgan, as the querulous, lady-killing *Duke*, helped himself to the picture with his first fretful "Oh dear, oh dear," and thereafter it was his appearances that the audience watched for and hailed with delight. In the earlier days of the movies, the scenario writer would have kept the character of the amorous *Duke* down to "bit" proportions; and if in spite of that, his part threatened to distract attention from the co-stars, the director would have squelched him—and, finally, the cutter would have removed his best scenes. But evidently those "give-the-stars-all-the-breaks" days are past and perhaps gone forever.

(*Continued on page 98*)

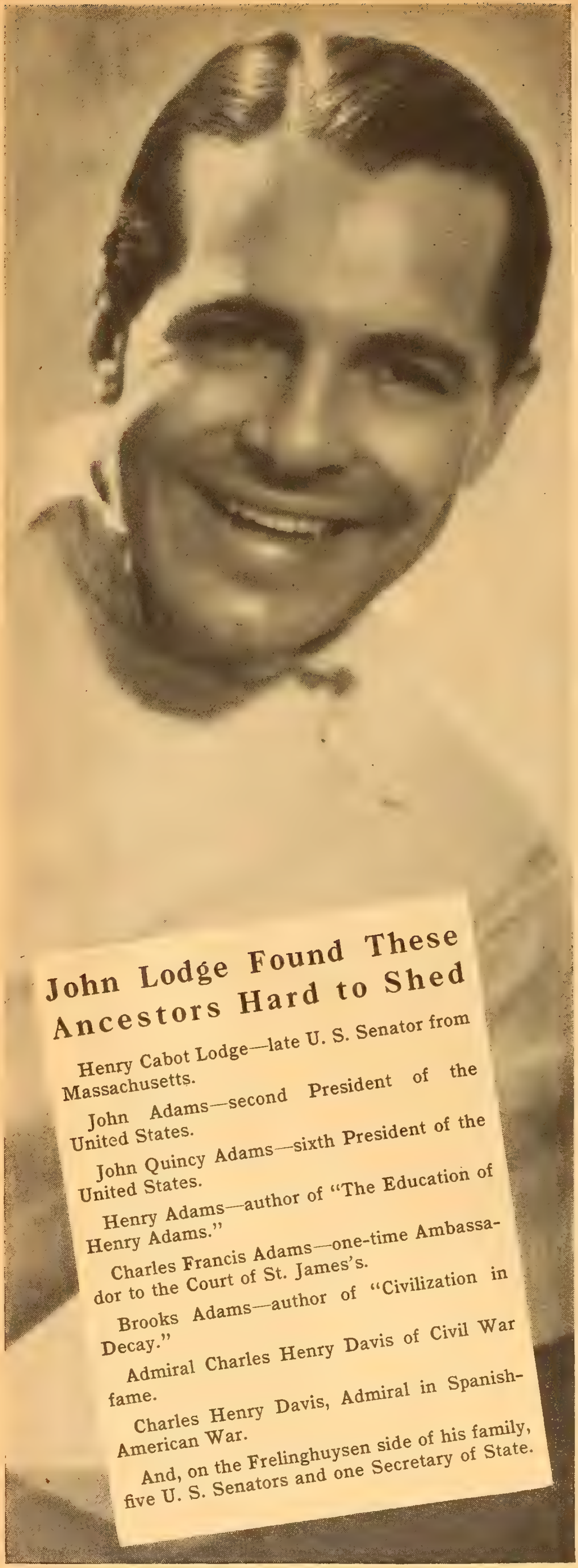
Fredric March (on opposite page) and Constance Bennett were supposed to be the stars of "The Affairs of Cellini," but Frank Morgan became the real star!

JOHN LODGE Sheds His ANCESTORS

(*He Doesn't Need Them in the Movies*)

Marlene Dietrich's new leading man was born to the purple, with a flock of famous ancestors—but he couldn't get anybody to overlook the fact until he hit Hollywood. In the movies, it's what you can do, and not who you are, that counts—and John, of the Boston Lodges, is proving he can do plenty!

By SONIA LEE



John Lodge Found These Ancestors Hard to Shed

Henry Cabot Lodge—late U. S. Senator from Massachusetts.

John Adams—second President of the United States.

John Quincy Adams—sixth President of the United States.

Henry Adams—author of "The Education of Henry Adams."

Charles Francis Adams—one-time Ambassador to the Court of St. James's.

Brooks Adams—author of "Civilization in Decay."

Admiral Charles Henry Davis of Civil War fame.

Charles Henry Davis, Admiral in Spanish-American War.

And, on the Frelinghuysen side of his family, five U. S. Senators and one Secretary of State.

OTHER actors have had to shed memories of past bitterness and ugliness and squalor and cruelty—of frantic efforts to rise, rung by rung, above the clamoring mass. John Lodge has had the more difficult task of shedding famous ancestors and an awesome background. In the world outside, that had been difficult. But because Hollywood is what it is, here he has found it possible to emerge as an individual—**FREE**!

For years, John Lodge has been the symbol of his ancestry. His life from childhood has been shadowed by the greatness and the accomplishments of his forebears—men who have sat in the councils of the nation; men who have defined the ideals and the hopes of this Republic; men who were Presidents and statesmen and writers and Admirals. But in Hollywood, John Lodge has shed his ancestors successfully. For the first time in his life, men have looked at him and asked, "What can you *do?*" His ancestry has earned him no favor; it has not made the road easier.

This cinema capital is a town where lives begin, where men and women are born again—where all the yesterdays are blank and biographies date from the moment of achievement and recognition. Pasts are tailored to the occasion, and only selected and censored incidents are spotlighted. Tales of distinguished ancestry become an excellent publicity gag to make the name of a newcomer familiar to audiences. But it cannot substitute for talent.

The screen does not register family. It records only

(*Continued on page 80*)

"My models sold me on LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"

—**DAN CONTENT** of New York, whose illustrations appear in Cosmopolitan, Good Housekeeping, American and other leading magazines.

"I like my teeth to shine," says **BETTY COOK**, a favorite of the New York studios, explaining her preference for Listerine Tooth Paste.

It cleans so much better . . . gives teeth such lustre and brilliance . . . why pay more than this dentifrice costs?

Women . . . among them many artist models . . . were first to discover that Listerine Tooth Paste brings unusual whiteness and beauty to teeth. More than two million of them have changed from other brands to this.

And now more than a million men are users of this modern dentifrice—made by the makers of Listerine. These men, too, have learned that Listerine Tooth Paste gets teeth cleaner, brighter, in less time.

They have found—as you will—that film and discoloring stains disappear "like magic" under its gentle polishing agent. In just a few days, decided improvement is apparent. Teeth become whiter, more sparkling. Gums look and feel better. And there is a freshness—following use—a feeling of the mouth being thoroughly clean—that is most enticing!

Learn these results for yourself! See why, in just a few years, this dentifrice has become a favorite of the wealthy—why it has displaced more expensive brands in literally millions of homes.

In addition to our popular money-saving, regular-size tube at 25¢, we now offer a new Double Size—twice as much—40¢—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

REGULAR SIZE

25¢

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

When you remove cosmetics the Hollywood way, you guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin . . .

POWDER and rouge every day? Skin delicate? Even then there's no need to worry about getting unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Even though you may already have detected warning signals—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores, blackheads, perhaps—you can guard against this modern complexion trouble the Hollywood way.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many women who *think* they are removing cosmetics thoroughly are all unconsciously leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores day after day.

When this happens, the pores gradually become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries swiftly away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, remove stale make-up *thoroughly* the modern Lux Toilet Soap way.

In this simple way you can protect your skin—keep it lovely.

NRA
CODE

USE ALL THE MAKE-UP YOU WISH, MY DEAR, BUT PLEASE LET US BREATHE!
SAY THOUSANDS OF TINY PORES
You can use cosmetics as freely as you wish, if you guard your skin as I do—with gentle **Lux Toilet Soap**

ELISSA LANDI

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE,
"THE GREAT FLIRTATION"

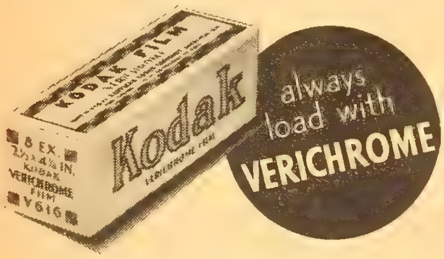
So Easy...

to get good snapshots now
with JIFFY KODAK
and VERICHROME FILM

THERE'S a new way to take snapshots—an easier way. With a Jiffy Kodak . . . the smart folding camera that's so simple to use.

At the touch of a button the Jiffy leaps out—ready for action. A click of the shutter and you've made a picture.

Smartly designed in metal and enamels—as trim as a lady's compact. The Jiffy comes in two sizes . . . for 2½ x 4¼ inch pictures, $9 . . . for 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures, $8. *If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*



YOU'LL get better pictures with Verichrome Film. In the glaring sun or the porch's shade—this film gets the picture. The cheaper the camera . . . the slower the lens—the more the need for Verichrome. Load your camera with Verichrome for better pictures. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

The Secrets of the Dressing Table

(*Continued from page 61*)

Yet there it is, and what to do about it? Here's the surprise. Use a piece of old pumice stone on it . . . gently rubbed over the surface of your arm . . . and while taking your bath is a good time to do it. In fact, I always have a piece handy in the soap dish, and using it has just become a habit with me. It takes only a few minutes a day, and it *does* keep my arms smooth and free from hair. However, if possible, I advise you to use only an old piece, of pumice stone, for it is softer and less gritty than a new one.

I often look back and think of how many times I have heard girls complaining about their "crowning glory"—what a nuisance their hair is—it never looks right—it's such trouble! I remember that I used to say the same thing, too. But my troubles then were nothing compared to what they are to-day. For if you think *your* hair is a nuisance, think of us poor stars, who have to allow about one hour a day for our hair! If we're due on the set at nine in the morning, that means we must be in our dressing-rooms at seven-thirty at the latest, for make-up, and the better part of this hour and a half is devoted to washing, waving and arranging coiffures. A dowdy, untidy hairdress is bad enough in every-day life, but on the screen it simply isn't tolerated.

Naturally, all this fussing with the hair makes demands on it. Too-frequent shampoos aren't good for it, and too many waves, even finger waves, take the life out of it. To counter-act this effect, I use pure cocoanut oil rubbed well into my scalp once a week, the night before my shampoo. Then, somehow or other, I manage to steal fifteen minutes a day, to air my hair in the sun, for I have great faith in the sun, especially where hair is concerned. It not only gives life to your hair; it strengthens the scalp. It gives the scalp a tingling, warm feeling . . . and wakes up your mind, too. You can bask in the sun and think beauty. But don't overdo it, for too much sun is as bad as none at all.

"Warm-Weather" Facial

ANOTHER beauty treatment that you may know about is the white of an egg, used as an astringent. Of course, after cleaning my face, I often use one of those cooling, fragrant prepared astringents—but when the weather is especially warm, or when I have been in the sun, I use the white of an egg, smoothed over my face and then allowed to dry and harden. You can feel it actually draw your skin tighter together, and it's very stimulating to the circulation. Just wash it off with cool water—and you'll feel "like a million."

As for make-up, I don't believe I wear any more make-up than other girls, or wear it any differently. I use very little rouge, but don't feel dressed without lipstick and a bit of mascara on my eyelashes. However, here is a trick that may interest you. When I go onto the beach or in the sun anywhere, I wear just the thinnest layer of grease-paint under my powder. It actually prevents sunburn and windburn, and if you apply it carefully—a shade that matches your skin exactly—no one will be the wiser! Then, too, if I'm making an "appearance" anywhere in the evening, I often use the same thin coating of grease-paint under my evening make-up. It gives a satiny finish to the skin, and holds the make-up for hours. However, there are several good powder foundations that, I believe, achieve the same thing. Only we people have a passion for grease-paint—it's part of our lives!

Since I have one of the smallest waistlines in Hollywood—twenty-three and a half inches to be exact—women are always asking me *how* I keep so thin. I never even think about it or do anything about it, unless my dancing and tennis-playing can be construed as "waistline reducers." But I do both for pleasure and for no other reason. It just happens that dancing, bending, swaying and kicking are the grandest things in the world for the figure—and if you really keep at it, even five or ten minutes added to your dancing period every day are bound to work wonders for your figure.

Hints about Clothes

THE clothes you wear are so much a part of your good looks that I've just got to say a word or two about them. You know how often it is said that women dress for other women, and not for men at all? Well, let me go on record right now as saying that I don't believe it; and if any women do, they shouldn't. You may want to show off to other girls and women in your selection of clothes—that would be only natural—but suppose the man in your life says he doesn't like a certain red dress that you have? Do you go on wearing it when he's around? You do not! On the other hand, if this same man raves about how well you look in another dress, I suppose you give it to one of your country cousins just to get rid of it? Of course, you don't!

I think men are much more responsive to clothes than most women realize—and especially to the lines and colors of the things you wear. They seldom comment on sport dresses because sport dresses are too masculine, too much all of the same straight lines. But blossom forth in a frilly, fluffy evening dress that is made to fit your figure perfectly and that shows it off to perfection—and your evening will be a success!

I believe in clothes that reveal the figure—if you have a nice one, of course. I don't mean immodest clothes, but clothes that fit closely and conform to your own lines. Then I think that there are certain colors that men, in general, like better than others. All shades of blue, for example. Have you ever noticed how often they comment on blue gowns or hats? Well, it's natural—for men buy more blue cars, more blue suits and blue neckties than any other shades. Other plain shades also appeal to them. You see, it's my theory that they respond to the fundamental colors more so than the fancy, mixed ones!

Since I am neither the slinky, siren type nor the tailored, boyish type, I stick to rather feminine clothes—big hats, which I can wear because I am tall, light colors, and flattering lines. I select my perfumes to go with these things, too—flower odors, all light and invigorating. I believe in being true to your type in all these things—in make-up, clothes, perfumes and accessories!

And now I think you have heard enough from me. . . . This is my first venture in writing on this subject of Beauty, so I shall now turn over what I have written to Motion Picture's beauty editor, to see what she has to say about it, and to see if she has any blue penciling to do. I hope I have been of some help to you!

P. S.: The beauty editor says it's all okay—and am I surprised! Maybe I should have taken this up as a business. If I had, I would stress the idea of thinking *health and beauty as more important than anything else*

"Try and get this snapshot back"

He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of *the* girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY

MAKE MEN WANT YOUR KISSES!

Give your lips alluring natural color . . . without a trace of paint

AFTER That First Kiss, a man likes you more than ever . . . unless, of course, your lips are coated with paint. For paint makes him think of *lipstick*, not of lips!

So to keep your lips alluring, use the lipstick which colors lips . . . *without painting them.* Tangee isn't paint. Instead it contains a color-change principle that makes it intensify your natural color and become a very part of your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips it changes to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to your type! Thus, Tangee keeps your lips youthful-looking with natural color. Moreover, its special cream base is soothing to dry, summer lips. Get Tangee today—39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look..make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

Tangee Creme Rouge makes cheeks glow with natural rose color; even in swimming. Waterproof. Greaseless. Cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base *protects* skin.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MP84
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder.** I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*__________ (Please Print)

*Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*______

Confessions of a Hollywood Wife

(*Continued from page 29*)

We moved into an eighteen-room mansion with swimming pool, tennis court and formal gardens. It was like a prison to me.

Only once in a great while did Tod remember to play the sweetheart. He was preoccupied for the most part. But he adored the baby. That was something.

At a Christmas party, we were coming down the stairs when we heard people below us say: "How is Freeland's wife taking his affair with Serat?" Then they looked up and saw us and there was no way of escaping.

I leaned over the banister and chuckled in my best manner, "She's taking it *big!* I'm so jealous I eat little boys like you for breakfast!" My little scene went over, and eyebrows were raised in surprised speculation. The atmosphere cleared. But my hands were icy.

Going home that night, Tod put an arm around me and kissed the tip of my ear. "You're a brick," he said. Just that. But I was happier than I had been for months.

"Suddenly Felt Tired"

THEN the Chief wanted him to make a personal appearance tour in the Middle West and the East. We started out on a more pleasant note than we had had since he became a star. But it was shattered before the train reached San Bernardino.

He was reading a newspaper item to me when four girls burst into our compartment—young, rosebud girls. Their idolatry was in their misty eyes, on their red young lips. I don't think they knew I was there. Tod autographed their books for them, patted one on the hand for something she had said, and shooed them out. It was impossible to recapture our mood after that. Suddenly, I felt inexpressibly tired. I could fight one woman, perhaps, to hold my man. But I couldn't fight them *all*. . .

And it seemed as if I had to do just that. Clamoring crowds of women hurled themselves at him. There was a stampede in one city. He tried to help me off the train and someone clutched his arm. That was the last I saw of him for two hours. When he arrived at the hotel, he grinned at me: "I'm a 'souvenir' scarecrow!" And he looked it, with his tie gone, his collar torn, every coat button missing. . .

In the next city, it was even worse. An escort of policemen had to bring him from the theatre every night. Tod was calm and sane and wise about it all, but no human being can have such a triumph without having it turn his head a little.

"They'll save their shouts for someone else tomorrow," he told me in the privacy of our hotel suite. It was the first time we had been alone together for weeks. He tilted my chin and kissed me in boyish fashion. For one beautiful moment, I thought I had won. . . There was a long-drawn "ah" behind us. Two women had managed to steal into our rooms unobserved. I couldn't have even a moment. My husband didn't belong to me. *He was every woman's* . . .

How She Was "Welcomed" Home

IN THE end, Tod had to return to Hollywood without me. Some important business of his had come up that I had to attend to, and with my sister very ill it was two months before I was able to come West.

Tod had arranged a "welcome home" party for me that first night. Swarms of celebrities wandered in and out of the house. Champagne flowed. It was all very jolly, but I was so tired that the only thing I wanted to do was to collapse in a big chair with Tod my own again.

He told me that night—about two o'clock, after they had all gone and I was unpacking. He stood very straight against the dresser and said very quietly, "I'm sorry, my dear, but I'm through. It's impossible to go on like this any longer."

"Sylvia?" As I asked, the opaline box I had been taking out of my bag broke in my fingers.

"No. Janice Morgan."

Janice Morgan! An older woman—called the greatest fascinator in America. She was the kind men killed themselves for. . .

Tod didn't want a divorce—yet. Any hint of scandal would hurt both of them. It might even wreck their careers.

Now, my only excuse for being is that slim false hope that I might get him back.

Yes, we still go to parties together, and to premières and press previews. It is my duty to stand in the doorway, clinging to him until everyone has seen us, smiling that set "happy wife" smile, stilling gossip. . . Then, when no one is looking, I slip out a back entrance and go home—alone.

Wife? Dear God, no! I am a half-living, numbed, soulless nonentity. *I am a Hollywood buffer*. . .

She Plays Any Nationality

(*Continued from page 59*)

nightie. How I love a woman with a spirit like that!"

"Considering the fact that you are a Mexican, and that you were working through the medium of American film technique, what difficulty did you have," I asked her, "in reaching through the centuries into the color and essence of an old era and recapturing a strong, foreign personality?"

"Why, none at all." She said. "I was perfectly at home in the elaborate wigs and gowns of the court ladies and in those exciting, vivid old days in France. I felt as if I really were living there—or perhaps had lived there in years gone by."

"You have no feeling then, of being purely Mexican? Would you say that you are more or less of an expatriate?"

More American Than Mexican

"WELL, yes," she admitted, "I suppose I am. Of course, I love Mexico, but I am more American. Why, I can't even eat Mexican food any more. American food is so simple and so good—just like the country. But sometimes I feel complicated and I just have to have an enchilada. So I say to my mother, 'Mother, I MUST have an enchilada.' And she drops everything she is doing and goes into the kitchen and cooks a big Mexican dinner. And I eat it. And ooooooh! what faces haunt my dreams that night! I am in agony!!

"I am ex—how do you say it?—patriated in other ways, too. I even think in English. I used to think in Spanish, but after I married Cedric (Cedric Gibbons, art director at M-G-M), we speak nothing but English in our home, and I think that way, too. Oh, I love America. I love its speed and its tolerance and its unconventionality. Mexico is slow and intolerant, and there I would shock everybody. My looks, my manners, my clothes—everything would shock the Mexicans. Look . . . " and she pointed to her slippers, which concealed practically nothing but the soles of her feet . . . "those sandals, the polished toe-nails, oh, what the Mexican people would say about them!"

"Do you find that you have much in common with your mother?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. I am a modern, that is true. But so is my mother. You see, she spends six months out of every year with me. And she is so tolerant, so broad-minded. She is my pal—my friend. She understands me. And she almost dies laughing in Mexico when people come up to her and they say, 'Can't you do something with your daughter? Can't you control her? Have you no power over her?' And Mother, she just looks at them and says she likes me the way I am.

Can Obey Her Impulses Here

"IN Mexico, they have the old patriarchal system. It is no good for me. The houses are big and they wind all around the patio. When a son or daughter marries, a portion of the house is given to the married couple, and the house finally becomes a unit, a little settlement. But over all is the Old Man, the Boss, the Grandfather. Everybody minds him. He is like a Dictator. What he says, that goes. And everyone is—oh, so scared of him. That is no good, I think.

"In that way, I am completely American. I do what I like, when I like and how I like. I go out here at night in a very exotic, extremely-cut evening gown. I like it so. I go out without a chaperon. Both of those things would cause the Mexicans to turn pale. But please," she said "I do love my country and my people. You understand, I just do not belong there any more."

Miss Del Rio prefers Mexican music, especially tangos, but she loves jazz, and thinks that American slang is "swell." She likes English prose, with the accent on Somerset Maugham, but takes her poetry in Spanish because it is more musical. She has one good Mexican friend in Hollywood, and that is José Mojica, the singer. Her other friends are Americans.

She goes in for Parisian styles, but named her bull terrier "Michael," a good old Irish name. She adores Wagnerian operas; worships Greta Garbo, the Swedeheart of the world, on the screen; lives in an extremely modern home designed by her husband; has been presented at the court of Spain, and has a pet ambition to go to the Orient. Rudolph Valentino (Italian) has always been her favorite actor and always will be. That covers the globe pretty well.

She's Roosevelt-Conscious

SHE is extremely interested in American politics and will go to the bat for President Roosevelt any time. She swims, plays tennis—and dances, as you don't need to be told if you saw "Flying Down to Rio" and "Wonder Bar." But she can't write a letter . . . the ideas come too fast and the words too slowly. A pen in her hand renders her practically inarticulate. She likes to be interviewed if the interviewer doesn't aim at her with a pad and pencil and say "Well?"

But nobody needs to make notes on Del Rio. You can't forget what she says. She will never lie. If she is asked a question that she doesn't want to answer, she will not evade. She simply says that she does not want to answer it—and tells WHY.

Miss Del Rio has traveled all over the world, with the exception of the Orient. However, in her next picture at Warners, she will take a trip—atmospherically, anyway—to the Far East, for she will make "Farewell to Shanghai," in which she will appear as a half-Chinese and half-English girl.

And I'll venture to wager that even in the double-nationality part she will manage to be comfortably and thoroughly at home, half of her being the perfect Chinese girl and the other half being pure English.

"And why not?" I can hear her say. "I can FEEL them both. I can understand . . "

You can feel it... you can see it... and so can others

it's Film on Teeth!

● *Film must be removed from teeth . . . for beauty and for health.*

Film is that slippery coating on your teeth. Film contains the germs associated with tooth decay. Film invites other tooth and gum disorders — pyorrhea, bleeding gums. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film — make teeth look yellow when they're really not.

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Evelyn Venable Finds a New Way to Fame

(*Continued from page 39*)

of *Grazia* in "Death Takes a Holiday."

No, the picture industry needs Evelyn Venable. There is a certain homespun honesty in her roundish face, which is such a departure from the movie tradition of beauty. Yet you can't blame cutie-ridden Hollywood for being skeptical about the Venable legend, right from the first. She's such a novelty.

How She Dodges Romance

EVELYN is going on twenty-one. She won't deny that she has never been kissed. And Hollywood has never seen anything like the elaborate way in which she has armed herself against the possibility of such an occurrence. For one thing, she has revived the chaperon—not the kind who is sent discreetly to her room when the favorite boy-friend arrives, but a real one who is present at all times, giving Evelyn—to use her own words—"the protection of a married woman." (Hollywood thought that phrase had gone out with the 1890's.)

When she left home, her father actually gave her a gun to carry in her handbag and to use in self-defense. Girls who are man-crazy make her uncomfortable and she avoids them. Paramount announced that her contract provided that she could not be kissed on the mouth in any picture. Soon the news was allowed to get around that this was also true of her private life. And Evelyn's conduct certainly made it sound plausible.

She took the precaution not to mingle much with the picture crowd. Her social life is centered in South Pasadena, where she has three cousins, who have introduced her to all their friends, including many college boys. (The c. b. are presumably awed by her kissless reputation. As who wouldn't be?) She behaves with great dignity and reticence on all occasions. And people don't get fresh with her. Even studio workmen cut out their informal language when she's around.

You can see how such a blameless record would frustrate the natives. In Hollywood, they don't believe in Innocent Ingénues. If one does stray into the town, some ardent adviser says, "Little girl, you must LIVE, or you will never be a great actress"—and bang start the rumors, bang goes another reputation.

So, naturally, Evelyn and her hundred-per-cent purity just invited the gossips' slings and arrows. The more careful she was, the less they believed her. It was all an act, they insisted. Kissless, my eye! She was already having a desperate affair with that Fox cameraman. The chaperon was a gag, and there wasn't any gun.

But Evelyn, in person, is awfully convincing—perhaps because she's such a far cry from the professional sweet young thing. She has neither the showiness of the actress, nor the studied, starry-eyed innocence of the "nice girls" of the screen. Brown hair drawn straight back in a knot, and vivid blue eyes in a healthy skin characterize her face, which is more wholesome than pretty. Far from being silly and prudish in manner, she is robust, definite, keen-minded, with a clear knowledge of herself, her abilities, her ambitions, and also her principles. She might well be awe-inspiring to a male on the hunt.

Career Isn't Kissless Now

"I KNOW you can't expect to be in the movies and keep your private life private," she said. "But it makes you feel sort of sick when you read things about yourself. I hated having that story about my never having been kissed get around. It happened to be true, but that was my business. And there's no clause in my contract forbidding kisses. How can you possibly have a screen career without a kiss? Paramount has had to retract that now, since I've been kissed unmistakably in my last two pictures.

"But I have a clause in my contract that allows me to refuse to do anything that is distasteful to me, or any picture that I don't think is the type of thing I should do. That must be how that particular rumor started."

So far, Kent Taylor has been the bestower of all Evelyn's screen kisses. He was even sent over to Fox for "David Harum" to keep her record clean, and it has just been announced that they will be teamed in the future. So apparently Kent, long a happily married man, is sufficiently tasteful to suit Evelyn, her father, and anyone else involved.

"I've had nice parts so far," she continued, "and fortunately I'm a girl who can't very well be cast in anything sexy or cheap. I'm just not the type, and haven't the appearance or ability to play those things. So I don't think I have that to worry about.

"I realize," she went on plausibly, "that it's very unusual for a girl of twenty to lead such a sheltered life. But it's what Daddy wanted. You see, Mother died when I was sixteen, and since then Daddy has tried to be both mother and father to me, so he took the utmost pains to protect me, and has always watched me so carefully.

"I did go out alone with men at home, in Cincinnati, because Daddy knew them, and it's different from Hollywood. Here I have a chaperon who lives with me. She's a young widow whom I like very much. She's a good companion, and her being with me also gives me the protection of a married woman. I never go out in the evening without her, and I very seldom even lunch with a man unless she is there. We have foursomes, and have an awfully good time together."

Why She Carries a Gun

AT the next item in the inquisition, Evelyn broke into her engaging giggle. "Daddy did give me a gun when I came out here," she laughed, "but not with the idea of shooting whoever tried to kiss me. It was more to protect me when driving, or coming home late from the studio.

Evelyn's childhood and her plans for the future have a lot to do with her present reputation. She was born in Cincinnati, where her father is a professor in the Walnut Hills School. The fact that he is an authority on Shakespeare, and has for years lectured and written books on his subject, has been the greatest influence in the shaping of Evelyn's life, and is entirely to blame for the kisses she may have missed and the guns she has packed.

Evelyn has known Shakespeare backwards from her infancy, and loved it. In her Junior and Senior years at the Walnut Hills School she played *Juliet* and *Rosalind*. During the Summer between, she played the Helen Hayes rôle in Barrie's "Dear Brutus," at the invitation of the Cincinnati Civic Theatre. The next Summer, her father took her to New York to meet Walter Hampden, who is Shakespeare's greatest stronghold in modern America. In fact, Professor Emerson Venable and his budding daughter visited

Hampden at his country home in Ridgefield, Conn., where the young girl read the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" for the noted actor.

Evelyn had won a scholarship to Vassar. But meeting Hampden changed her ambitions—or, rather, crystallized them into a form that had no place for Vassar and tedious required courses. She stayed there only a year. At high school her favorite subject was Greek. At Vassar it was fencing. You know that Greek and kissing don't mix, and it's difficult to think of anything that might be more dampening to the ardent male than a lady fencer.

The next year she enrolled as a special student at the University of Cincinnati. She was working now not for a degree, but to train herself for a future as a Shakespearean actress. It was then that a letter came from Hampden, saying he had a place for her in his company. The first season, it was just a tiny bit—the rôle of the Flower Girl in "Cyrano de Bergerac." The second season, she played *Ophelia* to Hampden's *Hamlet* from coast to coast. In Los Angeles, a movie scout saw her and signed her for Paramount since her film test was excellent.

In ninety-nine careers out of a hundred that would have been the end of Shakespeare. But with Evelyn Venable it's different.

Her Future Plans—at Present

"I WENT into pictures for the purpose of making money so that I can have a Shakespearean company of my own," she said. "This is the only way I could possibly make the money, and I don't feel ready yet to undertake the Shakespeare, anyway. Of course, it's a big undertaking, but I want to find out if people can't be made to love the poetry and drama Shakespeare as much as I love it."

This is no vague dream for the sweet bye-and-bye, either.

"I give myself five years in pictures," said Evelyn with decision. "I'll be twenty-five then. You see, I want to avoid the mistake most actresses make, and have my Shakespearean company before I'm too old to play the parts."

Her future is very vividly imagined, and everything she does must conform to that ideal.

"That's why I'm so careful," she said. "I don't want to have any sort of shoddy, unpleasant gossip about myself—anything that won't fit in with my plans for my future and the sort of person I want to be. I was terribly embarrassed by those reports about Hal Mohr and me. He helped me with my make-up in 'David Harum,' and I was grateful to him and liked him, so my chaperon and I went out with him several times. Then the rumors started. I felt like a fool the next time I saw him, and so did he. We were both awfully embarrassed. I thought maybe he'd think I had started the gossip, and I afterwards found he was thinking the same thing. It's very mortifying, when a man has no romantic intentions, to have them advertised and thrust upon him that way."

Now Summer has come, school is over, and Evelyn's father has arrived on the scene, to give an eye to his daughter's prospects. And as of a late hour last night, Evelyn was again denying indignantly that she plans to marry Hal Mohr or anyone else, for that matter.

To the delicately attuned instincts of Hollywood gossips, that means that in all likelihood the hoped-for fatherly blessing was not forthcoming. But Evelyn and her cameraman *are* still seeing each other constantly, and Hollywood bets that, in spite of filial piety, Shakespeare, and all that sort of thing, Romance will win. We'll see!

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too DRY *or* too OILY

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Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair.* It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct OILY *hair:*

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair.* This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

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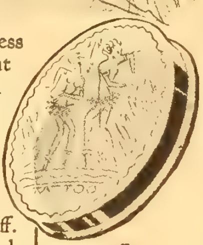

Of course, there's smartness in luscious color . . . but there's *distinction* of a still more exciting kind when lips have tempting color, without pastiness. Paste-less lip color . . . that's TATTOO! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Nothing remains but truly indelible transparent color that's smarter than smart . . . and that stays even and smooth for hours, *regardless*. Then . . . to complete the illusion, Tattoo *your cheeks* with the matching shade of TATTOO ROUGE. Select your proper shade of TATTOO by testing all four . . . at the TATTOO Color Selector displayed in leading drug and department stores. TATTOO FOR LIPS is $1. TATTOO ROUGE (for cheeks and lips) is 75c.

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TATTOO

I Know What It's Like to Be in Human Bondage

—Leslie Howard

(*Continued from page 45*)

countless other things. It is the most subtle and the strongest of all the slaveries in the world. Mothers, frequently, feel it more keenly than fathers. I," Leslie laughed, "must have a good deal of the mother in me."

I was reminded, as he talked, of a little incident Bette Davis told me about him when they were working on "Of Human Bondage" together. She said that Leslie was standing just off the set, waiting to do a scene. She happened to look at him and thought that he looked like a little boy gazing at a far horizon, bewildered and enchanted by what he saw there. He was holding a letter in his hand. Someone came up and talked to him about the honor he had received at the Academy of Arts and Sciences—he was one of the three actors chosen for the best performances of the year. He didn't seem to hear, Bette said, much less to care.

He told Bette that the letter was from Leslie, his small daughter. She had seen her first pantomime show and was writing her father about it, very critically, very maturely. He said, "She wants to be a dancer," and when he said that, Bette told me, lights of pride danced in his near-sighted blue eyes, very *far*-sighted at that moment. "He said to me," smiled Bette, " 'She writes that the snowdrops are blooming at home, and the hawthorn is white in the hedges. She says that I may be enjoying the sunshine of California and she adds, "But Daddy, it's *Spring* in England—" ' He puffed at his pipe for a moment after he had read me that. He said, kind of low, 'Kids are funny.' He didn't look at me when he said it. I can tell you one thing, it is not Spring for Leslie Howard anywhere on earth except where his children are."

A House Crowded with Memories

BUT let's get back to *our* interview. Leslie was saying to me, "When Mrs. Howard and I came to Hollywood this time, leaving the children in England, we really wanted to lease this house of Elsie Janis' again, as we did last year. It suits us. We like it. But the children were here with us last year—and I didn't know if I could go it. In that room, over there, in that part of the house, they really lived their lives. They studied there, played games there; we had long talks in there.

"When I came into the house again, I could actually *hear* their voices; I could feel their presences—and living ghosts are more unbearable than dead ones. But we took the place, as you know. Now I find that I like it because I *can* feel their presences about me. They can visualize us here every hour of the day, as we can visualize them at home. That helps. I am sure, now, that if anyone very near and dear to me ever died, I should want to live in the house where he had been. The loss would then be almost halved.

"Sometimes, of course, I wonder if it is worth-while. If I had it to do over again, I think, knowing what I know now, 'Would I have children or not?' I can't answer, really. They are in my heart, laughing at me.

"For years, ever since we first came to America for plays and pictures, at least seventy-five per cent of my thought has been given to the vexing question of whether I should cater to myself and have the children with me when I am here or whether I should leave them in England where they were born. Should I bring them up as Englishmen or as Americans?

"Children are very gregarious. They make many friends during their childhood and youth, and the friends they make become part of the very stuff of their lives. They absorb and they assimilate; they become *what* they are by being *where* they are during their early years. So, what to do? I gave a great deal more thought to this question than I did, actually, to my parts or plays or contracts. And Mrs. Howard and I tried both ways.

Why Children Stayed in England

"I DON'T particularly like the Hollywood atmosphere for them. They are not so well here. And I feel that there is a certain aridity about it and that children need richer soil, soil richer in tradition—their own tradition. Home, background, a sense of seasons and perpetuity—these are what they need. I finally figured that as we *are* English, after all, and I intend to spend my life there some day, not very far off, I had better bring them up where they, and I, belong. There is a wide enough gulf between parents and their children as it is without creating the gulf of different nationalities, different patterns of thought and behavior.

"So we have a home over there and they live in it and *are* at home. The boy goes to school and is home for vacations and an occasional week-end. Leslie goes to day-school and has her governess with her. The place is a zoo with everything from a flamingo to horses. And they are happy there. We span the distance between us by frequent telephone calls and cables; each of us knows what the other is doing every day and every night. We have always lived together as a family of four adults and not at all as two adults and two children. We have always discussed everything together; dined together; we ride and play and read together. So, now, they understand the situation and accept it as a necessary evil, that's all.

"No, they are not interested in me as a picture actor. They give it very little thought. That, too, is a necessary evil (which it is) and of no more significance, no more to be talked about, than if I were in trade.

"Actually, my work is and always has been the hand-maiden of my personal life. It serves my personal life and is not served by it. I am not artist enough to consider that I have any right, as I certainly have no desire, to go about subordinating people, family and home to my work—"

I murmured, "You mean you are not egotist enough—" But Leslie didn't hear. Because he didn't want to hear. I asked him, "But this matter of human bondage—how else does it affect your life, your work?"

The Thought That "Gets" Him

"THIS way," Leslie said. "I may be on the set, about to make one of the big scenes of a picture—an emotional or dramatic scene requiring all I have to give to it. I am thinking about it, trying to get into the proper 'feel' of the scene. Suddenly, and as I am about to begin, I am gripped around the throat by the preposterous thought: '*What am I doing here? What do I mean by being here, making silly motions in front of a camera, while the children are over there and their precious, fleeting years are going by—without me?*'

"The sickening conviction smites me then that I shall live to regret this separation as I shall never regret anything else in life—regret it when it is too late. One doesn't recapture certain kinds of loveliness. The result is then that I give to my work only the surface of myself. The ache of that nostalgia, keener than any other, engulfs and dwarfs and diminishes the importance and the value of what I am doing.

"I should say that my children are ninety-five per cent of my life, if one can figure out incalculable things on a percentage basis. The remaining five is for—the other things. When I am ready to go home, my manager, agents and producers say to me, 'You're crazy, man. If you stay and make one, two, three more pictures, think of the money you'll make.' I say, 'Rot!' I say to *myself*, 'Think of the unminted gold I will be losing!' And if I have any practical pangs, I can easily assuage them by realizing that it all comes out about the same, anyway, with income tax cutting in on extra profits.

"I am in human bondage to my children, yes. In the great story I played—Maugham's 'Of Human Bondage'—*Philip* is at last free of *Mildred*, of her greenish pallor; her sickening hold on him loosens in time. (And what a magnificently and poisonously perfect performance Bette Davis has given as *Mildred*—wait until you see her!) Other bondages in real life fade and fall away, the hard hands of money, the fevers of young love, the demands of friendships and professions—but when you have children, you have created something younger and therefore stronger than yourself; out of your own flesh and blood, you have re-created your own youth again and the potential youths of those who have gone before you. These are bonds that neither time nor other demands can loosen or depreciate.

How His Time Is Taken Up

"THEN, there is the reading I should do —and don't. Because, partly, there are so many letters to be written home, to Leslie, to Ronald. There is, you know, talk of my doing 'Anthony Adverse.' I am in the throes of reading the book now. There it is, behind us, on the table. I've finished the first third, which is superb, and my feeling is that that is all we should film of it—Book One. It is complete in itself and it is magnificent. At any rate, I haven't finished reading it because along will come a letter from Leslie, who is the most prodigious letter-writer—pages and pages of articulate stuff that must be answered in kind.

"The boy can't write a letter to save his soul. There are too many other things to be done. He will dash down a paragraph and then dash off to do something and come back and add another. The results are a bit alarming. Usually, he resorts to cables. He is a terrific bookworm, reads everything, and is always browsing about looking for rare editions. We recently had his room at home enlarged, made into a combination study and bedroom. The other night we had a cable from him. It read, 'New quarters great. Eminently suitable for a bibliomaniac'—which is what we've always called him. I am pleased that he cares for books. I have never seen a book-lover go very far wrong in the world. Leslie, on the other hand, is an extrovert. She likes action and frank talk and doing things and dancing and horses.

"Some day soon"—and again Leslie's near-sighted blue eyes were looking a long way away—"I shall stop making motions in front of a camera. I shall go home again. We'll ride, Leslie and I, over the moors and talk. Ronald and I will read and talk. There will be the flamingoes and the dogs and the horses and an end to this nostalgia. I shall wear—gracefully, I hope—the bonds I love."

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John Lodge Sheds His Ancestors

(*Continued from page 68*)

ability. The cash customers go to the movies to see a fine performance—rather than the antics of a limb of a family tree. John Lodge's casting in the most important male rôle in Marlene Dietrich's "Scarlet Empress" testifies that he has made the transition to a life as an individual. His performance bears out that testimony.

What His Life Used to Be Like

"WHEN I was a boy in school," explains John, "I was always introduced as the grandson of Henry Cabot Lodge, the Senator from Massachusetts. I was never simply John Lodge. I never had a chance to be considered objectively; I was considered only as a member of a distinguished family.

"After graduating from Harvard, I went to New York to practise law because I knew that in Boston, where the Lodges had lived for generations, I would have an easy, monotonous life. I wouldn't have to prove my abilities. They would be taken for granted. And I would be given a certain amount of routine legal work because of family connections. But I didn't want to get things without working for them. I wanted to discount advantages I hadn't acquired by my own efforts.

"Fortunately, this was the New York of 1929 and 1930. All human values were being re-adjusted. All the men of my generation were getting down to fundamentals. A person's resourcefulness and character counted far more than lineage. Those years and these subsequent ones have made a man consider the trappings of life in their true perspective. I began to shed my ancestors then. Here, in Hollywood, I completed the job.

"This town didn't take family seriously and I was glad. Shortly after my arrival for my first picture, I was introduced to a famous producer. 'John Davis Lodge of Boston?' he repeated. 'That's a good name—it's a swell gag—it'll tie you up to the famous Lodges of Massachusetts.' My hostess hastened to assure him that I was really a member of that family. 'Well, it's still a good gag,' he insisted.

"But I was anxious not to trade on my family name or on its traditions or its history. That was farthest from my thoughts. I wanted to stand on my own two feet—I was just a man trying to make a living for my wife and child in a new profession. I was eager to change my name—but studio officials insisted that it was an easy one to remember and therefore suitable for pictures. I did drop the Davis.

First Actor in the Family

"I VIOLATED family tradition when I went on the stage, only so far as the choice of my profession went. I did not violate the family tradition that counts—the tradition that every man must lead a decent, constructive life, a life of accomplishment, of work and activity. I am firm in my belief that it is the only tradition worth maintaining.

"The external symbols of family—the old gardens, the old houses, the old silver, a certain social consciousness and an observance of form—are in themselves unimportant. They are symbols of solidity and gracious, useful lives. It is only the things within you—basic decency, an aptitude for hard work and honesty and integrity—that are really important.

"Acting is an old and established art—an honorable profession. It happens that there has never been an actor in my family. But this is a new era. Men strike out for themselves—they follow their interests. I have followed mine.

"I have changed since coming to Hollywood. My life is no longer a routine with breakfast at nine and dinner at seven to define the day. As an actor, I have adjusted my habits, my thoughts, even my philosophies to the new industry of which I am a small part. An actor must regulate his life by 'shooting' schedules, by rehearsals, by conferences.

"When I am on a picture, I am at the studio before seven in the morning frequently. And dinner may be anywhere from nine to eleven at night. Every actor must lead an elastic life—with the studio as the only master. Between pictures, there is rest and study and play. You're in training for the race—in training for long, hard, tense hours. You store your emotions and your vitality in a reservoir to be released when the cameras start grinding.

How He Has Changed

"BUT not only is my schedule different in Hollywood; *I* have become different, too. It is inevitable that a new profession establishes new values. The changes in me have been so gradual that, until I sit down and analyze them, I can hardly realize them. I've absorbed my new environment.

"I know that I am more observant of people's idiosyncrasies, their habits, their moods and their purposes. That's because acting is fundamentally a translation of people and their motives. I believe I am more tolerant, less opinionated; more philosophical and less rational than I was when I first came here.

"Hard and fast rules don't apply to Hollywood. This is a community of talented, serious-minded men and women, with a tremendous, driving ambition behind them. The test of a man's or a woman's importance is achievement. Nothing else matters. I'll grant you that some sensational personality—someone whose name might be box-office—will be sought out by producers. But after the first picture, when the novelty is worn off, audiences will insist on seeing an actor and not a front-page name. Even the Prince of Wales, I venture to say, wouldn't be wanted for more than one picture unless he proved himself a talented actor.

"Ancestors may help in every other place in the world. They may open the doors to professions—to the private offices of important men—to the 'at-homes' of social leaders. But they will not keep the doors of fame open in Hollywood.

"Mind you, I am not under-estimating the value of good ancestry. As a matter of fact, I believe that one's reaction to human relationships, a certain definite recognition of responsibility, is frequently determined by the blood in our veins. For my heritage of blood I am grateful. The problem lies in dissociating yourself from the deeds of your ancestors, so that you won't be accepted for what your father or your grandfather has done before you—rather than because of personal merit."

Hollywood Misunderstood Him

AS a matter of fact, the John Lodge ancestry made things a bit difficult for him in Hollywood during the first few months. There was a certain resentment against him because he entertained with formality; because he wore a cutaway at Sunday teas; because he and Mrs. Lodge took proper pride in the recipes that have been in the family for generations. Hollywood didn't know that their doors were open in full and gracious hospitality to electricians and prop men; to assistant directors and carpenters because they met the only test that counts—the test of genuineness.

"Why," asks John Lodge, "should my cutaway create more comment than Jack Oakie's sweat-shirt? We are all creatures of habit. I have formed a habit that has followed me to Hollywood—but that proves nothing about my acting ability—whether I am good, bad or indifferent.

"That I've had to prove, fortunately. The Senators, the Admirals, the Ambassadors and the dimly-related Presidents on the family tree had no influence on my career—except that I may have inherited from them certain predispositions that gave me courage to stick when everything looked pretty hopeless."

This motion picture career hasn't been a Marathon to Fame for John Lodge. He visited in Hollywood in 1932, and, as an adventure, made a movie test. Nothing happened. He went back to his law practice in New York, and on his first morning at his desk, a telephone call summoned him to his first job in Hollywood.

He played three relatively unimportant rôles in "The Woman Accused," "Murders in the Zoo," and "Under the Tonto Rim." He was good copy for newspapers and magazines and studio blurbs. A Lodge of Boston as a movie actor! He didn't want such publicity—he fought it. His ancestors had followed him all his years. Now he wanted to shed them.

Eventually, he had his will and his wish. When the novelty of his ancestry wore off, the only vital query—whether he was an actor or not—remained to be answered. The studio did not renew his contract. It seemed as if his ambitions would have a short-lived destiny. Then he was given the rôle of *Laurie's* tutor in "Little Women." He acquitted himself admirably. Yet nothing happened.

How He Landed His Big Rôle

THEN one day he was host to visiting friends at luncheon in the Paramount Studio restaurant. At an adjoining table sat the eccentric, black-shirted Josef von Sternberg. He was in search of a leading man for the tale of Russia's bloody empress, Catherine the Great. And he was at odds with the world. He had tested many of Hollywood's most competent players. All of them lacked a certain vitality, a certain intangible quality. He looked at John Lodge, who was far from being at peace, himself. Von Sternberg glared. Lodge glared back. He didn't care how important von Sternberg was. He returned angry look for angry look.

Within the hour the director who made Dietrich a star was pounding his fist on executive desks, demanding that John Lodge be given him for the rôle of *Count Alexei* in "Scarlet Empress."

The evolution of John Lodge—actor—was complete. He had experienced a promising beginning, dark despair, and finally, through one of those miracles common in Hollywood, he had achieved success. His history of progress was in nowise different from a dozen others.

The salient fact remains that in Hollywood you stand on your own two feet. You rise or fall by what's in you—by your capacities and your abilities. To John Lodge, who had been dodging ancestors ever since he can remember, whose ancestry was a potent, compelling force in his life—that is a very desirable and pleasant situation. In Hollywood, at last, he has been able to shed his ancestors!

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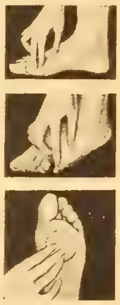

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Movie Acting—That's Society's Newest Thrill!

(*Continued from page 33*)

five airplane accidents, having cracked up three planes, herself. Three years ago, attempting her first parachute jump, she pulled the cord too soon and the 'chute became entangled in the 'plane, with Merry suspended in mid-air for two hours until rescued. Her rescuer lost his life.

She said to me: "This work is going to be the greatest fun yet. Hollywood has the most interesting people I have found anywhere. I always thought I'd rather live in Paris than any place else in the world, but I'm changing my mind. I adore it here. Besides, it isn't just the glamour of the movies. I want to succeed in pictures. I'm in earnest about it—more in earnest than I've been about anything in my life. I want to be financially independent. Now my father can—and does—cut off my allowance when he doesn't like something I do. It would be a grand feeling to be earning one's own money!"

I don't know if she will stick or not. I could imagine her deserting her "career" when the novelty wore off. But she does love getting her knowledge first-hand. She is not a college graduate, but thinks she went to school long enough. "I can get more from travel and contacts with people than I ever got out of school," she explains. It is easy enough to see how Hollywood would appeal to her.

Janet "Preparing" to Work

ENTIRELY different from Merry is Janet Snowden, the beautiful brunette who photographs so much like Joan Bennett at times. Besides being the daughter of the late financier, James H. Snowden, she is an ex-Princess—having just obtained a Mexican divorce from Prince Caravita di Sirignano of Italy, whom she left after four days of marriage. She is only twenty years old and has as fine a social background and perhaps as much wealth as any one of this group of women. A close friend of Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton M'divani, she attended an exclusive girls' school at Aiken, S. C., with them, and later the three went to Florence, Italy, to school. While born in Paris, she is full-American and maintains a home in both Newport and New York City. Her one sister is Princess Rospigliosi of Italy.

On a trip around the world, she stopped in Hollywood and Winfield Sheehan, who was a good friend of her father's, asked her to take a movie test. Then Warners offered her a contract. But she refused all offers.

"If I am going into this business, I shall at least be prepared for it. I don't want to go in on a splurge of forced publicity and then discover that I photograph badly and cannot act," she says.

She is studying with the well-known teacher, Samuel Kayser. She lives simply in a modest bungalow, with two servants, and drives a small car. She speaks French, Italian and Spanish fluently, will not be interviewed, will pose for few photographs, does not want any publicity until she is ready; but when that time comes, her agent already has offers for work awaiting her. Incidentally, her agent is William S. Gill, divorced husband of the late Renée Adorée. The rumor is current that Janet may become Mrs. Gill.

Wanted "Something" to Do

MRS. JOHN D. SPRECKLES, III, wealthy San Diego socialite, whose husband recently came into his inheritance of several millions, is making her picture début in a small part in Jack Haley's "Here Comes the Groom." She has always been the center of great social activity and it is interesting to learn why she does not feel that wealth, love, husband, and an enviable social life suffice. Her explanation is: "Every woman should have *something* to do."

Mr. Spreckles is courageous—for three of these wealthy young women who are entering pictures are either just divorced or are in the act of divesting themselves of their husbands!

Then there is Winifred Flint, daughter of Amos P. Flint, millionaire Chicago manufacturer, who was not satisfied with being listed in the Chicago Blue Book. Equally interesting is the fact that her husband, Gil Barry, former Illinois football star, was not willing to trade on her family connections in making his way. He was one of the young men who was brought to Hollywood in the "Search for Beauty" contest conducted by Paramount. He had a small part in "Come On, Marines" later. His wife applied to Le Roy Prinz, Paramount dance director, for a job—and was given work in "Murder at the Vanities" and as one of the slave girls in "Cleopatra." Her identity was discovered later. It would seem that they are both seriously determined to win a place for themselves in the cinema world.

Then there is Lillian Moore, débutante daughter of a wealthy Fort Worth insurance man. Supposed to receive from her father a monthly income of $1,000 (which is small compared to the wealth that some of these girls have), she never rested until she was signed on a picture contract by Paramount.

Elizabeth Young, whom you have already seen on the screen in "Big Executive," "Queen Christina" and "Come On, Marines," is the daughter of the prominent and prosperous Judge William Young of the New York Children's Court. Her mother is one of New York's social leaders, and Elizabeth might have had an enviable social career, but she turned to the stage and later to Hollywood. And her recent marriage is not likely to take her away from the screen. For the bridegroom—Joseph L. Mankiewicz—is a well-known young scenario writer.

Barbara Fritchie is a blue-eyed debutante from Kansas City, where she was a member of the Junior League. She had come to Hollywood for a visit and, on the eve of returning East, was dining in a Hollywood night-club—when a Paramount talent scout discovered her. Anyway, that's the story. And Barbara has been getting some rôles, too.

Ex-Schoolmate of Tone's Arrives

FORGETTING the girls for a moment, let's consider the case of James Blakeley, 24, newly signed by Columbia. He, of all the society entrants in the race for film fame, has some theatrical background. His father, the late James Blakeley, was an English actor. Young Blakeley, himself, has acted on the New York stage, and is a graduate of the Hill School, the prep school that was also attended by another scion of society who has made good as a movie actor—Franchot Tone. And Blakeley has still another claim to distinction in the fact that he was the former fiancé of the beautiful and wealthy Barbara Hutton, Woolworth heiress, who is now the Princess M'divani.

But none of these newcomers piques Hollywood's curiosity more than Rosamond Pinchot, niece of Pennsylvania's famous Governor. Not only because Hollywood recalls her as *The Nun* in "The Miracle," and the fact that she was presented at the Court of St. James's, but because last year she divorced William Gaston, the Boston lawyer, one of Kay Francis' ex-husbands. A tall girl, she took some persuading before she autographed an M-G-M contract.

Hazel Forbes, widow of the "tooth powder king," is seen frequently on the arm of Jack Oakie and is being groomed for pictures at RKO. It is generally understood that she has millions. Even her wealth and the homage that her beauty demands wherever she goes, have not satisfied her. Incidentally, she is answering the criticism of Hollywood that society folk are taking money that deserving acting folk might get; she gives away her weekly salary to players who need help.

Last, but not least, one of the most interesting of these women of wealth and social position will be known on the screen as Virginia Pine. She was formerly Mrs. Edward Lehmann, wife of the millionaire owner of the chain of Fair stores in Chicago. But it is not her wealth or social position (she has a millionaire father, herself) that Hollywood women envy; it is the fact that at the moment she is the recipient of George Raft's undivided attention. In addition to this, she has been signed by Warners on a long-term contract, and is she elated!

Will Work Even if She's Mrs. Raft

SHE may be married to George Raft before you read this, as she already has her divorce and he may have his before this can be printed. I asked her how such a marriage would affect her career. She doesn't agree with Joan Crawford, who has said that two in the same profession cannot be happily married.

"If I marry Georgie, I shall go right ahead with my work in pictures—that is, if I am making good in pictures, as I hope to. I think there is greater chance for happiness when both *are* working, when both have a fresh viewpoint to bring home at the end of the day. And certainly there would be greater chance for happiness when both were in the profession, than with one in and the other out. Georgie feels as I do about it."

She is twenty-one years old, has a lovely little daughter, Joan, about two and a half years old, is widely traveled, beautifully educated, thoroughly poised. She is being coached by Josephine Dillon (the first Mrs. Clark Gable), and we think she will have much to offer the screen.

To these women, going to Hollywood must be like going *slumming*, in the highest sense of the word. Where else on earth could they rub elbows at dinners and dances with stalwart butchers, bakers, chauffeurs who have risen to social prominence by becoming famous directors? Where else could they find alluring women who have formerly been waitresses, stenographers, models and hairdressers, and who have, by virtue of their acting ability, become social leaders in the movie world? Where else could they find men who know both the smooth and the seamy side of life, so that they can portray with equal ease the suave man of the drawing-room or the lurid gangster type?

If these women are successful, they, too, will soon have dresses designed to suit their personalities, and little girls all over the country clamoring to secure copies. There will be perfumes, polishes and patterns named for them!

Of course, Hollywood is not fooled by any of the reasons these bored and petted girls give for entering pictures. Hollywood knows it is the emotional outlet they crave, the opportunity of self-expression, and a new experience for those who have tried most other experiences and tired of them. We saw Doris Duke, "the richest girl in the world," who is "publicity-shy," lunching with Bing Crosby the other day—and getting more kick out of it than if Bing had been a King or a Grand Duke. And there have been rumors of a romance between her and a studio worker. To girls like Doris and Merry and Janet and the rest, Hollywood is the Ultimate Thrill!

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Both Regular and Super (extra thickness) are now offered at the new low standard price of 20c. Ask for Wondersoft Kotex at your dealer's today.

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*_(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo, in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)_

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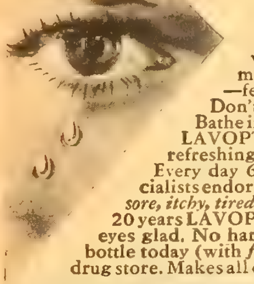

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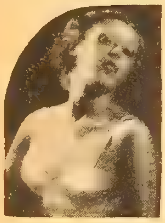

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Why Movie Stars Are Safe from Kidnapers

(Continued from page 63)

portance is so great that the studio would be forced, in the event of a kidnaping, to pay almost any price for his return. To refuse would be to lose everything invested in the picture."

Guarded by Thousands of Eyes

BUT according to Fitts, there are many other reasons why a movie star makes an *unattractive* prospect for professional kidnapers. The very fact that stars *are* recognized by everyone who sees them means that, in addition to having paid guards, they have a million unpaid detectives watching them at every moment. The kidnaper runs his greatest risk during the time of transporting his victim from the scene of the snatch to the hideout where he is to be imprisoned. He must have sufficient time to accomplish this before the alarm is raised. And, with a movie star, this would be difficult.

In the case of the average business man who is able to drive along the street unrecognized by the crowds, several hours might elapse before anyone missed him; several more hours might pass before a snatch was suspected. But in the case of the stars, every minute of their time can be accounted for by a thousand witnesses. Their days are not long enough for their appointments. If they were missing for ten minutes, somebody would want to know why. These detriments alone, however, would never balance in professional criminals' minds against the princely ransoms that could be successfully demanded if a great star were snatched.

"Even before kidnaping assumed racket proportions," Fitts points out, "the various law enforcement groups in the Hollywood district realized that the protection of screen stars would be their most difficult problem—difficult because a star's work is not governed by routine. It isn't enough to protect their homes. Location trips, personal appearances and the exercises of their profession take them everywhere on a moment's notice. Ordinary police methods would not serve our purpose.

Hollywood's "Secret Police"

"AT that time, I appointed a number of exceptionally able officers, chosen for their intimate knowledge of Hollywood, to act under command of Blaney Matthews, my chief investigator, as a special Hollywood squad. Their sole duty has been to protect the movie colony from kidnaping, extortion, blackmail and libel. Their identities have never been publicized, for their effectiveness depends largely on the secrecy of their operations. *During the last three years, they have handled hundreds of cases, and, in almost every case, they actually have anticipated and prevented the crime.*

"Numerous attempts have been made to kidnap Hollywood stars, the most serious being the Mary Pickford plot five or six years ago. Not one has succeeded, despite wild rumors that crop up every now and then. Innumerable extortion plots have been directed against movie celebrities. Almost all of them have been discovered and defeated.

"On several occasions, members of my Hollywood squad have been assigned as twenty-four-hours-a-day guards to certain stars who have been threatened. During Mae West's recent court case, when she gallantly defied kidnap and death threats and testified against gangsters who had robbed her, one of my investigators lived in her house, rode in her car and guarded her on the set, itself, for weeks. Again, when Constance Bennett was threatened not so long ago another investigator assumed a similar watch over her, and spent two weeks in the character of a guest in her home.

"Blaney Matthews and his squad have acted on the theory that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure—and their record has made them feared.

"Meanwhile, the Los Angeles police, the Sheriff's squad and my own gangster detail have joined forces in a relentless campaign to prevent organized gangsterism from getting the least foothold in Southern California. Our investigators have placed every suspicious arrival under surveillance. Such notorious characters as 'Spike' O'Donnell, the Chicago gang lord, have been arrested on vagrancy charges and run out of town a day or two after their arrival. The word has gone out in every underworld that Los Angeles is 'hot,' and gangland, as a result, avoids Southern California—the spot with the most 'tempting' ransom money!

No Kidnapers Have Got Away

"*WE have a clean record as far as kidnaping is concerned. Without a single exception, every snatching in this district has resulted in the abductors' receiving the maximum punishment allowed by law.* Such a reputation is a tremendous protection for the motion picture stars. The swiftness with which the Gettle kidnapers were brought to justice is enough to make any snatch gang think twice before trying to operate in Los Angeles. And Los Angeles includes Hollywood and Beverly Hills.

"In emphasizing the work done by the authorities to prevent kidnapings in Hollywood, I do not underestimate the importance of the precautions taken by the studios and the stars, themselves. Hollywood's cooperation has made the anti-kidnaping campaign doubly effective."

Cooperation is a mild word. Hollywood, ever since its first kidnaping scare, has resembled an armed camp. Private bodyguards have been employed by almost every prominent personality. No longer do stars ride about the streets, alone, at all hours of the night. And those men sitting beside their chauffeurs are heavily armed.

Warner Baxter's new home is an electrical marvel. Approaching cars cause the grounds to be flooded with light. It is burglar-proof throughout. Other homes are wired with intricate systems of alarms, which can be set off from all the rooms. Fierce dogs guard Garbo. And iron bars cover the windows of famous homes.

Harold Lloyd has employed as many as nine guards, at one time, on his Beverly Hills estate since the safety of his children was threatened in a series of extortion letters. The Lloyd children, even at their play, are never beyond the sight of four armed men. Ann Harding, Marlene Dietrich, Bing Crosby and at least a dozen other notables maintain small armies for the protection of their families. An armed guard occupies the Robert Montgomery nursery day and night.

Studios Furnish Guards, Too

CERTAIN studios, notably Paramount, have demanded recently that all of their players must have bodyguards while working in a picture. Even contract players whose salaries would hardly excite the greed of a kidnap gang are furnished with studio-paid guards during the course of a production.

Hollywood, frankly, has been terrified. Three million dollars' worth of kidnaping insurance has been placed with Lloyds this last year by the picture people. The movie colony has been distinctly "kidnap-conscious"—and the experiences undergone by a few of the stars have not soothed the fears of the rest.

Only a few weeks ago, for instance, Marion Davies' car was forced to the curb, late at night, by a car loaded with armed men. Luckily, Marion was not in her car at the time, and the gangsters—if they were gangsters—sped away when they discovered her absence.

There have been many other incidents equally frightening. Bing Crosby and Spencer Tracy have recently received extortion letters. Anonymous, threatening telephone calls have been received by at least a score of stars (whose telephone numbers are not listed in the directory).

According to Blaney Matthews, who has investigated all such cases, the threats are usually authored by cranks who have no other object than to terrify the star. The professional kidnaper is seldom courteous enough to warn his victim before he strikes.

The Marlene Dietrich kidnap scare—with its warning note of printed words pasted together—proved traceable to a personal plot, hatched for private reasons by an acquaintance. Most of the kidnap rumors that seeth through Hollywood are due to hysteria. Charlie Chaplin has repeatedly denied that he was kidnaped last Summer and paid twenty-five-thousand dollars for his freedom, yet the story still persists.

They Take No Chances

"NEVERTHELESS," declares Buron Fitts, "we have made it a rule to investigate every threatening letter, no matter how absurd it may seem. And we have protected every star who has reported the receipt of such a threat. Frequently, our investigators have guarded some threatened celebrity for weeks.

"A great blow to the kidnaping racket in California was struck with the enactment of our new kidnap laws. If an abductor harms his victim, his punishment is the gallows; if he returns his victim unharmed, the penalty is life imprisonment. Such a stringent law—plus our record of capture and conviction in every kidnaping case to date, plus the knowledge of how thoroughly every film star is guarded—is enough to make the most reckless snatcher hesitate before plotting a kidnaping in Hollywood.

"I repeat—the movie colony has little to fear from the professional kidnaper. The chief danger to Hollywood is from the amateur criminal, who is sometimes tempted by insane egotism to defy all odds. And he will find Hollywood an almost impregnable fortress."

P.S.—And gangsters are not forgetting that there are Federal operatives stationed in Los Angeles constantly—ready to swing into action on threatening-letter cases or on kidnapings. It was a Federal operative who hastened the solution of the Gettle case by mailing a ransom demand to his family that asked a lesser sum than the actual kidnapers had. The kidnapers fearing that rival racketeers were trying to chisel in on the ransom, speeded up the negotiations—and were speedily caught.

The Federal men never give up a case until it is solved. They never give up until they "get their man."

Kidnapers, in gang formation, might penetrate the wall of guards surrounding a star. They might collect ransom and elude the local police. (They have not been able to do so yet.) But they can't escape the silent Federal men, who can spread a countrywide net to catch racketeer-rats, who can reach into foreign countries and drag them back, who never relent in their searching, and who have solved every single kidnaping case they have entered. They were called into the Lindbergh case only after every other agency had been balked; the clues and the trail were cold; but slowly, surely, they are tracking down the kidnapers. And the kidnapers know it.

Women *Are* Quitting

Old Time Make-Up Shades... for an Utterly New Creation

WRONG MAKE-UP *gives a "hard", "cheap" look.*

RIGHT MAKE-UP *provides a natural seductiveness — free of all artificiality.*

These Pictures Show the Difference Between Right and Wrong Make-Up

THERE IS NOW a *new* and utterly different way in make-up... the creation of Louis Philippe, famed French colorist, whom women of Paris and the Cosmopolitan world follow like a religion. A *totally* NEW idea in color that often changes a woman's whole appearance.

That is because it is the first make-up—rouge or lipstick—yet discovered that actually matches the warm, pulsating color of the human blood.

Ends That "Cheap", "Hard" Look

This new creation forever banishes the "cheap", "hard" effect one sees so often today from unfortunately chosen make-up—gives, instead, an absolutely *natural* and unartificial color.

As a result, while there may be some question as to what constitutes Good Form in manners or in dress, there is virtually no question today among women of admitted social prominence as to what constitutes Good Form in make-up.

What It's Called

It is called ANGELUS ROUGE INCARNAT. And it comes in both lipstick form and in paste rouge form. You use either on *both* the lips and the cheeks. And one application lasts all day long.

In its allure, it is typically, *wickedly* of Paris. In its virginal modesty, as natural as a *jeune fille*—ravishing, without revealing!

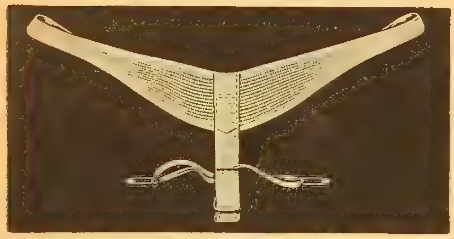
Do as smart women everywhere are doing—adopt Angelus Rouge Incarnat. The little red box costs only a few cents. The lipstick, the same as most American made lipsticks. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

The "Regular" Lipstick

The "Little Red Box" for lips and cheeks

Angelus Rouge Incarnat
By LOUIS PHILIPPE
USE ON BOTH THE LIPS AND THE CHEEKS

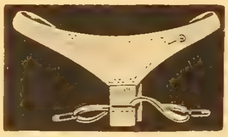
Comfort **WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST**



Siluette belt by Hickory—Style 1300

By a patented process Siluette Sanitary Belt by Hickory is permanently woven to shape on the loom to make it conform perfectly to the figure. Siluette cannot bind, curl, irritate or slip. You'll find it delightfully soft, lightweight, comfortable and dainty, yet dependably secure. Its easy-stretch, fine quality Lastex wears and wears. Can be boiled, washed and ironed......65c

STYLE 1387
(at right)
A popular Hickory Shield Button Style—combination satin and boilproof Lastex. 50c.



STYLE 1318
(at left)
The Hickory Petite—adjustable—narrow boilproof Lastex; Pyralin clasps, no pins—perfectly secure. 35c.

Sanitary Belts by
HICKORY
Made in a wide variety of styles, 25c to 75c

If your dealer hasn't the Hickory Belt you want, send us his name with your remittance. Please state style and desired size: small, medium or large.

A. STEIN & COMPANY
1147 W. Congress St., Chicago

You'll like HICKORY DRESS SHIELDS, *too*

Try My Way to Reduce Your Form—Free!

Is your figure spoiled by a heavy, sagging bust? Are you embarrassed by this unsightly fat? Then let me tell you how to reduce an oversize bust. I'll gladly send you my easy directions, with a container of "Prescription-36."

SEND ME YOUR NAME

and address and your pleasant home treatment will come to you by return mail in plain wrapper. Please enclose 10c for forwarding charge.

DORIS KENT, K-8
80 East 11th Street,
New York, N. Y.

This is a scene from "Treasure Island," which shows Lionel Barrymore as he looks in the rôle of *Billy Bones*, the pirate, and Jackie Cooper as young *Jim Hawkins.*

Who Else Is a Man of Mystery? Lionel Barrymore!

(Continued from page 35)

His humanness and simplicity are the infallible marks of a rich, philosophical mind, and of the true artist—one whose gifts and accomplishments extend beyond acting and directing, into the realms of music, painting, etching and writing. A rare array of talent and achievement in any single individual.

His humanness and simplicity, which seem to reach under and over the screen and cloak his shadow characterizations with flesh and blood, are the result of a lifetime of ups and downs—struggles, failure, heartache, sickness, glowing success, and, withal, an absolute devotion to the expression of beauty in various forms. He is a multifarious person, this Lionel Barrymore. And there is no greater proof of it than in the way he slips out of one character into another.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, to which he is under contract, he has a dressing-room entirely isolated from all others. It is a loft high in one of the huge sound stages, which the studio allowed him to have converted into combination dressing quarters and workshop. And it is in this romantic attic room that Barrymore, the actor, Barrymore, the etcher, and Barrymore, the musician meet as separate identities and blend into one on many a working day or night. A make-up table, a grand piano and a printing press for making copies of his copper-plate dry points—these are the furnishings of his private studio quarters.

Dosen't Know How To Waste Time

FROM this *sanctum sanctorum* he may emerge in the guise of a district attorney, or a *Rasputin*, or a country doctor, or a shipping magnate (he plays the pirate, *Billy Bones*, in "Treasure Island"), and report to a set for duty as an actor; but sometime during the day he returns to it and assumes his individuality as pianist, composer or etcher. It is here that he spends the occasional hour waiting to be called, or between scenes, in reading or study or in solitary enjoyment of his "hobbies." Not many know intimately of those "hobbies"—reflections of his varied talents and interests.

Edmund Lowe and George Cukor, the director, are among the few persons in Hollywood who enjoy a close friendship with Lionel Barrymore and his wife, the former Irene Fenwick, stage actress, whose delicate health has not kept her from becoming famous as a hostess—particularly at the small, intimate gatherings that her husband so much enjoys.

The late Lilyan Tashman, just before her fatal trip to New York, made a keen observation of the private life of Lionel Barrymore. She said:

"Lionel is really a modern Leonardo da Vinci. We've never known anyone who could do so many things as well. Like da Vinci, he is that rare combination of artist and artisan. And his vast variety of interests, ranging from prize-fighting to painting, make him a wonderfully fascinating person. Not to speak of his lovely sense of humor!

"When he and Irene" (pronounced Irenee) "built their home just a block away from us ten years ago, we became very neighborly. We used to exchange visits, inspecting our respective places and offering suggestions and ideas to each other. That was the beginning of our friendship with them. And that experience definitely convinced me that, if it were necessary, Lionel could build a house single-handed. He's unbelievably practical and ingenious."

Edmund Lowe recently said:

"There are some impressions I have of Lionel that are unforgetable. One is of his playing the piano for nearly an hour one evening while he and Irene waited for Lil and myself to get dressed for a party we were attending together. Both of us had worked late at the studios and had scarcely got into the house when the Barrymores arrived to pick us up. Lionel smoothed away any nervousness we might have suffered in keeping him and Irene waiting by playing Chopin and Brahms and many of his own compositions divinely.

"Another remembrance of him is of the night we had gone places together, to the fights or a neighborhood movie, I forget which, and returned home and played nearly all of the complete sets of symphonic and operatic records until almost dawn. It wasn't until Lilyan finally appeared at the top of the stairs and yelled to us to stop that the party broke up; otherwise we would probably still be there."

How Co-Workers See Him

AT the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Barrymore is very well-liked by all who contact him through work. When he is making a picture and the shooting is fast, he works along and has little to say to anyone. If, however, there are the usual lapses and the company is congenial, or a reminiscent mood strikes him, he will regale members with anecdotes of the celebrated whom he has known in all walks of life, from John L. Sullivan, once heavyweight champion of the world, to Igor Stravinsky, tone poet.

Lionel, like his brother, John, and his father, the renowned Maurice Blythe Barrymore, was once an amateur wrestler and boxer. It was during a practice bout with Zbyszko, many years ago, before the heavyweight Pole captured a championship, that Barrymore hurt his knee and was left with a permanent injury. He has never boxed or wrestled since, although he remains an ardent devotee of the ring. Now his prime physical exercise, if it can be called such, is driving his small coupé to and from work, or over the highways, at the neat little speed of seventy miles per hour.

It's an extraordinary career that this eldest member of America's royal family of the theatre and, in part, of the cinema has had. At fifteen, he made his first stage appearance with his distinguished grandmother, Mrs. John Drew. A few seasons later he played with his equally distinguished uncle, John Drew. And all through the history of the theatre, on and off for the past thirty-five years, his name has illumined the pages with records of singular achievements.

And so it has been with his film career, too, which started 'way back in the early days of the old Biograph Company nearly twenty-five years ago! Forming a striking pattern, his name threads its way through the annals of film history beginning with the early silents. It breaks off for a number of years, during which time the theatre occupied his talents, and it picks up the design again with the beginning of the talkies in 1928 and 1929, which period claimed him as both actor and director.

Lionel as a Brother

THE golden harvest of his film career was reached two years ago when his dramatic characterization of the district attorney in "A Free Soul," with Norma Shearer, won him the Academy award for the finest acting performance of the year. He was then fifty-three years of age. Since then his film career has struck the steady, consistent stride that alone can be effected through his surety as an actor and his embracing humanness, fine intelligence and total lack of professional jealousy. Even in his appearances with his brother John (the brothers appeared together in "Rasputin") there has been no hint of artistic rivalry, no temperamental fireworks. To them, the play is the thing—rather than the individual rôles.

There is a picture of Lionel Barrymore in my memory which I cherish. It reveals him in a rôle that the general public rarely sees—that of a devoted brother. Two years ago, when Ethel Barrymore toured the country with a revival of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," she was on the verge of a nervous breakdown by the time she reached Los Angeles, and she was forced to shorten her appearances for that reason. During those first nights of her engagement, when she seemed almost too ill to carry on, it was a touching and inspiring sight to witness Lionel Barrymore sitting in the front row toward one side of the theatre, with his face uplifted, intently watching the wonderfully magnetic actress, his complete mood and attitude indicating that if something should happen to her, he would be the first at her side.

But, of course, such a thing did not happen. And it wouldn't, to a Barrymore! Lionel Barrymore might have been watching only Ethel Barrymore, the actress, on those nights. But, somehow, I am inclined to think that he was just a devoted brother, watching his sister, whom he loved very much and who might be needing him.

"I PITY POOR IDA! SHE JUST ABOUT PASSES OUT EVERY MONTH"

"SHE WANTS TO SUFFER! I TOLD HER HOW MIDOL EASES REGULAR PAIN"

How to Relieve Periodic Pain:

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	~~14~~	~~15~~	~~16~~	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Watch the calendar, take Midol in time, and you can often avoid even one twinge of the expected pain and be comfortable throughout the period.

Take one tablet then drink a full glass of water. Even when the pains have begun or are at their worst, you're at ease *in ten minutes.*

Periodic pain is *out.* So is discomfort at this time. That's a fact, and it's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know it. A million women have had it proved to them. At least that many women now use Midol, keep their dates and keep comfortable.

Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose. Its action is unusual. Its relief is felt almost immediately.

Take a Midol tablet just before the expected pain. You may have no pain at all. If you do, a second tablet will usually check the pain *in seven to ten minutes.* That's how rapidly this remedy works! And the relief is unusually lasting. Two tablets should see you through your worst day. Decide now your next period will be comfortable. Get some Midol tablets and have them ready. Meantime, you might try one on an ordinary headache for proof of its speed. Menstrual pain will be eased just as quickly, so it's folly to suffer. Midol is not a narcotic. It forms no habit. It does not interfere with the natural and necessary menstrual process—just makes it comfortable and easy.

These tiny, tasteless tablets come in a slim little case of aluminum. Tuck it in your purse and be prepared. Then make your engagements—and keep them—without worry as to the time of month. Every drugstore now has this relief for periodic pain. You'll usually find it on the toilet goods counter; or just ask for Midol. Directions telling exactly how to use it will be found inside.

"You Really Do Look 10 Years Younger"
NOW YOU CAN BRUSH AWAY

GRAY HAIR

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

DEVELOP YOUR FORM

by a Safe Simple Method successful more than 30 years. Build up Flat Scrawny Bosom, Neck. Arms, Legs--or ANY part of the Body. Get a Beautiful Symmetrical Figure with no trouble and little cost.

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and my Confidential up-to-the minute information "How to Have a Beautiful Symmetrical Form by my Natural Home Method", sealed and prepaid. No C. O. D. MY GUARANTEE: Your dime back if you say so. Can anything be fairer? Not a dollar, not even fifty cents—just a dime.

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ZiP PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM
ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

The Sphinx Is a Mystery—and So Is George Arliss

(*Continued from page 34*)

Will Never "Go Hollywood"

ONE thing can be said emphatically about Arliss—he will never "go Hollywood." Even the veterans, you know, aren't immune; they have been known to cut up on occasion. But Arliss lives in the movie town as one always apart from its influences. He never stays longer than the time it takes to make his pictures. He arrives from England a few weeks before, in order to allow leeway to settle down comfortably and methodically, and he leaves as soon as he is assured that there will be no more retakes. He has maintained this schedule as a routine.

Other stars of his age and time are enticed to remain by the comfort and the climate. But he always puts forth to London or to St. Margaret's-by-the-Sea in Kent and stays there reading, writing letters, entertaining a few friends, and—for outdoor recreation—gardening and walking.

"My home is there," he told me once simply. "This is my present workshop. I can enjoy loafing perhaps better than anybody in the world, but I want to do it in my own way, and according to my own pleasure. It has been my custom for many years to do it at home in England, and I enjoy it. I consider myself fortunate in being able to spend the Winter months in California, and the Summer abroad, but I have never regarded weather as a hardship."

Consequently, Arliss will continue to be a commuter to Hollywood seasonally, even though he has to face the sea trip each time, and the attendant *mal-de-mer* to which he is very much subject. So subject, in fact, that he generally goes to his home via Paris, where there is a masseur who can help him recover from the kinks and agonies that he suffers during and after his voyage.

Arliss's place on the screen is peculiar, and surprisingly secure. His films manage consistently to get into the list of box-office hits. Two or three, like "The King's Vacation" and "The Man Who Played God," not considered among his best at the studio, were unexpectedly accorded popular honor. He seems to have a large aggregation of most loyal fans. Presumably, they are among the maturer followers of movie entertainment, lovers of fine acting—who, according to box-office reports, have gone into raptures over "The House of Rothschild" wherein he plays a dual rôle, that of the founder of the house and his eldest son. This picture unquestionably, afforded Arliss his greatest opportunity to project his acting art—an opportunity of which he took the fullest advantage. Only those very human efforts like "The Millionaire" and "The Working Man" are regarded as appealing to youth. Maybe, though, that isn't an adequate estimate of his vogue.

His Favorite Leading Lady

NATURALLY, he doesn't receive the flood of fan mail that goes to the sex-appealing hero and heroine. His polished aloofness isn't designed to entice adoring and worshiping missives, let alone mash notes. By no stretch of imagination, could he be fancied as a love idol, and even in his pictures he has been romantically encumbered only once or twice, and then most discreetly.

I think that Arliss would ordinarily prefer to have his wife, rather than any other woman, appear in his pictures. And I believe that he likes best the pictures in which he is seen with her, or where he is fancy-free, as a widower or bachelor. That is, if this makes any difference at all, if one accepts the self-complacency of the man.

I know that he opposes Florence Arliss's appearances unless she is suited to the rôle she enacts, and he is very particular that she should be seen to the greatest advantage. One day, I viewed him making an inspection of her costume for "The King's Vacation," and it was conducted like a military review. Each detail had to be perfect. The dress had to drape just right; a bow had to be adjusted with meticulous care; each ribbon, ornament and ruffle was surveyed as to its fitness. Arliss fulfilled the rôle of a sartorial critic, and what a critic! Incidentally, both he and Mrs. Arliss are vegetarians, and have been for twenty years—ever since seeing some animals led to slaughter in the Middle West.

The punctiliousness of Arliss has been often recounted, and it isn't a myth. I would hate to be late for an appointment with him. Even in Hollywood, where nothing ever happens according to schedule, he is irked when an engagement is not kept on time. Once when I met him, he was fuming, or as near to fuming as he allows himself to be, over the fact that a certain scenarist had "dragged in" about an hour late. He had been courteous under duress, but had made the fact that she was late, understood. When I talked with him, he delivered, upon request, a brief homily upon the subject of punctuality and, I think, enjoyed doing it.

"I consider it an exceedingly impudent thing for anybody to be late. It is the height of unfairness to the other person to rob him or her of time. In the twenty minutes that a person might keep me waiting, I could be writing several important letters, which I am prevented from doing by being kept expectant of another's arrival. I can kill time as well as anybody, but I always try to choose the proper occasion for doing it, and I certainly would consider myself gravely, not to say criminally, at fault if I held someone else up in his plans or work while so doing. I know that Hollywood is exceedingly difficult in this respect, but that does not excuse the fault, nor the proper laying out of one's day to avoid such an infliction on someone else."

He Can't Work Overtime

ARLISS'S own management of the day's affairs bears out his little tract on *fugit-ing tempus*. He works only from ten in the morning until four-thirty in the afternoon, and he accomplishes just as much as those who dawdle and straggle along on frayed nerves. His man, Jenner, gets him off the set at four-thirty, come what will, and it is an old story of how, when Arliss made "The Green Goddess," he snatched off Arliss' turban so that he couldn't work any longer than the appointed time. This devotion of servant to master is something that Americans only read about—in English books. It proves that Arliss is still English, above all things.

I saw Jenner in action once, and it's no joke about the czar-like rule he exerts over his master's affairs. It was one of two or three occasions when Arliss had done any overtime. As I remember, he didn't get away from the set that day until 4:50 instead of 4:30. And a near-riot quickly developed!

Jenner was on hand at closing time. Arliss was in the midst of a scene where he had to use a cigarette lighter. And of course, true to tradition, the cigarette-lighter worked fitfully and held up the scene. Arliss kept on with it, determined to win out. He didn't give his valet any coöperation, and

Jenner was at fever heat. He stood on one foot and then the other, fidgeted back and forth, tapped the toe of his shoe on the floor, and did everything but a buck-and-wing dance. "If he had a wig on, I'd snatch it from him," he exclaimed in a loud stage whisper. He made several ineffective dashes to the set, but the late John G. Adolfi—who died on vacation following Arliss' production of "Voltaire," and whose direction always pleased the star—was too quick for him. Adolfi and his assistants managed to get things moving before Jenner could argue Arliss into leaving.

Finally, the cigarette-lighter worked, and Arliss was through. Then with a great sigh of relief, Jenner took charge of his chief, and hustled him off to a dressing-room, probably hurling imprecations under his breath at all cigarette-lighters and their capricious inclination never to operate when they should. The next day Jenner brought along several lighters of his own, so that if one failed, the other would be sure to fire up. He wasn't taking any chances.

Much the Same Off the Screen

ARLISS never has much to say about his personal affairs, which he considers strictly his own business, nor is he very different off the screen from the man you see on. The Arliss character is a type, and Arliss, himself, is that type, monocle and all, though he does not wear this in all his pictures. In private, he is never seen without it.

Some people have said that he continually assumes a pose, but personally, I do not credit this. Perhaps, his air of precision, of a kind of superior jauntiness, of great positiveness and security of mind, which is perpetual with him, was at one time a pose, but it is all himself now. Even those who have been most closely associated with him in public life have never known another Arliss than this. And if his wife has, she will never tell.

His father before him was a figure in the circle in which he moved, for he, too, wore a monocle, and, as is well known, was referred to as the Duke of Bloomsbury—that part of London in which he had a bookshop. Arliss' autobiography, "Up the Years from Bloomsbury," reveals no other Arliss than the one whom his associates and friends know—an Arliss who never "lets down," an Arliss who is very much the same one time as another, sharp and sure in his opinions, poised as a conversationalist, a believer in the high place of the theatre in life, a gentleman of the old school, but one thoroughly up-to-date in his understanding of people and of human nature. He is a man who would never, consciously, concede one thing to bad taste, nor would he ever be identified with anything that was offensive to an audience in a picture or a play. His characters are sometimes daring, different, and occasionally—as in "Old English"—even a bit pagan, but they are always schooled in the refinements of life. He could probably never play—or wish to play—any other kind.

His customs in dress are said to be distinctly old-fashioned. He wears long underwear even in California, the home of shorts and of undershirts divorced from shorts. He even has shirts that are slipped on over the head in the manner of years ago—the kind that unbutton only part-way down the front. And, according to a statement he once made to somebody, he hasn't bought a new hat in ten years, preferring vintage headwear. In all of this, he may or may not seek to retain, personally, something of that rare Victorian atmosphere that he brings to the screen.

Not Partial to Cupids

NEW manners, new customs, new codes of living do not appeal to him; but he can see the humor in some of the super-salesmanship of to-day. He was sardonically amused, I know, over the fact that furniture in a house that he had occupied for a few months was subsequently sold at auction as being his personal choice. He endured great affront in one particular, namely, that the collection had included some lamps, which were adorned with big fat cupids. "The Cupids," he averred, "were a horrible reflection upon my taste." But he was far from amused a year or two ago when an English writer represented him as overjoyed by the rumored prospect of his returning to England to be knighted. Englishmen of breeding aren't in the habit of revealing private emotions publicly—especially upon so delicate a subject.

Though he has centered all his activities in the movies of late years, Arliss still believes in the stage. To me, he has expressed faith in its future, but declared that it would only renew itself through the work of dramatists who were schooled in playwriting, like those of a generation or two ago.

"While there are many interesting plays to-day, a great number of them are not technically well-founded," he said. "They do not reflect the expert's hand in dealing with character, plot and situation. They enjoy a vogue of the moment, and many of them even attained great success in the decade of the 'Twenties, because of the prosperity and accompanying interest in entertainment, but their appeal was not securely grounded. People to-day are once again demanding more of the theatre; they want to be soundly amused, and to have their minds appealed to by what they see. Pictures have a broader horizon, but they, too, are beginning to feel the same influences. The public is more careful in its choice of entertainment, and far more difficult to please.

"The star's problem to-day in pictures is to keep his material always fresh and interesting. Where I might appear on the stage in the same play for two or three years, and not have to worry about the succeeding one, I am, in pictures, constantly faced with the necessity for having another and equally interesting story ready to produce for my audience. It isn't easy after a year or two, because you pretty well use up the subjects that you have on hand, or that can be adapted from plays in which you have appeared. Hence it will be necessary in the future to proceed much more carefully in selection.

"Yet I am amazed at the extent of the audience to which one can appeal on the screen. I thought that I had a pretty good idea of it before I came into pictures, but it has surpassed even my own expectations and beliefs."

And Arliss *has* had it brought home to him in an unmistakable manner, for even in quiet London, where he could always submerge his own identity peaceably, people now follow him on the street. And I think that he is a trifle aghast at this result, even though he may secretly warm to it.

KOOL

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like a breeze from the sea . . .
like a shower on a dusty day . . .
like a tall, tinkling drink . . .

KOOLS are definitely refreshing. They're mildly mentholated to cool the smoke, save your throat, and to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork tips—easy on lips. Coupons packed with **KOOLS** good for gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards; other nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

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Any Man Would Like Clark Gable's House!

(*Continued from page 53*)

fallen by his own rifle, adorn the pine-panelled walls, and his guns and fishing rods hang from pegs where no dust-cloth can disturb them. On one wall is a wood-carving of Clark with his dogs.

Red, tan and brown are the colors of the drapes, the chair cushions and the davenport upholstery; and the Oriental rugs on the bare board floor repeat the same shades. Pipe stands, tobacco jars, humidors and ash trays are lavishly scattered about. Clark's books have all been rebound in gorgeous leather-tooled bindings and form part of the decorative scheme—as books always should.

With three men in the family, Mrs. Gable showed great sense in having a purely masculine room which can't be hurt by boots, tobacco ashes, fishing tackle, gun grease or pipe smoke. (*Why not, when you are building that new home, sacrifice some space somewhere to give the men of the family a place of their own?*) Clark is especially rich in private rooms. A small upstairs sitting-room, adjoining his bedroom, has a huge carved oak desk and a plain bookcase for the overflow volumes which he likes to read in bed.

The dining-room has an elaborate wall-paper with water lilies in silver, gray and white. The simplicity of the mahogany chairs, table and buffet harmonizes well with this background, and an Oriental rug gives life to the room. The substantial chairs with their leather seats and heavy table (Duncan Phyfe style) suit a man far better than a suite of rose-velvet dining-room chairs. An exquisite crystal-and-silver chandelier over the table lightens the heaviness of so much mahogany. You can learn balance and good taste in following the setting of Clark Gable's dining-room!

Where He Rests in Comfort

THE master bedroom in the Gable house repeats the color scheme of the living-room, with the all-over tan carpet, ivory walls, tan chintz with old rose figures, and—oh, gorgeous innovation!—a davenport in deep rose, built for solid comfort and genuine lounging. It's unorthodox perhaps, but what a livable idea! So is the huge lounge chair covered with the same material, and the very practical writing desk by the window. The rose taffeta covers on the twin beds reveal the feminine touch; the massive walnut furniture, the masculine. Rose-quartz figures hold up two dresser lamps which stand on jade bases. Clark's picture adorns the desk—as it probably adorns the bedrooms of a half-million women all over the United States.

There are bed lights, for reading, and a clock beside Clark's bed. (Why does he continually consult the time? Does he fear his moments of glory are fleeting?). Plenty of tables with ash trays and cigarette boxes and pillows on the couches all aid in lending a homey and charming touch. If a tired movie star couldn't rest in such a room, he had better give up acting!

Across the hall is the bedroom of the two step-sons, very sturdy with redwood chests and four-posters, and white quilts monogrammed in red. Maize-colored walls, deep brown monks'-cloth drapes and tan rug complete a practical color scheme. A radio by the bed is a hint to any woman who has boys around the house.

Georgiana's bedroom is the one uncompromising room in the whole house. It is utterly, unmistakably, the room of a woman, and a young and pretty woman, too. All white, it has a rose rug and white antiqued furniture. Almost any girl could have such a room without a famous step-father. The bed-spread is white satin, corded with rose, and the hangings of the dressing-table repeat the same material. The white chintz curtains are ruffled with rose. Miniatures break the plain surfaces of the ivory walls. White lamps, and white Wedgwood vases and porcelains keep the air of fragility. A cabinet of this dainty bric-a-brac hangs on the wall above Georgiana's writing desk.

This is a charming idea for a young girl's room. The articles and ornaments collected need not be museum pieces. There are hundreds of fragile china and blown-glass pieces for sale in the shops at small prices. One can even find curiously fantastic glass animals in the five-and-ten-cent store. One girl I know has a collection of a hundred china dogs scattered around on painted shelves that are bracketed to the wall.

Even Sun Room Is Masculine

EXCEPT for this little oasis of femininity (and, of course, the kitchen), the comfort and tastes of a very masculine, outdoor type of man have been considered in the purchase of almost every piece of furniture in Clark Gable's home. Even the sun room has particularly sturdy cane furnishings, with cushions of heavy red leather, instead of the usual cretonne.

There isn't a chair in the house that would quiver or groan if a tired hundred-and-eighty-pound man flung himself into it; there isn't a couch that can't be sprawled on, or a table that doesn't carry smoking equipment. There isn't a rug that dusty riding-boots or muddy hunting-boots will ruin. A normal man's predilection for red, in color, has been humored. There is none of the fragile, easily-tipped-over, useless side tables, ferneries, statues-on-pillars, ottomans, smoking-stands, and mended antiques that fill any he-man with the fervent desire to kick them across the room.

The fact that Clark Gable spends most of his time in his own home (when he isn't working at the studio or off hunting or shooting) must prove that it suits him! If you are planning a house that men will live in, and want to make it popular with them, you will get many hints from the Gable ménage.

We wonder whether Clark Gable caught or bought the fish he is posing with. That mischievous look almost gives him away

How to Make Your Child a Movie Star

(Continued from page 31)

missed a trick. Almost before he could talk, he could carry tunes and imitate everybody and anybody. His memory was uncanny. He was a good little youngster, and when I played for him to sing, he faithfully followed the music and the words. It was the same with his dancing. I taught him a few steps at home, and he practised until they were perfect. He added speed and rhythm and invented routines of his own. He is my only child, but even I, without much experience with little ones, could tell that Jackie had something.

"When he was five, I took him to the Hal Roach Studios for a tryout. The director watched him dance, and gave him a dime, but no work. When Fox Studios were testing children for a part in 'The Movietone Follies,' I had my mother bring Jackie down. I played piano in the music department, but Son and I pretended we didn't know each other, so no one would guess he was my little boy.

"Out of five hundred children, mine won the rôle, but still no contract. A Roach director saw the picture and finally signed Jackie with 'Our Gang.' Later, when Paramount was casting for 'Skippy,' I asked an agent to suggest Jackie for the part, but the agent turned us down cold. I went to everyone I knew, and finally a friend who worked at Paramount arranged a screen test.

"After months of bickering between Paramount and Roach, the boy was allowed to make 'Skippy.' That film put Jackie in the star class. After it was over, I refused to accept the fifty dollars a week that he was then receiving. I knew he was worth much more, and I was willing to risk those weekly checks on a gamble for something better. Finally, Roach sold Jackie's contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who sent for me to arrange a new deal. M-G-M have been more than generous with Jackie. They could have offered him practically nothing, but he is now getting thirteen hundred dollars every week.

"What he will do when he outgrows boy parts, I don't know. His education is getting along splendidly. He studies with a private tutor at the studio, and every six months goes down to the Board of Education for an examination. He is eleven now and in the seventh grade. His memory is still far above that of the average child, and his powers of concentration are developed to a very high degree. Pictures have done a lot for us, and Jackie has more than come up to my hope and expectations for him."

Mrs. Collins Planned a Campaign

CORA SUE COLLINS, who plays with Jackie in "Treasure Island," is another child whose pre-natal care included beautiful thoughts on mama's part. But Mrs. Collins—who has a second daughter eight years older than Cora Sue (who is now seven)—did not miss a play in her systematic plan to get her younger child in films.

"Cora Sue has always been very receptive to music," she told me. "Even in her cradle, she turned to listen to the radio. As she grew up, she began to mimic all sorts of characters perfectly. She amused herself for hours by walking like an old man, crying like a baby, talking like an old woman. When she was three, she danced very well, she could remember everything she heard, and she had quite a remarkable talent for delivery.

"I borrowed an advance on my husband's salary, and brought my two girls to California, hoping to get Cora Sue on the screen. As soon as I arrived, I engaged an agent, who got a part for the baby in Universal's 'Unexpected Father.' After she had played in several pictures, I secured a manager to get her more work and to arrange her salaries. Later I hired a press-agent to give her publicity. I have done everything possible to advance Cora Sue's picture career, until now she is making hundreds every week."

While her mother answered a call requesting Cora Sue's services in a new film, I asked the child if she wanted to be a great star like Garbo, with whom she played in "Queen Christina." She told me, hesitatingly, "Greta Garbo is beautiful and nice, but I wouldn't want to be her. I don't want to be a big star. It's too scarey." And then, with a quick, shy smile, "I guess I'm silly."

Mrs. Collins' campaign for Cora Sue also included taking the little girl to places where directors and producers would be likely to see her, such as the residential districts and the beaches, boulevards, and restaurants. Cora Sue appeared in many, many benefits without pay so that she would attract attention.

Luck With Baby LeRoy Most

EACH of these three children showed signs of unusual talent at a very early age. Each of them had that talent developed. All of them are sharper mentally than other children the same age. Mrs. Cooper courted opportunity faithfully, Mrs. Temple won it by sheer accident, and Mrs. Collins achieved it through the regulation methods. But all of them had luck with them. Without that phantom element, there would be no child stars at all. But luck was even more with Baby Le Roy—who was only a few months old when director Norman Taurog (who gave Jackie Cooper his big start in "Skippy") picked him out of two hundred babies for the rôle of the foundling in the Maurice Chevalier picture, "A Bedtime Story." Le Roy's mother—a widow still in her teens—was receiving aid from a welfare organization, which was requested by Paramount to send infants to be tested for the part. Because of his robust health and his brightness, Le Roy was sent.

Now two years old, and walking and talking, he has outgrown cradle rôles, but he is still under contract. He has proved himself such a natural "picture-stealer" that the studio doesn't want to lose him. His young mother, Mrs. Gwenneth Weimbrener, says:

"As far as Le Roy's picture career is concerned, I am deeply grateful for the opportunity that Paramount has given him. My own experience at the studio has been helpful, not only to me, but in my training of Le Roy. I have had an opportunity to meet so many helpful people, which I never would have been able to do if Le Roy hadn't gone into pictures.

"But I don't want Le Roy to stay in pictures after he is five, even if the studio should want him, because I am dreadfully afraid he will become spoiled when he gets a little bit older. It is very hard to discipline a child, after he has reached the age of understanding, when everyone is making a big fuss over him, as they do most children in motion pictures."

She doesn't want Le Roy to be a movie star as long as possible? (Jackie Cooper was just getting his start at five.) "More than anything else," she says, "I want Le Roy to be a doctor when he grows up. I have already started saving his money toward that end."

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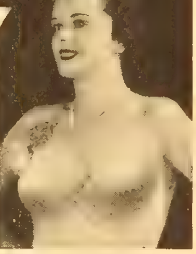

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Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 16*)

1. Edward G. Robinson is shaking hands with his best pal and severest critic in the picture on page 16. In other words, Robinson is shaking hands with himself. That's how Robinson looks made up for his dual rôle in "The Man With Two Faces." He even looks taller and heavier in one make-up than he actually is. It is quite a stunt to shake hands with yourself. Double exposure and tricky photography make it possible.

2. When "Ladies Should Listen" comes to the screen, the cast of characters will list, among other players, the name of Charles Ray. Charlie, as you recall if you're old enough to remember that far back, always played the rôle of the bashful country boy in the old silent days, but up until the offer to play in "Ladies Should Listen" came along, he had been unable to obtain talkie work. Another old-time favorite the fans will be happy to have back on the screen is Thomas Meighan. Meighan, who hasn't been absent from the screen so long as Ray, will have a rôle in "Peck's Bad Boy" in which Jackie Cooper plays the lead. Welcome back, Charlie and Tom!

3. Lew Cody, a screen star for almost twenty years, was found dead in bed by his butler on May 31. Whenever there was a need for a suave villain for a picture, Cody was always called upon to enact the rôle because there was no better screen villain than Lew. Dorothy Dalton was once Cody's wife, as was the late Mabel Normand, motion picture comedienne. There are a great number of people in Hollywood who mourned his death because Cody had many friends in the movie city.

4. In the past, the news that Clara Bow had become domesticated and was ready to settle down and live quietly on her desert ranch with her husband, Rex Bell, was always taken lightly. But now that Clara and Rex have announced that they are expecting an heir in their family, no one can doubt that she is serious about this settling down business. Let us hope that Clara doesn't mean to retire permanently and that once in a while she will come back and make a picture for us after her Blessed Event, as no one has ever taken Clara's place with her fans.

5. Joan Marsh has many beaus and admirers, but the one who seems to be making the most headway with Joan is Antonio Moreno, with whom she has frequently been seen. Antonio, who is Spanish and who was, before the talkies, a very popular movie hero, has been making foreign versions. The wealthy and socially prominent Daisy Canfield Danziger, who was killed when her car fell off a cliff last year, was Moreno's wife.

6. There was quite a little excitement in the Capitol at Washington, and in Hollywood, when rumors were circulated that Mary Pickford would run for Congress. No one has any doubt as to Miss Pickford's vote-getting power, but no one knows if Mary seriously wants a career in politics. While she has always been somewhat interested in politics, it is not certain there will be a Pickford-for-Congress boom since she has been quoted as saying: "I feel that my place is in the amusement world. . . ."

7. With the aid of science, Bing Crosby, your favorite crooner, has learned that his wife, Dixie Lee, formerly of the screen, is about to present him with twins. The Crosbys already have a son, Gary Evans. Don't feel sorry for Bing as he is quite elated over the fact that he is going to be the father of twins. The only thing about this double Blessed Event, due in September, that has him a little worried are the kidnapers, which means he will have to triple the number of guards now watching his family.

8. Elissa Landi, who has always been considered a frigid personality, on and off the screen, has made an about-face and promises to give Jean Harlow and the other screen sirens some stiff competition. Because she was married to John Cecil Lawrence, a London attorney, Elissa was always careful not to allow scandal to touch her name by never giving rumors a chance to get a start. In order to do this, Elissa had to live a very quiet, unhappy and lonely existence and her screen work suffered by it. However, now that Miss Landi is divorcing her husband, it will not be necessary for her to lead the cloistered life she has been living in the past and, no doubt, it will be reflected in her work. You will see the change it has already made in her in "The Great Flirtation." She gives a real hot performance in this picture.

9. Evelyn Brent, who has been playing in vaudeville between pictures, placed the entire blame for her bankrupt state on her love for her husband, director Harry Edwards. After Evelyn told the court she was broke and had debts amounting to more than $30,000, and her only assets consisted of a few pieces of wearing apparel, the court issued a bankruptcy order wiping out all her debts. Miss Brent also told the court that most of these debts came about because her husband, who was used to luxurious living and lavish spending, had worked only about five weeks in their five years of wedded life.

10. No, the picture of the two girls on page 16 is not another one of those double exposure pictures like the one of Edward G. Robinson, but it is a picture of Elissa Landi, shown placing a mask, with dark glasses in it, over the eyes of her stand-in, Jean Roth, to lessen Jean's task of standing for hours under the Kleig lights. The stripes on the mask are to guide the cameraman in focusing his camera.

11. The George O'Briens are very sad because their son, Brian, who contracted pneumonia, died ten days after birth. Blood transfusion donated by O'Brien failed to save him. For days the news was kept from Mrs. O'Brien (Marguerite Churchill) because of illness.

12. Elsa Lanchester, who has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to play the rôle of *Countess Gabrielle de Polignac* in the Norma Shearer picture, "Marie Antoinette," is in real life the wife of Charles Laughton. Miss Lanchester played the rôle of *Ann of Cleves*, the Dutch queen, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," in which Laughton played the title rôle.

13. Earl Carroll, stage and screen producer of Vanities fame, who is well-versed in the art of picking beauties, waited until he was miles out of Hollywood before announcing his choice of the sixteen prettiest film girls in the movie city. He was afraid of the consequences when admirers of Greta Garbo, Mae West, Norma Shearer, etc., would learn he hadn't picked their favorites. Carroll chose: Marion Davies, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, Dolores Del Rio, Barbara Stanwyck, Pat Paterson, Kay Francis, Gloria Stuart, Frances Dee, Joan Crawford, Dorothy Dell, (who was killed in an automobile accident

only a few days later), Irene Ware, Madge Evans, Frances Drake, and Ginger Rogers. The list is made up of 7 brunettes, 7 blondes and 2 redheads.

14. Irvin S. Cobb, the noted writer and humorist, who has done a lot to put Paducah (in old Kaintuck) on the map, is now making two-reel comedies. He has his own comedy unit at the Hal Roach Studios. In Cobb's first contribution to the screen, he will essay the rôle of a retired river boat pilot.

15. Lola Lane and Alexander Hall were married following an exciting and thrilling elopement to Las Vegas by airplane on May 26, returning to Hollywood by 'plane the same day. Although Lola and Al have been going together for a long time, the elopement came as a surprise to their friends. Lola was formerly the wife of Lew Ayres, who is now romancing with Ginger Rogers.

16. Stephen Ames, who was recently married to Raquel Torres, announced that he always carries two guns with him because he fears kidnapers may have intentions of spiriting away his bride. Ames won't admit he has received threats, but claims he is taking no chances. Ames, a wealthy New York stock broker, was divorced from Adrienne Ames, who married Bruce Cabot the very next day. Not many weeks later, Ames married Raquel.

17. Director William Seiter seems to be fond of cute little Marian Nixon, and some folks believe it is getting very serious. At any rate, they are seen together pretty regularly. Seiter's wife, Laura La Plante, secured a divorce from him in Riga, Latvia, several months ago. Marian Nixon was formerly the wife of Edward Hillman, Jr.

Paid to Leave Hollywood

(*Continued from page 49*)

in a picture that might never be made? Phooey! Stay away from Hollywood where one is a "moom picher" star and bury oneself in a small town without night-clubs, and, worst of all, without cameras? Hooey!

But Tom didn't take long to decide. Within a month he had bought up his contract, had turned a deaf ear to all offers from other studios, and had headed East.

"I had planned to cut loose from all my connections before Mr. Vidor approached me," Tom explains. "His offer decided me. I believe that when a fellow finds he is on the wrong track, he should make a change at any cost. Of course, that usually means giving up a sure thing for a gamble.

"I won't say that leaving a soft berth at RKO—cutting loose from everything and sitting tight till I could get a new start—wasn't like pulling teeth; but it was a case of betting the present against the future.

"Even though my Western pictures were making a lot of money for the studio, I felt that there was no future in them. I could sense it in the attitude of every motion picture company toward the stars of Western pictures; Hollywood seems to regard them as a necessary evil, and merely a means of turning a little ready cash."

Which, in the main, is true. Practically no money or effort was being spent to build up Tom or to promote his pictures at RKO.

Big Mail Didn't Mean Big Future

HIS terrific fan mail of six thousand letters a month—double that of his closest competitor, Constance Bennett, who received three thousand letters a month—was the direct result of his pictures, not because of advertising or publicity that he, himself, received. But by the time Tom had finished his thirteenth Western, he had definitely decided that he was on the wrong track and that it was up to him to do something about it.

And doing something is this lad's specialty, as evidenced by the fact that he started out to conquer the West at the age of eleven—leaving the home of his aunt and uncle in the East, to earn his living as a ranch hand in the Dakotas, in Wyoming, in Oklahoma, in Nevada and, eventually, to divide his time between driving a coach and killing rattlesnakes for the government in Colorado. When Hollywood first knew him, he was George Duryea.

While thinking over Vidor's offer, he starred in one more picture, Paramount's "Sunset Trail," which was acclaimed by critics as the best Western of the-year.

"I didn't know just what I was going to do," explains Tom, "but I had definitely made up my mind to get out of Westerns. Why, I could no more change my type of rôle in Hollywood than if I had been a total stranger to the town! Even the independent companies wouldn't give me a bit—in a dramatic rôle—though they would pay me five thousand dollars a week as a cowboy star! Then, too, I became certain that Westerns were almost over.

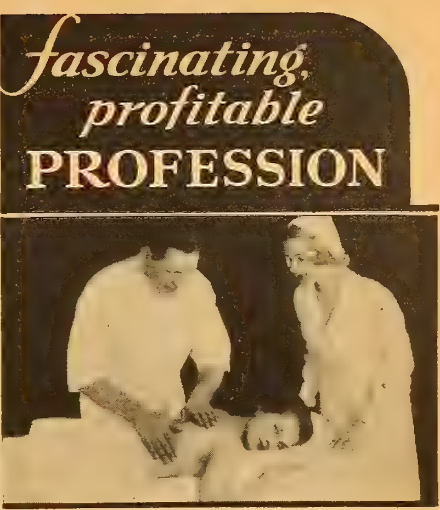
How He Spent His Year Away

"I WENT as far away from Hollywood as the map would let me, to a little town called Skowhegan, Maine, eighty miles north of Portland. This town has a very fine Summer stock company. Actors from Broadway go up there and do the last play they appeared in. Skowhegan gets practically all the famous stars at one time or another. Everybody draws the same salary—fifty dollars a week. The thing is not run on a commercial basis, but as a sort of clearing house for actors who want to brush up on their work.

"My play there was 'Whispering Friends.' I worked hard during the months that I was there. After I left Skowhegan I took an auto tour through New England and the South, talking to everybody—farmers, gas station boys, loggers, hotel men; and then I dug in to an inexpensive New York apartment for the rest of the year, living as un-Hollywood a life as it is possible to imagine.

"Hiding out cost me a lot of money and I admit that I spent a good many sleepless nights, worrying for fear Hollywood would forget me even more completely than I wanted it to. I trusted King Vidor as I have never trusted a man before. But knowing Hollywood, I knew that something might happen to block his plans or Vidor might step in the path of an auto, and there I'd be, kicking myself to think of what I had given up!

"That wire from Vidor, telling me to report for work, was the best news I ever had! And Hollywood looked mighty good and home-like, with a new point of view, and new ambitions to work for. Now that I'm back, I wonder how I had the nerve to take the chance of losing all this—" With a wave of his arm, Tom Keene included the half-hundred "extras" in a scene of "Our Daily Bread," cameras, sound trucks and all the turmoil of a location scene. "It—it gets under your skin, somehow. You don't realize how much till you've been away and come back to it. And now that I'm a part of it once again, I'm not so certain I'd have the courage to do again what I did—run away from Hollywood, though I am certain that it was the best thing I could have done for myself."



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What Every Girl Should Know About Miriam Hopkins

(*Continued from page 42*)

band and wife. Perhaps the separation would never have happened. The trouble was, I tried to keep my one pair of eyes on *two* bull's-eyes and aim to hit them both. I couldn't do it. For a professional woman, marriage should come only *after* her career is established. Once she can hit the bull's-eye of her work without giving all of her time and attention to it, then she can erect another bull's-eye and aim at that, too. But not until.

"I have often watched a marksman shoot and hit the bull's-eye. People around him will say, 'My, what luck!' It isn't luck. The man hit the bull's-eye because he *aimed* to hit it. He hit it because he had spent hours of practice to perfect his aim. The unpracticed person who hits the bull's-eye by luck seldom hits it again . . ."

"Miriam, by the same token," said Austin, rejoining us, "has earned everything she has. She has worked hard for it. I know . . ."

"One must have some bull's-eye to aim at," Miriam continued. "It doesn't matter what it is, so long as it is there. If it is the stage, or the screen, then there may have to be singing lessons, dancing lessons, or voice lessons to take the Southern drawl out of my voice. Whatever it is, one must perfect one's aim.

"Wasn't Born Talented"

"I'VE often heard people say that there are those among us who are, fortunately, born knowing what they want to do, or to be—some lucky individuals who are born with an objective, or a marked talent. I wasn't. I was born and I grew up without any fixed objective at all. I had to *find* one.

"I had a dozen bull's-eyes before I grew up. I always wanted to do and to be exactly like the person I happened to admire at the moment. I once had a teacher of geography whom I admired intensely. For months, I went about believing that I would teach geography when I grew up. I imagined myself discoursing entertainingly on the Llamas of Thibet. At another time I read a book about trained nurses—by Mary Roberts Rinehart, I think. It appeared that all nurses married stunning doctors. For more months I went about planning to enter hospital training. But it is also true that each time I had one of these bull's-eyes in mind I began to aim for it. I read innumerable books of geography during my supposed novitiate as a teacher. I talked to trained nurses when I felt that I was destined for a Florence Nightingale career.

"I think we must look for an objective, and keep our eyes on it—and then, apart from that, we can be as crazy as we choose. For instance, I have to have a hundred thousand dollars between now and next September. I know that I have to have it, for taxes, for my New York property, for income tax and other things, and I never lose track of it. I have to plan, to add, multiply, subtract and divide in order to get it arranged for. I have to make so many pictures, do this and do that. I simply have to have it, and I have figured it out so that I *will*. Once I have arranged for that, I can go off on as many tangents as I please.

Believes in Obeying Instinct

"AND we should never take advice. That is, I honestly believe, the only way to get what you want from the life—what YOU want and not what your friends or family or lawyers or bankers think that you want, or what they want for you. I do not take advice. I won't have it, either from friends or from family, and certainly not from bankers. If I ever had taken advice, I would not have one thing I have now.

"I was advised to keep on in musical comedy, as I had begun. I was advised that I was not the dramatic type and that it would be suicidal for me to try to break in. No one would take me seriously. Couldn't I *see* that? I did see it—*with their eyes*. My instinct showed me—another person. Later on, everyone advised me against Hollywood. Why court failure that would brand me in the eyes of the whole theatrical profession? WHY? Because I wanted to.

"I was advised, strongly and on all sides, against buying my house in Sutton Place. Was I crazy, my well-meaning counselors wanted to know? Didn't I realize what taxes would be, and the upkeep, the furnishing, and everything else? I bought a painting by Matisse. More advice—more moans that I must be crazy—to buy a house like that, to take on all the expenses, and then to buy a Matisse! Maybe they are right. I have made mistakes. I shall make others. But I want to make my own mistakes and profit or suffer from them.

"I want to own my life, myself, not have it burdened with the liens of other people. I was advised against adopting Michael. Didn't I know the risk I ran in adopting a child? How did I know what he would turn out to be, what I might expect of him? Which all goes to prove my contention that if I had taken advice I would have nothing, absolutely nothing of what I have to-day. Do you realize that? I would be minus my career, my house, my son, my Matisse, *myself!* I would not have myself. I wouldn't be the person you see here now.

Method in Her "Madness"

"I CAN also prove that through all of these advised-against insanities, I have had my bull's-eye in front of me. I knew that I wouldn't last in musical comedy. I was not the type inside. Unfortunately for me, perhaps, I *was* the type outside—the sweet young thing with fair hair and blue eyes. Candyish. But I knew my innards! I knew that the house on Sutton Place was, and is, a marvelous investment. And I knew that I could always sell a Matisse for at least what I paid for it. Also, I knew all about Michael's people before I took him—and believing, as I do, that heredity is fifty per cent important and environment the other fifty, the balance is up to me.

"Aim at a bull's-eye—or whatever you want to call a design for living—then, after that, do what you want to do without benefit of counsel. Buy a house in Siam, adopt ten children . . . do things for no good reason if your instinct tells you to."

Austin remarked that he was thinking of buying a house on the desert, at La Quinta. Miriam suggested that he loan her his house there for a month each year and she would loan him her house in New York for a month each year. They bargained amiably. Austin said he didn't think he would have any shallow part to the pool he would put in at La Quinta because "everyone can swim." Miriam said that she thought there should be a shallow part because Michael cannot swim . . .

She told me, "I think there is only one rule we must obey in our effort to get what we want from life . . . we must not do so at the expense of other people. For instance, I've been wanting Elizabeth Marbury's house there on Sutton Place for years. I had to wait until she died to get it. I couldn't have removed her, myself, you know. But I did have my bull's-eye; I waited, I aimed, and I hit the mark."

The Picture Parade

(*Continued from page 65*)

THE RETURN OF THE TERROR

A Thrilling Hour in Store For You

WITH an insane asylum as the locale of sinister happenings, a lavish amount of murder loose in the night, and a wild storm raging, how could a picture fail to be thrilling? This one doesn't fail. The doctor in charge of a private asylum is tried for the "pity killing" of several of his incurable patients, after admitting that he did end the sufferings of one of them. To save him from the chair he is forced by his lawyer to plead insanity and is himself committed to a state asylum. He escapes.

The rest of the picture is taken up with the search for him, with figures stealing through shrubbery, faces peering through windows, bodies tumbling out of closets. Herbert Mundin plays a comedy detective. Lyle Talbot and Irving Pichel are plausible. It's swell fun, though you will forget it five minutes after leaving the theatre.

Highlights: The dinner with the inmates of the asylum displaying their vagaries. Fine camera work in lights and shadows. (UNIVERSAL)

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA

Holds Interest and Carries a Kick

THE title apologizes for the plot which sprains the long arm of coincidence, painfully. Two boys, orphaned by the *General Slocum* excursion boat disaster become foster brothers. Almost in the first scene it is planted that one is reckless in temperament, the other studious and ambitious. The end of the story, when one becomes the Governor of the state, and the other a criminal, sentenced to the chair, is foreseen from the beginning, but Gable and Powell endow the characters with humanness.

Myrna Loy, at first the gangster's girl, later the lawyer's wife, merely emphasizes the differences in each man's attitude toward life, an attitude which inevitably leads them along their destined way to two tragic ends. That of Clark Gable, who strides to his death with a rough wise-crack and a grin, is, if anything, less tragic than that of Powell whose exaggerated sense of duty and honor force him to resign his great office, because, for a moment, human affection swept duty aside and he offered his boyhood companion a commutation of a deserved sentence.

Highlights: The scene in the death cell when the gangster tries to comfort and rally his foster-brother. The speech Powell makes to the Senate, confessing his human weakness. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)

MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD

Excitement and Thrills

A NOVEL background sets off this story of violent emotions—greed, jealousy and hate. Who would expect to discover a school teacher murdered on the chalk dusty floor of the schoolroom where she has just been conducting a music class? And Edna May Oliver as a fellow teacher, makes an unusual detective, with her sniffs and her old maid contempt for Mere Man, as exemplified by the slangy "dick" played by Jimmy Gleason.

The unfolding of the mystery is told with well-spaced gasps and thrills. The solution is so rapid that many will go away bewildered trying to fit together the clues which failed, as usual, to point to the real murderer out of five people with better reasons for killing the schoolmistress.

Highlights: Edna May Oliver's verbal tilts with the professional detective in which she always emerges victor. Her whistling of the tell-tale notes of music on the blackboard. (RKO-RADIO)

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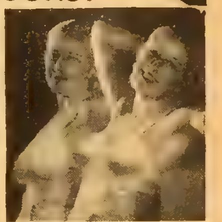

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Advertising has taught us how to be delightful hostesses.

One reason why so many women are charming is because so many women are reading advertising. From advertising they are learning the secrets of great beauty specialists. They are getting health information of inestimable value. They are learning the secrets of becoming dress from the famous designers of Paris and New York.

Advertising is one of the biggest reasons why so many women are so charming. Read Advertising regularly

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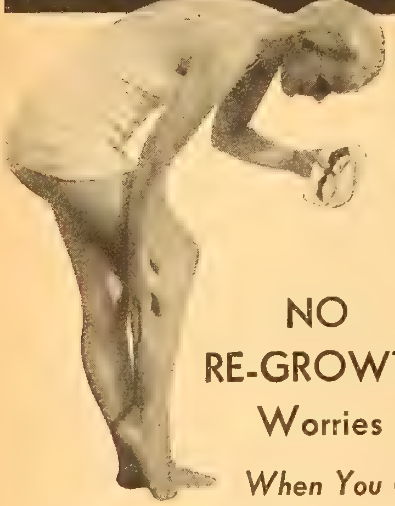

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Meet Louella Parsons—She Knows Them All!

(*Continued from page 41*)

what to the amused dismay of her parents, this investigating miss took notebook in hand and went from house to house, jotting down "chatter"—describing parties at which Mrs. Tewksbury had chicken aspic for her Sunday Night Supper Club and Mrs. Golightly had lobster patties at hers, collecting some of the town's heart-throbs.

Just Naturally a Reporter

THESE little notes were snapped up, greedily and gratefully, by the local newspaper. Circulation increased. "That Louella," folks said, "gave you the news before it *was* news." There was something warm and sympathetic in the girl's approach to people. They *wanted* to talk to her. They wanted to tell her about their problems, love affairs and social activities. Thus in the young Louella was the spirit of the reporter fired. Not of necessity, mark you; not because of the need for money then, either—only because she was *interested* in others.

Then she married—and had a baby, a very-much-wanted baby named Harriet. And then the young husband went overseas—and didn't come back alive. After that, Necessity stepped in. Louella wanted to Do Something, in the days when women didn't do anything, necessity notwithstanding; they "permitted" some kind relation to do things for them. But Louella had red blood in her veins. She had, also, ink. And animating both vital fluids was the desire for money and for power, to be used, primarily, for the educating and advantaging of the small Harriet. She wanted her to go to good schools, to college, to Europe; she wanted her to have things that other girls had. These were the things Louella wanted for Harriet—and went out to get for Harriet—*herself*.

She went to Chicago. She got herself a job. She became a reader in the scenario department of the old Essanay Company, where Bryant Washburn and Wallace Beery and Gloria Swanson and Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman and others were stars-in-the-making. Louella bought all their stories for them, including one from Rupert Hughes for which she paid the munificent sum of seventy-five dollars. And a few years later when Louella thanked him for mentioning her in a book, the eminent author replied, "Thank *you* for saving my life one time—"

Saw the Movies Get Their Start

THERE, in that cluttery little office of the old Essanay studio, Louella was in the delivery room of the infant movies. In other words, she "knew them when." She knew Wally Beery, in the days when he was *Swedie, the Servant Girl*, directing, acting in his own comedies. And looking down from her dusty window one day, Louella's eyes were the first to behold Gloria Swanson emerging out of the mists of anonymity.

Louella told me, "She wore the funniest-looking clothes you ever saw in your life. And she was crazy about Wally right away. She played in his comedies and her great ambition was to star opposite him in George Ade's 'Fables in Slang.' Once Wally had to jump from a roof into a net. He miscalculated his step and took a terrible tumble. Gloria wept and put on a heavy emotional scene, one of her best. Those were the days—the green-salad days—when they were fresh and spontaneous and glamourous and had never met up with the Bogie Man of the Printed Word."

It would take a book to tell fully about the beginning-days of Louella. She rose to be chief of the scenario department. She made funny mistakes. The directors told her that she bought the worst stories they had ever read, and where *did* she find them? She once bought a tale from a respectable-appearing, elderly lady—and was praised. The story was filmed and—the company was sued. The story was a plagiarism.

Louella Told Them How

OVER these successes and stumbling blocks Louella forged on. She turned out a book entitled "How to Write for the Movies." It was the first opus of its kind ever to appear in print. The *Chicago Herald* serialized it. Then Louella left Essanay and went to work for the *Herald*. Now she was where she wanted to be—smelling printers' ink again!

On the *Herald*, she began and authored *the first movie column ever printed*. It contained chatter and reviews of pictures. She reviewed Douglas Fairbanks' very first picture, "The Lamb," and she says that she broke the hearts of the old Triangle Company, Thomas Ince, David Wark Griffith and Mack Sennett, by being super-critical of their pictures. The column was called "Seen on the Screen" and was usually, its author tells me, to be found tucked away near the obituaries. But there was no contagion of death caught by this proximity. The lusty little column throve and grew and was destined to sire hundreds of others.

It was the little acorn out of which has grown the syndicated Parsons column of today, the seedling that has sprouted in some three hundred and eighty-five daily papers, in Japan, in South America, in Mexico and Honolulu, as well as the Hearst morning papers here and many others supplied by the Hearst syndicate. And she learned early the art of steering between breaking a story and breaking a heart. She grew to know the "feel" of people wondering what she might or might not say.

When Interviews Were Dramatic

IN those early days, too, Louella did her first interviews. "Those were the days," she told me, "when interviews *were* interviews—when they were staged, dramatized, put on for the reporter like one-act plays with musical effects and 'atmosphere.' They were the days when La Negri descended upon you clad in ceremonial robes; when the mamas of the ingénues hovered over their innocent dollings, telling them what to say; the days when the gentlemen menaces received you in exotic apartments and served wine and caviar along with the Best Intentions.

"There was glamour in those days—when women tore his coat of many colors from the back of Valentino. Some few of them still have glamour—Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, Anna Sten. I am not one to say that the old days were *best*. I do think that the older stars, as a whole, had more color; but there are exceptions. Nor do I agree with those who moan the passing of the silent pictures, holding that they were the finer art. If anything, I think that the talking pictures are superior, in almost every way. Consider 'The House of Rothschild,' for a recent instance.

"But the old days were fun. I remember one interview of that time, in particular. I'd tag it my Funniest Interview. It was with Theda Bara—when Theda was being a rag, a bone and a hank of hair; when they had just changed her name from Theodosia Goodman to Theda Bara, meaning Arab Death. Anyway, and with considerable pressure brought to bear, I was finally granted an Audience with the Bara. I was ushered into a close, dimly-lit room.

"It was a sweltering July day and Theda appeared *swathed in furs*, muffled to the eyebrows in furs. She talked in far-away, almost indistinguishable accents and was literally bathed in the incense with which the room was flooded. I was supposed to be enormously impressed. I was. I was also enormously asphyxiated. She was the Great Dignitary and I was in the Presence. I was faced with the knee-shaking ordeal of evoking a few syllables from the Odalisque, the Arab Death! How many times, since then, Theda and I have laughed our heads off over that interview. It was so much more *fun*, those days, than sitting, as we do now, genteelly lunching at the Vendome or the Brown Derby or in the perfectly 'done' drawing-room of one of the stars!

How She Gets Her Stories

"AT any rate, that is how I began, very sketchily told. I have been asked, frequently, what my 'policy' is when I go after stories. It is now what it was then, only I didn't recognize it as a 'policy.' I was after my story first of all, of course. But if I sensed that someone was about to tell me something that he would then ask me not to print, I would—and still do—try to stop him by saying, '*Don't tell me about it.*' I know that in the battle between the reporter who cares only for NEWS and the woman who cares something for the human heart, the reporter might win out.

"I have found this method to be successful. It is like balancing on a tight-rope, many times. But if it is a case of a star or any other professional person, it is wiser to sacrifice one scoop for the sake of friendship. If you don't, you never get another confidence from that same person. For instance, I knew that the Pickford-Fairbanks situation was pending for four months before I broke the story. If I had hinted at the situation before Mary, herself, gave me permission to use it, I would never have had that first interview, when the break really came.

"People ask me how I go about getting my stories. This is one way—by trying to preserve a fine line between the reporter and the friend; by trying never to sacrifice a friend or a confidence for the sake of one scoop, in the conviction that I will get better scoops later on. Then, too, being a reporter, I get 'tips,' of course. Friends will tell me that they know a divorce is imminent in this family or a baby is coming to that and then I go to the parties concerned and ask them, point-blank. They usually tell me.

"Sometimes they ask me to hold the story in question for a while because of some circumstance or some other person involved. They almost always make good. I knew all about the Lita Grey-Charlie Chaplin situation long before it broke. I 'broke' the recent Gloria Swanson-Michael Farmer divorce story. I could have broken it days before I did. That's all there is to it, really—fifty per cent friendship with the stars, twenty-five per cent good luck, and twenty-five per cent reporting.

Her Biggest—and Saddest—Scoop

"PEOPLE have asked me what story of my career I consider my greatest scoop. I should say the story of the Pickford-Fairbanks separation. People have also asked me what I consider the most pathetic story I've ever done. I should say that same one. Because it was, really, the story of the great love of Mary's life and the announcement of the death of that love. I have a title for myself—'Love's Undertaker.' In that instance, too, it was partly a case of friendship and partly an accidental circumstance that gave me the scoop. Mary and Frances Marion and I were lunching together, here at the Vendome. Mary told me that she had made up her mind to separate from Douglas and that I could go ahead and print it. Later that same afternoon, I telephoned to her to make sure she had not changed her mind. I didn't want her to regret a hasty decision. She hadn't changed her mind. The story broke. . . ."

But we are getting ahead of ourselves with this head-line, dead-line, by-line story that is the life-story of Louella. After the *Chicago Herald* days came New York and the *New York Telegraph* and Louella's by-line and fund of inside information and contacts pyramiding themselves with, it seemed, every edition. It was then that the stars began to say among themselves, "Have you read Louella Parsons to-day?"

And then came the Hearst papers—and Hollywood. Louella was not too well. The climate of the Pacific Coast, so Mr. Hearst thought, would suit her better. Harriet was in college. Louella's plan was nearly perfected; her purpose was nearly accomplished. She came to Hollywood—and originated the first syndicated column about the movies. Two years ago, she married Dr. Harry Martin, a genial and eminent surgeon, prominent politically as well as medically, socially as well as professionally. They have a charming home in Beverly Hills that *is* a home.

Harriet is through college, has been to Europe, is doing some brilliant and successful writing and some extremely clever directing of short screen subjects. Louella says, "She writes better than I do. She has more background, more education. It is as it should be." And I was reminded of the days, a few years back, when Louella used to take me to her suite in the Hotel Algonquin in New York and read me the little-girl letters of Harriet, with her eyes prouder than they ever are over scoops of her own reporting.

Says Hollywood Isn't to Blame

AND Louella, who knows, believes that Hollywood is a perfectly sound and sane place for a young girl to live and work, in pictures or out of them. "It isn't the *place*," Louella says; "it's the *girl*. Marriage can be perfectly sound and stable here, too. I can mention a half-dozen marriages I know to be successful now and believe will continue to be—the Harold Lloyds, Ben and Bebe Lyon, Joan Bennett and Gene Markey, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, the Jean Hersholts, the Clive Brooks, others—"

Louella smiled as she rose to leave the restaurant, nodded to Virginia Bruce Gilbert, to Sally Eilers, to Mrs. Billy Wilkerson, to this one and that. She was on her way to rehearse for her radio broadcast. She was on her way to "catch" a new preview. She was on her way to her office.

She said, "I have no 'secret' of work—unless it is *work*. Day-time and night-time and all-the-time work. My 'phone rings at all hours of the night. Someone calls to tell me he has been in an automobile accident; someone else calls to say she is shopping for a divorce in the morning; someone else reports that he has just been cast in such and such a picture and he *did* want me to know. I never go to a party and have a merely social time. Someone is sure to do or say or hint at something that should go to press at once—and does. Even at the fights I often have to rush to the office upstairs and turn in copy on something I have seen, heard or been told. I sleep work. I breathe it. I *eat* it—I'm eating it now. . . . Goodbye, I'll see you in the projection room—"

And Louella rushed out, tailored, dark, vivid, silver foxes flying, nodding here, nodding there, her smile kindly and sympathetic, her eyes interested, her whole appearance that of a very gentle and luxurious lady in a most breathless and perpetual *hurry*. And echoing as she sped on her way, lighting for the moment at this table or that, her voice came trailing back to me, saying, "Any news—know any news—any news—NEWS????"

THAT *Fresh, Young Beauty*
WHICH NO MAN
CAN RESIST

IT is so easy for a woman's skin to become red and rough. Particularly at this season . . . Dry winds attack the face. Destroy its smoothness and charm . . . Sun and water sap the natural oils from your skin. Leave it coarse and old-looking.

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Stealing the Spotlight from Stars—Everybody's Doing It!

(*Continued from page 67*)

How did Constance Bennett and Fredric March feel about having a character actor "steal" their co-starring picture? Well, Connie is first of all a good business woman, then a movie star. For some time her pictures have been slowly slipping in box-office appeal. Under her new contract with 20th Century Pictures, Connie becomes a part-owner of her productions. The better the picture, the greater her profits. The fact that the *Duke's* lines remained uncut, and the *Duke's* situations remained untampered with proves a triumph of the Bennett prudence over the Bennett pride.

With Fredric March, a similar reason probably prevailed on him to take second place gracefully. Except for "Death Takes a Holiday," the last two or three March pictures have not gone over so well. Freddie can reason, as well as make love. If a picture in which he was nominally starred made a great hit, he would get the credit. If a picture in which he was starred were a flop, he would get the blame. The answer—Frank Morgan as the *Duke of Florence*.

Joan Didn't Start a Riot

IT is a real feat to shove Joan Crawford into a supporting rôle, but Edward Arnold, as the tipsy husband in "Sadie McKee," undoubtedly did so. "Even rabid fans," one critic wrote, "will be conscious that Edward Arnold wraps the picture up and carries it out the front door." Joan must have known that the eccentric part of the rounder was star-proof. The important thing to Joan was—a good picture.

"A splendid picture, with Ronald Colman stooging for Charlie Butterworth," a local trade paper called "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," after the press preview. The picture was intended to exploit the return of one of filmdom's greatest stars, but somehow or other the real hero of the occasion was *Bulldog's* assistant, the gloomy, blank-faced comedian, inserted into the story to lighten the melodrama of the plot with a running gag. Since it seems obvious that Butterworth's part was not originally intended to attract more attention than that of a million-dollar star, it is obvious that Colman must have seen that the comedian could make a great hit, and generously stood aside and gave him the footage and lines necessary. The picture was adequate for Colman. It was a sensation for Butterworth.

When "Stand Up and Cheer" was made, it was intended to star Warner Baxter with Madge Evans, James Dunn and John Boles featured. Among the names of a long cast appeared in small type that of Shirley Temple. As the picture progressed, it was evident to those who watched from the sidelines that the hit of the piece would be made by this same Shirley, a tiny miss of four years, with a roguish smile. Little by little, her name grew bigger and bigger on the cast sheets. And after the picture's release and the critics' raves about her, Shirley's name was displayed on the posters in type as large as that of the star.

Doug Overshadowed Peggy

UNIVERSAL, faced with the problem of making a second picture for their new star, Margaret Sullavan, bought a famous German novel of the depression, "Little Man, What Now?" They sent for Douglass Montgomery to support their star. Logically, the story centered on the problems and struggles of the boy, faced with sudden responsibility for a wife and a coming child. Instead of rewriting it to give the girl the emotional scenes and dramatic action, the studio made it as it logically unrolled, with the result that although Margaret Sullavan is fine and poignant, it is Montgomery's picture, with Christian Rub and his horse distracting the critics from the new and sensational star. "For a gal who rose to stardom in her first picture, her rôle is hardly big enough," was the critics' verdict. "The star part is really Montgomery's."

However, Universal evidently took the critics' words to heart. Margaret Sullavan, who had rushed off to Europe for a holiday, would not have protested, being a good trouper and recognizing the needs of the picture; but the studio had her under contract, while they had not yet been able to decoy Montgomery into signing a contract. (They have since then, however.) One thousand feet of the hero's part was cut from the film, on the theory that the less of Montgomery, the more of Sullavan.

The latest high-salaried "stooge" in the ranks of the stars is Marlene Dietrich. When she arrived in Hollywood, she was an earthy type, vital, intensely alive. Under the direction of Josef von Sternberg, she has become a gorgeous robot, until in "Scarlet Empress," she is hardly apparent amid the pomp of von Sternberg's settings. The picture features Von, himself, his overwhelming belief in his art. Marlene, expressionless, plays "stooge" to his two hundred immense granite gargoyles.

The story goes that Marlene was not a party to this "stooge" business, that when she saw the finished film, for the first time, she flew into a fury and upbraided Von for caring more for his stone statues than his human actors. "I am sick of it!" she is quoted as screaming. "I will not stand it any longer! I will go home—" Frantically, she demanded to cut the picture herself, but no cutting of that picture could have focused the attention on one of its players, amid the peal of great bells, the strange sights and ceremonials of Von Sternberg's pageant.

They're All Afraid of Kruger

WHEN Otto Kruger first arrived in Hollywood from Broadway (where he had been a star), he was slated for character parts, second leads, heavies. But so potent was his personality that he was soon stealing pictures from their stars. Word went around that he was a menace to stardom, and romantic (and apprehensive) males and glamourous (but suspicious) women stars turned pale when the name "Kruger" was mentioned for one of their pictures.

One of them, Corinne Griffith, even went so far as to stalk out of a "comeback" picture, crying that it was no use trying to keep the attention of an audience with Otto in the same scene.

Long ago the theatre managers discovered that it was not always the star of a picture who drew in their audiences, and put another and less expensive name in the electric lights on the marquee. Now, the studios are learning the same lesson.

Stars this last year have fallen on evil days. Few have kept their box-office standings. Garbo ignominiously dropped from fifth place to thirty-first place in popularity rating, and it is freely predicted that the studio will never get back the cost of "Queen Christina"—$1,300,000.

The star system is shaking. The day when story values were wrenched to give all the becoming motives, all the dramatic action and all the good lines to a star is past. More and more, the audiences are demanding *strong stories*. A star's name may draw them in, but it takes more than one performance to send them out to broadcast the picture to their friends.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN NATURAL COLOR ABOARD THE "SANTA PAULA"

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ALL OUTSIDE ROOMS WITH PRIVATE BATHS. Dining room on Top Deck which opens to the sky—so that you may dine under the stars; Club; Bar; the largest outdoor permanently built-in tiled pool; spacious sports decks; gymnasium; smart shop; Dorothy Gray Beauty Salon; pre-release "talkies"; a telephone in every room.

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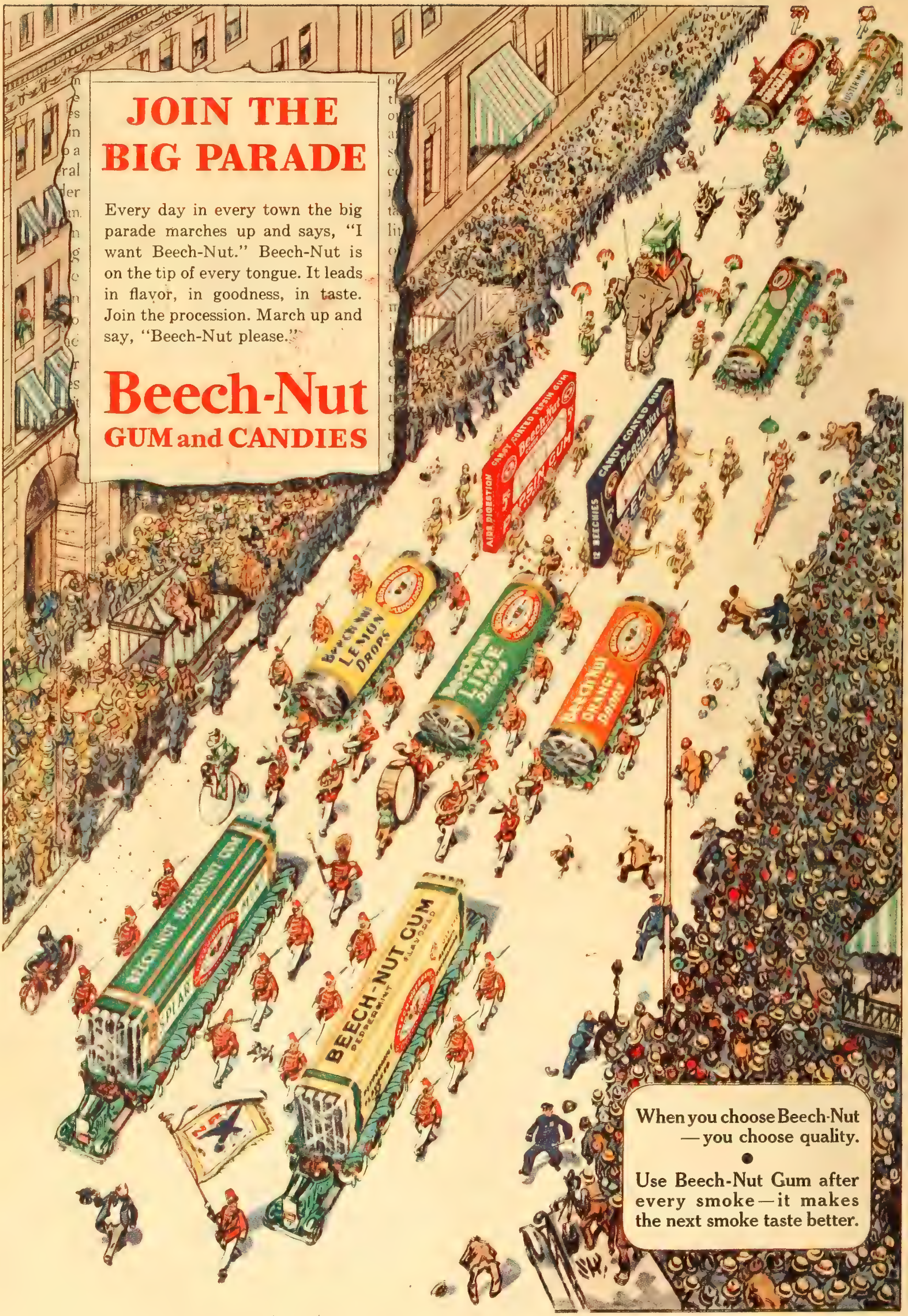

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Every day in every town the big parade marches up and says, "I want Beech-Nut." Beech-Nut is on the tip of every tongue. It leads in flavor, in goodness, in taste. Join the procession. March up and say, "Beech-Nut please."

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GUM and CANDIES

When you choose Beech-Nut
—you choose quality.

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Use Beech-Nut Gum after every smoke—it makes the next smoke taste better.

Motion Picture

15 cents

September

GLENDA FARRELL
by
MARLAND STONE

HY HOLLYWOOD ROMANCES GO SMASH

JOIN THE BIG PARADE

Every day in every town the big parade marches up and says, "I want Beech-Nut." Beech-Nut is on the tip of every tongue. It leads in flavor, in goodness, in taste. Join the procession. March up and say, "Beech-Nut please."

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When you choose Beech-Nut
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Use Beech-Nut Gum after every smoke — it makes the next smoke taste better.

Isn't It A Shame!

SWELL GIRL . . . GRAND LITTLE MOTHER . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

Sally's baby is the cunningest thing in town—and women love Sally! She's clever and spirited and gay! But—there's a "but" about Sally!

When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!

Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had "a wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.

Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.

He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.

It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

YOUNG mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you.

"Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums. Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only dull your teeth—but *endanger* sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the ziratol in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

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VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH

See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.

. . . AND IT'S A GLORIOUS HIT!

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Hollywood, Cal.
May we please see
Joan Crawford and Clark
Gable co-starred again,
like they were in
"Dancing Lady"?
They were glorious. please-
please let us see them
together again
Mary Lou Hart
Cherokee
Loui

Because...more than 62,000 fans asked for an encore to "Dancing Lady"... they're together again!

JOAN Crawford **CLARK** Gable

CHAINED

with

OTTO KRUGER • STUART ERWIN

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

• Produced by Hunt Stromberg •

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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MOTION PICTURE

SEPTEMBER
1934

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVIII, No. 2

The Original Film Magazine Edited in Hollywood and New York

HOLLYWOOD FIGHTS THE NEW ATTACKS AGAINST MOVIES!

Are the movies guilty of "immorality" and "indecency"—as charged by religious leaders and others, who urge a boycott of ALL pictures? Cecil B. De Mille, speaking for the defense, says "No"!

De Mille is the man to answer such charges. He has been a movie producer and director for more than twenty-five years; it was De Mille who made the first picture in Hollywood; it was De Mille who gave the world the religious spectacles, "The King of Kings," "The Ten Commandments" and "Ben-Hur."

And he says, a few pages farther on, that the charges are unjust—that a whole great industry is being indicted for the sins of a few. He asks: *"How can this be fair?"*

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Cover Design of Glenda Farrell Painted by MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Hollywood Editor*

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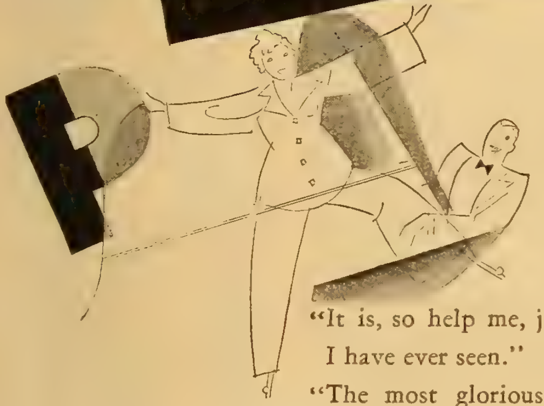
LOVE IN BLOOM...CAN IT BE THE SPRING THAT SEEMS TO BRING THE STARS RIGHT INTO

BING CROSBY
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in
"She Loves Me Not"
with Kitty Carlisle · Lynne Overman
Henry Stephenson · George Barbier
Warren Hymer · Directed by Elliott Nugent



"It is, so help me, just about the funniest farce I have ever seen." —*New York American*

"The most gloriously cock-eyed farce comedy the season is apt to reveal."—*New York Post*

"A wild farce . . . a riotous tale . . . they shouted in glee at the 46th Street Theatre last night."—*News*

MIRIAM HOPKINS
as "Curley Flagg"

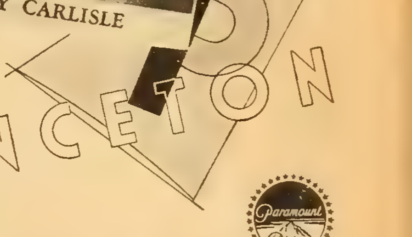
a CROSBY-CARLISLE duet

KITTY CARLISLE

Biggest Broadway Stage Smash in Years! In New York alone, "She Loves Me Not" has already played 250 performances, and every one of them capacity. In addition to this, road companies have been doing land-office business everywhere.

You Ain't Heard Nothing Yet! With Bing Crosby singing love-duets with Kitty Carlisle—with Miriam Hopkins as Curley Flagg—with gorgeous music* by those sensational Paramount song-writing teams—Rainger & Robin, and Gordon & Revel—we are certain that the picture will be as big a hit as the play.

* P.S. We predict that "Love in Bloom" will be the song hit of the year!



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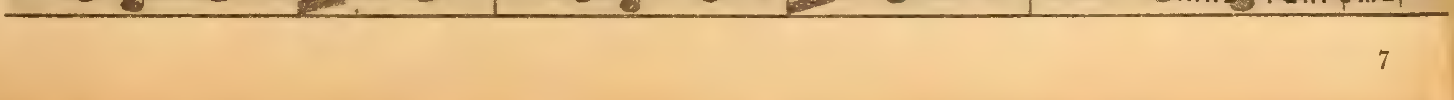

THIS ROOM? . . . CAN IT BE THE TREES THAT FILL THE BREEZE WITH RARE PERFUME?

INSIDE News FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

By Glen Dale

The Observing Reporter Who Gets **All** the News

WHAT CAN words say when a Marie Dressler lies fatally ill? Sorrow has no vocabulary, except in tears, in drawn faces . . . Hollywood has prayed that she would get well; the world has prayed; President Roosevelt has written his hope of her recovery . . . But slowly the last days dawn—days in which she fights, even in unconsciousness, to hold fast to life, which she has loved—and Hollywood bows its head, eyes misted . . . She has been ill a long time (almost two years), but it doesn't seem possible that she won't get well, won't be her robust self again in pictures, won't make "Living in a Big Way" . . . She has such a great heart, such spirit, such will power . . . Half-forgotten, unable to get work on the stage, where she was once a star, she was planning to invest her small savings in a rooming-house in Paris and end her days as a faded, obscure landlady. Then, through one of the friends she had kept from the days of plenty (when she, herself, helped countless others), she had a chance to take a film test, to do a "bit" in "The Hollywood Revue of 1929." Then came other "bits" in "One Romantic Night" and "The Vagabond Lover," followed by a small part in Garbo's first talkie, "Anna Christie" . . . What she did in that small rôle is now history. In the few short years since, she has become the greatest favorite of them all—No. 1 star at the box-office, where popularity meets its cruelest test . . . Last November 9, on her sixty-second birthday (she was born in Coburg, Ontario, in 1871), all Hollywood gave her a party; every governor of every state sent her a tribute; and tens of thousands of birthday greetings came to her from all over the world. No other actress in history, on either stage or screen, has ever received such an ovation . . . And now she is going, and the world will have to live on memories of her—in "Let Us Be Gay," "Min and Bill" (in which she won the Academy award for the best acting of 1931), "Emma," "Prosperity," "Dinner at Eight," "Tugboat Annie" and "Her Sweetheart, Christopher Bean" . . .

Keystone

Here's logic. When a bathing beauty contest was held in Los Angeles, screen players were the judges. Sally Blane and Joan Marsh, at left, helped Patricia Ellis, Buster Crabbe and Florence Rice, at right, to decide that Billie Seward had the most beauty, Dolly Newmire the best figure, and Doris Castanien the most pleasing personality

Marie Dressler has fought the good fight all her life—right up to the very end. Who can ever take her place?

MARLENE DIETRICH and Josef von Sternberg may have their differences, but they apparently can't get along without each other—in a screen way, that is . . . Marlene was reported to be very, very upset because of the way Von's gargoyles dwarfed all the players, including the star, in "Scarlet Empress," and was seen frequently with Rouben Mamoulian, who directed her in "The

(*Continued on page 10*)

Relief every woman should know about

ONE of the most comforting times to have Bromo-Seltzer handy is around the trying time of the month. Not only is it helpful in relieving cramps and pains of nerve origin, but it likewise brings additional benefits which every woman will appreciate.

Thanks to its effervescence, Bromo-Seltzer promptly relieves gas on the stomach. If your head is dull or achey . . . that, too, is quickly relieved. At the same time, you are steadied and soothed. And your alkaline reserve, so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up by the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self . . . comfortable and relaxed.

Only a *balanced* preparation like Bromo-Seltzer could be so prompt and effective. Mere pain-killers do not bring the same results. Bromo-Seltzer contains 5 medicinal ingredients carefully compounded to bring the most effective results. Each ingredient has a special purpose. Moreover you take it as a *liquid* —hence it works much faster.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by for headaches, neuralgia, and pain of nerve origin. Always pleasant ...ever reliable...it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach.

It is easy to mix a Bromo-Seltzer at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet . . . ready to relieve pain at a moment's notice. Or get it by the dose at soda-fountains.

There is only one "Bromo-Seltzer" so look for the *full* name. Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. A product of The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.

Quick **Pleasant** **Reliable**

BROMO-SELTZER

INSIDE NEWS FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

Wide World

When millionaires get married, they seem to present their brides with fancy automobiles. John Jacob Astor, III, gave his bride one. But maybe he got the idea from Stephen Ames—who gave Raquel Torres the Rolls-Royce on the left. (No wonder he carries two guns, just in case any gangsters try to get obnoxious!) The car he drives, himself (at the right), isn't exactly a back number

(Continued from page 8)

Song of Songs." . . . Hollywood, the mathematical wizard, put two and two together and said that the exotic director and his exotic "discovery" were through . . . And now comes the announcement that the next Dietrich picture will also be a von Sternberg picture! What will it be? "Red Pawn," a modern Russian story.

WILL George Raft marry Virginia Pine, or won't he? She's the Chicago heiress, you remember, who entered films a few months ago and looks like the most promising of all the million-dollar girls who are trying to be movie actresses. When Operative 345 last reported, George and his wife of eleven years, the former Grayce Mulrooney, had not yet been to see a judge . . . And George, who left Hollywood for a few weeks' rest (personal appearances, to you), hasn't been leading exactly a hermit's life . . . In Minneapolis, for example, he had two débutantes to keep him company—one blonde and one brunette. Maybe he was just testing his love for Virginia, what? Or hers for him? He's back now, squiring her around.

WHILE Bing Crosby has bought a forty-acre ranch, and plans to lead the life formerly favored by Gary Cooper, for whom Bing named his first-born son, Gary and his bride (Sandra Shaw) have moved from their ranch into Beverly Hills . . . Hollywood, suspicious, wonders: "Is the honeymoon over?" . . . Gary and Sandra, leading a quiet life, deny it—and are planning a long trip away somewhere, just to prove it. Gary may have a bit of vacation, with Samuel Goldwyn deciding not to go ahead now with production of "Barbary Coast," in which Gary was to be Anna Sten's co-star. Sam's explanation: "The theme and dramatic possibilities of the story are too great to sacrifice in a clamor for the so-called clean pictures, suitable for children. It is not a child's story. It will be just as great a year from now or ten years from now. So we will hold it until it can be done full justice, without having to suffer and be penalized by the sins of other pictures and other producers." . . . Meanwhile, Sam *is* planning a picture for children—namely, "The Wizard of Oz." It may be Eddie Cantor's next.

Doctors say that the Bing Crosbys are going to have twins, but Bing is still plucking daisies to see if they verify that startling assertion. He got the habit while making "She Loves Me Not"

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, Irene Castle McLaughlin's candidate for the title of "Hollywood's best-dressed woman," arriving in New York from a vacation in Europe, was the first star to say a mouthful about the "clean pictures" agitation . . . Said Genevieve: "I went to England because I'm sick of playing a vamp. I'm not a vamp off the screen, so I managed to have a good rest. If the churches can reform the movies, they're doing something that actors and actresses have been trying to do. No actress wants to play in an indecent picture. You may be able to hold out twice against such a picture, but usually, owing to contracts, you find you're in a picture you don't want to play." . . . She named no names.

CAN you guess what picture, with what star, really started the present drive to "clean up" films? She has been in Hollywood several years, highly respected all that time. When even she appeared in a picture that made infidelity glamourous—well, it was time to do something . . . And that "something" has reached such proportions that Hollywood is having chills, nightmares, dark premonitions. The storm isn't blowing over, as Hollywood, keeping very still, hoped it would. This time, the cleaner-uppers mean business; and they may also mean Federal censorship, not censorship in just five states and scattered municipalities . . . Hollywood has tried self-regulation, but rebel producers have stepped out of bounds, with the result that now all producers must suffer. For a few pieces of silver, a handful of producers have brought a cloud over a whole great industry and art.

Two big stars get together in "Now and Forever"—Gary Cooper and Shirley Temple. And Shirley will sing again

WHEN Richard Dix recently completed "His Greatest Gamble," and headed East, Hollywood thought he was going on a long world cruise in the bachelor style of Ronald Colman . . . But when he got as far as New York, it seems, he was lonesome—lonesome, in particular, for Virginia Webster, his secretary. He asked her to marry him, doing his pleading by telephone and telegraph. And she finally broke down and accepted him, rushing East for a quiet little ceremony at the home of a justice of the peace in Jersey City. They honeymooned by sailing back . . . She became his secretary only six months ago, winning over six hundred other applicants for the job. Here's a cue for you girls who would like to marry your boss: Richard says he was first attracted to her because "she took her job so seriously." Meanwhile, his former wife, Winifred Coe, announced her engagement to Dr. Harley J. Gunderson, noted surgeon.

(More News of Players? Turn to Page 36)

I Thought I was Different, I know Better now!

"THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years. That a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think *you* are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

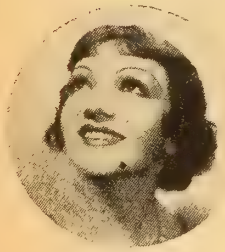
WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!
Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. At all drug stores, in 10c and 25c boxes.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative
IT WILL NOT FORM A HABIT

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.



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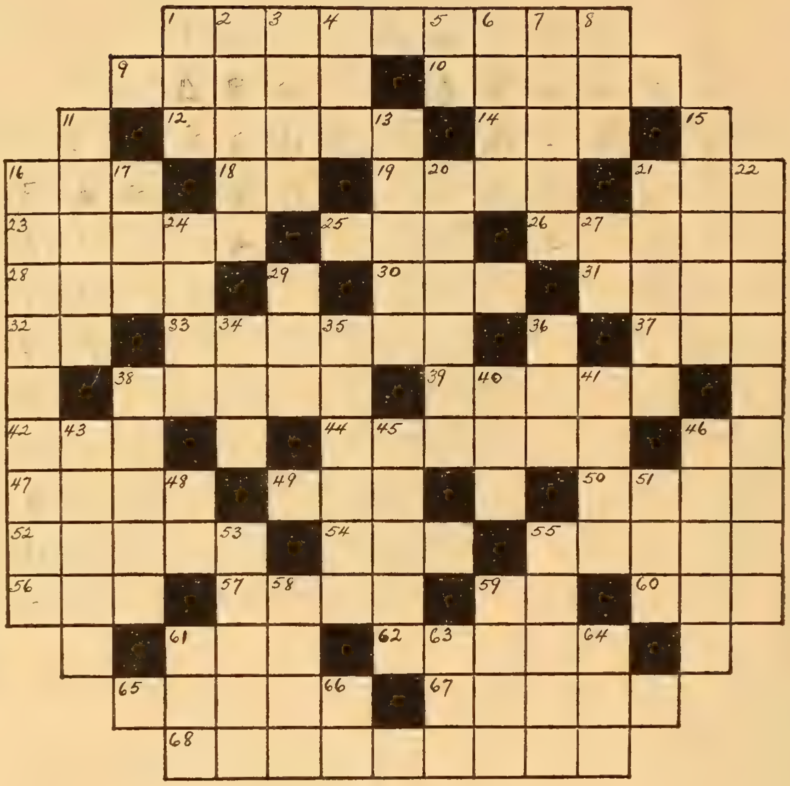

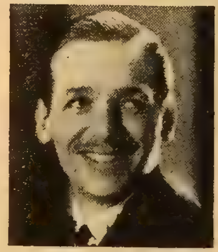

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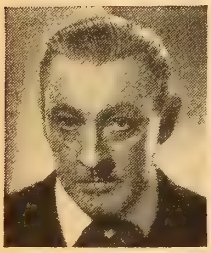

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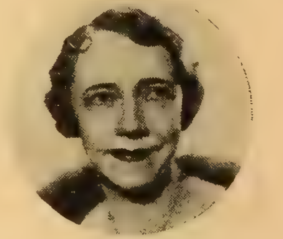

No. 22

HORIZONTAL

1. See illustration above.
9. Tullio Carminati's rôle in "Gallant Lady"
10. "None But the——"
12. *Smiley* in "Murder on the Blackboard"
14. "This Day and ——"
16. Remember —— ina, the dusky child comic?
18. *Dr. Collender* in "The Love Captive" (init.)
19. "We're Not Dressing" was once "—— and Female"
21. Movies put Hollywood on the ——
23. The movies are paging this girl again
25. Lilian Harvey's nickname
26. *Alice Overton* in "Let's Try Again"
28. All stage roads lead —— the movies
30. A cowboy star
31. Movies will revive some of —— Harte's stories
32. Roland's initials
33. Edna Best's character in "The Key" (poss.)
37. Irvin S. Cobb, the humor–, is now a movie actor
38. The original "Boop-a-doop" girl
39. *Nicky* in "Shoot the Works"
42. No movie actor has this name
44. Bebe's last name minus one letter
46. Ricardo Cortez' late wife (init.)
47. Laughton's rôle in "Sign of the Cross"
49. Unit of energy
50. "—— and Make-Up"
52. *O'Malley* in "20th Century"
54. "Journey's ——"
55. Saint (Span.)
56. An annoying eye affliction
57. Otherwise
59. *MacFarland* in "Finishing School" (init.)
60. Cook's nickname
61. Sally in "Of Human Bondage"
62. Another term for reel
65. Her first name is Margaret
67. "One Year ——"
68. See illustration above

VERTICAL

1. "Wonder ——"
2. Place where Cantor fought the bull in "The Kid from Spain"
3. Where Laura La Plante was recently divorced
4. King (Fr.)
5. The heavyweight champ, who will return to pictures (init.)
6. By word of mouth
7. Stormed
8. "Ever Since ——"
11. His first picture was "Melody in Spring"
13. The Songbird of the South
15. Belonging to Lola
16. See illustration above
17. Finding love is a movie —— ual
20. *Mother Bright* of "Wharf Angel"
21. "The Grand Old Lady of the Movies"
22. See illustration above
24. *Richard* in "The World Moves On"
27. Miss Bentley's initials
29. "—— We Civilized?"
34. "The Better ——"
35. Belonging to Lona
36. Cliff Edwards is known as "Ukulele ——"
38. His last name is Green
40. "—— Hostess"
41. Her last name is Chase
43. What you hope to find at a good movie (pl.)
45. She played with Rudolph Valentino in "The Sheik"
46. *Mrs. Hattie Stream* in "Upper World"
48. "Come ——, Marines"
51. Richard Bennett's home state (abbr.)
53. *Leland* in "Murder on the Blackboard"
55. *Jim Cleve* in "The Last Round-Up"
58. *Dora* in "The Torch Singer"
59. "Eight Girls in a ——"
61. Facsimile (abbr.)
63. Clark Gable has a dim ——
64. Isabel Jewell's boy-friend
66. German aviator who appeared in "S.O.S. Iceberg" (init.)

Solution to Last Puzzle

		B	I	N	G				T	A	L	A		
	R	O	N	A	L	D		F	A	R	I	N	A	
M	O	R	A	N	■	A	B	E	■	N	E	G	R	I
A	G	E	■	A	R	M	E	T	T	A	■	E	S	T
D	E	S	K	■	O	I	L	E	R	■	P	L	E	A
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	S	E	T	A	■	A	■	L	E	S	L	I	E	
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	C	A	R	V	E	R	■	S	■	I	A	N	S	
S	O	■	Y	E	A	■	A	T	T	A	R	■	T	S
T	O	R	N	■	R	A	K	E	R	■	D	A	R	K
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		L	A	N	E				M	E	T	E		

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

WARNER BROS.' "GOLD DIGGERS" FOR 1934!

"DAMES"

With 14 Noted Stars Including

RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL • ZASU PITTS

GUY KIBBEE • HUGH HERBERT

And Hundreds of Glorious Busby Berkeley Beauties

★

Directed by **RAY ENRIGHT** of "20 Million Sweethearts" Fame

★

Sumptuous Musical Presentations Created and Arranged by **BUSBY BERKELEY**

★

Five New Song Successes by WARREN & DUBIN · KAHAL & FAIN · WRUBEL & DIXON

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID

Will Rogers will have audiences in hysterics, when they get a look at him as the small-time druggist who gives up his store to please his wife (Peggy Wood), who has big-time social ambitions

The Affairs of Cellini—Fredric March and Constance Bennett are billed as the stars of this hilarious bedroom farce. But while Freddie, as the medieval Great Lover, is stealing Connie, as the Duchess, Frank Morgan—who plays the sublimely ridiculous Duke—steals the show. (20th Century).

Affairs of a Gentleman—Paul Lukas, a novelist who kisses and tells, is found slain—and then the story traces his past to let you guess which one of his lights o' love did away with him. It's amusing, with a surprise ending (Univ.).

Black Moon—Weird, old-style melodrama about voodooism on a tropical isle—with Jack Holt, Dorothy Burgess and Fay Wray struggling against great odds to be convincing (Col.).

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back—Ronald Colman revives his famous character of an amateur detective, in a brand-new, clever and constantly entertaining mystery. Charles Butterworth, as his helper, does some droll scene-stealing (20th Century).

Call It Luck—A slight and sometimes musical comedy about a London cabby who wins a Sweepstakes prize and takes up horse-racing. Herbert Mundin, Pat Paterson and Charles Starrett keep things moving (Fox).

Charlie Chan's Courage—Warner Oland, the villain in Colman's picture, is the hero in this. In his familiar rôle of the Oriental detective, he does some smooth sleuthing on the trail of a valuable necklace, with the Mojave Desert as a setting (Fox).

The Circus Clown—Joe E. Brown goes in for a dual rôle, playing an old circus man and his son, who can't be kept away from the sawdust. It's slapstick comedy, but Joe's antics will give the youngsters hysterics (F. N.).

Dr. Monica—Kay Francis, playing a woman doctor for the second time, has to play obstetrician this time to her husband's mistress. It's heavy and dreary, though well-acted (W.B.).

Fog Over 'Frisco—Bette Davis is murdered, and Donald Woods finds out why—in a fast-action thriller about the stolen bond racket. The story isn't new, but its speed is (F. N.).

The Great Flirtation—A lesser, but laughable "20th Century"—with Adolphe Menjou as a great actor who marries Elissa Landi, and then sees her become more famous than he is and fall in love with David Manners. Elissa shows fire she never revealed before (Par.).

Handy Andy—Will Rogers has less character-acting to do and more comedy antics to perform in this side-shaking tale of a corner druggist who finally listens to his socially ambitious wife (Peggy Wood), sells the store, and tries to be a social light (Fox).

The Hell Cat—Ann Sothern, the latest screen heroine to get slapped by a he-man, learns to like it. She's a spoiled society girl; Robert Armstrong is a reporter; and the story isn't much (Col.).

Here Comes the Groom—A mad farce starring that baby-faced merry-maker, Jack Haley, aided and abetted by Mary Boland, who hasn't failed us yet. It's about a timid thief who is shanghaied by a determined bride, whose hubby has deserted her (Par.).

He Was Her Man—A strangely sombre story for James Cagney and Joan Blondell. He's an ex-gangster who is "on the spot;" she's a salesgirl in love who has to choose between Jimmy and honest Victor Jory. It starts out briskly, then drags (W. B.).

The Hollywood Party—A variety show featuring comedy, singing and dancing. But despite the cast full of stars—headed by Jimmy Durante, Laurel and Hardy, Lupe Velez and Mickey Mouse—the party doesn't keep you amused (M-G-M).

The House of Rothschild—One of the great pictures of all time. George Arliss, in a dual rôle—playing the two idealists who lead the way, glorifies the rise of a persecuted race, against the dramatic background of Napoleonic times (20th Century).

I Give My Love—Wynne Gibson, widowed by her insanely jealous husband, leads a tragic life for twenty years, unable to let her son (adopted by Paul Lukas) know that she is his mother. The settings are newer than the story, but the acting is convincing (Univ.).

The Key—Right in the midst of the Irish Revolution, Captain William Powell falls in love with Captain Colin Clive's wife, Edna Best—and the result is a suspenseful, well-acted triangle drama (W. B.)

Let's Talk It Over—On a bet, Mae Clarke takes sailor Chester Morris in tow and tries to make him over in Park Avenue style. It's comical in a minor way (Univ.).

Let's Try Again—A surprisingly weak story for Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard—as a busy husband and a restless wife who find, after all, that marriage hasn't killed love (RKO).

The Life of Vergie Winters—Ann Harding goes newly emotional as an unwed mother who gives up the man she loves for the sake of his career and reaps loneliness and tragedy. It's slow, but superbly done—with John Boles and Helen Vinson supporting her (RKO).

Little Man, What Now?—A saga of young love battling the depression, beautifully acted by Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery and beautifully directed by Frank Borzage. It's the "Seventh Heaven" of talkies (Univ.).

Little Miss Marker—Shirley Temple, the wonder child, scores another triumph, as an orphan adopted by Adolphe Menjou, racetrack hanger-on, who sustains her belief in knights. It's colorful, amusing and not to be missed (Par.).

The Love Captive—Nils Asther, a doctor who goes in for hypnosis, hypnotizes Gloria Stuart, fiancee of Paul Kelly—and you can't foresee the ending. Besides suspense, it has smooth acting (Univ.).

Many Happy Returns—George Burns marries Gracie Allen and her papa is willing to pay him ten dollars for every mile farther away he takes her. So they go to Hollywood—and have a rib-tickling, farcical time, with Hollywood taking a kidding (Par.).

The Merry Frinks—An alleged comedy about a quarrelsome family, visited by a rich and apoplectic uncle. The fun falls drearily flat, despite the presence of Aline MacMahon and Guy Kibbee (F. N.).

Merry Wives of Reno—A mad mix-up of loving couples, loaded with laughs for those who can appreciate matrimonial difficulties. Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Glenda Farrell and Guy Kibbee are in the big cast (W. B.).

The Most Precious Thing in Life—Jean Arthur, robbed of happiness and her son for twenty years, helps him find happiness when he goes to college and she is scrubwoman in his dormitory. An unabashed sob-story (Col.).

Murder at the Vanities—Combining a murder mystery and a musical comedy, and doing an entertaining job of it. Jack Oakie, Carl Brisson and Earl Carroll's dancing damsels are featured (Par.).

The Old-Fashioned Way—This is "by and with" W. C. Fields, who plays a leader of a troupe of weird showfolk touring in the Gay Nineties and continually gets the Bronx cheer from Baby Le Roy. It's "different" and it's funny. And in it is a condensed version of "The Drunkard" (Par.).

Operator 13—Marion Davies, pretty Federal spy who disguises herself as an octoroon, pits her wits against Gary Cooper, Confederate officer. You know what is going to happen all the way, but it's colorfully mounted (M-G-M).

The Party's Over—Down-to-earth drama about a family you might know—who all make a sucker out of the one decent member of the clan. Stuart Erwin, expert at playing worms who turn, heads an excellent cast (Col.).

Sadie McKee—Joan Crawford, who makes life a struggle by being too spunky, finally listens to Franchot Tone's reasoning. The story hasn't much to it; the acting is what puts it across. Edward Arnold, Esther Ralston and Gene Raymond are also present (M-G-M).

Scarlet Empress—Marlene Dietrich's version of Catherine, the Great, in which both the story and the cast are overshadowed by the fantastic, exotic settings, the sound effects and the photography. At least, you've never seen anything like it before (Par.).

Shoot the Works—Good, clean fun about a super-egotist (Jack Oakie) who has ideas for shows, has his talent (including Ben Bernie) walk out on him, but still is loved by his girl (Dorothy Dell). It's full of what it takes to keep an audience interested and amused (Par.).

Stingaree—Richard Dix, as an Australian bandit of yesteryear, loves a singer, Irene Dunne, and makes her an opera singer by methods all his own. It's a glorified Western in a new setting, with music added (RKO).

The Thin Man—Dashiell Hammett's thriller becomes an entertaining movie mystery, with William Powell never better than as the detective who is always slightly tipsy (M-G-M).

Viva Villa—Wallace Beery makes the Mexican Robin Hood a vivid Villa, both sentimental and brutal, amusing and pathetic. And the canvas on which he paints his portrait is spectacular (M-G-M).

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

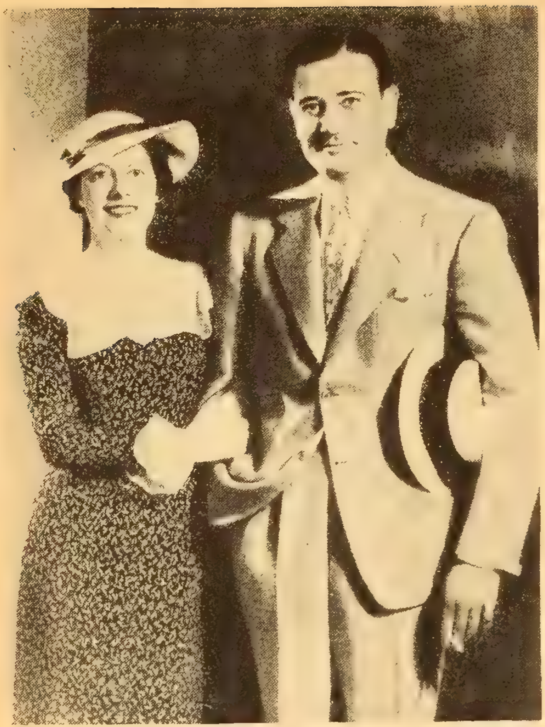
in Fannie Hurst's "Imitation of Life"

Directed by JOHN M. STAHL

THE MAN WHO DIRECTED "BACK STREET" and "ONLY YESTERDAY"

Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE



Keystone

Who Is the Pretty Girl Pictured with RICHARD DIX?

AND HOW MANY OF THESE OTHER QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER CORRECTLY? GIVE YOURSELF THIS

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE

2. Can you name the present wife and ex-wife of the same man who are having a feud?

3. What is the name of the blonde film player who was recently killed in an auto crash?

4. The father of which screen star smashed a news photographer's camera because he dislikes publicity?

5. Who has been picked to portray the rôle of *Moon Mullins* on the screen?

6. Laura La Plante became the bride of what motion picture executive?

7. Do you know the two film personalities who were victims of the recent infantile paralysis epidemic?

8. Do you know the famous movie star who was recently rumored concealing the fact that she is the mother of a three-year old child?

9. Do you know the name of the "grand old lady" of the screen who has been very ill?

10. Russ Columbo is in love with what blonde screen beauty?

11. Why did Grace Moore's husband kiss Harry Cohn, President of Columbia Pictures?

12. What famous screen lover, who thought his career was at an end, has been given another opportunity to make a comeback in pictures?

13. Who is the screen's "tough guy" who was once a chorus boy?

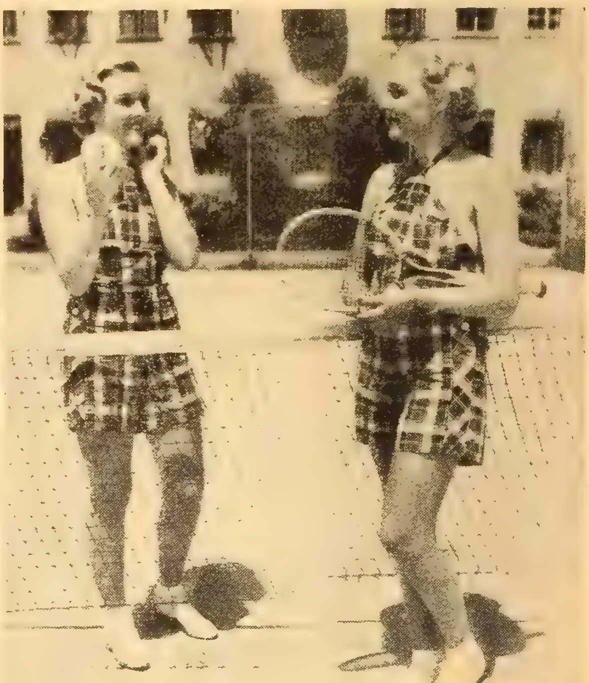
14. Which Hollywood couple will be the next to part amicably?

15. Why has Joan Crawford's interest in the handsome Franchot Tone waned?

16. What kind of an agreement did Rudy Vallee come to with his estranged wife, before he would go to Hollywood again?

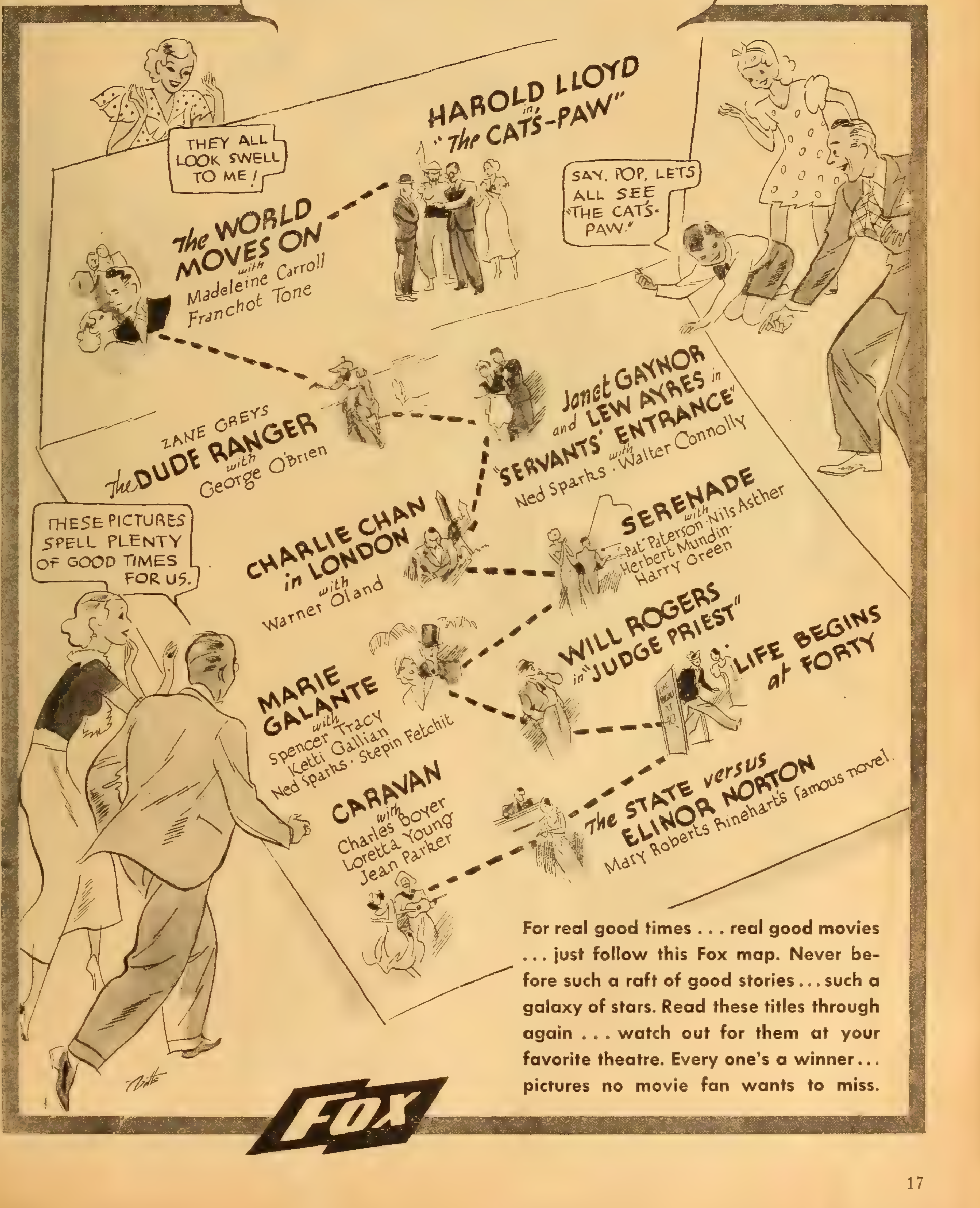
17. Why is Gloria Swanson's motion picture work being held up?

(*Answers to these questions on page 97*)



18. Can you name the two girls, pictured above, playing tennis in cute plaid play suits?

Here's your *Entertainment map* for the new season


THEY ALL LOOK SWELL TO ME!
HAROLD LLOYD in "The CATS-PAW"
SAY, POP, LETS ALL SEE "THE CATS-PAW."
The WORLD MOVES ON with Madeleine Carroll Franchot Tone
ZANE GREYS The DUDE RANGER with George O'Brien
Janet GAYNOR and LEW AYRES in "SERVANTS' ENTRANCE" with Ned Sparks · Walter Connolly
THESE PICTURES SPELL PLENTY OF GOOD TIMES FOR US.
CHARLIE CHAN in LONDON with Warner Oland
SERENADE with "Pat" Paterson · Nils Asther · Herbert Mundin · Harry Green
WILL ROGERS in "JUDGE PRIEST"
LIFE BEGINS at FORTY
MARIE GALANTE with Spencer Tracy Ketti Gallian Ned Sparks · Stepin Fetchit
CARAVAN with Charles Boyer Loretta Young Jean Parker
The STATE versus ELINOR NORTON Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel.
FOX

For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

Contrast her life with yours

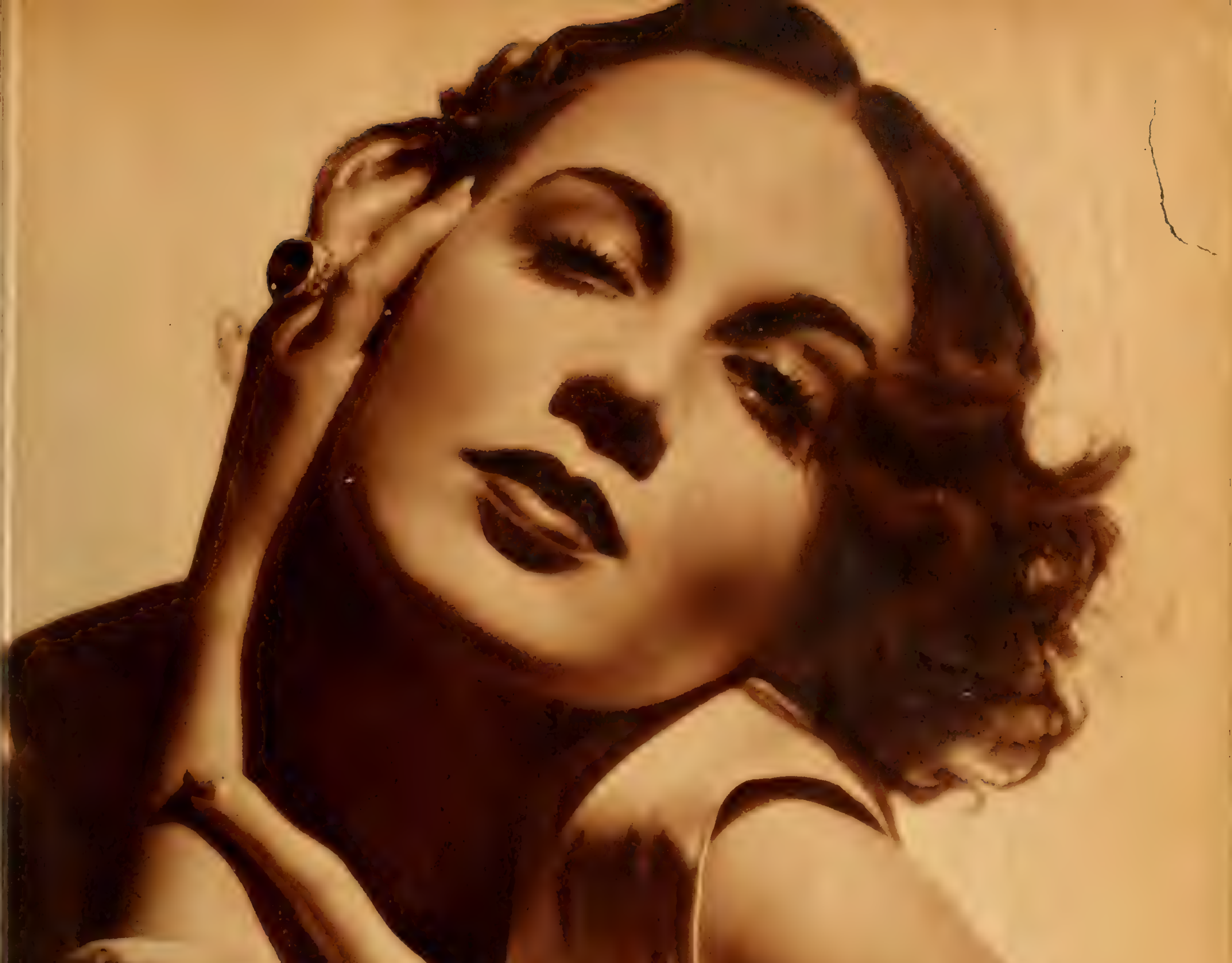
HER life is outdoors . . . the wind . . . the sun . . . the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined . . . the home . . . the school room . . . the factory . . . the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours . . . well, you really don't know . . . you merely hope.

Don't offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau 4602 conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

LISTERINE checks halitosis
(*unpleasant breath*)



Portrait by Hurrell

MARY BRIAN RUNS OFF TO BROADWAY

It's the new Hollywood custom—running off to the stage between pictures. Mary is starring in a Summer revue, in which she can dance and sing and glorify gaiety. Hollywood hasn't discovered that side of Mary yet—but it will, it will. And she'll be back in the Fall with big, new offers. Meanwhile, Dick Powell will croon to her over the long-distance telephone!

Portrait by Russell Ball

THE SCREEN RECLAIMS JOAN BENNETT

Right after her hit in "Little Women," Joan turned her back on the cameras—to present Gene Markey with a daughter, Melinda, and to take a long holiday abroad with her writer-hubby. But, now, once more, she is lending an ear to movie offers and is turning to acting again—in "The Pursuit of Happiness," the "bundling" farce, with Francis Lederer

Portrait by C. S. Bull

VACATION? MYRNA LOY HAS TO SMILE!

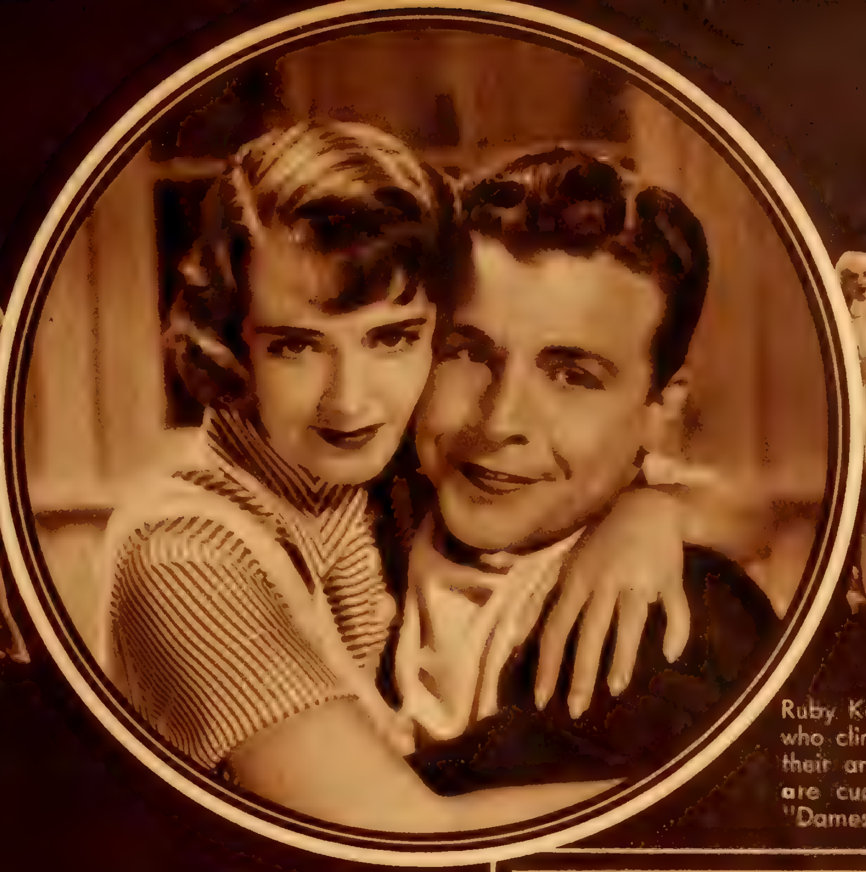
When Myrna was just a leading lady and went from one picture right into another, she thought stars never led that crowded a life. But now she's a star, herself—one of the most sparkling of them all—and she's still too busy to take vacations. She just finished "Stamboul Quest." Now she is occupied as Warner Baxter's co-star in "Broadway Bill"

Guy Kibbee, Zasu Pitts and Hugh Herbert—who all have a way of blissfully stumbling into trouble—stumble together as a worried trio in "Dames"

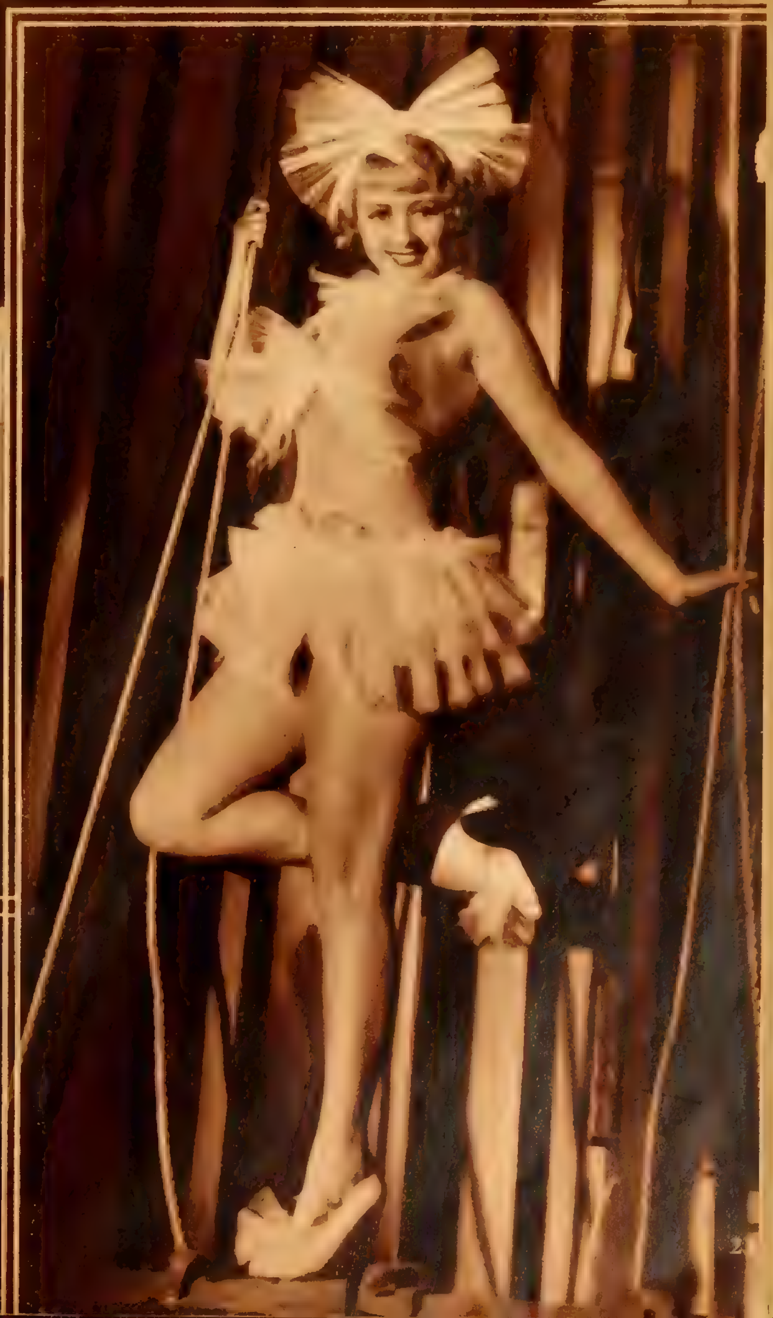
"Dames" looks like the cure for those midsummer blues. It is the newest musical comedy on the scale of "42nd Street," "Gold-Diggers of 1933" and "Footlight Parade." It is filled with music, girls and laughter—with Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell young lovers for the fourth time, and Joan Blondell their co-star for the third time. The title is a tip-off that the setting is show business, and the story is based on some of the amusing experiences of Busby Berkeley, the young genius who creates the dances

Nancy Lyons is a typical Busby Berkeley chorus girl. She has beauty, a cute figure, pep and personality. And how she can step!

Diane Bourget (left) is happy about being one of the showgirls who give "Dames" its name. So are a hundred others!



Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, who climbed to stardom with their arms about each other, are cuddling close again in "Dames"—as only they can



Is everybody happy? Joan Blondell is—having a chance to dance in "Dames," as well as sing and clown. It brings back those days when she was a Broadway showgirl

Portrait by C. S. Bull

HOW ESTHER RALSTON HAS CHANGED!

Now that she has returned to Hollywood, by way of vaudeville and British pictures, Esther feels, looks and acts like a new person. She's through playing sweet, helpless heroines. She's sweetly helping herself to some vivid rôles. She had one in "Sadie McKee." Now she has another in "Romance in the Rain"—as Roger Pryor's singing co-star

Portrait by Hurrell

MARIAN NIXON LEADS A GAYER LIFE

Marian has lost that wistful look; she has changed it for a carefree air. And the reasons can be found in both her new screen life and in her private life. On the screen, director William Seiter has just directed her in a light, amusing rôle in "We're Rich Again"—and, between scenes, they have found romance. She's planning a trip abroad. A honeymoon?

BRUCE CABOT MAY HOLD HANDS WITH ADRIENNE AMES IN FILMS

Bruce and Adrienne were married last October—and there hasn't been a single rumor of a break-up yet. In fact, they're still holding hands and don't mind a bit being photographed as Mr. and Mrs. They're not trying to make the public forget they are married, as so many stars do. And that has given RKO the idea that maybe they could be persuaded to make a picture together. Bruce is just finishing "Afterwards"; Adrienne has been vacationing since "You're Telling Me"

Printed in U.S.A.

The GIBSON FAMILY

Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

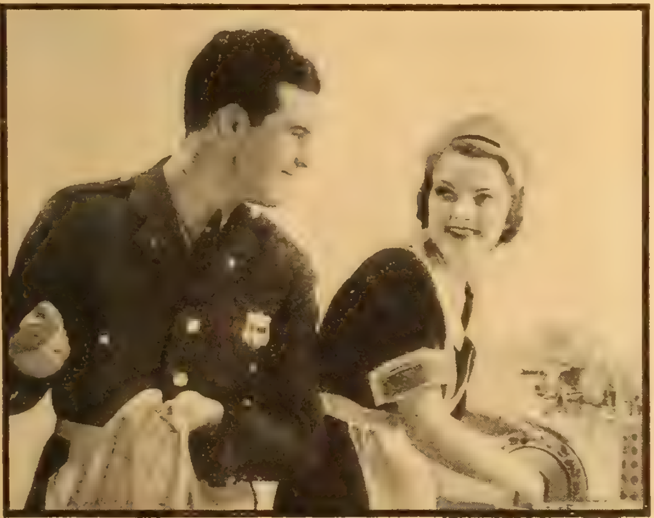
"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a *pure* soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

PROTECT your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.

"THESE SOCIETY LADIES'D give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins. Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure IVORY SOAP!"



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! . . . Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE

"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES

Why HOLLYWOOD ROMANCES GO Smash

By JOAN STANDISH

Top to bottom, Carole Lombard, divorced; Warner Baxter, married sixteen years; Joan Blondell, who is proving marriage means more to her than her career; Lee Tracy, who won't try to combine them; Irene Dunne, who leads "two separate lives"

WHAT is to be done about Hollywood's divorce situation? It is a situation that cannot be denied any longer, even by Hollywood's loudest defenders. Recent weeks have seen thirty divorces in the movie colony. Among them were couples who had been married for many years. Most of these husbands and wives had tried honestly to make a success of their marriages, and seemed honestly bewildered by their failure. "In any other place except Hollywood," they said, "we might have been happy."

Few Hollywood divorce complaints name any specific grievance. The vague charge of "incompatibility" is an attempt to put into words the self-evident fact that domesticity does not flourish in this high-tension town, and that even real love has only a ten-per-cent chance of lasting under the glare of the Kliegs.

The question confronting Hollywood is not only "What makes movie marriages go smash?" but "What is to be done?" We have asked some of the most prominent stars what solutions they would suggest. Herewith are their answers—unusual cures for highly individualized people, living under abnormal conditions in the strangest town on earth.

Few actors would agree with the opinion of the gentleman from Wisconsin who exhorted the recent Congress to "legislate morals into the picture industry." Said Representative Cannon, "The whole atmosphere of Hollywood seeps with immorality. The actors and actresses become so hardened that they consider their suggestive and immoral actions on the screen as a matter of course and in harmony with their own lives."

If the earnest Congressman is able to force marriage to succeed by enacting laws, his solution of Hollywood's problem will be of immense value elsewhere as well!

Top to bottom; Claudette Colbert, who has a successful "part-time" marriage; Gary Cooper, a new bridegroom; Kay Francis, recently divorced; Neil Hamilton, married sixteen years; and Minna Gombell, who wanted a "secret" marriage

Too Many "Young" Marriages

"WE should recognize once and for all that marriage is hopelessly handicapped from the beginning in this business," Warner Baxter says, frankly. (He has been married to Winifred Bryson for sixteen years.) "*Actors and actresses should not marry while they are engaging in screen careers.* Winnie and I were married when we were both on the stage. That is a different matter. Our marriage had had so much of a start before we came to Hollywood that it was able to survive, but if I were beginning my career in the movies to-day, I would not marry. Everywhere a young man looks in Hollywood, his eyes fall on temptation. The players in the movies are chosen for their sex-appeal, as well as for their talents; and, after all, actors and actresses are men and women, too. Young love hasn't a chance in such a situation."

Gary Cooper, on the other hand, believes that a happy marriage is possible for a screen star *if he can keep the spotlight out of his home.* He and Sandra Shaw (*née* Veronica Balfe), his wife, refuse to discuss their marriage, keep to a few close friends, and are planning to travel whenever Gary can get away from pictures, in order to retain a normal perspective on Hollywood.

"I think that I have found the right solution—at least for myself," says Irene Dunne, the wife of Dr. Francis Griffin, New York dentist. "I keep my personal and my professional life separate. I have arranged it with the studio so that I may live in New York and fly out to the Coast whenever they are ready to begin a picture with me. In that way I'm not torn with the effort to mix domesticity with my work. Of course, this solution has its disadvantages of loneliness and the continual temporary breaking up of my home, but it is working successfully."

Marriage Matters Most to Joan

JOAN BLONDELL, who is married to cameraman George Barnes and is now an expectant mother, is certain that Hollywood can't hurt her marriage or any marriage based on her point of view. "No girl in this business should marry unless she first makes up her mind which is more important to her—her work or her man. If she is more ambitious for a career than anything else, she may be

(Continued on page 80)

MOTION PICTURE asked
a number of stars—most of
them married, some on the verge of
matrimony, a few of them divorced.
We asked them all to suggest ways
to make love last in Hollywood.
Here are their answers, given
straight from the shoulder.
Don't miss them!

Are the Movies Guilty? CECIL B. DE MILLE Speaks for the Defense!

Acme

Acme

Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago (right) states the churches' case against the movies. Rep. Cannon of Wisconsin (above) wants a law to curb "immoral" films

By JACK GRANT

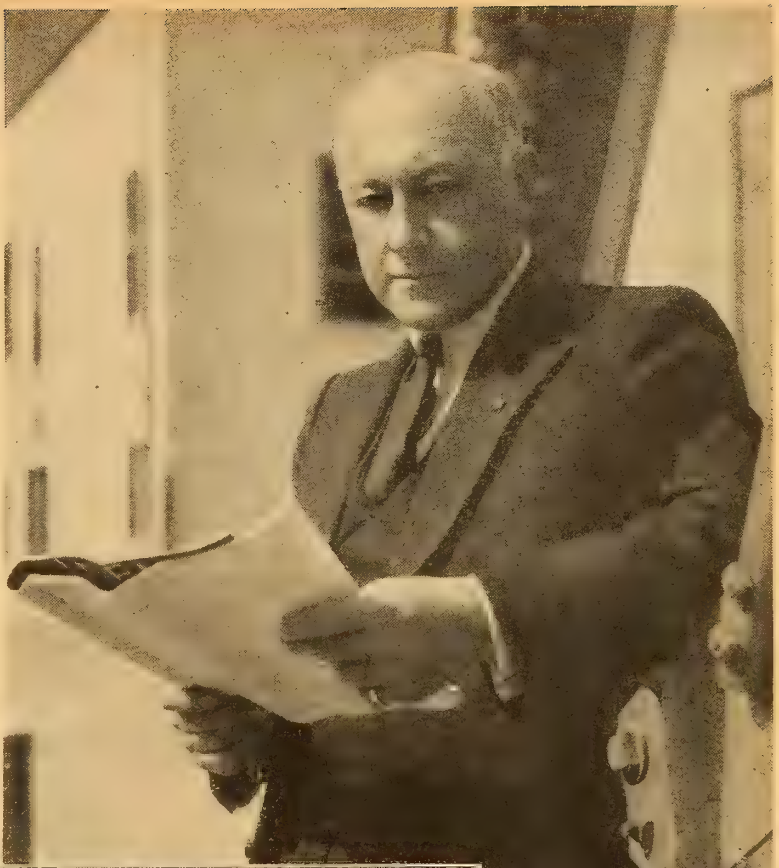
THE movies are being flayed, excoriated, bitterly attacked, boycotted—as "indecent," "immoral," "vicious." And how just are the charges? With the exception of the agitation against liquor that led to the adoption of Prohibition, no attack in American history has been so widespread, so far-reaching, so strenuous. But there are two sides to every question. If there is plenty to be said *against* movies, there is also something to be said *for* them. And Cecil B. De Mille, famous director and producer and one of Hollywood's guiding geniuses, says it forcefully. He deserves to be heard.

Hollywood has been indicted—not part, but all of Hollywood. Stars, directors, writers and producers are all included. It is a sweeping indictment almost unbelievably bitter and vicious, for the professional reformers, thrown out of jobs by the failure of Prohibition, have hopped aboard the anti-movie bandwagon. Obviously, they hope to make another good thing for themselves out of joining the moral crusade against Hollywood. Already many honest-minded leaders in their fields, notably the clergy, have had their honest minds poisoned by the propaganda of these professional agitators.

The whole thing started when the Catholic Church launched a campaign to eliminate what it termed "filth in motion pictures," a campaign designed to clean up films, to benefit the movies, to benefit everyone. A "Legion of Decency" was organized and members signed cards pledging themselves to a boycott of films judged to offend "decency and Christian morality." At the end of the first month, the Legion had a reported membership of one million, eight hundred thousand. In Cleveland, a mass meeting of more than fifty thousand Catholics took the pledge.

The movement has gathered terrific momentum, for the Presbyterian General Assembly, a national convention of Baptists, another national convention of Methodists, the Federation of Churches in America and other Protestant organizations have endorsed the stand of the Catholics. A conference of Rabbis welcomed the campaign because "it offers a ground upon which Protestants, Catholics and Jews will be able to unite wholeheartedly for the first time."

The movies have been attacked before—but never like this. They are on trial now for their very life—accused of indecency, indicted for immorality. And you are the jury. You will have to decide the fate of films. How just are the charges? The famous director rises up to answer the attacks!



With practically all religious bodies united, other groups entered the fight. At the current writing, the lists have been swelled by the National Federation of Women's Clubs, boasting a membership of more than two millions, the Parent-Teachers Association, Daughters of the American Revolution and countless smaller organizations, with more being added every day.

Cardinal Mundelein's Charges

NOW, there is no question but that the motion picture industry has invited this trouble. Some four years ago, there was a lesser agitation against censorable films. At that time, a moral code was drawn and subscribed to by the picture producers. Violations of the code by a few selfish insurgents within the producers' ranks are what have led to charges such as the one recently issued by Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago. The Cardinal says in part:

"This moral code was unanimously accepted immediately and we felt a great step forward had been taken to make the motion picture safe and enjoyable to all classes of people. We thought we were dealing with intelligent gentlemen. We were mistaken; to most of the producers, it was just another scrap of paper. . . . No other medium or agency has exercised so debasing an effect on public morals as the pictures and the publicity that have come forth from Hollywood. . . . Sin is made to appear attractive and rampant vice is presented as an acceptable thing. The criminal spirit is developed and encouraged and the virtues of chastity and modesty are scoffed at as outmoded practices belonging to a past and forgotten era. . . . Only too often is a picture, that is otherwise acceptable, marred by the injection of a suggestive scene or incident or double-meaning expression, inserted by some stupid director with a view of swelling the receipts of the box-office. . . .

"Some restraining influence, some censorship of morals must be brought to hold the picture industry from running wild and creating untold harm on the future life and character of our people. . . . A very large portion of the audience is made up of young children, with tender consciences, impressionable minds, dormant passions, characters still in formation. . . . Our people would accuse us, their spiritual leaders, of cowardice if we supinely stood by and allowed any influence, such as that exercised by the salacious moving pictures of to-day, to menace and destroy in the souls of the little children that which we and they have built up in our schools. . . .

"They (a committee of bishops, headed by the arch-

(*Continued on page 84*)

Cecil B. De Mille (top), who made "The King of Kings" and "Ben-Hur," says, "All of Hollywood is under indictment for the sins of a few. How can this be fair?" When "clean" pictures like "Little Women" (above) and "Cavalcade" (left) were the hits of 1933, Hollywood started a clean-up of films, itself

BLESSED—
in

MR. STORK'S TALLY SHEET
(Subject to Change Without Notice)

July
Jack Dempsey, Hannah Williams
The Kurt Neumanns (he's a director)

August
Bing Crosby, Dixie Lee (twins)

September
Sally Eilers, Harry Joe Brown
Frances Dee, Joel McCrea

October
The John Waynes
Joan Blondell, George Barnes

November
Andy Devine, Dorothy House
Florence Lake, Jack Good

December
Clara Bow, Rex Bell

International

Sally Eilers and director Harry Joe Brown (above) have let it be known that their heir probably will be born in Hawaii — probably on September 10

Wide World

By ERIC ERGENBRIGHT AND JACK SMALLEY

CONTINENTAL kings and queens started the custom of announcing to their subjects the coming birth of an heir, but Hollywood does it better. There may still be spots in this broad land where such matters are spoken of with lowered voices but if Hollywood parents-to-be manage to get to the microphone, ahead of Walter Winchell (who made America Blessed Event-conscious) they would broadcast the glad tidings to their fans through a million loud-speakers.

If you have ever been to a Hollywood première, you'll have some idea of how it's done. At premières, there are roped-off streets, milling throngs, million candle-power search-lights and colossal excitement. With similar ballyhoo, Hollywood features its Blessed Events. The proud prospective mama and papa give interviews to the press about their parental feelings, their plans for the upbringing of their heir, and their preparations for its coming. The layette is photographed; likewise, the new nursery. Friends give stork showers to the happy expectant star, with cocktails in nursing bottles and napkins folded like didies. The entire town discusses the coming event at the Brown Derby, the Vendome, at the fights and on the sets.

The jealousy of lady stars who are not anticipating a Blessed Event is terrific. Indeed, babies have become such a source of publicity in the last few years that stars who are unmarried, about to be married or between marriages try to get their share of it by confiding to interviewers their plans to have babies "within two years" —an announcement that is unique with Hollywood.

Compare Hollywood's way with that of European royalty. Look at King Leopold and Queen Astrid of

Clara Bow and Rex Bell (above) "scooped" even the gossip columnists in announcing their December expectations

Joan Blondell and George Barnes (right, above) let the world in on their secret early. Joan is "expecting" in October

Frances Dee, wife of Joel McCrea (right), will hear the flutter of stork's wings in September, but has worked steadily

EVENTING Hollywood

Ol' Doc Stork doesn't stand a chance of springing any surprises out Hollywood way. Long before he can flutter his wings over a movie star's home, the whole world knows just when he is due. Stars just can't keep their happy secrets from their fans!

Wide World

Wide World

Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee (top) thought they had a secret—until they heard it broadcast. And the secret was twins, too. Karen Morley, wife of Charles Vidor (above), was in a spot when the blessed event was rumored before her secret marriage had been revealed. Dorothy Jordan and Merian Cooper (left) helped to popularize Hawaii as a birthplace

Belgium—the way they muffed the whole affair! They didn't even announce their plans until a few weeks before the birth of an heir, if you can imagine such a thing! Unless seven or eight months of suspense and interest can be allowed a breathless public, your Hollywood couple would consider the whole thing a fiasco and hardly worth going through with.

Yes! Rex and Clara Notified the World

DID Rex Bell and Clara Bow moon off by themselves, keeping their blessed-eventing from their Public? Of course not! It was in the month of May that Rex proudly dispatched dozens of telegrams to the waiting press associations, announcing that Clara and he were anticipating blessed-eventing next December. This allowed a good eight months during which the many thankful writers, publicity agents, and the syndicates could make hey-hey before the son shines.

True, Rex skipped some important preliminaries, because he got a little rattled and excited. Properly, he should have allowed the coming event to cast its shadow in the gossip columns, and then deny it several times before breaking down and confessing the truth. This technique is favored in the best circles because it prolongs the excitement and it gives the columnists a chance to squabble over who first got the inside story.

No forthcoming accouchement is properly launched without giving some columnist a scoop on the world. If he can scoop the baby's own daddy, so much the better. Naturally, Rex came in for some criticism for so precipitously ringing the bell. However, the Bells were able to plead extenuating circumstances, as they were 'way out on the royal ranch, and hadn't seen a chatter writer for days. The cowhands, all in the pay of newspaper prophets, were away rounding up a cow, and

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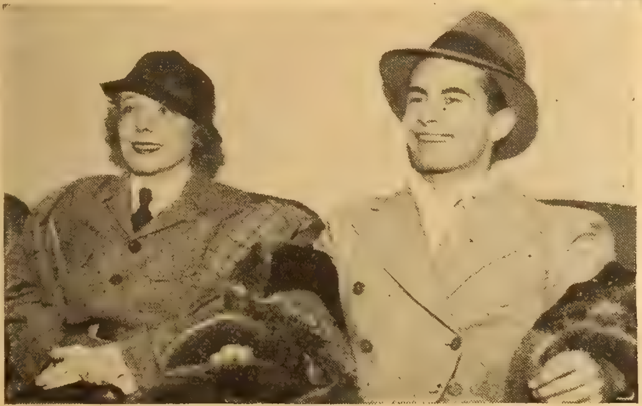


It's a race now between broadcasters and reporters to see who can foretell blessed events first. Radio won in the case of Florence Lake and Jack Good (left)

TOUR THE STUDIOS —and See THE WORLD!

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

You don't have to leave Hollywood to get a good idea of what foreign countries are like. You can girdle the whole globe in one morning, just by taking a trip around the studios. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen—the bus is leaving right away!

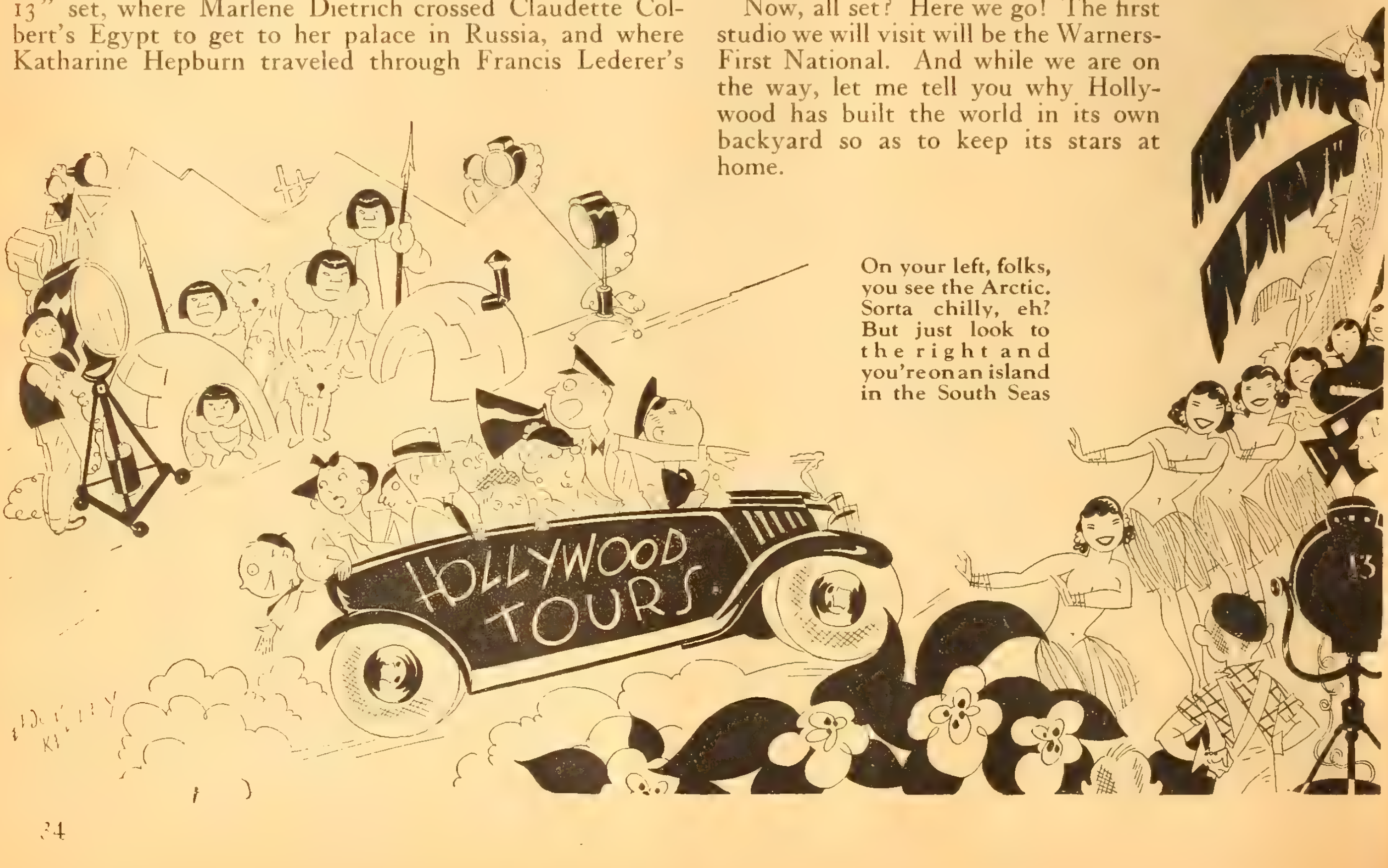
STEP right up, ladies and gentlemen! Shoot a quarter and go around the world! In the space of one morning, we guarantee to take you to any country on this round globe of ours, simply by touring the motion picture studios. Hollywood has the whole world in its backyard! Don't crowd! There's plenty of room for all, and the bus starts in exactly five minutes. Step right up, ladies and gentlemen!

We will show you where Greta Garbo crossed the Tarzan jungles of darkest Africa to get to her Sweden of "Queen Christina"; where Wallace Beery plowed his way through the London fog of Norma Shearer's "Riptide," after fighting one of "Viva Villa's" battles in Mexico, to say "Hello" to Marion Davies in Georgia on the "Operator 13" set, where Marlene Dietrich crossed Claudette Colbert's Egypt to get to her palace in Russia, and where Katharine Hepburn traveled through Francis Lederer's Arctic ice on her way to the mountains of Tennessee in "Spitfire."

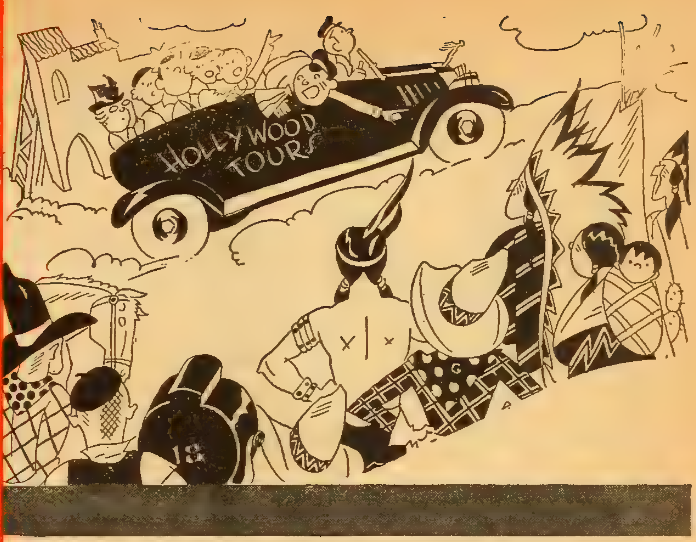
All aboard! Join the movies and see the world! Do all your traveling in Hollywood. That's what Lee Tracy says: "After this, I shall do my foreign travel right here in Hollywood." And you won't get into trouble. No need for a star to leave home—except to get one of those Mexican or Latvian divorces.

That's right, folks, just sit down and take it easy. The bus leaves in exactly five minutes, and you'll see a cross-section of the world. Move over, you, and let the little lady sit down. Madame, will you be kind enough to make your little boy give me my megaphone? He's a nice little chap, isn't he? Thanks, sonny.

Now, all set? Here we go! The first studio we will visit will be the Warners-First National. And while we are on the way, let me tell you why Hollywood has built the world in its own backyard so as to keep its stars at home.



On your left, folks, you see the Arctic. Sorta chilly, eh? But just look to the right and you're on an island in the South Seas



Hollywood, folks, is the only place where you can still see the old West. And where else could you find (top to bottom, left) the place where Louisa M. Alcott's "Little Women" lived—the battlegrounds where Pancho Villa fought—the palace on the Nile where Marc Antony wooed Cleopatra—the Russia where Rasputin ruled the Empress—and the jungle where *Tarzan* made friends with the elephants?

You Can Even Smell Shanghai

AT this one studio we can not only visit several countries, but we can wander through an old century. We can stroll down a Chinese street that you'll see in "Farewell to Shanghai"—a street that is constructed with such faithfulness to detail and atmosphere that it would fool a Chinaman, and "atmosphere" even covers the smells. And we can also go to the France of the Eighteenth Century, where Dolores Del Rio, in an elaborate white wig and a heavy brocaded gown, recently walked through the courts of Louis XV. And from there—presto—the artificial hill lined with houses that is a bit of old San Francisco.

How do they do it, you ask? Madame, will you be kind enough to make your little boy give me my cap? Thanks, my lad. The answer is simple, folks. The research departments, where files of thousands and thousands of photographs of all parts of the world are kept—photographs of entire cities and of street corner details, of country districts and of railroad stations, of palaces and hovels, of gardens and slums. And from these small photographs, they build huge, elaborate, authentic sets—so accurate, so atmospherically correct, that a native of any country would feel perfectly at home.

Hey, you, no smoking on this bus! That French Cathedral we're passing is made of lath and canvas! What? Oh, all right, get out, then. Now! Where was I, folks? Oh, yes. Well, anyway, here we are at Warners—

How'd you like it, folks? Ain't—isn't it wonderful to conjure up a past century and walk through the decadent, colorful Paris of Madame Du Barry and then step across to another stage and take a stroll through Shanghai, complete even to fleas? Not to mention Mandalay, so natural that you can almost hear the dawn coming up like thunder!

Paris and the Wild West

EVERYBODY in? Right over those hills, folks, is Universal City, where Lee Tracy had to walk around Notre Dame Cathedral, cross Monte Carlo, and watch out for cowboys and Indians as he leaped over a part of the old West on his way to the "I'll Tell the World" set, his first

(*Continued on page 74*)

INTIMATE

Wide World

Raquel Torres, new bride of millionaire Stephen Ames, is forgetting work at Malibu, with Nancy Carroll

Kay Gets Away

IS Kay Francis getting temperamental? When she flew East to sail abroad for a holiday, after finishing "British Agent" with Leslie Howard, she also flew into a minor rage as a news cameraman snapped her picture at Newark Airport. She chased him, didn't catch him, and then, perhaps realizing that she was revealing shattered nerves in public, she managed a smile for a publicity photographer . . . Part of her holiday in Europe will be spent in Rome, with the Count and Countess di Frasso, who first got into the Hollywood news as friends of Gary Cooper. And while abroad she may have a romantic rendezvous with Maurice Chevalier, who is to do a picture in England after "The Merry Widow" is ready for delivery to you and you and you. Friends say that she has ached to Get Away From It All ever since her divorce from Kenneth MacKenna—and say that she wasn't the one who wanted the divorce.

Jeanette Denies It

THEY'RE varying that rumor that Jeanette MacDonald (who lives up to the title rôle in "The Merry Widow") and her manager, Robert Ritchie, are secretly married. They're saying now that they are not only married, but secretly separated. But Jeanette says that her one-time offer of big money to anyone who could produce any marriage records with her name inscribed on them still stands. In other words, she continues to insist that she and Bob are only engaged. They're now in their sixth year of being affianced. Who says that Hollywood couples can't be faithful?

Are Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell testing their love? It's a rumor. Anyway, Isabel got a laugh out of the nose Lee wears in "You Belong to Me," and he looks sad

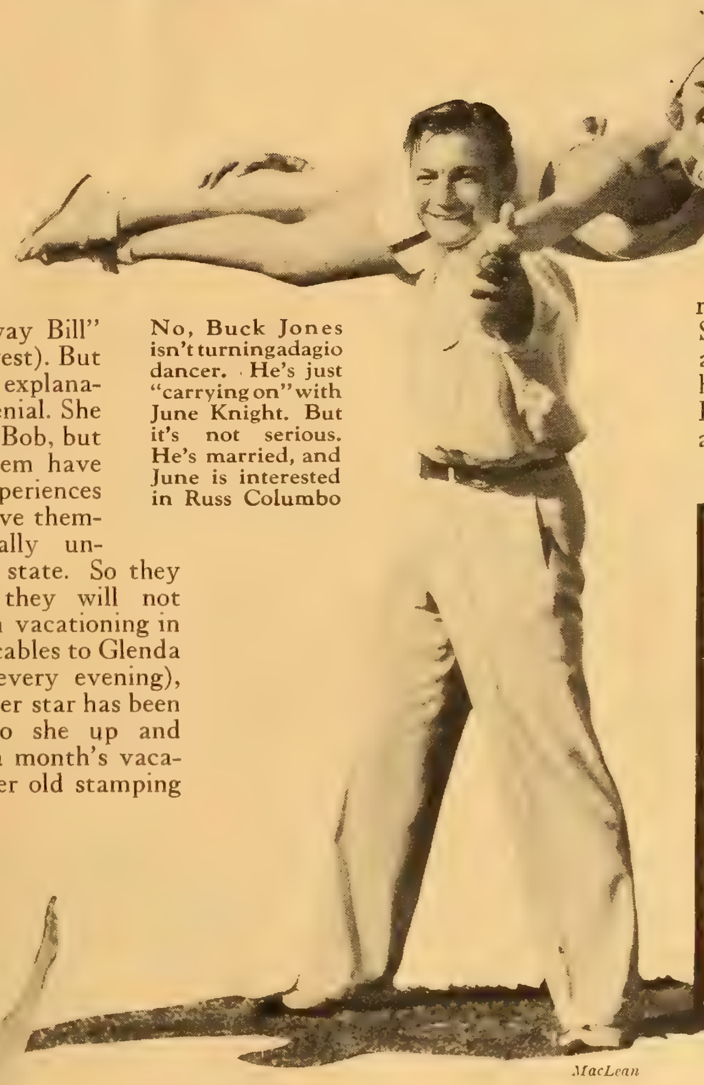
NEWS and GOSSIP From HOLLYWOOD

Not Marriage-Minded

GLENDA FARRELL is another star who is perpetually denying rumors that she is secretly wed to a Robert—Robert Riskin, author of the screen plays of "Lady for a Day," "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill" (Warner Baxter's newest). But Glenda gives a novel explanation along with her denial. She admits that she loves Bob, but says that both of them have had unfortunate experiences in marriage and believe themselves temperamentally unsuited to the wedded state. So they have decided that they will not marry. Bob has been vacationing in Europe (and sending cables to Glenda every morning and every evening), and the blonde Warner star has been plenty lonesome. So she up and packed her bags for a month's vacation on Broadway, her old stamping ground.

Exodus to the East

OTHER stars have been taking East-bound trains, also, undaunted by the reports in California papers of the heat waves in New York. (Nothing could be any hotter than a sound stage in mid-Summer!) Richard Barthelmess, free of studio contracts for the first time in years and years, celebrated his freedom by heading Eastward and doing some miming on the radio, just to see what it was like . . . Mary Brian, reported on the verge of saying "I do" with Dick Powell (who has since manifested a decided interest in Margaret Lindsay), took a Broadway producer at his word and hurried East to accept a starring spot in a Summer revue . . . Eugene Pallette and his wife decided to do some Manhattan sightseeing . . . Katharine Hepburn, who flitted into Hollywood and then flitted right out again, went



MacLean

No, Buck Jones isn't turning adagio dancer. He's just "carrying on" with June Knight. But it's not serious. He's married, and June is interested in Russ Columbo

Those "Merry Widow" melodies call for some graceful dancing—and the Albertina Rasch girls (below, and at left) answer the call. They'll make up for the fact that the famous staircase waltz is missing in the new MacDonald version

Ball

Remember William Farnum, he-man star of silent pictures? This is how he looks to-day—in "Happy Landing"

Margo is the first, last and only name of this girl—who enters films as the heroine of "Crime Without Passion"

Longworth

Will Ethelreda Leopold (left) break the jinx that seems to hang over gown models who enter films? The Chicago girl is off to a promising start in "Madame Du Barry" and "Dames"

back to Gotham—to arrange some future stage engagements between pictures, it is said . . . Margaret Sullavan, back from her walking tour of England (during which she went secretive and registered at hotels under fake names), has been commuting between Norfolk, Virginia, (her home-town) and New York, arranging the same sort of thing . . . Helen Hayes' contract, which allows plays between pictures, has given all the girls ideas. Helen, by the way, is going on tour with her Broadway hit, "Mary of Scotland," after doing a couple of pictures . . . Walter Huston looks due for a long stay in the East, thanks to his hit in the title rôle of "Dodsworth." He took time out to appear for a few weeks in repertory in Central City, Colorado, but now is resuming. His wife, Nan Sunderland, is also in the cast of "Dodsworth" . . . Lyda Roberti is still holding forth in Jerome Kern's hit, "Roberta," but is due back at Paramount any day now . . . And, of course, that well-known Californian, Max Adelbert Baer, has been looking over the night spots, while considering those movie offers. They're now calling him "the Performing Baer" . . . Otto Kruger is planning a New Jersey vacation.

So They're Enemies, Eh?

THESE Hollywood feuds are a laugh. Ben Bernie and Jack Oakie were reported to be sending optical daggers at each other after "Shoot the Works," on the grounds of scene-grabbing. And now comes the announcement that Bernie will be back in the Fall to do "One-Night Stand," a murder mystery-comedy and Oakie will do it with him.

You knew that Loretta Young has one sister on the screen—Sally Blane. But did you know that her younger sister, Georgiana, is now an actress, too. She plays Loretta as a child in "Caravan"

Business Is Booming

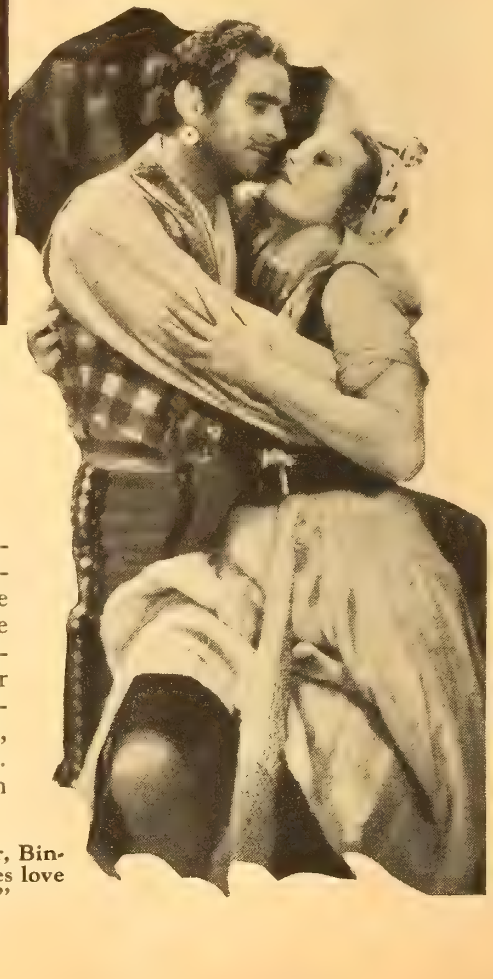
THE film companies have announced their plans for the season of 1934-35 and they're more ambitious than ever—despite all the agitation going on against films. Paramount has 64 on its list; Warner Brothers, 60; Fox, 58; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 52; RKO, 50; Columbia, 48; Universal, 42; United Artists, 22. The grand total is thirty more than this year. Thirty-four musicals are planned. More historical dramas are planned. (The censors can't complain about what is in the history books.) Practically no gangster films are in the offing, and there will be fewer "action dramas"—which allegedly excite the younger generation.

Ronnie Faces Freedom

RONALD COLMAN'S wife, the former Thelma Raye, is reported to have filed suit for divorce (after all these years of separation)—in London. Ronnie, asked by newshawks to comment on the report, shook his head from left to right and departed on a yacht cruise of indefinite duration. His next picture, "Clive of India," isn't scheduled to get under way for some time. The notoriety of a divorce action is unpleasant business to him, but his friends say he is happier since foreseeing the prospect of freedom.

Greta Cool to Carl Now

CARL BRISSON is disappointed. His former Continental friends haven't given him a tumble. There is Garbo, for one instance. In spite of the stories that preceded him to Hollywood, calling him ("the first man in Garbo's life"), Greta hasn't so much as invited Carl in to have a snack of Danish pastry.



Douglas Fairbanks shows an English star, Binnie Barnes, how a Hollywood star makes love—in "The Private Life of Don Juan."

HONEST with Herself—and YOU!

JEAN MUIR has discovered that the way to get ahead in the movies is to be *different*. She says, "To be a 'good girl' in this age of freedom is one way. Another way is to tell the truth." And Jean stands out from the crowd!

"I AM what is technically known as 'a good girl,'" Jean Muir told me. "And, what is more, I intend to remain one." Jean, guiltless of make-up, clad in blue sweater and skirt, not too voguish, with a pair of once-white sneakers on her feet and her Scottie curled up on same, planted her white elbows on the table and looked as firm as her words. (Ironically, she had just been playing the title rôle in "A Lady Surrenders.")

"I made this momentous decision," she said, "about six hours after I arrived in Hollywood. Before I was in the town six hours, I was tired of the romance gossip, the stress laid on sex-appeal and the number of Lotharios interested in a girl—with her acting ability never entering into consideration. I'm not really 'old-fashioned.' I have no prissy, Puritan views of morals. But I am conceited. And I am fastidious. I don't like marked-down goods—of any kind. I have no predilection for second-hand articles.

"I may be"—she laughed—"the only one of my kind in Hollywood. And that's all the more reason for my remaining as I am, though, I don't for one minute imagine that my immaculate state is going to protect me from gossip and rumor. I know that I shall be tarred with the same brush as others have been before me. I have heard that at a party not very long ago four or five of the men-about-town had their heads together and were engaged in discussing very earnestly whether I really was a—well, really was 'a good girl' or not. They had quite an argument. The 'No's' had it, so I hear. I was amused.

"It doesn't much matter to me what is said about me so long as *I* know the truth. I'll be able to live with myself and that is what primarily concerns me. And I don't really object to that sort of gossip. The rumors I do object to are concerned with more important matters. Such as the one where I was said to be a cold and heartless person because I went to the theatre, in New York, the day after my father died. That sort of thing does get me. It is nobody's business and I resent comment.

Just Trying to Get Along

"ANOTHER thing I have discovered since I've been in Hollywood—which is just about a year—is that the way to get along out here is to be *different*. To be a 'good girl' in this age of freedom is one way. Another way is to *tell the truth*. At all times. Under all circumstances. About all things. That's what I have done, that's what I'm doing now and that's what I intend to keep on doing.

"If, for any reason, I prefer not to discuss a matter at all, I shall say so. But if I do discuss it, I shall speak my mind without fear or favor. Truth-telling has two advantages. One is that it IS being different. The other is that no one believes you are telling the truth, anyway. *You* may not be believing me when I tell you of my state of purity. Nevertheless, there it is. *I* know it is the truth.

"Some of the girls who have come to Hollywood have tried to be 'different' by taking to the cloister, dodging publicity, not talking at all, not being interviewed, or being very vague and remote when they are interviewed. That's not to be my way. I like publicity. I consider that it's extremely important. I need it. And I'm not going to make the mistake the

(Continued on page 72)

BY GLADYS HALL

Would Valentino Be a Star Today?

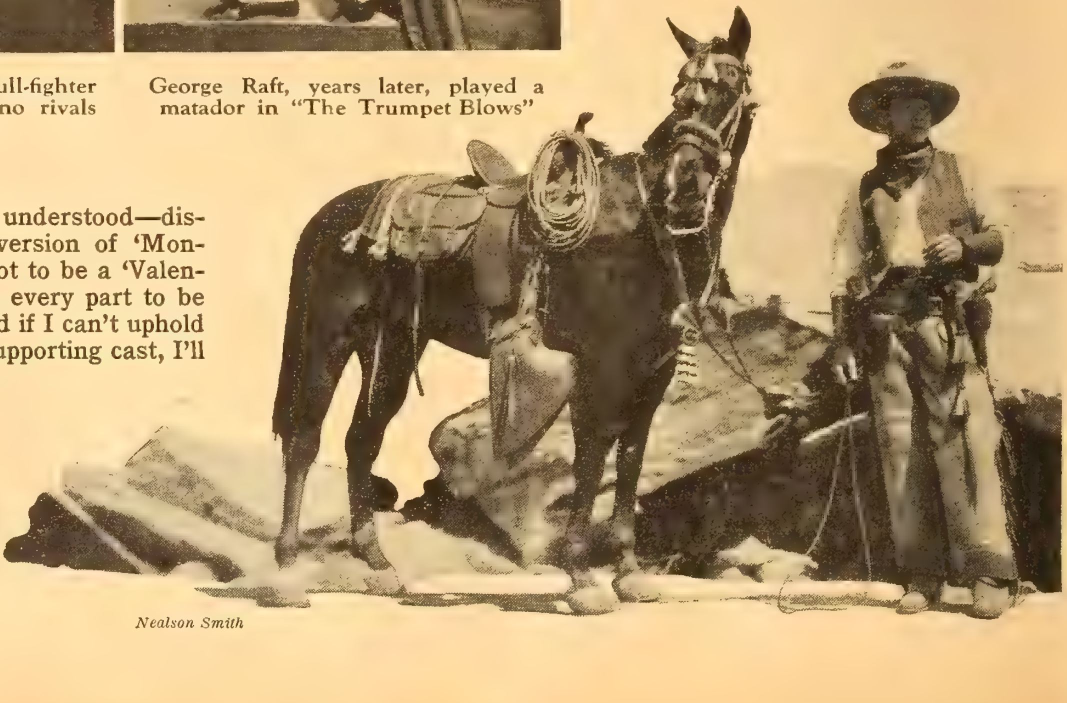
BY BORIS NICHOLAI

Rudolph Valentino died eight years ago this August, mourned by millions—and no one has ever been found to take his place. But if he were alive to-day, playing in talkies, would he still rank at the top? His brother, Alberto, and director Sidney Olcott, say "Yes"—and tell why!

Valentino's brother, Alberto (left), tells of the plans Rudy had

Valentino playing the bull-fighter in "Blood and Sand," had no rivals

George Raft, years later, played a matador in "The Trumpet Blows"



Nealson Smith

"I WISH one thing understood—distinctly. The talkie version of 'Monsieur Beaucaire' is not to be a 'Valentino picture.' I want every part to be filled by a capable actor, and if I can't uphold the star's rôle with a fine supporting cast, I'll give it up. And that," says Sidney Olcott, the director, who has made many memorable contributions to the screen (including the silent version of "Monsieur Beaucaire"), "is why I know that Rudolph Valentino would still be great to-day if he had lived.

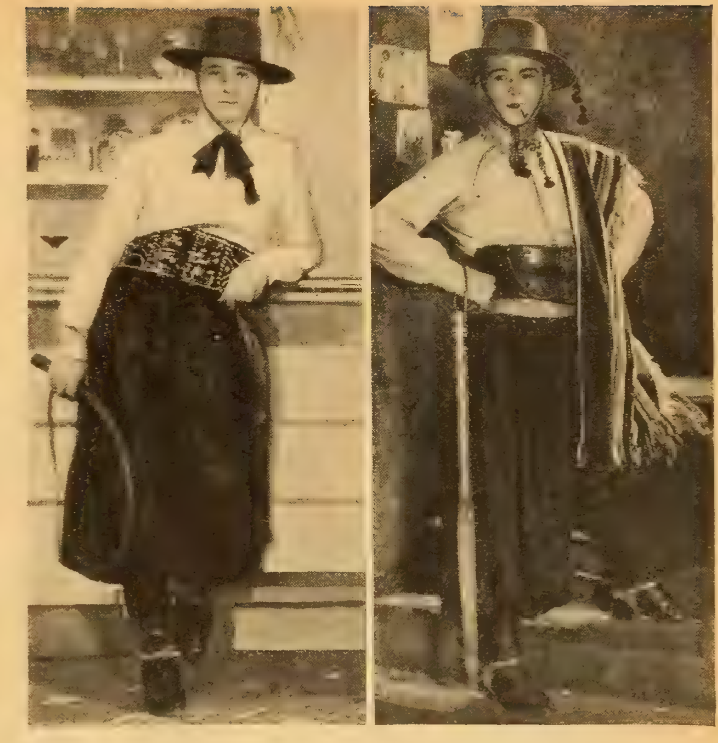
"It is my opinion that Rudy had not even reached the zenith of his career when death came. He was always studying, always preparing. Rudy was not merely a handsome fellow with melting eyes and an unusual amount of sex-appeal. He had a whimsical flair for comedy and a depth of understanding for emotional drama that no one on the screen except, perhaps, Leslie Howard possesses to-day.

"Valentino was well aware that the public would tire of a star in time. And so he thought of the picture, rather than of his own part. 'Monsieur Beaucaire' was splendid with the great names of the moment—Lowell Sherman, Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon, Lois Wilson. When Valentino sailed for Paris to have his costumes made, there was one rôle still unfilled, that of *Beaucaire's* brother. Abroad, Rudy met a young journalist whose striking resemblance to the famous star had made him the talk of Paris. He imported this youngster to play his brother. Was he afraid of such competition? Never! It would have added zest to life.

"Valentino loved life, itself, too much to fear the loss of his screen career. He loved Nature with all the fervor of an Italian peasant; he loved beauty and art, the feeling of priceless old fabrics, the sheen of armor and jewels. It's ironic, isn't it, that the fame which he was willing to hazard for the sake of making a splendid production is immortal, while life, which was so precious to him because he was one of the few rare spirits with a talent for joy was snatched away so early?"

Was a Star Only Four Years

EIGHT years ago this August, the most idolized star that the new art of the cinema has yet produced died at the age of thirty-two. His fame had been short and meteoric—he had been before the public only four years in all, counting the time between "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" in which he made his first hit, and the "Black Eagle," his last picture. Apparently, he had a long career before him. What would that career have been? Would Rudolph Valentino have weathered the perilous transition from the silent screen to the talking picture, or would he have suffered the fate of beautiful Vilma Banky and other foreign stars whose accents barred them from the talkies?



When you saw Ricardo Cortez in "Wonder Bar" (left), were you reminded of Valentino in "The Four Horsemen" (right)?

Valentino, himself, wanted to depart from Great Lover rôles, such as *Monsieur Beaucaire* (above). He had tests made of himself as a cowboy (left)!

Would Valentino have been a great screen idol in the day of Clark Gable, George Raft, Leslie Howard and Fredric March?

The other day an audience at the Filmarte Theatre on Vine Street in Hollywood shrieked with hysterical mirth at the revival of "The Sheik," the Valentino picture that made Rudy the Great Lover of fifty million women, and added a new word to modern vocabularies. The melodramatic gestures and caveman love-making were ridiculous to a sophisticated movie audience twelve years later. Was Rudolph Valentino capable of growing with the changing technique of the screen? Could he have adapted his famous Latin love-making to the new vogue for restraint and under-emphasis, as Ramon Novarro has during his twelve years in films? What did he, himself, think about his chances for the future?

"I hope to work in Hollywood many years," Valentino once told me. "It is *the* place in which to make great pictures, but it is no place for happiness. You do not know how to find joy, you Americans —how to be gay! You must rush and roar across miles of countryside every Sunday, or dance all the night, or be deafened by orchestras, to feel that you are on a holiday. In my country, we make play of toil. We sing as we gather the grapes, we make a fiesta of haying. You work too hard for your pleasures here. I shall live in America till I am through working, but I shall die on the Riviera. There, everywhere you glance, is beauty and just living is joy."

At another time Valentino said, "I do not want to go on in these Great-Lover rôles. People will soon get tired of them. Perhaps they are tiring already. I must make a decided change. I have had tests

(*Continued on page 82*)

FRANK MORGAN'S MILLION-DOLLAR SECRET

The famous actor's family controls a secret that is worth a fortune—yet not one of them knows what the secret is. Only three men in the world do know it, and they aren't telling. What is this mysterious herb that has brought his family wealth and made Frank a Big Business Man?

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

TO genial, jovial Frank Morgan (born Wuppermann), with his amazing shrimp-gold hair, his family secret is great sport. It gives him a chance to play Big Business Man in real life. And an amazing, unprecedented family secret it is.

Somewhere in the dank jungles of the tropical island of Trinidad, mountainous, green, with its famous Pitch Lake oozing pure asphalt, grows a mysterious, little-known herb. That herb is the important ingredient in the pungent, dark-brown fluid known as Angostura Bitters, which puts zip into man's friend, the humble cocktail, and is sold in the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba, by the Wuppermann family.

Frank Morgan doesn't know what the herb is from which his family's fortune is derived, nor does his actor-brother, the talented Ralph, nor do any of the other four Wuppermann children, nor did Frank's wealthy father, the late George Wuppermann, nor does his widow, eighty-two-year-old Josephine Wuppermann, who has managed the Angostura-Wuppermann Company since her husband's death in 1915. But they have thrived on it.

In other words, here is an entire family supported on the proceeds derived from the sale of a quantity as mysterious as the Lost Continent, as the unknown *x* of algebra. It makes as fascinating a story as any that the acting brothers of Hollywood's House of Morgan will ever delineate on the screen or stage. It becomes doubly fascinating because there are three men in the world who *do* know the herb, know where it grows, how it is to be used. And these three are not related in any way to the Wuppermanns. These men are the blenders of the bitters, famous since the Napoleonic Wars. Further, to protect the secret and to preserve the formula, should all three men die at the same time, there are two copies of the recipe, each in a guarded bank vault, one in London, the other in Trinidad.

Frank Morgan is now a Big Business Man—vice-president of the wealthy firm his eighty-two-year-old mother (at top) heads. These bottles hold their success secret

How Valuable the Secret Is

IT makes as stimulating and zesty a family secret as has ever been revealed in Hollywood. Most family secrets, we know, rattle around in unused, well-bolted closets. The Morgans' emits a gurgle and a pungent odor, to say nothing of yielding neat profits, which during 1932 were $2.92 on each of the thousands of cases sold in the United States. And that was during our late Great American Drought. Not all family secrets pay so well.

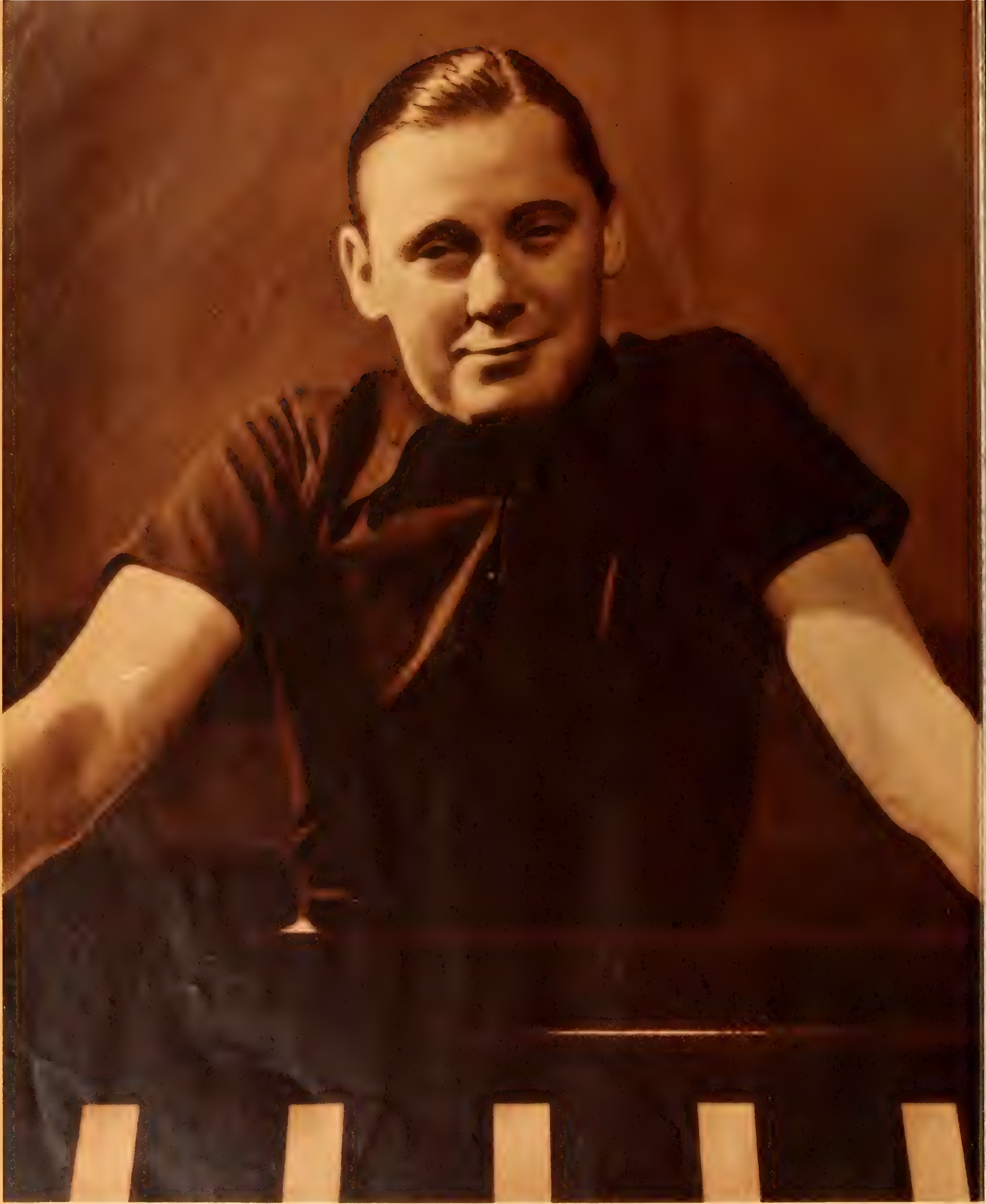
"Aren't you anxious to go down to Trinidad and see

(*Continued on page 76*)

Portrait by Bachrach

ANN HARDING—THE QUEEN OF QUEENS

There have been Queen Anns before—but never one more lovely. In a town of queens, she was chosen to reign over the Film Stars' Frolic, a charity carnival recently held in Hollywood. Yet the star who was voted the most queenly of them all isn't planning to be regal on the screen. In "The Fountain," she is an English girl who is torn between two great loves



Portrait by C. S. Bull

HERBERT MARSHALL—KING OF HEARTS

Herbert is the new Great Lover, and he's bad news to the cavemen. He doesn't break hearts with a bludgeon; he breaks them with a caressing smile—and the women are going wild over him. He loves Constance Bennett in "The Green Hat," next he will love Garbo in "The Painted Veil," and then he will smile upon Norma Shearer again in "Marie Antoinette"

The Merriest Widow

For thirty years, the world has thrilled to the operetta, "The Merry Widow." But JEANETTE MacDONALD — latest and gayest of all the *Sonias*—will give you a brand-new version. Here's how!

By Dorothy Calhoun

"WHY shouldn't I be merry?" sings Jeanette MacDonald. "I've got everything I want—Lubitsch, the darling, for director, Chevalier opposite me, and the most wonderful part in the most charming play in the world. Why shouldn't I be merry when I'm having my own way?"

The difficulties that once arose over making a talkie version of "The Merry Widow" have vanished, at least to the naked eye. There is no clashing of temperaments now. All is light-hearted gaiety and musical comedy joy. Chevalier smiles, Lubitsch beams and Jeanette laughs—silver laughter up and down the scale, the merriest *Sonia* ever to tantalize a *Danilo.*

"Why not?" she says again. "The sets are gorgeous. One is done entirely in different whites—dull white, shiny white, soft plushy white; you'd never believe there were so many whites! My costumes are lovely—a white organdy with a red bodice, a blue chiffon with silver sequins and aigrettes, and the most frivolous widow's-weeds you ever saw. I have some beautiful songs written in for me. I've always wanted to sing 'The Merry Widow.' They asked me to do it in Paris last Fall. They play 'The Merry Widow' in Paris every year as faithfully as the chestnuts blossom. It's not a play to them—it's a ritual!"

They have rewritten the thirty-year-old Lehar operetta to fit Jeanette; they have added new lines to harmonize with Jeanette's arch and sparkling personality; they have cut over the part to be becoming to Jeanette. They have given her *two* bedrooms in which to wear devastating nighties. They have made the simple, somewhat silly *Widow* of earlier days a ravishing, gorgeously gowned sophisticate with a provocative sense of humor. They have, in short, remodeled her in Jeanette's image.

How Times Have Changed!

IF you were a girl when "The Merry Widow" first came to the Opera House in your town, you were wearing your hair puffed out over a wire rat. You went to see it

(Continued on page 94)

LOUISE HENRY - SHE'S NEW!

Now, Jean Harlow does have a worry—and Marion Davies, too. She's blonde, vivacious, and no relation to Charlotte Henry, of "Alice in Wonderland" fame. She hails from New York, where she was an honor pupil in three of the movies' best schools—stock companies, vaudeville and night-clubs. And she comes by her talent naturally, being the daughter of Louise Henry, one-time vaudeville favorite. Her father is the famous New York physician, Dr. Jesse Straus Heiman. She starts in Robert Montgomery's "Hideout"

VIRGINIA PINE-NEW, TOO

Virginia is the pretty newcomer to films who will be the next Mrs. George Raft. And thereby hangs a romantic tale. It is the love story of a daughter of wealth, who grew up on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive, and a son of the tenements, who grew up in the Hell's Kitchen of New York. In any other town except Hollywood—which measures you by your ability, not your background—they might never have met. Virginia—happy in her new career (which started in "Dr. Monica")—won't abandon it for marriage

CHARLES FARRELL GOES FAR AFIELD

"Gosh, I never thought of that! I went and signed up for a picture in England—and that means I'll get all out of practice at polo!" And "horseback hockey" happens to be one of Charlie's favorite sports. But maybe he has found a meadow or two over there, between scenes of "Beauty Ball." When he gets back, he and Janet Gaynor may co-star again

My Design for Living

How do stars live? What do they get out of life—or want from the future? Irene is the *first of several stars* to tell you—vividly and frankly!

By Irene Dunne

What is the design for living of a screen star? Where does the life of the star end and the life of the private individual begin? What are his chief interests, his favorite activities, his most cherished possessions, his greatest ambitions and hopes and fears?

Motion Picture has persuaded a number of representative stars to tell you. Irene Dunne is the first—and she is refreshingly frank and honest. After you read what she says, you will feel that you know her as you never have before. Next month, Kay Francis will give you a new idea of what it is like to live in the spotlight.—*Editor.*

THE present framework of my design for living is—a square. It is bounded on one side by my career, on the other side (also of the Continent!) by my husband, on the third by my mother, and on the fourth by my music. That is not the order of their importance, of course.

In the foreground and background of the design are all of the other vital and necessary things—travel; ships and 'planes and trains and cars and everything that *goes;* books and friends; golf; clothes and good talk; religion; New York—the skyline of New York is very much in the design. And hovering over the perspective always is my hope of altering the design a trifle nearer to my heart's desire, of working in details that are now lacking.

For my design for living is not yet completed. Perhaps it never will be. One keeps adding to an original design, hoping for perfection. Part of it lies, vaguely sketched, in the future. Part of the present design is compulsory—with lines drawn in by craftsmen other than myself. That is true of all of us on the screen, I think. Other hands draw some of the lines and we are forced to abide by them.

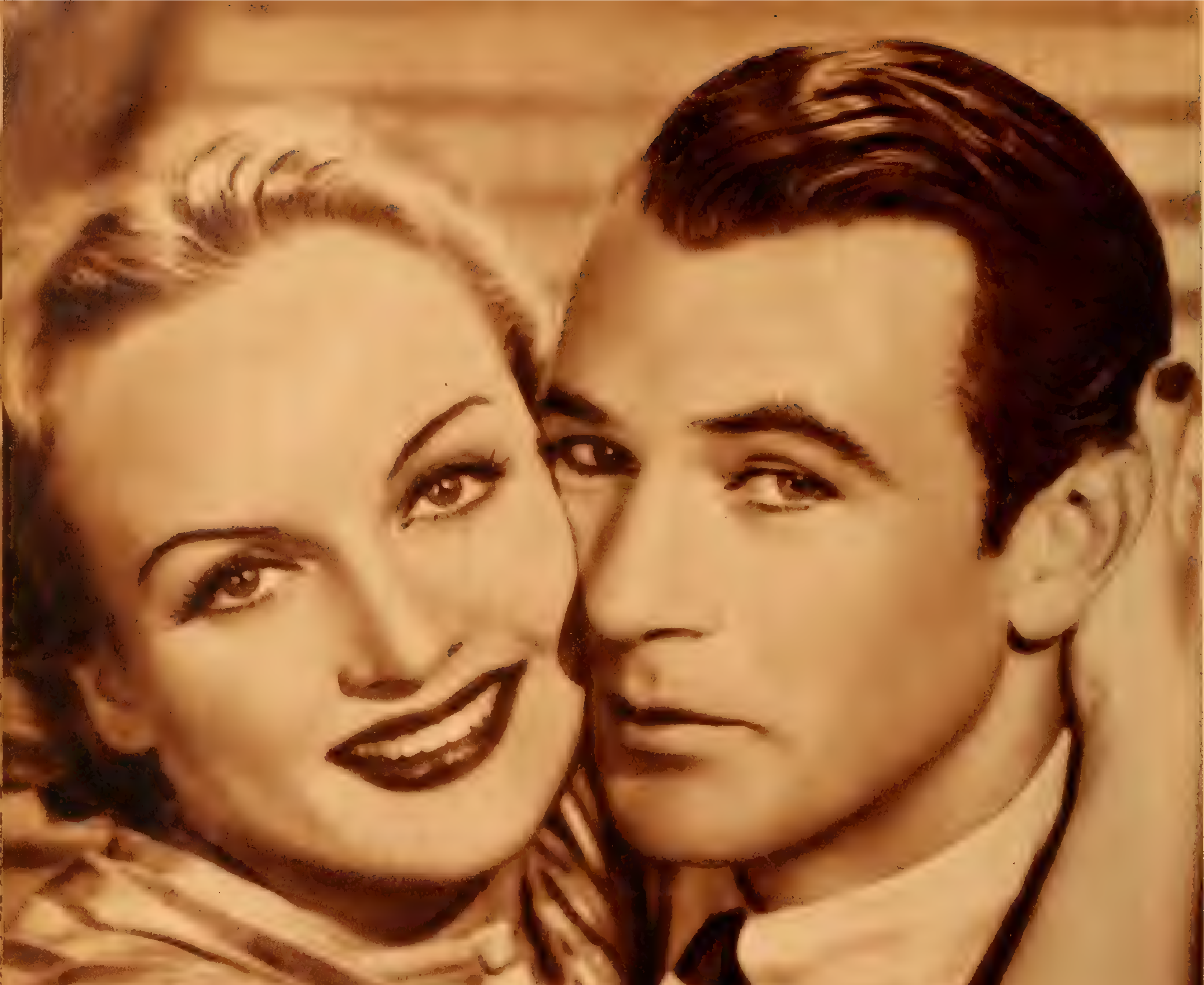
Leads Two Separate Lives

I DIDN'T start out to have any conscious design for living. There was nothing planned about any of it. For example: I am not happy unless I am working. I could never be happy as just a housewife and mother. And at first my husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, who is a New York dentist, couldn't bear theatrical people. He was interested in *my* career—proud of it, proud of me—but he wasn't happy with the people of the stage. He has his own work, his own friends, his own roots in New York. In the beginning, it simply seemed the expedient thing for me to work here and for him to work there and for us to be married people between jobs. But I feel, now, that it is a design and if I do say so, I am rather proud of the way it has worked out.

You see, I believe that no woman can have two major interests under one roof—two interests, that is, at which she must *work.* She can have them, but is she successful at both of them? I think the answer is pointedly "No." The reason why my design is successful is that when I am working, here in Hollywood, *I am working.* All of my time, thought, attention, heart, mind and soul are given to that work. When I am not working, I am in New York—a married woman—giving all of my time and thought and attention to my marriage. If there must be a division of interests—and some designs, undoubtedly, do work out that way—then it is better to have the divisions clean-cut and separate, not all tangled together and blurry.

It simply means that neither of the major interests of my life ever gets a half-portion of me. Because they do not.

(*Continued on page* 86)



Portrait by Richee

CAROLE AND GARY ARE IN LOVE AGAIN

Of course, they're only pretending. Carole Lombard is still interested in her ex-husband, William Powell; and Gary Cooper is the contented husband of Sandra Shaw. But Carole and Gary haven't had a chance to be sweet to each other since "I Take This Woman." So no wonder they have an affectionate reunion, acting out "Now and Forever"!

Oculists aren't the only ones who examine eyes. Lovers do it, too—as Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone illustrate in "The World Moves On." Their love is idealistic, and lasts and lasts

SIX OF A LOVING KIND

When a man wins the heart of a girl, the best way to hold her love is to hold her, too—as Warner Baxter and Madge Evans demonstrate in "Grand Canary" (above). And when a girl is a tease (like Rochelle Hudson) and a man is in earnest (like Stuart Erwin), the surest way to end her teasing is with a wedding ring—as Stuart proves in "Bachelor Bait"

ADRIENNE AMES' HOME IS A REAL SHOW-PLACE

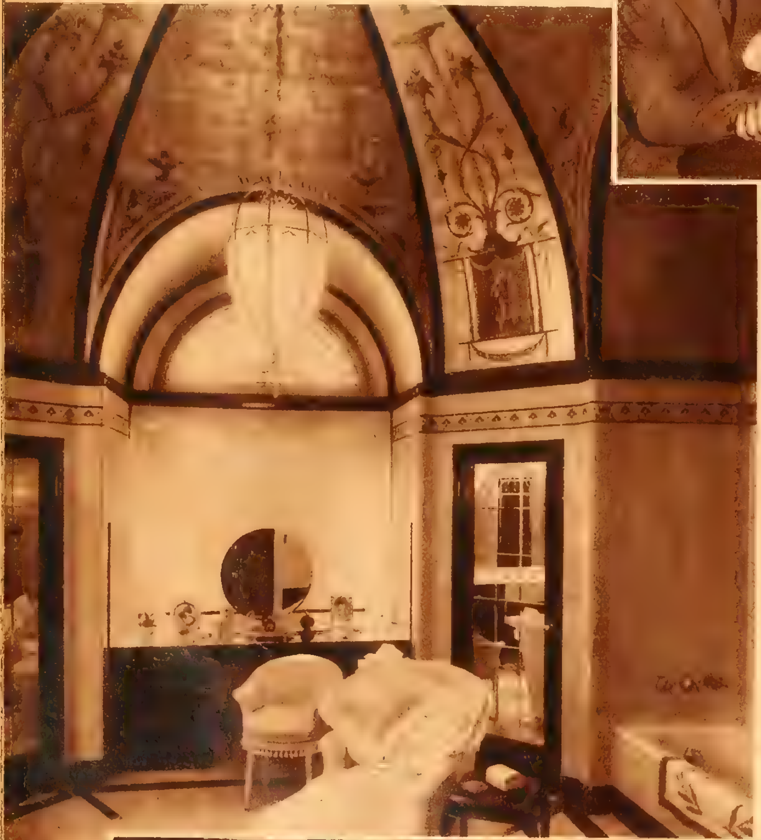
BY DOROTHY CALHOUN

The domed room directly below, believe it or not, is the master bathroom complete even to built-in dressing-table. At the bottom left is the luxurious Italian drawing-room. At the bottom right are the pool and patio, "done" entirely in red and white

If you entered a movie star's home, wouldn't you expect to be dazzled? Adrienne Ames' Italian mansion lives up to all such expectations. It is one of the most-talked-about homes in the film colony. Read this vivid description of the interior and you will discover details that might be adapted to your own home inexpensively. You will learn to choose your home to fit your personality.

—Editor.

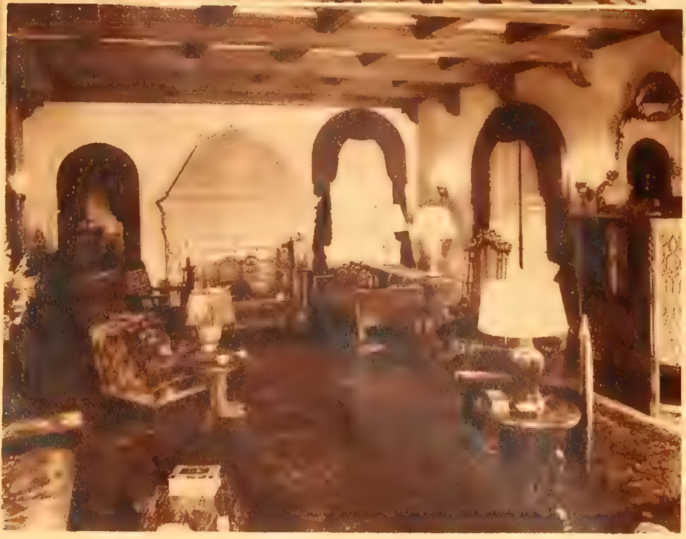
Above, Adrienne Ames, with her new husband, Bruce Cabot, who is now selling this home—a gift to Adrienne from her former hubby

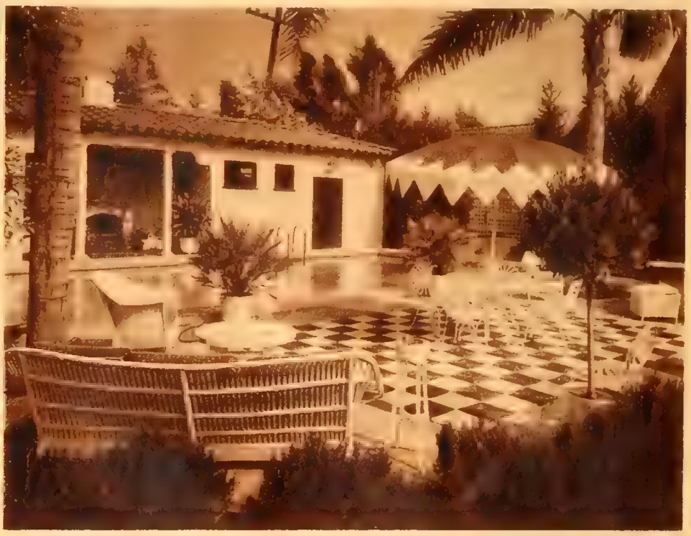


BEFORE you build or buy a house, it is just as well to take a long, long look in your mirror. If the mirror shows you blue eyes and a pink-and-white prettiness, don't buy yourself a Mexican hacienda. If it reveals plucked eyebrows and a sophisticated make-up, don't fall for a Colonial cottage.

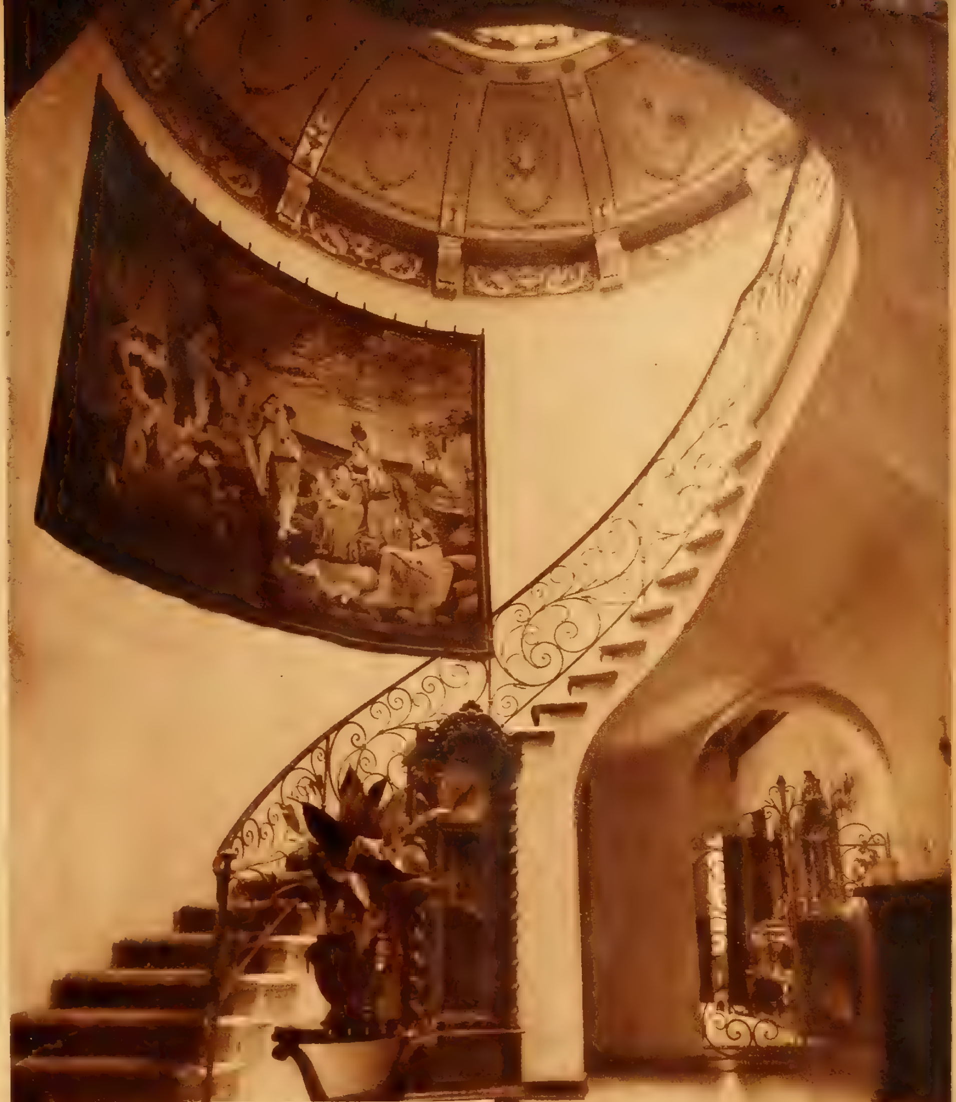
If your mirror shows you what Adrienne Ames' mirror reflects—dark folds of hair that have never known the permanent wave machine, olive skin and features as clear-cut as those of a medieval lady on a cameo—you would be wise if you followed her example and forthwith framed yourself in the rich and somber tints and the massive and stately shapes that belong to the Italian type of mansion. That is, you would be wise to do this if you are blessed with plenty of money. For Italian architecture is stately and impressive, with vistas of huge rooms and sweeping staircases; and Italian hangings cannot be bought at chintz prices.

The home of Adrienne is one of Beverly Hills' show-places. It was a gift to her from her former husband, multi-millionaire Stephen Ames, and Adrienne is trying to sell it





Adrienne's home is the kind that you might expect a movie star to have—spacious, luxurious, setting off her brunette beauty. But there are details that might be copied for more modest homes. Read about them!



Dapprich

now that she is married to young Bruce Cabot. "We have got to live on our salaries," she says seriously, "and that's impossible with a home like this. Besides, people think we are putting on swank."

There is another, sadder reason. When Adrienne first lived in the house, she often pictured a bride coming slowly down the beautiful, curving stairway, and the bride—she imagined—would be her pretty college-girl sister Linda Marsh. A year ago, Linda was killed in an automobile accident, and now Adrienne can never look at that noble, sweeping staircase without a sub-conscious pang.

Adrienne Knows Her Colors

THE house was already built when Adrienne first saw it, but the decorations and furnishings have all been done by herself and her elder sister, Jane Llewellyn, who is a New York decorator.

"She ought to be here to tell you the names of things," Adrienne says. "She knows the language. I only know what I love. Some of my furniture came from my New York apartment, but all of the drapes and carpets and rugs were fitted in the East to my floors and windows in Beverly Hills. I

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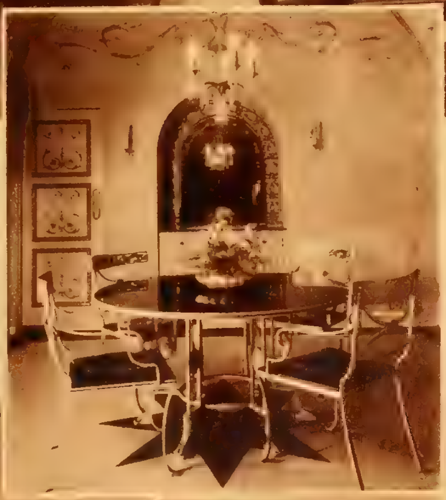
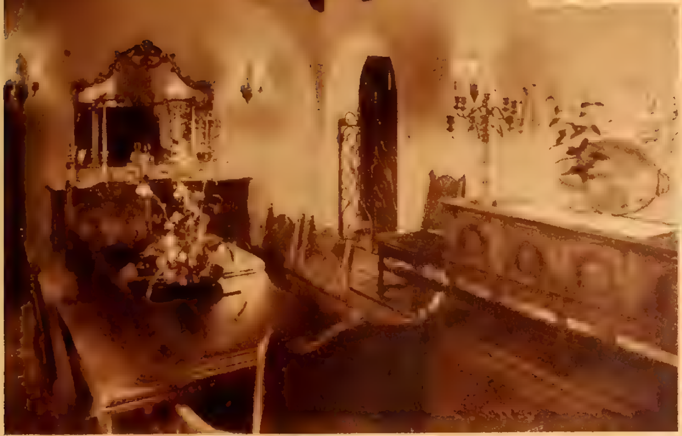
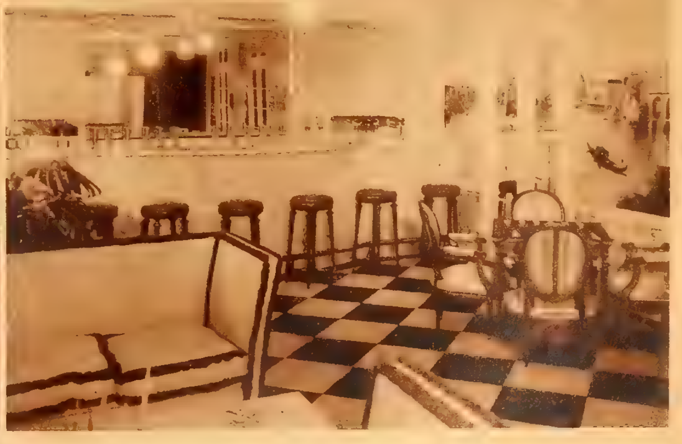
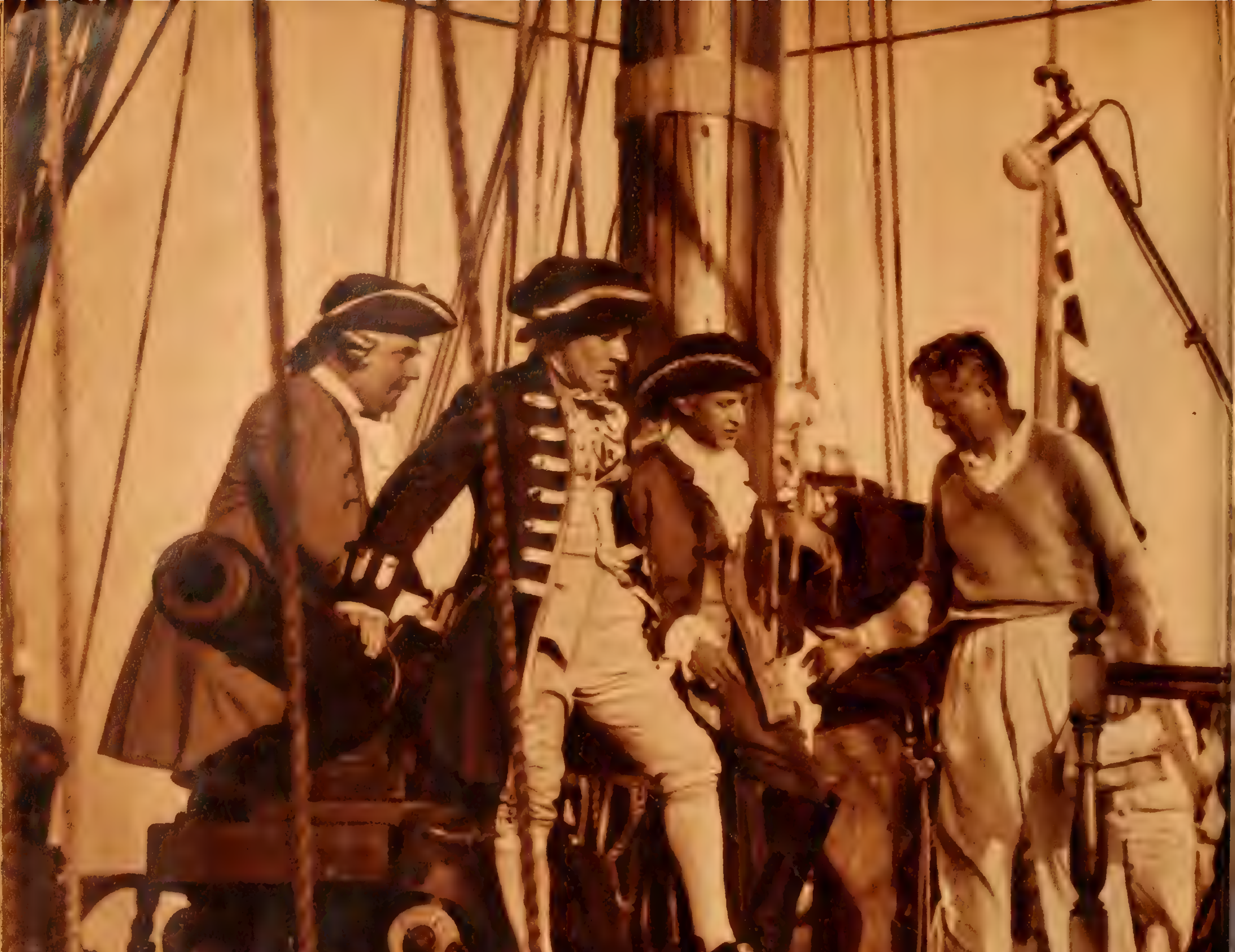


When you enter Adrienne's home, what you see first is the beautiful curving stairway above, with its domed ceiling. Left, the Venetian breakfast-room, which has metal furniture. Bottom left, the stately dining-room. Below, the new playroom. The writer describes these rooms in detail



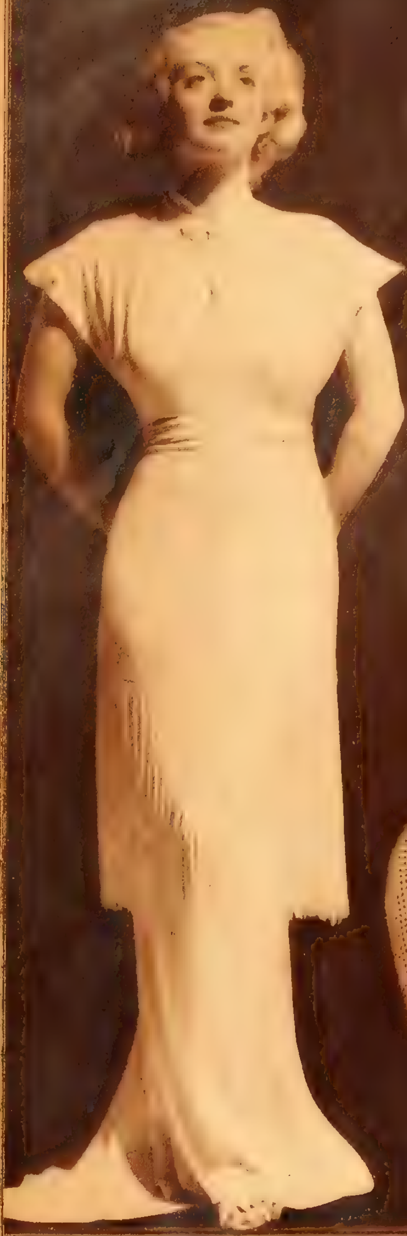




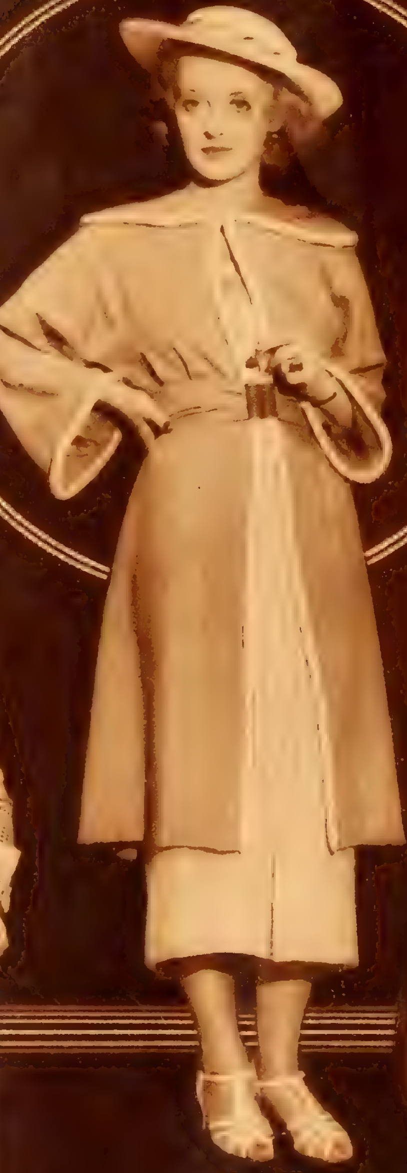
A HOLLYWOOD CREW BOARDS THE "TREASURE ISLAND" SHIP

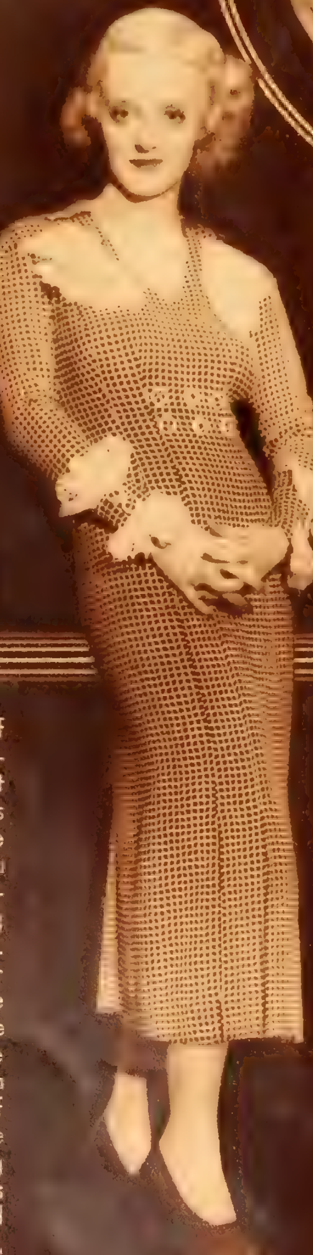
Twelve miles out at sea, the adventure ship, *Hispaniola,* fitted out for a voyage to "Treasure Island," is boarded by a camera crew, under the leadership of Director Victor Fleming, who gives strange orders to the masters of the vessel. When Robert Louis Stevenson wrote about the adventures that befell the *Hispaniola*, he mentioned

a pirate crew, but said nothing of a camera crew. He never dreamed that some day such a ship would sail the Spanish Main again and all the men on board would once more live and talk; he never dreamed of the movies. At the left, *Squire Trelawney* (Nigel Bruce), *Captain Smollett* (Lewis Stone) and *Dr. Livesey* (Otto Kruger) are put through their paces by director Fleming. Meanwhile, a microphone stretches its long arm toward them and cameras and reflectors point at them. Below decks are *Long John Silver* (Wallace Beery) and *Jim Hawkins* (Jackie Cooper)

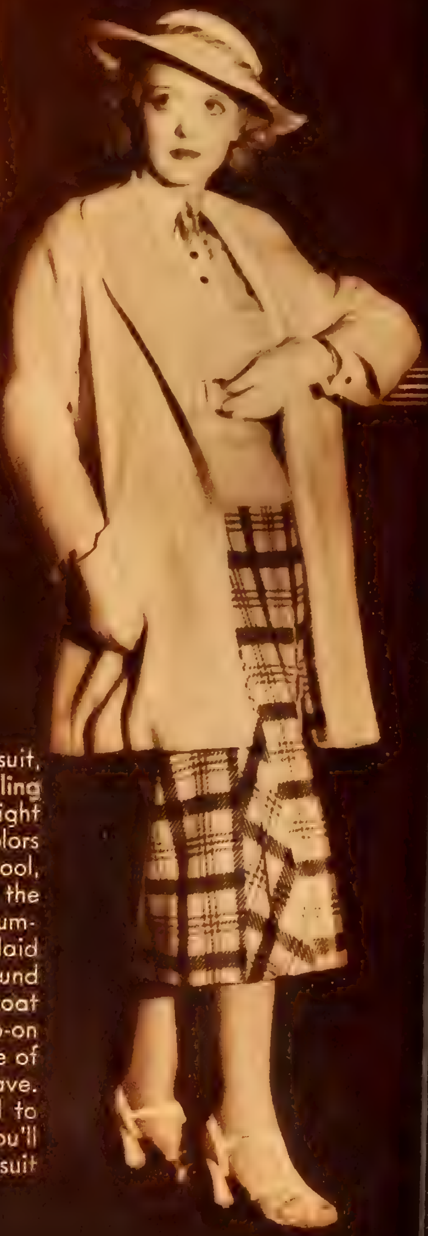


Bette Davis suggests an outfit like this one (left below) for those in-between days, when Summer has not quite gone and Fall is just around the corner. The sports dress is red-and-white striped crêpe and the red flannel coat, with kimono sleeves, is bound with the dress material

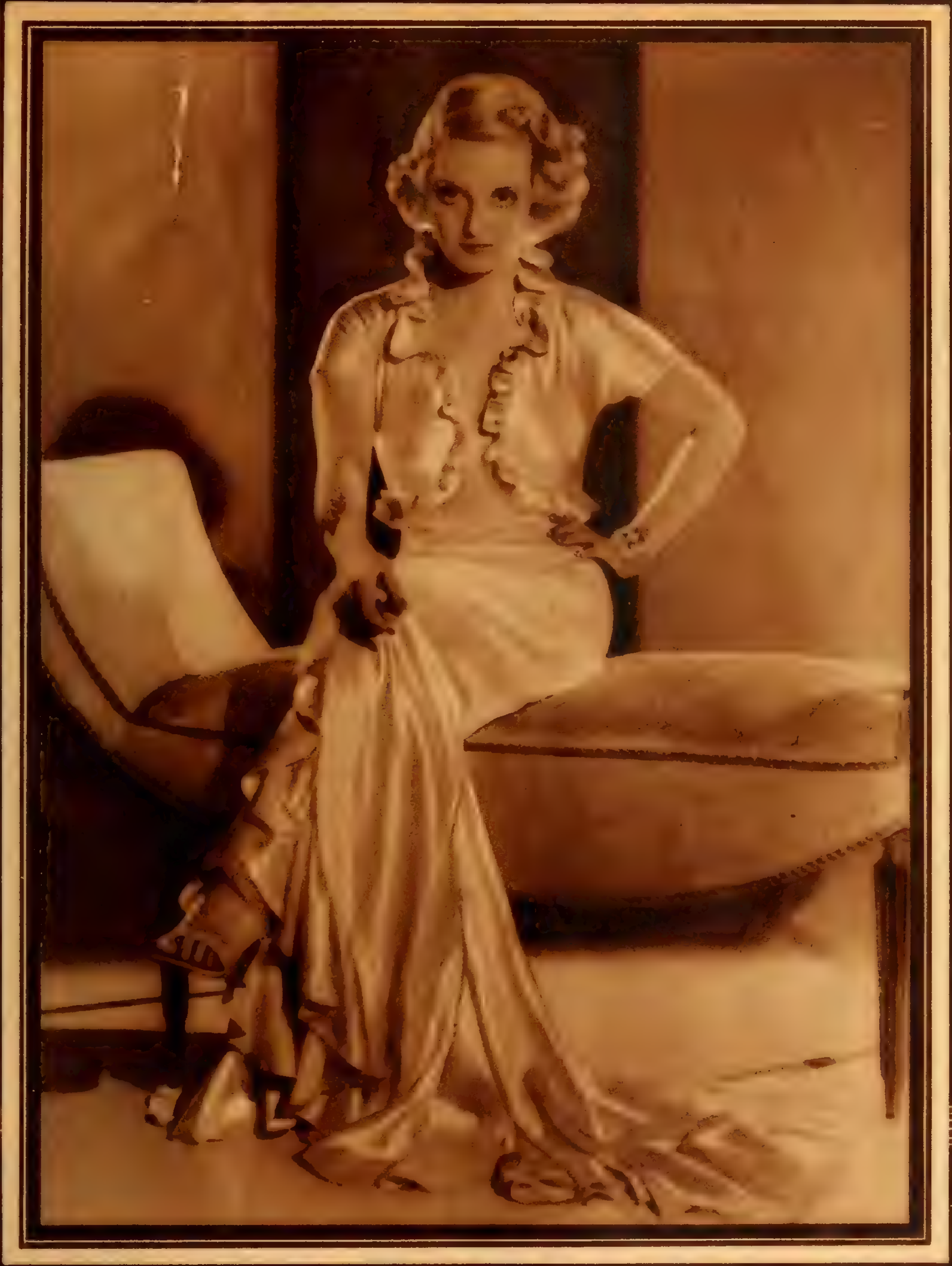




Bette Davis, who has one of the smallest waistlines in Hollywood, says it is as important to have a trim figure as it is to have pretty clothes. So the first thing for you to do, if you want your share of party invitations, is to start doing those bending-over exercises. Miss Davis is known for her trimness of figure, so she knows whereof she speaks. The picture above shows Bette wearing a white bagheera crêpe gown, with a row of deep fringe trimming the molded skirt and suggesting a long tunic. Right, Bette has on a cute frock of brown and white waffle-checked print, with embroidered lingerie trimming the neckline and cuffs



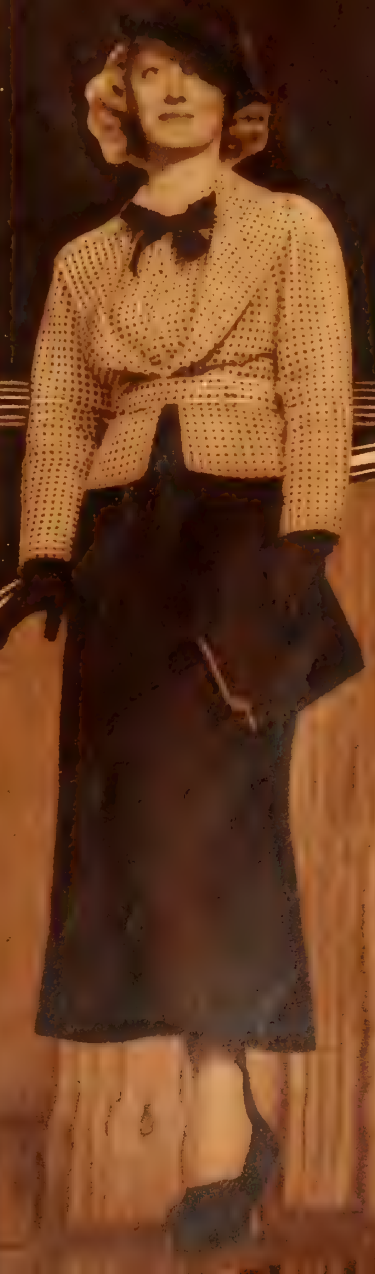
The spectator sports suit, which Bette is modelling (right), is of lightweight wool. It has Summer colors and the warmth of wool, making it ideal for the cool days of late Summer. Green and red plaid on a white background makes the skirt and coat lining, while the slip-on sweater and jacket are of white diagonal weave. When you are invited to watch the games, you'll be happy to own a suit like this one



There's a queenly air about Bette Davis (left) in the stunning evening gown of scroll-embroidered white satin. It has a bolero bodice, which is edged with a rippling ruffle. The trailing skirt, slit almost to the knee in front, is also edged with the ruffling and the manner in which the ruffles gracefully cascade from the slit permits just a peek of Bette's shapely limbs

LATE SUMMER AND EARLY FALL SURELY TAX ONE'S WARDROBE

BETTE DAVIS SUGGESTS STYLES TO FINISH UP THE SUMMER

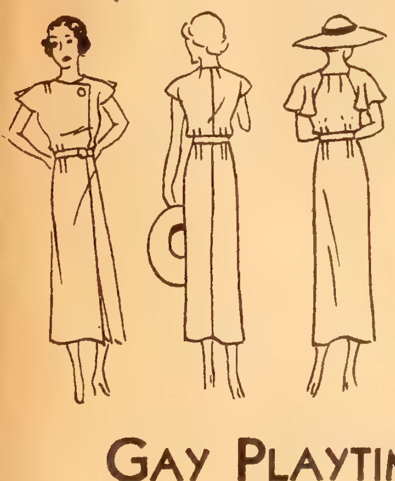


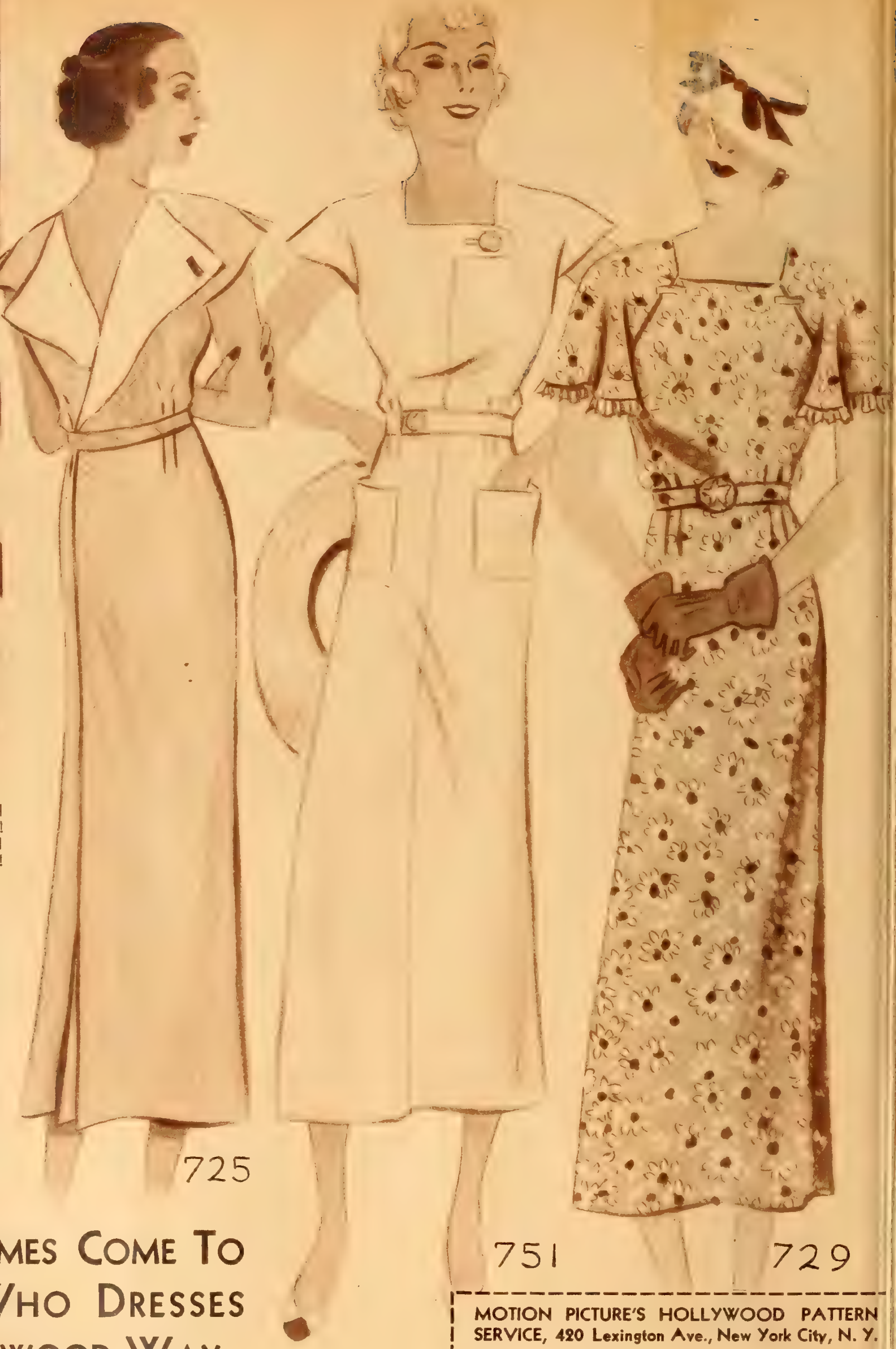
A very chic linen ensemble is the one Bette Davis is pictured wearing at the right. The frock has a black skirt and a black-and-white-checked bodice, with a separate tailored jacket of the checked material. With the black accessories, this linen outfit may be worn in very late Summer

Ann Dvorak

Bette Davis

Don't envy the girl who goes places and does things—learn a lesson from her! Make yourself some pretty clothes—and you'll go, too. New dresses, new beaus!





GAY PLAYTIMES COME TO THE GIRL WHO DRESSES THE HOLLYWOOD WAY

Hollywood 725—Just eight easy pieces make this cute dress—it buttons high or low in front and back, depending on where you want to sun tan. How about combining peach and blue in a washable silk? In 14 to 42. 18: 3⅛ yards of "39" and ⅝ yd. contrast....15c

Hollywood 751—Everyone in camera-land is mad over square necks! Here is one done in a devastatingly simple fashion—and do get cute buttons! Easy to make? Decidedly! Perfect for white with bright buttons. It is for sizes 14 to 20; 32-38. Yardage on envelope...15c

Hollywood 729—A "Sew-Simple" dress, again using the cute square neck and shoulder cape sleeves that remind us of Bette Davis! Five pieces, 3¼ (for age 18) yards of printed sheer material, a little sewing—and the dress is yours. 14 to 42..................15c

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"Acting Has Changed Me, Even In Looks"—CAROLE LOMBARD

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

SOMETHING strange, something radical has been happening to Carole Lombard's face. It isn't the same face she started out with seven years ago, in Mack Sennett comedies. It isn't the face she had four years ago as a Paramount featured player. It's not just a matter of a different hair-dress or a new make-up. All her contour is changed. You can scarcely recognize in the lustrous, hungry-looking *femme fatale* of to-day that bright-faced, heedless, slightly dizzy hey-hey girl of 1927.

There's a popular belief that the change can be traced back to the automobile accident that tore her lip and left a scar across her cheek. Carole offers a much more enlightening theory.

People who "knew her when" will tell you that Carole doesn't look like the same girl to-day—her face has changed so much. She says so herself. Make-up hasn't done it. Life and movie-acting have. And Carole reveals just how!

"I have pictures taken before and after the accident," she said, "which prove that had absolutely nothing to do with it. They were almost identical. The accident happened six years ago, and it's only in the last three or four years that my face has changed. But it HAS changed completely.

"I think it changed as I changed mentally. Age changes you, and experience. It hollows your face and alters the mold. Your face can't help reflecting all that goes on in your mind. All the emotions you feel, all the troubles and heartaches and grief you experience, leave their mark if you're an actress.

"Many different things have done it to me. Marriage, struggles and disappointments in my career, heartaches, divorce. The same things happen to everybody, really. It's just a question of what you do with them, what use you make of them.

"Some people go through those experiences and never let them mark their faces. They show no change. But actresses always let these things change them. They aren't stoical by temperament. They take everything big, nourish

(*Continued on page 95*)

Seven years ago, Carole Lombard was just another pretty girl. To-day, she has one of the most dramatic faces on the screen. Being an actress has made the difference

THE *Secrets* OF THE

By JEAN HARLOW

Her Own Home-Aids to Beauty

Jean, looking across her dressing-table at you, above, tells how she cares for her famous hair. Right, she presses powder lightly around her eyes, nose and mouth—to assure a completely powdered surface

Harvey White

Jean Harlow is the third star to write intimately and frankly of her own "aids to beauty" for MOTION PICTURE. And if you have read the articles previously contributed by Lilian Harvey and Ginger Rogers, you have our guarantee that Jean is every bit as revealing and confidential and helpful as they were. Next month—and each month—another star will write of *her* "Secrets of the Dressing-Table," exclusively for MOTION PICTURE. No feminine reader can afford to miss these articles, if she is seeking added attractiveness.—*Editor*.

STRICTLY speaking, some of my beauty secrets are secrets more of the refrigerator than of the dressing-table, for I am the greatest little ice-user, probably, in this part of the country. You see, I believe in good circulation as the greatest beauty help. I use ice-water on my face after cleansing, about three or four times a day; I rub ice all over my body after my morning and evening shower; and my masseuse uses it on my body, after she finishes with me at night. And there you have the routine to which I am most devoted. It may sound trivial, foolish and unimportant, but you may be certain that there is a very decided reason for it.

Beauty experts have explained to you and me that the millions of tiny pores all over our bodies, and our scalps, too, were created for the sole purpose of elimination of poisonous wastes. They do not "take in." By using cleansing cream, you help the pores to function—removing the outer grime that is apt to clog the pores and stop them up.

But a good healthy blood-stream is all-important as a skin vitalizer. When your blood moves sluggishly, when it carries little or no nourishment to the outer skin, the skin begins to *look* sluggish and under-nourished. But keep up a good circulation, and you really give your skin a chance at beauty. Exercise helps, and massage, and general activity—and for my type of skin, ice is one of the greatest boons.

You've heard, I suppose, that in California, where the weather is mild all the year around, our blood is apt to thin out and grow lazy. Perhaps that is why the use of ice is so much more important to us here. We really need it to bring the blood to the surface, and to give the face color and freshness.

A Tonic for Muscles, Too

THINK how much lovelier your skin looks on a brisk Autumn or Winter day, when you come in from the cold tang of the out-of-doors! Well, to get the same effect, we Californians have to manufacture our cold in the ice-box. I understand that some skins, with the veins very

(*Continued on page 90*)

Jean uses ice as a skin tonic after applying cleansing cream

DRESSING TABLE

"I really believe in health as the most important factor in beauty," says Jean, who believes in cat-naps as an excellent beauty treatment—particularly for the eyes. "Tired, drooping, brown-circled eyes cannot be beautiful," she writes. "And no expert make-up can overcome these things. A little care and attention can, however"—and she tells of the special care that she gives her eyes

"Making Love to MAE WEST is Like a Football Game"

—JOHN MACK BROWN

And John ought to know. He got plenty of thrills as an All-American halfback at Alabama—and he plays opposite Mae in her new picture, "That St. Louis Woman"!

Moviegoers the world over have tried to find words to describe Mae West. John Mack Brown, once a football star at Alabama, finds a vivid way of describing her by talking football language. But don't take this story too seriously. It's all done in a spirit of good, clean fun —*Editor.*

TAKE it from John Mack Brown, making love to Mae West is like playing football. But the most exciting game of his college career had no thrill like receiving one pass from Mae. You can talk about the tingle of a touchdown; but he would rather be thrown for a loss by West, any day of the week. That's what it feels like to make love to the glamourous gal who made herself the most spontaneous sensation in movie history.

John ought to know what he's talking about when he compares thrills, for he's the famous All-American halfback who won the Southern Conference championship for Alabama with a play that sent fifty-thousand onlookers into tremors of excitement. Now he has just finished making love to Mae in his best tackle form in "That St. Louis Woman" (formerly "It Ain't No Sin").

"It's a tingle that goes up your spine and down again, for all the world like the moment you're crouched on the one-yard line, waiting for the ball to be snapped," Brown said, searching for a way to explain Mae's effect on the blood pressure of a healthy male specimen like himself.

John Mack Brown is glad Mae West didn't keep him warming a bench on the side-lines, as in this composite photograph

By JACK SMALLEY

It's a rare man who could tackle Mae West and sweep her off her feet—but in this composite photograph John Mack Brown is putting heart and soul into the effort

"And after finishing a scene with her, you feel as if you had made a touchdown against the entire field. The only difference is that you have no kick coming! After a couple of hours in a huddle before the camera with Mae West, there have been so many little shivers of excitement romping over the gridiron of your emotions that you feel positively limp!"

"You should have been penalized for holding," I told him.

Johnny Brown grinned—that white-toothed smile you used to see in newsreels when "the Alabama Flash" came like a streak across the goal line.

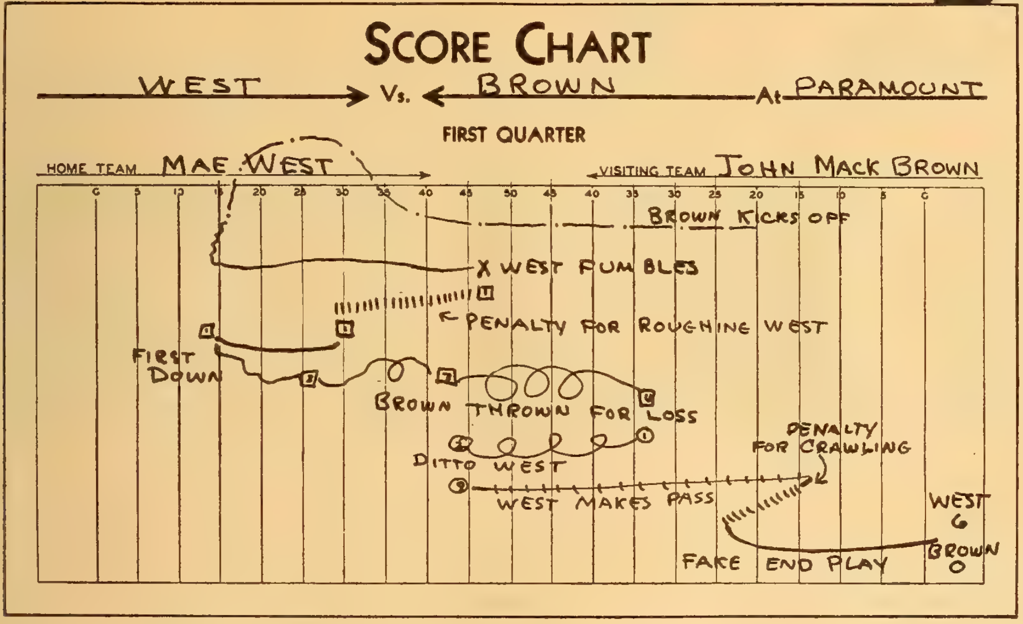
"And I was! You see, we had a censor on the set. John Hammill was our referee, and if our close-ups got too close for Primville, Kansas, or Priscilla, Massachusetts, he'd blow the whistle and slap on a penalty. You know they penalize you five yards for crawling."

No Football Thrill Like It

THERE'S one scene in "That St. Louis Woman" that, to Brown's way of thinking, has more thrill than a fifty-yard field goal. It's where he bends over her downy couch, enraptured by her beauty, to murmur in her ear how much he'd like to be her friend. Mae gives him that up-and-down look, slow-like, with tongue in cheek.

"What kind of friend?" she asks, sighing a little.

"A close friend," says Johnny—and does he mean it! And Miss West, with that effective, soft, significant drawl, scores the winning point with: *"How close?"*



After John Mack Brown tells how football and Mae West give a man similar thrills, the author lets his imagination run wild—and imagines their meeting as a football game. This is a chart of the game he pictures

It's the way she signals, the sound of her voice calling your number, that reminds a football player of the old game, thinks Johnny.

"When was the first time you went into a huddle with Miss West?" I asked.

"I heard that she was looking for a man to take George Raft's place, so I went to see her. She was in her dressing-room on the Paramount lot. I was introduced, and my knees almost knocked together as she gave me that West once-over with her big eyes. I'd rather have faced a coach for a football try-out. She smiled and nodded—and I knew she'd send me into the game."

"Then she didn't keep you warming a bench on the side-lines?"

"Not much! Every scene I had in that picture was a love scene; four hours over one kiss! I was the object of more envy than if I had beaten one of the late Knute Rockne's teams single-handed."

That Mae West has power to thrill exceeding a football game is proved by simple arithmetic, Brown declares. Fifty to eighty thousand people go to a grid tussle—thirty-three million went to see "I'm No Angel"! Where a few thousand dollars' profit is made from one game that may have a dozen gridiron stars, Mae West alone can ring up a net profit of about six millions with one picture.

She Knows Her Coaching

AS a matter of fact, Mae would get by fine as a football coach. She knows how to get teamwork out of the boys. She plans plays that will romp through opposition.

(*Continued on page 88*)

We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

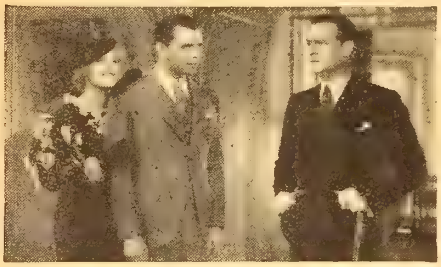
The Picture

TREASURE ISLAND

The Old Pirate Story With New Charm

THE screen's answer to the present morals campaign. This faithful interpretation of the deathless tale of pirate treasure and bloody mutiny aboard the *Hispaniola* is pure joy from beginning to end. Again the tap-tap of the blind pirate's cane in the inn yard as he brings *Flint* the Black Spot message of death will cause your skin to prickle, again the skull and cross-bones flies defiantly in the wind. Jackie Cooper, a sturdy and gallant *Jim Hawkins*, braves overwhelming dangers and emerges with his weight in gold doubloons, Lionel Barrymore makes a horrific *Flint*, Otto Kruger a gallant *Doctor Kirby*, while Wally Beery as one-legged *Long John Silver* is the Perfect Pirate. Costumes, setting and photography are flawless.

Highlights: The white sails of the *Hispaniola* against the sky. Chic Sale's caperings as the demented guardian of the buried treasure, Jackie's fight with the murderous mutineer. (METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER)



ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

Grace Moore in Glorious Voice—Don't Miss Her

ONCE in a great great while a preview is an Occasion. Suddenly the screen is glamourous, exciting. It was that way when Grace Moore's glorious voice soared effortlessly from a tiny strip of celluloid in "One Night of Love." The listeners, galvanized from expected boredom, sat forward. The woman on the screen turned on them, her smile radiant; from the first moment this new star had her way with their hearts. The plot is so perfect for the talents of an operatic queen that one feels a faint dread lest it cannot happen again. It is simply her own life—the life of any ambitious young singer, with its grim, relentless training, its sacrifices of youth and joy, and its triumphs. As *Carmen*—as *Madame Butterfly*, Grace Moore sings the favorite arias, not a note too much, filling the theatre with the most gorgeous song yet offered.

Highlights: Tullio Carminati's performance of the taskmaster teacher is splendid throughout, but in the prompter's box he becomes truly great. (COLUMBIA)

BACHELOR BAIT

A Marriage License Bureau—With Laughs

HARMLESS and amusing is this slight little yarn of a romantic dreamer who sells his sentimental ideas of Love and Marriage to a hard-boiled world through a glorified matrimonial exchange. Stew Erwin, more Willrogerish than ever, makes an unworldly, and innocent figure as *William Watts*. This actor, never showy but always sincere, will go far—as far, at least, as his physical limitations will let him. A dewy-eyed secretary, a cynical partner, who runs a quick-divorce racket on the side as a by-product of the matrimonial bureau, and a tough little gold-digger who can usually scream herself into ready money furnish enough complications to keep the interest to the unexpected ending.

Highlights: The scene at the marriage license bureau where *William Watts* sells the idea of marriage to an irate parent intent on breaking up his son's elopement. The tea table talk about—tea! Pert Kelton's engaging screams in the excursion boat cabin. (RADIO PICTURES)

GRAND CANARY

Pattern Picture, Finely Photographed

THIS picture will not do much for any-one concerned, including the audience. Faithfully following the book story, it proves again that best sellers do not necessarily make good motion pictures. Warner Baxter struggles manfully with the cut-and-dried part of the discredited doctor who runs Away From It All, and becomes the hero of a yellow fever epidemic. Madge Evans, as the married woman with whom he falls in love on shipboard, has another pattern part. Marjorie Rambeau is colorful in her rôle of dive-keeper in the Santa Cruz sequences. Lack of proper motivation is the worst defect of a picture filled with good names, and gorgeously photographed. The onlooker can't decide why the doctor has come to grief, or why the girl falls in love with him.

Highlights: The ship sequences with their amusing bits of characterization typical of shipboard life. The feeling of the tropics which the camera has managed to reproduce. Juliette Compton. (FOX)

Parade

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

OF HUMAN BONDAGE

A SINCERE and noble effort to translate into screen terms the secret drama of a human soul, this is a pioneer in psychology as translated into photography. The quivering traces of emotion in Leslie Howard's sensitive face, the slight tremble of his hands, these tell us of the sick misery, the writhing humiliation of a proud nature bound by some inexplicable fascination to a cheap and common one.

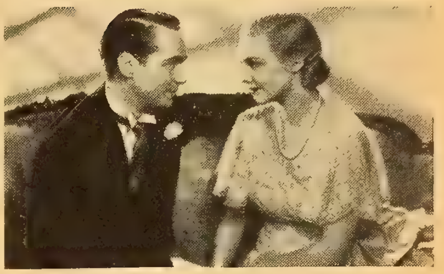
As the thwarted medical student agonizingly aware of his clubfoot, who dreams of dancing like other men, Howard gives a performance that makes one ache with sympathy. As *Mildred*, the little anæmic, grasping waitress, Bette Davis is devastatingly perfect. With few comedy moments to lighten the pity and pain of Phillip's long enslavement the effect may be too depressing for the average amusement seeker, and yet any movie fan owes it to himself to see this tenderly directed, superbly photographed and faithfully performed classic. It is very touching—a picture you'll remember.

Highlights: Bette Davis' emotional outburst when she pours out the venom of a repellent mind. Reginald Owen as the earthy and cheery benefactor. The womanliness of Frances Dee and Kay Johnson. The ravaged face of Leslie Howard. (RKO-Radio)

PERFORMANCES

YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage"
Reginald Owen in "Of Human Bondage"
Lionel Barrymore in "Treasure Island"
Tullio Carminati in "One Night of Love"
Wallace Beery in "Treasure Island"
Siegfried Rumann in "The World Moves On"
Grace Moore in "One Night of Love"
Edith Fellows in "His Greatest Gamble"



THE WORLD MOVES ON

Sincere; Commendable, But Lacks Bigness

THIS one may be a disappointment to you. It is a serious and sincere undertaking—one worthy of high praise for the effort put into it. But the plot ramifications and time lapses make it loosely joined. The result is one's attention wavers. There are suggestions of "Cavalcade"—without that picture's sweep; there are also suggestions of "Berkeley Square."

It presents a story similar to "The House of Rothschild"—and before its finish the spectator is in for war scenes, family dissension, misunderstandings, etc.

It has moments of great appeal, particularly in the beauty of Madeleine Carroll and the simplicity and sincerity of her acting.

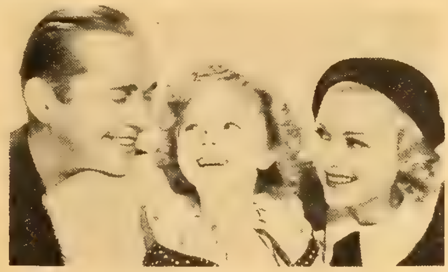
Highlights: The romantic moments of Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll. The war scenes. The moment when liner is torpedoed—done in miniature. The scenes in the home of the German heir. The wedding ceremony in Germany. The acting of Dudley Digges and Siegfried Rumann. (Fox)

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR

Laughs Echo Screams—Fun for All

MURDER at sixty miles an hour! Danger by the time table! A wild car, cut loose from its train, hurtling downgrade with a millionaire, his newly discovered daughter, her girl friend and a Crime Deflector aboard! The director hasn't omitted a tried and true thrill, besides including several brand-new ones. For motives never made clear an unknown fiend is interested in destroying *Ruth Carlton* (Mary Carlisle). When other means fail, he decoys her aboard a private car which, too late, is discovered to be an infernal machine with secret panels, hidden TNT, steel shutters at the windows and a disembodied voice which keeps things lively. Struggling gamely with this deadly Unknown is Charles Ruggles at his goofiest. Laughs elbow screams. It's great fun.

Highlights: Ruggles and the derailed circus. Una Merkel's funny voice wisecracking. The most hair-raising railroad sequence ever filmed, whether tricked or real. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

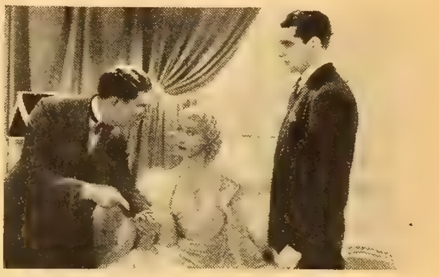


BABY, TAKE A BOW

"Little Miss Marker" Makes Another Hit

THE moral of this picture is that ex-convicts have a hard time steering clear of the Law. As one of the most detestable and disagreeable dicks ever to sleuth on the screen, Alan Dinehart hounds James Dunn and Ray Walker because they have once done time. A fifty-thousand dollar pearl necklace is stolen from the employer of the two ex-cons. Around this necklace the plot rages and roars with all the appurtenances of melodrama, including a thrill chase over rooftops. More important than the plot is the appearance of little five-year old Shirley Temple as the innocent *dea ex machina* of the story. Thinking that the pearls are pretty beads and that she is having a glorious game of hide and seek with the desperate characters hunting for them, Shirley romps through danger with capers that are never distressingly precocious.

Highlights: Shirley's song about the Copy Cat. The clammy suspense when the escaping thief takes the child as a shield. The father and daughter scenes. (Fox)



KISS AND MAKE UP

Genevieve Tobin At A Beauty Factory

IN the expensive and modernistic Paris beauty factory of handsome *Dr. Maurice Lamar* (Cary Grant) miracles are performed. The doctor has become surfeited with beauty and has merely a scientific interest in the success of his greatest experiment (Genevieve Tobin) but looking in her mirror at her new face and figure the lady cannot believe that. An infuriated husband who liked his wife better before she was beautified, and a plain little secretary furnish the reasons for the love skirmishes of a light and silly plot. The background of beautiful girls in Grecian robes (the first appearance on the screen of the Thirteen Baby Stars) makes up for the rather spiritless dialogue. Intimate glimpses of the modern torture devices to which women gladly submit themselves cause the onlooker to shudder.

Highlights: Edward Everett Horton's protests at finding himself suddenly the husband of a Beauty. Genevieve Tobin's dilemma when she discovers that her new face will not stand tantrums. (Paramount)

(Note! You will find more reviews on page 98!)

CLARK GABLE

KATHARINE HEPBURN

DAVID HORSLEY

WHO'S WHO in POPULARITY —1934

By RICHARD ENGLISH

DID you know that no less than sixty-one picture players have recently had their expensive coiffures or manly brows adorned with new garlands, new honors and new titles? Well, neither did MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE until we finished checking the results of contests in the great 1934 Popularity Poll!

Are you aware that Mae West is the favorite actress of the eighth-grade boys of California? 'S the truth! Did you know that Ginger Rogers—recently named as one of Hollywood's sixteen prettiest girls—might still blush unseen if her voluptuous charms, entered in a contest, had not brought her a chance for a picture career? Did you know that Clark Gable is the champion garland-gainer of Hollywood, with no less than four important titles conferred on him? And so it goes—with everyone from the United States Navy to the Boy Scouts of Springfield, Illinois, choosing their own film favorites.

The contest that was perhaps the Grand Prix of all contests was won by one David Horsley, who was acclaimed "The Most Desirable Man in America," after twenty-four thousand fans had written their requirements of "desirability" to Radio Pictures Studios. The RKO executives picked 'young Horsley out of eight hundred candidates as the likeliest lad to wear the laurel wreath.

Of major importance to players and picture-goers alike were the awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best acting of the past year. The "best actor's" histrionic plums were awarded to pudgy Charles Laughton for his sterling performance in "The Private Life of Henry the VIII"—the first time that an English player, starring in a foreign picture, has usurped the crown.

To make the upset complete, Katharine Hepburn is wearing the Academy's diadem for the best performance of an actress—an honor bestowed upon her for her work in "Morning Glory." Hollywood sportingly discarded its apathy for La Hepburn and disregarded the fact that she was a newcomer with no great stage achievements and little picture background on which to stand.

But the English fans paid no attention to Hollywood's decision and selected Clive Brook as giving the best performance for the past year in "Cavalcade." A gold medal commemorates Brook's victory, so his laurels are of material, as well as artistic, value.

Navy Still Anchored to Clara

CLARA BOW has retained her perennial title as the favorite of the United States Navy. While the battleships were anchored on the Pacific Coast, the gobs descended *en masse* on the sightseeing tours that pass Clara's home. Ever since she made "The Fleet's In" Clara has been the ideal girl of the Navy, and her marriage and infrequent pictures have not affected her following with the tars.

Speaking of the service, Lewis Stone, who holds a colonel's commission in the Reserve Corps, was named the favorite actor of the California National Guard, many of whose members have been commanded by Stone at their Summer encampments. But Mae West is as proud of her colonelcy as the taciturn Mr. Stone, for hasn't Mae been appointed to the legion of Kentucky colonels? After seeing Mae in person, Kentucky officials have been contemplating making her a general, no less!

The official survey of the California State Board of Education, querying only the fifth-grade girls and the eighth-grade boys throughout the State, added another title to her collection when the boys decided that there was no one like Mae. How right they were! Clark Gable romped off with the honors as the fifth-grade girls' ideal, but not until Ken Maynard—of the horses and the wide-open spaces—had given him a respectable battle. Young girls still go western.

Do you know what players are winning the popularity polls this year? What stars are the favorites at the box-office? We investigated—and here are the answers!

With Lilyan Tashman's sudden and tragic death, the "best-dressed woman" laurels have been awarded by New York gown stylists to Kay Francis. The American tailors, in convention assembled, named Adolphe Menjou as the most impeccably groomed actor. William Powell, last year's winner, was relegated to second place in the recent sartorial announcements. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., once a strong competitor, did not even place in the first ten with the tailors' organization. They deplored his taste in bizarre English sports clothes.

Gable Bowls Them Over

RETURNING to Clark Gable, his success was all the more astounding because such a complete victory by any one star was so unexpected. The exhibitors of America (theatre owners or operators), in revealing the ten greatest money-drawing stars in pictures, ranked him seventh, although he only recently became a star in his own right. He caused unprecedented feminine riots on a personal-appearance tour.

Among the teams of players that were most popular, Gable and Jean Harlow were ranked second and Clark and Joan Crawford, sixth. Incidentally, Gable was the only man to make the honor list with *two* co-stars! Due to their long separation, Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell dropped to a mediocre tenth place, but Janet, the only actress twice named, was near the top when matched with Warner Baxter. Janet also retained third place in the individual standings.

This box-office contest is of vital importance to the stars because their popularity and value as drawing cards are truthfully revealed. The ten winners this year in the order that they finished were Marie Dressler, Will Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Eddie Cantor, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Mae West, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. Lew Ayres, who three years ago averaged forty per cent in audience appeal, has dropped to one and one-half per cent, and is now ranked with Buster Crabbe and Jackie Cooper! Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery retained their laurels as the champion team of stellar names.

Richard Dix has long been a favorite of young boys and won first honors in contests sponsored by Hi-Y clubs, Red Triangle society, Chicago Boys' Club and the Springfield, Illinois, branch of the Boy Scouts of America. And is he proud of that popularity! Spencer Tracy, however, was named by the Catholic Youths' Organization as their favorite thespian, while the Rangers of America were equally divided between Buck Jones and Ken Maynard.

Scouts Are Faithful to Janet

JANET GAYNOR, for the second consecutive year, was elected by the Girl Scouts of America as their ideal of womanhood and, naturally, is their favorite actress. Men

(*Continued on page 89*)

JANET GAYNOR

WALLACE BEERY

CHARLES LAUGHTON

Blessed Eventing in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 33*)

there was nothing for Rex to do but send out word by telegraph.

Clara will come into Hollywood this month to oversee the re-decorating of the old manse, and we'll all troop downtown to help her pick out the layette. Fortunately, the former queen of Flapperdom is no reactionary, and has obliged with the customary interviews, beginning with: "The best things in life, I realize now, are obtained around the family fireside. I've always wanted a baby . . ."

Meanwhile, nursing a grievance over being scooped—and by the child's own father, at that—one columnist announced over a national-hook-up that a certain star expected a Blessed Event in January. The star, somewhat taken aback, immediately scurried to the family physicker and was considerably astounded to learn that the news was true. Having scooped the baby's own mother, the columnist's injured feelings were somewhat salved.

Was Bing Crosby Surprised!

IT was via radio, too, that the latest Blessed Event was foretold for Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby. Bing and Dixie were sitting about the radio with their close friends and relations not long ago, when the honeyed voice of the speaker pleasantly announced that Dixie was expecting the stork. Bing turned to Dixie. Both spoke accusingly at the same moment: "Whom did you tell?"

Then it came out that Bing, in an expansive moment, had told a newspaperman. Of course, the fellow couldn't betray the nation by keeping silent. Bing had been through the parades and plaudits before, and was inclined to take this affair more quietly. But a few days later, when he showed up at Paramount for his chores, he was surrounded by happy friends eager to break the news to him that it would be twins.

"Twins?" gasped Bing. "You must be stuttering!"

Not at all. Hollywood, up on its toes, had just received word that Mrs. Bing Crosby had visited the X-ray specialist not more than an hour past, and the plates contained the incontrovertible facts of the entire matter

Ordinarily, of course, more time is allowed before the first portraits, but Dixie had suspected something unusual and her doctor wished to verify it. As for poor Bing, he wandered forth and encountered Jack Oakie, who was practising up on his finger exercises.

"Say, I'll bet that it's going to be twins," Bing offered.

"No, you don't," said Oakie. "A little bird just told me."

"What little bird?"

"The stork!"

Selecting harvest time as an appropriate season, Joan Blondell Barnes will Blessed Event in October.

She made the happy announcement at a gathering of friends, and a week later, amid joyful festivities at the annual Wampas dinner, with a thousand celebrities cheering loudly, she was presented with a cup for the best performance of the year by a former Baby Star.

Phil Gersdorf, Wampas president, made a very tender speech, while Daddy-to-be Barnes smiled encouragement at his pretty blonde wife, Joan, who has taken marriage big, gives due credit to George, one of Hollywood's most popular cameramen. She declares that babies are the best marriage insurance that has ever been invented; she's going to have batches. George doesn't say much.

How the Secrets Leak Out

THE well-known court jester, Jimmy Fidler, is responsible for many of the Blessed Event announcements that keep the Hollywood pot boiling. That sounds a bit ambiguous. We should say that he is one of the most efficient news channels, when it comes to broadcasting the word over his radio program. It was Jimmy who announced the latest interesting fact, adding the name of Florence Lake to those blessed-eventing this Fall. She is a featured RKO comédienne, married to Jack Good.

As a rule, Hollywood does not fully approve of the announcement coming directly from headquarters, preferring to ferret out such matters in its own way. Prying into Mr. Stork's private calling list is accomplished by a variety of tricks—bribing a servant, spying on one of the several more popular maternity doctors, and so on.

But now we'll tip you off to one method of getting inside information. Even the stars don't suspect this stunt.

Picture for yourself a sound stage, where the star and her closest friend, her leading man or her husband are at work. There are the cameras, the big lights, the microphone dangling at the end of its long boom. A tedious wait occurs. The star falls into whispered intimacies with her companion.

And hanging right over their heads, unnoticed and forgotten, is an ear that hears all—the mike! Being no respecter of persons, it picks up the smallest rustle of a whisper and carries it to the men 'way off in the glass boxed "sound mixing" room.

Of course, no sound mixer would tell what he hears, except maybe to his wife. And all wives belong to the Tell-It-To-Someone League.

Naturally, every chatter-writer is gifted with sharp eyes and strong suspicions. Most of them have learned to count as far as nine. But just to make sure that they aren't going to be scooped on any vital statistics, some of them get into the habit of making Blessed Event predictions as soon as the bride has tossed her bouquet to the scrambling multitude. This isn't exactly cricket, but at least you get in on the ground floor with your news.

Karen's Embarrassing Moment

THOSE chatter-writers were to blame for the strange predicament in which Karen Morley found herself. The young star, regarded as footloose and heart-free, was playing in a picture when some news sleuth drew certain startling conclusions. Being a reporter with a Hollywood training, he wasted no time in flashing the news that Karen was expecting an interesting event!

Karen, whose secret marriage to director Charles Vidor had not even been suspected, realized, of course, that with one secret out, the other had to be exposed, and Hollywood crowed triumphantly over a *coup-d'etat* that not only revealed her marriage, but an heir apparent!

Because of the pressing requirements of the picture business, work is not allowed to interfere with purely biological events, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee, whose marriage broke the heart of young Barry Norton, are expecting the stork in September. Frances had picture contracts that required her presence, and she has gamely gone through with them.

Helen Hayes had a dreadful time when she informed the holders of her stage contract a few years ago that she was going baby-buggy shopping. Such beating of breasts in futile argument, such pacing of office floors! She couldn't tear up the contract; they couldn't tear up the Blessed-Event—it was an impasse. Words failed them, but words didn't fail Helen. She found in her contract that "an act of God" might excuse her from fulfilling its terms. Well, wasn't a baby an act of God? And having won the argument, she was grudgingly permitted to present Charles McArthur with a beautiful baby daughter.

Pick a Romantic Setting

AWAITING the Blessed Event in the land of the *lei* (Hawaii, to you) is fast becoming *the* thing to do. Thus the baby will arrive on American soil, yet far from Hollywood's madding crowd. Mary Astor, wife of Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, started the fad.

Dorothy Jordan and Merian Cooper hied to Hawaii, where their daughter was born. Daddy Cooper found it a bit inconvenient to commute between his office and the hospital in Honolulu, but he managed it.

Sally Eilers, who has announcements printed for September, is another star who favors far-away Hawaii, but at this writing she is inclined to return to Hollywood before the stork arrives. She is married to Harry Joe Brown, the director. As she is to start work on a new contract with Universal on December 5, the studio has tentatively set September 10 as the birthday for the heir.

And by the way, it is also a Hollywood refinement to select suitable birthdays for the little intruders. Upon approaching within two weeks of the expected event, any intervening date can be chosen. On the day selected a nasal injection of petrurium is administered. Thus, if you see Friday the 13th looming up on the calendar, and hanker for that lucky date, you merely trip down to the hospital for a whiff of petrurium. Or, perchance, you'd like the infant to observe the same birthday as your own? A little planning, and you have your wish.

This will be a big improvement over the old days when the great kings and queens of Hollywood were content to follow the ordinary routine of fanfares and twenty-one gun salutes, such as the celebrations preceding and attending the heirs of Norma Shearer, Harold Lloyd, Gloria Swanson, and Charlie Chaplin. Looking back, one must admit that they did themselves pretty proud, but modern court etiquette is now ringing in a lot of little extra touches to these grand occasions.

They're Peeved at Connie

CONNIE BENNETT, however, has never been forgiven for stealing a march on Hollywood and avoiding all publicity about her son. She refuses, first, last and always, to talk about him. Not so with Stuart Erwin and June Collyer, whose triumphant progress toward parenthood won the avid attention of all Filmania.

Gloria Swanson and Michael Farmer were the foci of world attention when they were expecting parenthood, with Gloria, herself, telling how thrilled she was to be expectant again.

And, naturally, the blessed-eventing of Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, could hardly be said to have been overlooked by the world at large. When Harold Lloyd's son was born, daily bulletins from the hospital, where the child was kept in an incubator, were issued in order to keep the frenzied populace from breaking in the doors.

Occasionally, complications arise when columnists become confused over what is to be regarded as "a blessed event." In the case of Joan Bennett, wife of Gene Markey, one addle-pate thought that it meant a divorce, and announced it, much to Joan's displeasure.

So much of their *Loveliness* depends on the tooth paste they use

"Like my hat—like my teeth?" asks **BETTY DOUGLAS.** Her hat (from New York creator Lilly Daché, as are the other two shown here) is white piqué with navy blue veil and band.

GAY HAYDEN wears this beige antelope fedora. Her suit is brown wool crepe with orange silk foulard scarf (Spectator Sports, Inc., New York).

BETTY COOK shows you the halter-neck of one of the season's new and popular swim suits.

PHYLLIS GILMAN'S dress is black crepe-Elizabeth with pleated ruffling of pink crepe (Bonwit Teller).

The country over, more than 2 million women have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste . . . it cleans so much better . . . gives teeth such high lustre. Why not try a tube?

Ask smart women why they prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to costlier brands—each has some special reason. "I like my teeth to shine," says Betty Cook. "It cleans better," explains another user. "It makes my mouth feel so clean and fresh," a third finds.

All agree—there is no use paying high prices when Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ gives so much better results. More than 2 million women share this belief. Among them are thousands who can afford any amount for cosmetics . . . for whom no beauty aid is too costly. Since other women find it so helpful, why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use—so much like the effect of Listerine itself.

At 25¢ for large tube, here's thrift to be proud of. And if you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢—contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

REGULAR SIZE 25¢

LARGE DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

Jane dreams of romance—

BUT while she sleeps she's spoiling her looks

NRA CODE

Jane leaves daytime make-up choking her pores all night! If she'd remove cosmetics Hollywood's way, she'd guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

JANE dreams of romance — every girl does! But like Jane, many a girl is taking foolish chances with her beauty. She *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually she is leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores to *choke* them day after day.

"What can be the matter with my skin!" Soon to her dismay she discovers enlarged pores — tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps. The distressing signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin, a widespread modern complexion trouble.

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. For cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care. Then you *protect* it—keep it beautiful.

The Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally worth millions, have used this pure, mild soap for years.

Naturally I use cosmetics, but with my regular **Lux Toilet Soap** care there's no danger of my getting Cosmetic Skin
LUX TOILET SOAP
KAY FRANCIS
STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "BRITISH AGENT"

It's hard to outguess this adaptable film . . It soaks up the sun's brilliance . . . it drinks in the dull light of the shade . . works on days when ordinary films fail.

VERICHROME gets the picture

Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

Honest With Herself--and You!

(*Continued from page 39*)

others have made. I am watching one case of this sort of thing and the girl in question is taking an awful beating at the hands, or the pens, of the press because of her whimsical evasions. If I make any errors at all, they will be the honest ones of speaking my mind, if asked.

"But to get back to my virtues! I'm not going to be good because I am old-fashioned or corsety about morals. The habits or inclinations of other people don't bother me. But I'm going to have to be in love before I unleash my emotions anywhere except on the screen. I haven't yet been in love. Not once. Not anywhere near it. I've had a number of crushes, but I've always known them for just that, even while they were very much 'on' and I was in the throes. I always thought, 'This is very pleasant—thrilling, really—and I'll get all the fun out of it I can because in a week or two it will be over.' It always was. But every attractive young girl has the same experiences.

Not Interested in "Great Lovers"

"MY chief reason for being good, however, is the number of Benvenuto Cellinis who are around. If you resist their advances, as I do, they never show up again! In one or two cases, they may go platonic on you and that is about as bad. One of those two results is inevitable and usually you just never see them again. They all say the same things, make the same gestures, have the same ruses. One of the most popular is to say, 'Little girl, I only want to kiss you.' Stupid things like that. Well, they don't kiss me and that's an end to 'em. And they're no great loss.

"The question of love, with these would-be great lovers, is never involved. It is reduced to its most unromantic essentials, stripped bare of moonlight, lace, orchard mists and zither music. And I'm not interested. I'm probably too conceited, too absorbed in what I am trying to achieve, even to fall in love. I'm certainly too conceited to be in the market for bargain-counter purchasers.

"I've always had very definite ideas about myself and what I wanted to do with my life. As a youngster, I wanted to be a doctor. I planned to be one. The thing that prevented me was an unfortunate inability to stand the sight of blood or any sort of accident.

"I had a brief fling at acting when I was going to the Dwight School in Englewood, New Jersey. I was president of the school Dramatic Club for two years—but, somehow, it didn't 'take' then. I decided to become a teacher of French. I had had ten years' study and I went to Paris with the object of taking my degree at the Conservatoire. I was called home before I had 'degreed' by illness in the family. On board ship, coming home, I met John Drinkwater and his English Company of 'Bird in Hand.' They liked my accent—English—and had me read a part for them. And before we docked, it was arranged that I tour the country in a featured rôle with a road company. And that was that.

"I'm still wrapped up in the theatre, even though I may seem to have turned my back on it for a time. One of the chief compensations is that I know financial ease and security for about the first time in my life. I can do pleasant things for my mother and I can do some of the extra things I want to do myself. But, really, it is because the screen is allied to the theatre I love. All of the arts are—music, books, painting, languages, designing, every one of them is interlaced with the others.

Doesn't Want to Wed an Actor

"I WANT to marry. This is not an omen that I am about to do so. I am not in love; I haven't, at the moment, so much as a crush. But despite this unfallow condition of affairs, I'd like to marry even before the end of my seven-year contract with Warner Brothers. I'm twenty-three now. I'll be thirty then. And I want to have children. Which reminds me of what my mother told me, some years ago, after she had sent me to the family doctor for my facts-of-life instruction. She said that now I knew what it was all about and it was up to me to go ahead and live my life as I saw fit, bearing in mind only this—that it is stupid to do a thing unless it is worth-while.

"But if I do marry, it will not be in Hollywood, in this atmosphere. I'd want to be sure that it was love and companionship, not just biological attraction that was motivating us. And to choose between love and its counterfeit out here would require a diviner, at least.

"I don't want to marry an actor. I'm as human as the next one and for all my fine talk I may fall head over heels in love with an actor tomorrow. But I think not. I *hope* not. On the other hand, I should certainly prefer to marry someone *in* the theatrical profession—an art director, a producer, a playwright, a cameraman! Someone who would know the world I live in, its values, both false and true. A man of sufficient importance in his own work and his own right to consider my work on the screen as amusing—but amusingly unimportant.

"So many of the movie marriages, I think, go on the rocks because the husbands do not want to be tagged as 'Mr. Ann Harding' or 'Mr. Gloria Swanson' or whoever the person may be. The kind of man I hope to marry could never be anything but amused at the various concomitants of movie 'fame'—the fanfare of premières, the publicity, the crowds whispering, 'There goes Clark Gable!' or (if ever!) 'There goes Jean Muir!'

Doesn't Want to Look Worldly

"AND speaking of my screen work reminds me of another reason why I intend to remain 'good.' The lives that people live show in their faces. There are plans afoot for me to play *The Nun* in 'The Miracle.' Max Reinhardt may come over to direct it. I could not play that part if I had a worldly look or if my features had become hard and worn like the faces of some actresses.

"Outside of which I am a normal, everyday girl, I should say. I adore buying books and phonograph records. I dote on the five-and-ten-cent stores. I haven't any 'beauty secrets' except sun and rain on the naked face. I design my own clothes. I don't set much store by my looks, but do hope that I am not 'Gishy.'

"I don't go to Hollywood parties and never shall. I have never been to a night-club in my life. I like small groups of people sitting around a fire, talking. I'm mad about Leonardo da Vinci and the books of Willa Cather. I have *not* read 'Anthony Adverse.' I'm bringing my mother out here to live with me because I want her and because she's lonely in New York now that Dad's gone. I detest lima beans and cigarette ashes in used coffee cups. You can deduce that there is nothing 'odd' about me except the facts that I tell the truth and haven't even a suppressed desire for a love-life."

— Here are the snapshots
you asked for — I'm wearing
yours next to my heart.

Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots

The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

NO CLEAN HANDKERCHIEFS?
WE CAN'T KEEP THEM LAUNDERED. YOU USE SO MANY WITH YOUR HAY FEVER.
WHY NOT USE KLEENEX? YOU SAY DAMP HANDKERCHIEFS MAKE YOUR NOSE RAW AND RED.
NOT A BAD IDEA. USE A TISSUE, THROW IT AWAY. THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GET DAMP.
GOSH, MARY, I HAVEN'T FOUND A CURE FOR HAY FEVER, BUT I HAVE FOUND COMFORT AND RELIEF IN KLEENEX.
YES, AND THINK HOW MUCH CHEAPER IT IS THAN LAUNDERING ALL THOSE HANDKERCHIEFS.

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kleenex Co.

Save Sore Noses from Hay Fever Misery

Use soft, dry Kleenex;
avoid damp, irritating handkerchiefs.
End laundry nuisance.

THE agonies of hay fever are bad enough. Don't add to them by using handkerchiefs which often harm more than they help. Instead, try Kleenex. Your nose will be grateful for the change from rough, soggy handkerchiefs that make raw, inflamed membranes cry out for relief.

Kleenex is a touch of comfort you'll welcome. The softest yet strongest of tissues. Far more absorbent than linen or cotton. And always dry, fresh, clean . . . because you simply use, then destroy. Isn't this better than an endless succession of mucus-clogged handkerchiefs any woman dreads washing?

Kleenex is priced so low you can use many of these disposable tissues for the cost of having one handkerchief laundered. Try Kleenex – at drug, dry goods, department stores.

500 in a box
"ECONOMY" CARTON
2½ times regular size for only
41c

KLEENEX Disposable Tissues

Tour the Studios—and See the World!

(*Continued from page 35*)

picture since his ill-fated trip to Mexico. No, my little man, he wasn't *sick* on the trip. He just—oh, skip it.

Our next stop is Radio. This studio decided against taking the risk for "Man of Two Worlds" that M-G-M took to get "Eskimo." The "Eskimo" company spent nine months in the Arctic under the most severe hardships, suffering extremely from exposure and disasters that appalled the Eskimos, themselves, and came back with a stunning, stirring picture. Madame, would you be kind enough to make your little boy stop breathing down the back of my neck? He's kinda active, isn't he?

Well, here we are, folks. The RKO-Radio studios on the right. And here you will see how the studios, on a huge sound stage, brought the Arctic to California, constructed its own gypsum ice-floes and igloos, its own blizzards and toppling icebergs, and turned out a scene so cold that the cameraman froze his ears making it, right under this Southern sun of ours. No, my little man, gyp*sum* is not arithmetic. It is what they use to make snows for the picture. No, *gyp*sum is not a tribe of wandering musicians with a dancing bear. It's something they use. . . . And right over here, everybody, is a South Sea Island—you can tell by the grass skirts the girls are wearing. It's part of the scenery in "Down to Their Last Yacht."

How'd you like it, folks? Sorta made you go hot and cold, eh? Now, how about going to ancient Egypt? On the left are the Paramount Studios, where *Cleopatra* is sailing down the Nile in her cushioned barque. It took Cheops twenty years to build the Pyramids; it took DeMille just twenty-four hours to get the same effect. *Cleopatra* is wandering through her marble halls and reclining on the couch that lured *Marc Antony* and *Caesar* into changing the history of the world.

Four Countries on One Lot

HOW'D you like it, folks? Are you getting your quarter's worth? I'll say you are! You traveled through four foreign countries at Paramount—ancient Egypt; the South Sea islands on the "We're Not Dressing" set; the primitive Russia of the time of Catherine the Great on the "Scarlet Empress" set; and Mexico, where George Raft made "The Trumpet Blows," where Latin romance burned under a tropical moon, and where guitars twanged—twinged—twunged—well, *played* under an old balcony—made an hour ago and overgrown with moss out of the prop room and spider webs blown with a squirt-gun better than the spider could do it. And you saw Mae West in the colorful New Orleans of the 1890's in "It Ain't No Sin."

Five minutes from here you will be in Siberia on the set of "We Live Again" at 20th Century Studios. And there, too, you will find yourself back in medieval Italy alongside that genius-rake, Cellini, who so successfully hoodwinked the poor, bewildered Duke Allessandro and who, between his sporadic fashionings of great golden vases and urns, managed his frequent and varying love affairs with magnificent indiscretion. Madame, would you be kind enough to answer your little boy's questions? He doesn't belong to me. I beg your pardon, I did NOT add, "Thank God."

How'd you like it, folks? We're going to stop off now for a few minutes at Fox, where you could have seen Ireland when Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter were making "Paddy, the Next-Best Thing," and England when the studio was making "Cavalcade." Over there on the right you're looking at Romany, the gipsies' happy hunting-ground, where "Caravan" was filmed; and on the left, you see a tropical island, created especially for "Grand Canary." Can't you feel that tropical heat? You need quinine in climate like that. . . . You hate to hurry away? So do I, lady, but we've got one more studio to see—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Wouldn't you like to see Paris and *Maxim's*, where Chevalier is wooing "The Merry Widow." Please, ladies. Don't crowd!

Transplanted China Here

MORE and more, Hollywood is building countries in its own backyard, rather than undertake the costly, exhausting location trips of the old days. M-G-M planned to make "The Good Earth" in China. Two things made up the company's mind against it—one, the cost of carrying a large cast and crew of technicians, with all the attendant mechanical paraphernalia, was prohibitive; and, second, China refused permission with porcelain chill.

And so they sent George Hill, the director, over with a cameraman and now in five minutes you will find yourself wandering down the dark alleys, or in the broad rice fields, or through the ornate red and gold palaces of China. The rice grew up overnight in tailored swamps, and the palaces are correct even to a bit of gold-leaf that is peeling off one of the windows. No, my little man, I did not say that the rice really grew in a tailor's shop. I said . . . .

How'd you like it, folks? And M-G-M's Mexico wasn't so bad, was it? You see, the studio wasn't satisfied with most of the "Viva Villa" film that they made in the real country, and so they proceeded to build its own Mexico on its back lot and re-shoot the entire picture. The mesquite and Joshua trees were manufactured in the prop department; only God can make a tree, but the prop boys make pretty fair copies; the Mexican sunsets were painted on canvas, and the dust that rose in the tremendous battle scenes was the same dust that clung to the shoes of Shearer, Crawford and Garbo. No, sonny, you can't meet Garbo. Aw, lady, will you tell him why he can't meet Garbo?

And how'd you like Africa? Frank Buck goes to the ends of the earth for his wild animal pictures, and risks death a hundred times a day. The "Wild Cargo" company wondered at least every hour if they would ever get back to Hollywood alive. But you saw where Johnny Weissmuller swings safely and gaily from the trees of darkest Africa right next to Norma Shearer's London; where he fights crocodiles in glass tanks and goes to lunch in the M-G-M commissary, and how he guided a herd of savage elephants through a *papier-mâché* graveyard. And his jungles are as densely dangerous and as greenly mysterious as any the most intrepid explorer ever cut his perilous way through.

Yes, Hollywood is a great and wonderful place. It can reconstruct the icebergs of the Arctic and the jungles of the tropics; it can build in a few days the palace at Versailles and the luxurious Fontainebleau for Du Barry; it can bring Nathan Rothschild and his days before your eyes; it can rebuild the New England era of Louisa M. Alcott and her "Little Women" with their crinolined courtesies; it can bring back the royalist Russia of Rasputin's day; and it can even capture the days of Solomon and Moses and Jesus and the Red Sea, and work Biblical miracles on tiny strips of celluloid.

No, my little man, it isn't Sunday, but . . . I know they didn't REALLY divide the Red Sea. It just SEEMED like they did. Did you saw the Sea—I mean see the Saw? I mean . . . Say, listen, buddy, if I give you a great, big lollipop, will you promise to keep it in your mouth until we get back to Hollywood?

KEEP YOUR LOVELINESS *Germ-free*

with Woodbury's two beauty creams

THEY STAY GERM-FREE AS LONG AS THEY LAST!

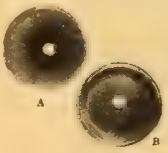
If the lady takes the proper care of her complexion, the game may end in a Love Set!

GERM-FREE beauty creams! The latest discovery of science. Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams have the unique power to *remain pure, germ-free, throughout their use!* Germs cannot live in them. They're safe as long as they last. Even if you carelessly leave the lid of the jar off—you run no risk in their lavish use.

They give your skin protection—and what is more, hasten its beauty. Skin specialists who've tested them agree that they're safe for sensitive skins. And that by raising its resistance, they cause every skin to bloom with finer texture, fresher radiance, more alluring, more youthful tone.

Woodbury's Cold Cream not only protects the skin from blemish, but overcomes dryness. It contains another unique element known as 576. This *stimulates* the oil glands which feed the skin the natural oils that keep it fresh, supple, young. Woodbury's Facial Cream protects against wind, sun and dust, forms a velvety powder base—and guards from blemish, too.

Woodbury's cost no more than ordinary, unprotected creams—only 50c, 30c, 10c in jars; 25c and 10c in tubes.



PROOF OF WOODBURY'S GERM-DESTROYING POWER Agar plates seeded with poisonous germs, shown by grey surface. Plate A bears a patch of Woodbury's Cream. The clear, dark ring shows this has destroyed all germs in its vicinity. Plate B, bearing a patch of ordinary cream, has no clear ring, showing this cream cannot destroy germs.

DERMATOLOGISTS ADVISE WOODBURY'S 109 of them tested, approved and are recommending them to their patients. 93.5% of them report these creams to be free of the risks of spreading infection. A typical report: "They are the best creams on the market."

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Send for a free tube of each of Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams! Also *six samples* of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the six shades!

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PHILIP
MORRIS"
America's Finest 15¢ Cigarette

Amazingly mild with a new KIND of mildness . . . . . . tastes different because it is MADE different—it's a new modern cigarette for smarter smokers.

Tune in Tuesdays and hear JOHNNIE "Call for Philip Morris"

Frank Morgan's Million-Dollar Secret

(*Continued from page 42*)

what it's all about?" we asked excitedly.

"I'm always planning to," answered Frank Morgan with an easy laugh, "but I never seem to find the time."

The story, itself, weaves a pattern like a novel, interlacing a North American family with a South American, for Trinidad is just off the Northern coastline of the lower America, and its rocky coast is bathed by the dark, muddy waters of South America's Orinoco River. The story properly begins, however, at Waterloo, in old Europe, during the last fighting days of France's Napoleon.

Under Field-Marshal von Blücher was an army surgeon whose name was Johann Gottlieb Benjamin Siegert. His descendant, Alfredo Galo Siegert of Trinidad, together with a brother and a brother-in-law, are the mystery men with the mystery herb in the lives of Frank and Ralph Morgan, and their family. The first Siegert, emigrating to South America for good reasons, no doubt, at the close of the Wars, settled in Venezuela, where he soon concocted a potent fluid guaranteed to restore appetites to visitors from the North who lost their food tastes in the tropics.

It soon became the favorite panacea for sea-faring folk. As a cure-all for anything from anemia to seasickness, North-bound sea captains stocked their medicine chests with it. Thus it reached the United States and Europe. Soon someone put a dash in his Old-Fashioned Cocktail, another in his Brandy Champerelle, and Bitters crossed the bar into the social world.

The History of the Mystery

WHETHER or not the fact that its chief liquid ingredient was rum, in which gentian root was steeped, has anything to do with it, legend doesn't say. Maybe it was loved for itself alone. Maybe it was Dr. Siegert's unknown herb, in addition to the gentian root, that won its consumers. Gentian and rum, plus the unknown *x*, brought success to Angostura Bitters. In the late 1860's it brought the Wuppermanns into the scene.

One day after the close of the States' Civil War, one Captain Hancox sailed into a Venezuelan harbor, dropped anchor, helped his young daughter Josephine to the wharf, and made a call on his friends, the Siegerts. Over a stiff brew, flavored with the host's product, an employee of the exporter's was introduced. It was George Wuppermann, young merchant.

The result of Captain Hancox' call with his Josephine in the equatorial city was that soon the captain gave his daughter in marriage to the thrifty young merchant, and, for a wedding present, the Siegerts gave the bridegroom a distributing contract for Angostura. He had the sales rights for the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba. In 1878 the Wuppermanns sailed for New York City to establish a residence; the Siegerts packed their belongings and their precious formula, and sailed across the Gulf of Paria to make their home in Britain's Trinidad.

Here the association of the two families did not end. One, being the complement of the other, engaged in the mysteries of production, while the other took up the activities of selling. Eleven children were born to George and Josephine Wuppermann. Three died in childhood, another died later, the fifth during the World War, and Edward, the eldest, became general manager of his father's concern.

The "baby" of the family, Francis Philip Wuppermann, followed in the acting footsteps of his brother Ralph, who had taken the name of "Morgan" in admiration for A. E. Morgan, and was prospering on the stage. The pampered, petted youngest of the Wuppermanns, Francis Philip, had always considered his family's business pretty boring. He had tried peddling bitters for a time, then gave it up and became, successively, brush salesman, reporter, realtor, New Mexican cowpuncher, actor. His father thought he would come to no good end. It was bad enough having Ralph Morgan, actor, in the family without having another son follow the path to perdition.

Successful in Two Worlds Now

CONTRARY to Father Wuppermann's predictions, Ralph and Frank Morgan have enjoyed at least two decades of successful stage and screen work. Ralph has been memorable as *Charlie* in "Strange Interlude," as the *Czar* in "Rasputin and the Empress" and as the secretary in "The Power and the Glory." Frank has done a score of excellent screen rôles, particularly the husband in "Reunion in Vienna" and the *Duke* in "The Affairs of Cellini." His latest efforts are Universal's "There's Always Tomorrow" and Warner Brothers' "A Lost Lady" with Barbara Stanwyck.

It was a big laugh, then, to Frank, after his father's dire speculations, when in March of this year he was given the chance, in real life, to play the part of a dignified, impressive captain of industry, successful, sleek. It was the kind of part he has done three or four times during his twenty-year theatrical career, and a part his father never expected Frank to play in actual life. Frank Morgan was elected vice-president of the Angostura-Wuppermann Company. If this was retribution for deserting his father and the bitters business in the flower of his youth, it was sweet retribution, indeed.

He'd Like to Solve the Mystery

ALTHOUGH he is constantly busy under his screen contract and hasn't much time for dreaming, still his family secret, the mystery of the unknown herb, piques his fancy.

Every year, if he is in New York, Morgan meets Angostura's Siegert, "a great, broad man," as he describes him, who comes up from Trinidad for three months of the year to blend the bitters in a locked warehouse in Jersey City. Although they now blend it in the temperate clime of North America, the mystery remains as bewildering in the hands of Spanish-German Señor Alfredo Galo Siegert as it did in the early nineteenth century. And every year Morgan thinks that perhaps next year he will be able to journey down to the West Indies and see what it's all about.

He probably will never get there, unless it is by proxy. And that proxy will be young George, his eighteen-year-old son, just graduated from the California Preparatory School, and his papa's fond indulgence.

"He's really the white hope of the Angostura company," says Morgan, with his easy, expansive smile. "My father, when his sons started growing up and marrying, offered five thousand dollars to his first grandson. Well, believe me, I yelled at that. There I was, only a kid, and the first one of my brothers to marry had an eighteen-year edge on me. But they all had daughters, every one of them. I brought in the sweepstakes with my son, George."

Besides George, Frank Morgan has two other interests, dear to his heart. The first, and dearest, is his wife, Alma, to whom he has been married for twenty years. The second is his motor sailboat, closely moored to his life's affection by its name, "Alma M." Busy, energetic, successful, Frank Morgan seems to be one of the most contented men in Hollywood. Now, as vice-president of a bustling corporation, he must look around him and realize that few men have had life made sweet for them by Bitters.

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When you insist upon seeing the famous monogram on every lamp you buy, you are receiving the benefits of more than 100 improvements which research and development have been constantly adding to General Electric MAZDA lamps since 1906!

The improvements made in the past ten years alone, have resulted in a truly startling increase in the amount of light given for the current consumed. In dollars, the value of this increased efficiency was more than one billion dollars.

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Put An End to the Double-Feature Programs, Says MOTION PICTURE Reader

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

Favors the Return of the Evenly Balanced Programs

I WISH to launch a complaint against the plan adopted by many of the smaller theatres, that of showing two feature-length pictures on the same bill. Under this double-feature plan, it is necessary to remain in most neighborhood houses from two and a half to three hours and sometimes longer.

Many of us have neither the time nor the patience that this policy requires. Besides, it often happens that we have already seen one of the features and, in order to see the new picture we are interested in, we must sit through the other one a second time. This condition, of course, lessens our enjoyment of the show. We often find that some theatres have been coupling one really good picture with one that is third-rate, which means that we must endure one to enjoy the other.

No doubt, this plan was fostered by the depression and it was only a gesture to make customers feel they were getting a lot for their money. But now that the depression is almost over, we want this policy discontinued and the well-rounded, evenly balanced programs we once enjoyed returned to us.—JAY CRACKEL, Indianapolis, Ind.

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

Loaning Stars to Other Studios Is Excellent Idea

IN viewing recent pictures, we find new faces, new combinations and better stories. Producers are beginning to realize that loaning stars to other studios spells box-office receipts. Thus actors are given a chance to prove their versatility and they are kept from being typed and out of the rut.

"It Happened One Night" was a good example of this. Although he was still a great box-office draw, Clark Gable was just about ready to be typed a drawing-room ornament and a rugged, hardboiled type. Then he was loaned to play opposite Claudette Colbert as the whimsical reporter and was "rediscovered," and Gable proved his versatility and won a host of new admirers.

Everywhere one hears favorable comments on his portrayal. It's the talk of the town. The cast was also great, the acting superb, and the photography and direction of the picture was handled with finesse.

And so the theory remains a call for newer combinations and a break of the avalanche of pictures in cycles. The public is tired of seeing the scores of gangster pictures, the backstage struggles of musical comedies. They would rather hear: "Balcony Seats Only" and see something novel and original such as "Cavalcade," "Little Women," "Lady for a Day," and "Only Yesterday."—MARY ADAMS, Muskegon Hts., Mich.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

Hollywood Scores Another Success with "Viva Villa"

THE snooty highbrows, who call Hollywood films "infantile" and "moronic" and tell us that only the foreign flicker-makers, especially those in Soviet Russia, know how to make artistic pictures, had better look at "Viva Villa!" It is one of the best films of the year—and I mean "best" in any man's country.

"Viva Villa" makes "Thunder Over Mexico" look sick, even though it is supposed to represent the Soviet Director, Serge Eisenstein, at his best, which means that Hollywood scores another success on the same field where the high-brows flopped miserably.

Wally Beery, as *Pancho Villa*, turns in a performance that nobody is going to forget in a hurry. It's perfect. The film has everything—a swell story, rapid-fire action, real human characterization, fine photography, sardonic humor, realism, expert montage, social depth—what more do the carpers want?

I'm glad, however, that they didn't ring in a sappy love story to spoil "Viva Villa" and I could go on raving like this for pages, but I have overrun the word limit already.—ELIZABETH MILLER, West Haven, Conn.

HONORABLE MENTION

Asks Reformers Not to Be too Hard on Movie Industry

NOW that the clergy has threatened Hollywood producers with anathema and boycott for making "salacious, lascivious, and corrupt" films, the reform element has joyously joined in the concerted attack. One would think that Hollywood was a mixture of Sodom and Gomorrah, suddenly made infamous by the discovery that youth once more was on the road to ruin.

Reformers forget that the Public is the deciding factor in making pictures. What patrons want, they usually get. If they scream for La Harlow's appeal, for boudoir scenes, for off-color "cracks," they get it.

If reform is to be accomplished (and some is needed, admittedly!), it should start with a re-education of public taste. As things are, the producers—who are not in business for their health—are merely keeping faith with a public which demands the type of film the gentlemen of the cloth so loudly decry.

But please do not let reform sweep in a tyrannous bigoted censorship.

J. STANLEY, Kansas City, Mo.

AT STUDIO, DINNER, DANCE OR BEACH

Jean HARLOW'S

Beauty

Is Always Fascinating

Would YOU Like to Share Her MAKE-UP SECRET?

"Born to be Kissed"

M-G-M Production
starring
JEAN HARLOW
with
FRANCHOT TONE
Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively

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IN Hollywood, a genius created a new kind of make-up for the screen stars, and now for you. It is color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor.

Imagine color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick so wonderful as to enhance the beauty of your favorite star. Think of the beauty they will bring to you.

Imagine make-up so lasting, so perfect as to withstand every test in Hollywood's motion picture and social life. Think how your make-up will be solved.

Now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret. You will find Max Factor's face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type, at all stores.

POWDER... *You will note the difference in the caressing smoothness. You will see a satin-smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen. You will marvel how naturally the color harmony enlivens the beauty of your skin. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar.* **ROUGE...** *You will see how beautifully a color tone in rouge can harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. As you blend your rouge coloring, you'll note how soft and fine it is, like the most delicate skin-texture. Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents.* **LIPSTICK...** *Super-Indelible, for lipstick must be lasting in Hollywood, and you, too, will find it permanent and uniform in color. It is moisture-proof, too...so that you may be sure of a perfect lip make-up that will last for hours and hours. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.*

JEAN HARLOW'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP

Max Factor's Flesh Face Powder to blend with her fair skin

Max Factor's Flame Rouge to give a touch of harmonizing color

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick to accent the lips

Max Factor
*
Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick . . . in Color Harmony

Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Just fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10c for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*" . . . Free. 2-9-83 ©1934 Max Factor

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES* (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check*
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*type above and here* ☐

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BAD LUCK! THE TIME OF MONTH WILL KEEP ME FROM ENTERING THE CONTEST
"NONSENSE RUTH! I'LL TELL YOU WHAT TO DO."
"I FEEL JUST FINE!"

A LESSON IN COMFORT
HOW SMART WOMEN ESCAPE PERIODIC PAIN

Ruth takes Midol in time and avoids the expected menstrual pain entirely.

Midol saves the day! Even for the girl whose menstruating periods have always meant agony. Not a narcotic.

MIDOL
Takes Pain Off the Calendar

Why Hollywood Romances Go Smash

(*Continued from page 29*)

certain that any attempt she makes to combine the studio and the home is doomed to fail from the very beginning. Now, in my case, my marriage is the most important thing in my life. If I found that being a movie actress was hurting my marriage, or crowding it aside in any way, I'd give up being an actress like a shot. As long as I can manage to do both—fine! But I'm a wife first, and last, and nothing is going to interfere with that!"

Lee Tracy, who has been reported engaged to Isabel Jewell for almost two years, quirked an eyebrow and waved limp hands. "The trouble with Hollywood marriages is that most actors get married too young in this business," he said. "A player just starting out in the movies has too many decisions to make to think of marrying. He has to think of what's best for his work—maybe accept an offer to go to Europe to make a picture—and a marriage just trips him up. My solution for the divorce problem—if there is a divorce problem in this town—is for actors and actresses to wait, get their careers well under way, get their work adjusted. Then a marriage will have some chance of success. I've noticed that actors seem to stay young longer than most other people, though I don't know just why; so they can afford to put off marrying longer. That's ol' Doc Tracy's cure—and you'll notice that I'm taking my own medicine." Let's see how long he follows the prescription.

Says Actors Need a New Code

CAROLE LOMBARD, former wife of William Powell, says: "The reason for so many divorces these days not only in Hollywood, but all over the country—is that marriage has never been modernized. I don't mean free love. But marriage has never been brought up in tempo to everything else in this modern age. Actors and actresses, especially, need a new marriage code; ordinary domestic life is impossible because of the very demands of their profession. Perhaps a contract marriage might solve things for them, with options taken up at regular intervals, and no fuss or excitement if either party doesn't renew the options."

Kay Francis, after one experience with a Hollywood love-match, believes that there is no solution, for her at least, except to remain unmarried. "Kenneth MacKenna and I were awfully in love," she says sadly. "If that couldn't succeed, nothing could for me. So I shall not marry again at all while I'm in the movies. Three beaus to take me places and send me flowers are all I want now—there is safety in numbers, you know. A screen actress can manage admirers, menfriends, suitors, but not husbands."

Claudette Colbert, who lives in a home of her own, while hubby Norman Foster lives in one of *his* own, says, "Part-time marriage seems to succeed better than the twenty-four-hours-a-day, seven-days-in-the-week kind in Hollywood. At least, Norman and I are still married and, what's more, friends! Having our own homes, we can see each other at our best, and we don't have that awfully possessive attitude of most married couples. The movies are a terribly nerve-wracking business. I don't see how a marriage could succeed with both husband and wife coming home from an ordinary day at the studio, with all the worries and exasperations of their work in their minds." But it isn't every young married couple that can afford to maintain two separate ménages.

Won't Try to Lead Two Lives

JEANETTE MacDONALD, whose five-year engagement to her manager, Robert Ritchie, sets a record, says, "I am filled with apprehension whenever I think of marriage. I've seen so many friends, happy in their careers; then they married and life became a muddle. My love for Robert is as strong a love as I possess, but I don't want any obstacles to mar my married life. That is why I'll give up my careers (opera, stage and screen) when I've decided to marry. Only one thing can be done successfully at a time, and that is how I've planned it."

(Oddly enough, the temporary state of an engagement seems to last more successfully in Hollywood than marriage itself. Look at Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell, Jeanette and Robert, and Alice White and Sidney Bartlett—who were engaged for several years before they recently married.)

"So many people are watching a Hollywood marriage, expecting it to go on the rocks, that it is handicapped from the start," says Minna Gombell, wife of banker Joseph Sefton. "I feel that a secret marriage might solve the problem—if such a thing were possible. It would relieve the strain of the continual gossip and rumors, which so many screen marriages are not able to weather. But in a town that has the spotlight turned on night and day, a secret marriage is all but impossible, as I discovered last year."

Perhaps Minna's solution explains the epidemic of elopements in Hollywood lately. It may be possible that some couples have actually got away with it, and are laughing at the Hollywood marriage problem behind their friends' backs.

A secret divorce is another solution of the problem. And persistent rumor has it that there are at least five famous Hollywood couples who have managed to free themselves from their marriage bonds during the last two years without newspaper headlines.

Cantor Recommends Children

EDDIE CANTOR believes that children solve most domestic problems, keeping the husband and wife so busy that they don't have time to wonder whether they are incompatible or not. "It's the fault of the woman if a marriage is unhappy these days," cracks Eddie. "For instance—it has taken my wife twenty years to give me five daughters, and up in Canada a woman does it just like *that*—"

Obviously, one child doesn't solve the problem—which may be why Joan Blondell announces that she is going to have "heaps and heaps" of babies.

"Polygamy and polyandry," grins Jack Oakie, the wisecracker who must have his little joke, "would solve Hollywood's love problems—a husband for every mood, a wife for every occasion. If I were king, that's what I'd do for Hollywood!"

The trail of broken homes, tears, lawsuits, and alimony that seem the inevitable aftermath to love in Hollywood hasn't discouraged Youth. Evelyn Venable still believes that a happy marriage is possible even in the Capital of Incompatibility. "The first thing I would do would be to make sure that my husband knew all about my business," says Evelyn. "I would make certain that he had a complete knowledge of what an actress may do and may not do while working. Once married, I think one of the most important things is not to see the people you are working with too often outside of business hours. And whenever it might be possible, I would arrange to get away from Hollywood with my husband."

On the other hand, Jean Muir, who is the same age as Evelyn, is certain that conventional marriage hasn't a chance in this topsy-turvy and unconventional town. "People working to establish a movie career are too much occupied with their own problems to give the right thought and attention to working together for a successful marriage," she says decidedly (Jean is always decided). "As for myself, I'm going to remain an old maid till I'm through with Hollywood."

Says Hollywood Is Maligned

CARY GRANT, not yet married a year to Virginia Cherrill, refuses to admit that there is a Hollywood divorce-and-marriage problem. "There are just as many divorces and separations all over the world in other communities as there are in Hollywood, but we never hear of them because they do not hit the limelight as they do here. To my mind, the whole trouble is that Hollywood romances and divorces are too heavily publicized from beginning to end."

Neil Hamilton, married to the same wife, (Elsa Whitmer), for sixteen years, has another answer. "Why try to find a 'solution' to the Hollywood divorce problem?" he demands, poking fun at the headline-hunters both in and out of Hollywood. "People don't want actors and actresses to be sane and conventional. They prefer to think of them as colorful, exciting, 'different' people! The more marriages, the merrier for the fans! Everything that happens here makes talk—it's all publicity! People expect Hollywood to shock 'em, and they love it!"

When Jean Harlow's third marriage—to Hal Rosson—failed, Jean said frankly to an interviewer, "We're adults—not children. There was no need for ranting and raving. We had made a mistake. If two people aren't happy together, it is foolish to continue. Why should a mistake be prolonged for fear of public opinion? It is best to finish it definitely and decidedly and honestly. Essentially, our differences can't be defined. I can't put my finger on just what was wrong. I have always found tragedy in love. And yet I've tried to give more to marriage than I've received. What can I do to find peace and happiness? Should I marry again?"

Gloria Swanson, on the verge of a fourth divorce, summed up the case of an actress when she said to a writer-friend. "What am I going to do? We cannot go without love in our lives. We are young, emotional, human. We can't sit at home by the fire and wait to grow old and wise. We must marry among the men we meet. And when a marriage becomes impossible and ends, what is there left but another marriage? I have always known that I was not marrying exactly the right man for me, that I have never found real love. But an actress only meets the men of her own profession or men attracted by the glamour of the stage or screen. The men who might make her happy may never look her way. What am I to do? Can you tell me?"

One thing is certain. The Hollywood divorce problem is not one that well-meaning Congressmen can legislate out of existence. Only Hollywood can understand it and try to find a solution for it. And whatever the public outside thinks when reading about the newest screen divorce in the morning's headlines, these answers we have gathered from the stars, themselves, prove that *Hollywood is honestly trying to make a success of marriage.*

Pert new Hair Styles from Hollywood Hits

Easy to copy if your hair is not **TOO DRY** *or* **TOO OILY**

Both dignified and glamourous is this coiffure designed for a mysterious lady who is every inch a princess! Can you imagine making that whimsically curled bang out of oily, stringy locks? If your hair is too oily, treat it with the Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo described below.

This sleek-soft coiffure was selected by an important star playing the role of a most intriguing lady. The turned-up curls must snuggle close to the head. Don't attempt them with harsh, fly-away hair. For too-dry hair, use Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo treatment (below).

To correct **OILY** *hair:*

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair.* This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Help for **DRY** *hair:*

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair.* It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** *hair*

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** *hair*

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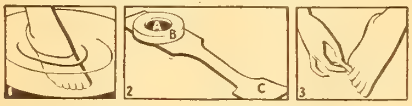

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Would Valentino Be a Star Today?

(*Continued from page 41*)

made in cowboy costume—after all, there are Latin cowboys in the Argentine! I want to do an outdoor picture—"

Perhaps, if he were still with us, he would be Hollywood's great cowboy star to-day! Or would he find his Big Chance in the present flood of costume pictures?

High up among the Beverly hilltops, I recently talked with Rudy's brother, Alberto, in the garden of Falcon Lair, the skyline house that Rudolph Valentino built for his love, Natacha Rambova—and lived in alone. Above us were only the clouds; far below a toy town lay in the white sunlight; behind us a fountain dripped into a dark pool where goldfish flashed; and giant cacti served as silent sentinels to Rudy's famous hideaway.

"I wonder why some of Valentino's great pictures have not been remade?" I said.

"Perhaps," Rudy's brother answered after a pause, "because they cannot find anyone to duplicate his personality. In my opinion, Rudolfo would be a far superior box-office attraction to-day than he was eight years ago—for two reasons. First, my brother was not merely a romantic personality, like so many movie idols who had their day and disappeared; he was a sincere artist—a great actor. Second, Rudolfo had a born gift for learning languages.

"Without visioning that he might ever need to speak on the screen, he toiled endlessly to perfect his enunciation and to lose any trace of foreign accent. He had practically accomplished this when he died. He could imitate any speech. When we were in Paris, he passed as a Frenchman. In London, he sounded like a native Briton. He had a thrilling, deep voice, which would have recorded splendidly to-day. Indeed, only the talkies could have given his great dramatic ability its full expression."

A young man arrived with tea. He was Jean Valentino, Alberto's son. The resemblance to his famous uncle was startling. I wondered why, at a time when every studio seems to be looking for a second Valentino no one had seen fit to give the boy a test.

The Plans He Had

"RUDOLFO had many plans for the future," Alberto went on. "He had just signed a new contract, which never had a chance to go into effect. Under its terms, his pictures were not to be made for United Artists; Rudy was to have been a full partner with Joseph Schenck, entitled to fifty per cent of the profits. This in itself would have assured my brother a long screen life. Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and others who produce for themselves are still popular favorites after twenty years.

"A picture based on the life of Benvenuto Cellini was bought for my brother. Recently, Fredric March has played this same historical character in 'The Affairs of Cellini.' Natacha Rambova had written 'The Hooded Falcon' for him. Rudy gave the story to Rafael Sabatini for revision, meanwhile taking tests for it which I believe have never been shown until now. His office shelves were filled with scripts bought for future use. Never had he had greater plans for the future. You know what interrupted him—that sudden, strange illness and, then, the grave.

"I had left him in perfect health. At the first word of his illness I hurried to him, but he died at the moment I was crossing the border between Italy and France. He was even buried by the time I reached America." He sighed heavily.

"They have never found a successor for my brother; they will never find one. The studios have searched for eight years for someone with a physical appearance like Rudolfo's. They are on the wrong track. His face was handsome, his body splendidly developed, but as he used to say himself, there are many of our race who look like him. It was not with his appearance that my brother swayed his audiences. To discover his successor, the studios must find a soul like his, not a body."

Immediately after the death of Rudolph Valentino every studio made a frantic search for someone to step into his shoes. Several Latins—one or two bearing an uncanny resemblance to the dead star—came to Hollywood, and one remained to struggle along in pictures for several years. But the public was in mourning for its lost idol. It indicated unmistakably that it would not brook a substitute.

Actors Afraid to Play His Rôles

FROM these early reverses of pseudo-Valentinos probably came the legend that has haunted Valentino's pictures ever since. Whenever there has been a suggestion of reviving "Blood and Sand," "The Four Horsemen," "The Sheik," "Monsieur Beaucaire" or any of the rest of the romantic and dashing array, not an actor could be found who would take the part of the hero, not a director who would make the picture.

"They are haunted!" one stalwart star said recently. "The ghost of Valentino would walk at the side of any man who would dare to enact one of his rôles. It would be the ruin of a star's career. *No man can hope to compete with a memory.*"

"Blood and Sand" has been the most-discussed picture for revival, and George Raft, Cary Grant and Jack LaRue have all been mentioned to play Valentino's favorite rôle.

"I hope they don't insist," Cary has told a writer-friend. "It would be my finish. I know very well I couldn't stand the inevitable comparison, even if I could play the rôle satisfactorily."

Jack LaRue, who at first begged for the chance to do "Blood and Sand," which he had played on the New York stage for several years, suddenly changed his mind when a test was to be made. George Raft and Clark Gable both steadfastly refused to have tests taken of them in "Sheik" costumes, when they were first beginning to be referred to as "second Valentinos."

But without challenging Valentino worshipers, the studios are indirectly making a bid for the applause of his admirers to-day.

Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky in a love scene from "Son of the Sheik"

Paramount cast George Raft in "Bolero," in which he danced in a costume suggestive of Rudy in the tango scene in "The Four Horsemen," and then in "The Trumpet Blows" in which, like Rudy in "Blood and Sand," he played a bull-fighter. The costumes of the two were similar, and at moments in the picture the slim, tigerish, dark grace of Raft brought back the memory of Valentino poignantly. In "Wonder Bar," Warner Brothers put Ricardo Cortez, definitely developed in his early days to be a rival of Valentino, into a Gaucho costume exactly like that which Rudy wore in one of his best-known parts.

Could He Stand the Competition?

IF Rudolph Valentino were living to-day, would he be overshadowed by newer idols such as Clark Gable, with his greater inches and his more American appeal; George Raft, who once knew Rudy when the two of them were tea dancers in New York; Russ Columbo, who adds to a dark handsomeness a vibrant singing voice? Would he be able to hold his own in his fiery, temperamental, Latin love-making against the idealistic Leslie Howard, the cryptic Herbert Marshall, the devastatingly charming Otto Kruger, as Ramon Novarro has managed to do?

How much the hero of "Berkeley Square" reminded us of Valentino's *Monsieur Beaucaire*, of the satin and lace ruffles and periwig! How glamourous Rudy would have been in the doublet and hose and beard of *Cellini!* Without being tall, Valentino had such a splendid physique that he could have played undressed heroes like *Tarzan*. His sense of humor was so sly that he would have shone in one of Montgomery's devil-may-care rôles.

What could have kept Rudolph Valentino from remaining the most idolized of all stars? Age? Valentino would have been forty years old. Leslie Howard is forty-one; George Raft is said to be nearing forty; Clark Gable is thirty-six; John Barrymore is over fifty; Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper—none of these stars is any longer in his twenties. Rudolph's hair was already getting thin when he died. But several stars to-day wear toupees. His love tragedy might have made the naturally melancholy Italian a recluse in his high retreat of Falcon Lair, but Ronald Colman's popularity does not suffer from his being a recluse.

The fate that has almost driven John Gilbert from the screen—that of having a voice that has not matched his personality—could not have touched Rudolph Valentino. No one who ever talked to him will forget the low, deep, musical tones of his voice. The money success which, they say, took Rod La Rocque away from Hollywood would not have lost us Rudy. With all his tremendous salary, he was incurably spendthrift, loving to buy beautiful and useless things, so that at his death his estate was reported to be in debt. The strong foreign accent, which has held back a few Continental stars from great success in the talkies would not have stood in Valentino's way. For he had already lost almost all trace of accent by the time he died.

Why ask what would happen "if Rudolph Valentino were alive to-day?" The very fact that this August 23rd, millions of people will be attending memorial services for him, proves that Valentino *is* alive to-day! The fact that MOTION PICTURE, each year since his death, has published a memorial story about Valentino proves that Valentino is still a great star. The fans who loved him, love his memory. They have not let Valentino die. That vitality of adoration, which has kept at fever heat for a man who left us eight years ago, would certainly have been strong enough to keep him a popular favorite if he were still making romance live for us on the screen.

the whole world loves a pretty smile
—BUT YOUR SMILE CAN'T BE PRETTY IF YOUR TEETH ARE DULL

7 stains dim many a Gorgeous Smile ...ARE THEY SPOILING YOURS?

DID you ever notice this about the girls that men admire? They aren't always beautiful. Their features may be plain. But the minute they turn on a glorious smile—*they're simply fascinating!*

The secret of those million-dollar smiles? This one is very important—*sparkling, white teeth!* This is the secret that counts most.

Remember this—dull, discolored teeth are only stained teeth...

That's why it's so important to remove, completely, all the seven kinds of stains that everything we eat and drink and smoke leaves on our teeth.

These stains which dull and discolor teeth require *two* cleansing actions to remove them completely. Most toothpastes have only *one.*

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So all you have to do to have whiter teeth and enjoy a brighter smile, is to get a tube of Colgate's today—use it regularly.

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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK
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COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Science classifies the hundreds of food stains into these 7 major groups—1. Meats and other proteins. 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 3. Vegetables. 4. Sweets. 5. Fruits. 6. Beverages. 7. Tobacco smoke.

Fling a challenge
to adventure

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SEE TRIAL
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4
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Tattoo your lips, and you'll dare romance! TATTOO . . . that lovely lip color of intense, more meaning brilliance . . . tempting in itself, but more tempting on lips. Subtle, exquisite TATTOO! Different from anything else. Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . only the COLOR stays. No pastiness . . . only the color . . . the warm red of challenge to adventure . . . to *fate!* Then, Tattoo your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of TATTOO ROUGE.

Choose your most suitable shade of TATTOO by actually testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. TATTOO FOR LIPS is $1.

TATTOO ROUGE (for Lips and Cheeks) . . . 75c

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CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

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EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it *very* effective!

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PASTEL is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing.

Don't be misled by imitators . . . there is nothing else like TATTOO!

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A miniature size of TATTOO (LIPSTICK) contained in a clever black and silver case, will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover postage and packing. Tattoo your lips!

TATTOO, CHICAGO

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10c enclosed. Send me Trial Size Tattoo (LIPSTICK) postpaid.
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TATTOO

Are the Movies Guilty? Cecil B. DeMille Speaks for the Defense!

(*Continued from page 31*)

bishop of Cincinnati) have mapped out a national campaign, some of the smaller dioceses have already taken action. . . . A permanent organization, coming later, will require constant vigilance and systematic, persistent and concerted action on our part which will demonstrate its effectiveness in refusal to patronize theatres which continue to exhibit indecent and debasing pictures."

Enemies of the Movies

THERE is no denying the sincerity behind Cardinal Mundelein's statement. But there is likewise no denying the glee with which professional reformers seized upon his words, elaborating them to suit their own reform manias. And therein lies the danger of this current drive against the movies. It is not the honest Churchmen whom Hollywood fears. It is the fanatical reformers, the blue-noses who are "agin" everything—just on general principles.

Look at the harm their activities have so far wrought—and the damage mounts day by day. In Boston, in Philadelphia and in other large cities, they have fostered boycotts of *all* pictures—not just those considered indecent, but every single picture, good or bad. "We will stay away from the theatres," they say, "until Hollywood turns out a uniformly satisfactory product." And don't think the effect of this rapidly mounting sentiment is not playing havoc with the box-office. Everywhere theatres report decreasing grosses, regardless of the attraction.

The editor and publisher of *The Hollywood Reporter*, a highly regarded movie trade paper, reports, after talking with dignitaries of the Catholic Church from Coast to Coast, that the Church is surprised at the lengths to which some of the movies' moral critics have gone. The Church is concentrating all of its attention upon the elimination of dirt in pictures. It does not subscribe to a destruction of Hollywood. It demands merely a clean-up.

The destructive element is made up of the professional reformers who have hitched their wagons to a righteous movement. Minor reform bodies and busybodies have been active for years, but never before have they been allied with such honest support.

Thinks There Ought to Be a Law

IN Congress, Representative Cannon of Wisconsin, recently introduced a bill to legislate morals of the film industry, to make a misdemeanor not only the exhibition of pictures judged immoral, but movies in which appear players who have been involved in scandals. In Mr. Cannon's opinion, "The whole atmosphere of Hollywood seeps with immorality. Actors and actresses consider their suggestive and immoral actions on the screen a matter of course, in perfect harmony with their private lives."

Other equally absurd charges have been hurled—charges such as "The movies are written by degenerates, for *every* Hollywood writer is known to lead a life of sin" and "Dillinger, the terror of the United States, was probably a product of the movies." These are only a few of the all-embracing diatribes with which reformers are bombarding Hollywood.

And what is Hollywood doing to combat this growing evil of vicious recrimination? Unfortunately, Hollywood has chosen to adopt the attitude of the ostrich. It buries its head in the sand and says nothing.

During the last month, I have talked with scores of industry leaders. I found them unanimous in their decision henceforth to ban all material that might offend the churches. I found the majority unwilling to be quoted in rebuttal of the indictment of Hollywood Then I called upon Cecil B. DeMille. He was willing to talk.

And who in the entire industry is better qualified to answer Hollywood's moral critics? DeMille is one of the motion picture's great pioneers and the first man to make a picture in Hollywood. DeMille has produced the religious epics of the screen, such as "The King of Kings" and "Ben-Hur," and has graphically presented Biblical pageantry and Biblical teachings to the universal acclaim of the clergy and lay public alike. DeMille has long been identified with the finer things for which the movies have stood and now steps forward to defend it.

Condemns the Condemners

"I HOLD no brief for the sins of Hollywood, be they what they may," DeMille said to me. "But I do hold a brief against the present reform movement that seeks to destroy Hollywood. I can find no excuse for a movement that attempts to destroy, purely to gratify a desire for destruction. Do you chop down a tree because one of its branches is decayed?

"Vulgarity, whether it be on the screen, in books or in your morning newspaper, is absolutely unnecessary, utterly inexcusable. Vulgarity is the product of lazy minds incapable of creating anything else to interest or arrest the attention of the public. I have encountered vulgarity in the theatre, in books. Each morning I am certain that my newspaper will provide me with a few horror stories. Yet I cannot hold myself a sensible person if I say I will never again attend a play, read a book or a newspaper because I have found vulgarity in some of them.

"I have said that I hold no brief for the sins of Hollywood. Yet I ask you to remember that Hollywood, or the motion picture industry, is not a single unit, but the combination of many units operated under different heads. All of Hollywood is under indictment for the sins of a few. How can this be fair?

"It is inevitable that Hollywood will be constantly attacked by one force or another. No other place in the world controls such a large portion of humanity's thoughts and attention. Six hundred millions is a conservative estimate of the motion picture's world audience. Because Hollywood sways the thoughts of so many, it has power. Because it has power, it is constantly attacked.

"Let it be recorded that any power great enough to put ideas into the minds of six hundred million people will find some conscientious objectors.

"A discussion of the ideas advanced by Hollywood brings rise to one of the reformers' most violent indictments against pictures. To hear them talk, Hollywood is entirely responsible for America's crime wave. England plays exactly the same movies as does America. Has England a crime wave?

"I should think that reformers would hesitate to mention crime. If they want the answer to the wave of lawlessness, they should look to their own account. It was the reformers who engineered Prohibition, and it is Prohibition that is responsible for the terrific growth of criminal activity. Virtue financed vice and it will be a generation before America will recover from the horrible effects of a 'noble experiment.'

It Didn't Invent Human Nature

"REFORMERS in the past have had other strange notions. The automobile was once attacked as a sin against human nature. To walk anywhere but to church on Sunday was once a vicious sin. I cannot believe that the motion picture is guilty of promulgating half of the sins with which it is charged. I cannot believe that young minds are made wayward or criminal because of what they see on the screen. Hollywood did not invent human nature.

"No one is a more ardent advocate against smut and obscenity than I. Yet legislation, as proposed by reform bodies, is not the answer. Nor is censorship. We have had censorship and have discovered that it fails to agree. What is judged immoral in Ohio is passed in Pennsylvania and the reverse. Why should morals be sectional?

"If the reformers need a movement to keep them employed, let them move against murder, kidnaping, robbery and other crimes. This is a more important civic duty than activity against the motion picture.

"To a certain extent, Hollywood is to blame for inviting the meddling of reformers. A few insurgents within its ranks have invited trouble by dealing in unnecessary obscenity. This unfortunate condition is rapidly being righted—by Hollywood itself.

"That elusive quality called glamour is a tremendous factor in the supremacy of the motion picture as entertainment. The better minds in the business have long known that there is no glamour in filth. They are teaching the handful of insurgents that you can't sit on a manure pile and be glamourous. All motion pictures can't be wrong. The largest audience in the world is commanded by religious pictures. It is a matter of record that dirty pictures seldom pay."

A Check-Up Proves He Is Right

WE took occasion to check the box-office returns of last year and found definite confirmation of De Mille's statement. Among the real financial successes of 1933, only two dealt with unabashed sex. They were Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong" and "Hold Your Man," co-starring Jean Harlow and Clark Gable.

Listed as only "fair" at the box-office were such sex-conscious pictures as "Baby Face" (Barbara Stanwyck), "The Story of Temple Drake" (Miriam Hopkins), "Lilly Turner" (Ruth Chatterton), "Blonde Venus" (Marlene Dietrich), "A Bed of Roses" (Constance Bennett), "Skyscraper Souls" (all-star), "Christopher Strong" (Katharine Hepburn), "Hot Pepper" (Edmund Lowe-Victor McLaglen). Certainly, no lack of star box-office names is responsible for the merely "fair" showing of these pictures. The films listed as "poor" are too numerous to mention.

On the other hand, the outstanding hits of 1933 were such pictures as "Little Women," "Cavalcade," and "Lady for a Day". The returns for the first half of 1934 have not yet been tabulated upon a competitive basis.

It is our opinion that you have seen the end of screen obscenities. The movies had instituted a form of self-censorship long before the reformers brought such a tremendous force to bear against Hollywood. Most of the pictures now listed for production were listed before the agitation ever began. Such pictures as: "The Count of Monte Cristo," "David Copperfield," "Pickwick Papers," "Great Expectations," "Anne of Green Gables," "The Wizard of Oz," "Girl of the Limberlost," "The Little Minister," "Keeper of the Bees," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Joan of Arc," "Green Mansions," "Anthony Adverse"—all stories known and loved by millions.

The only danger is that the reform elements will claim as a personal victory the cleaning up of films and, flushed with what they believe their triumph, will institute still more drastic demands. You know that old axiom about giving some people an inch and having them take a mile. And this, as De Mille points out, would stifle both art and honesty on the screen, and might even destroy movies. Think this over.

FIVE O'CLOCK, YOUNG LADY. TIME TO QUIT. WE'RE UNDER THE BLUE EAGLE, STILL. AND AM I GLAD!
OH BOTHER, I'D JUST AS SOON WORK AS SIT AROUND MY ROOM. I HARDLY KNOW A SOUL HERE IN THE CITY
SUCH A NICE GIRL BUT SHE'LL NEVER HAVE FRIENDS UNTIL SHE'S MORE... CAREFUL. I WONDER IF THE OFFICE NURSE WOULD GIVE HER A HINT
NEXT DAY
THANK YOU NURSE, FOR TELLING ME. BUT... ARE YOU SURE I HAVE "B.O."? I'VE NEVER NOTICED IT
MY DEAR, WE GROW ACCUSTOMED TO AN EVER-PRESENT ODOR. THAT'S WHY IT IS SO IMPORTANT TO PLAY SAFE AND USE LIFEBUOY
HOW GRANDLY, GLORIOUSLY CLEAN I FEEL! NO CHANCE OF "B.O." AFTER ALL THIS CREAMY LIFEBUOY LATHER
"B.O." GONE—most popular girl in the office
SHE'LL BE THE NEXT GIRL HERE TO GET ENGAGED
WONDER WHO THE LUCKY MAN WILL BE? SHE HAS SO MANY FRIENDS NOW
NICE-LOOKING GIRL—LOVELY COMPLEXION
NO WONDER! DIDN'T YOU SEE HER GET LIFEBUOY?
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

SHE uses Lifebuoy — *'nuff said!* For bland, creamy Lifebuoy lather deep-cleanses both face and body pores — freshens even the dullest skin to new radiance. Abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft — it purifies and deodorizes; stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you Lifebuoy *protects.*

Old as
ANCIENT EGYPT
New as
MODERN PARIS

alluring eye make-up

History records that Cleopatra's greatest charm was the deep, dark beauty of her commanding eyes . . . eyes that were mirrored pools, their brilliant depths subtly enhanced with beautifully accented lashes.

Yet, with all her wealth and power, Cleopatra had only the crudest materials . . . How she would have revelled in having smooth, delightful Maybelline . . . the non-smarting, tear-proof, utterly harmless mascara with which modern women instantly darken their lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Nothing from Paris can rival it! Maybelline's use by millions of women for over sixteen years recommends it to you!

Maybelline is now presented in a new ultra smart gold and scarlet metal case . . . in Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE. Still 75c at all leading toilet goods dealers.

MAYBELLINE, CHICAGO

THE APPROVED MASCARA

My Design for Living

(*Continued from page 49*)

One at a time I give my energies wholly to each one of them. I don't say that this is the perfect design or even the one I have in mind to perfect. But I do say that if we happen to be born the kind of person who must have two lives, then the thing to do is to have two lives and not try to snarl them.

Her Great Determination

A GREAT part of my fundamental design for living is my determination not to be bored. I am bored only when I am tired. If I tried to be a housekeeping wife and a screen player at one and the same time, I would certainly be tired and I would as certainly be bored—and boring. I would be giving nothing of any value to anything or to anyone. The instant a thing or an individual ceases to interest me, I am through. And when the day comes—*and it will*—when I can say "I am tired of pictures," I shall be finished. I shall then go back to New York and make my home there, with my husband and—my music.

I study music all of the time. I practise daily. I know that here is the one interest I shall never lose, never weary of, never cease to find new stimulus and pleasure in. I could live without a good many things that other women find necessary, but never, never without music.

Home is only incidentally a part of my design. I am a restless person, though I may not look restless. I have been told many times that I should never admit to this because the self-characterization doesn't fit me. I'm told that I am not the "gypsy type" either in appearance or in personality. Nevertheless, and at risk of censure, I have a gypsy heart. It beats tumultuously and erratically. It will not let me be. It will not let me take root in one place.

I want to keep moving, to keep going on, to keep traveling. I want to be up and off, by 'plane, by ship, by train, by car, by any and every means of locomotion. I can never hear friends say, "We're going to Biarritz this Summer," without feeling an aching longing to go, too. I am the type of person who can toss a toothbrush and an extra sweater into a knapsack and be off. I would prefer taking several steamer trunks, but rather than not go at all, I would *fly*.

A Home For Her Mother

WHAT I should really like to include in my design for living—and doubtless shall—is the buying or building of a home for my mother. Which draws in the fourth vital line of my design—my mother. She is with me here. She is necessary to me. If she had her own home, then I'd know that if I wanted to go to Nome, to Rome, to Constantinople, I could *go*, with none of the homesteader's responsibilities to keep me back. For responsibility is *not* an integral part of my design for living. I don't like responsibility. I don't want it. I wouldn't want to know what to do with it if I had it. But I should like my mother to have a home so that if I should ever have the flu or want to go into retreat, I'd know that I would have a safe refuge—a place that would be a home, not just a house. And she would like nothing better.

Golf is a very vital part of my design for living—golf as exercise. Because, without exercise, I am only half a person. I need its stimulus. If it were not for golf, I believe that there would be no design. Exercise does something to my brain, to my emotions, to my very abilities.

Clothes are, of course, a part of my design. They have to be. But I would *not* like to be known as "The Best-Dressed Woman in Hollywood" or the Best-Dressed Woman anywhere. There, again, would be a heavy responsibility. I would never dare to appear in public unless I were ultra-modish from tip to toe.

Finances are a part of my design—a part that has been forced on me. When I was last in New York, I spent far more time than I wanted to in talking to bankers and brokers and studying trust funds and stocks and bonds and investments of all kinds. My husband insisted that I ought to know what I am doing. He takes care of the great bulk of my business and financial affairs for me, but he wants me to know and to understand what is being done, and why.

Not Keeping Up with Joneses

MONEY, as money, is not a part of my design. I am not extravagant. Mostly, I suppose, because I do not care for *things*. I believe that we can sleep in only one bed at a time, wear one gown, eat one dinner, live in one house; and if the bed, the gown, the dinner and the house are adequate—that's enough for me.

On the other hand, I do like the feeling that I am doing something that will matter to others; that I am creating something substantial for the eventual benefit of others. And I think that to work as hard as we in pictures have to work and then have nothing to show for it is worse than absurd. And so, I do a good deal of my own banking, checking, income tax details and that sort of thing.

Fame is part of my design for living, in so far as I believe I owe something to those who have helped me to "fame," if that is the name you choose to apply to it. My fan letters are decidedly a part of my design for living. They matter enormously to me. I get the most amazing and, above all, the most amazingly sincere and worth-while letters imaginable. They are my friends, these many people who write to me. We do owe our friends a part of ourselves, certainly. Most certainly, they are a part of our design for living, if living is to be good.

When I was in San Francisco recently on a personal appearance trip, I was preparing to leave the theatre when a kindly and solicitous publicity man warned me that there were several hundred people milling about in front of the theatre and suggested that I escape by a back door. I couldn't do that; I wouldn't do that. I felt that those people out there had made me, were directly responsible for my being there, in that theatre, with my name in electric lights over the marquee. Their hands had lighted those lights. And their hands wanted to shake mine; that was why they were out there. They had bought their share in me, first with their interest and then with their money. I owed myself to them. I went out the front door.

What Religion Means to Her

RELIGION is an integral part of my design for living. I am not given to flights of fantasy or to introspection. But I do know that if I did not feel that there is something beyond—above—inside of all of this, I would not have the stimulus to go on. There would be no reason for going on. I go to church regularly. I should say that this strong and binding thread is what holds my design for living together.

Fear has no part in my design for living, because faith is the reverse side of fear—and I have faith. I have no fear of age, no fear of death. I think a woman fears age only when she is married to a man who might cease to be kind to her when age begins to mark her. I am not married to such a man. I think we fear death only when our faith is insufficient. I cannot extol my own faith—for all of us are weak—but it is profound enough to rule out fear. It is a constant support in my daily life.

Books are a part of my design for living. They take me into other lives. They are mental travel. I have just finished reading "Anthony Adverse." I read every night; I read when I am on the set and not working, at every free and available moment—when I am not near a piano.

Bridge is *not* a part of my design for living. I can't play. I don't want to play. I am too restless to play well. Parties are not a part of my design, either. I like to have a few friends in for dinner and for the evening—people I know well, can talk freely with, am interested in. Social contacts for the sake of being social bore me.

I like actors, my own kind. My husband has learned to like them, too, because he has learned to know them. Now, whenever he is in Hollywood and is playing golf and meets some of the men of the stage or screen, he comes home simply alive with enthusiasm over this "splendid chap" or the other. He is always suggesting that I have this one or that in my next picture. He is tremendously interested in my work.

Her Plans for the Future

THE design I hope to work out, to perfect, and am working on now is one in which, first of all, I shall do fewer pictures. I have been making too many. I should like to make my home in New York, to do only two or three pictures a year and to come to Hollywood only when I am in production. For New York, as I said before, is very much a part of my design for living. The essential background of my design is the skyline of New York. We love Hollywood, both my husband and I, but our home is, always has been and always will be in New York.

Nor is the stage a part of my design—not the Broadway stage, at any rate. I have a theory that for an actor or actress in pictures to go on the stage is bad, whether the venture is a success or a failure. If a screen player does a New York play and it flops—well, that speaks for itself. It is definitely and deplorably bad. If, on the other hand, the play and the player are successful, it means a long New York run, it should mean staying with the play while it is on tour, and the result is some two years away from pictures and—a forgotten star! It means practically a new start all over again in pictures, for they change so rapidly.

I do believe in getting away from the screen, brushing up, getting a new perspective. But I should like to do so by getting into some good stock company, never reaching New York, or Broadway, at all. This, too, is part of my design.

I want a child of my own—when and if I work out my design as I hope to do. I would not, I think, adopt a child, much as I admire those who do. A child of one's own is a biological and natural heritage belonging to every woman. It is an experience and an inspiration that every women should have, especially an actress who must run the gamut of every emotion. To adopt a child is to reach out for responsibility, to ask for it.

The pattern shifts from day to day, of course. Time makes changes in the threads we want to use. But the outline of mine to-day is as I've told you: my husband, my mother, my work, my music—golf and travel and friends and books and the people who have helped me to such success as I have had—clothes and finance and a home where my mother lives to *make* it home—and faith in that something we cannot see with our eyes or touch with our hands.

HIDDEN DIRT
CAUSES "PARALYZED PORES"

"I Challenge the Most Fastidious Woman in America to Make This 'Hidden Dirt' Test"

• Lady Esther

Shocking, but Enlightening

If you think your skin is really clean; if you think that your present cleansing methods, whatever they are, are getting all the dirt out of your skin, just make this experiment.

It may prove shocking to you, but it also will prove enlightening!

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. Clean it extra well! If you use soap and water, use an extra amount. If you use cream, use two or three coatings. Keep cleaning it until your cloth shows not a trace of soil.

Now Look at the Cloth!

Now that you think your skin as clean as can be, take some Lady Esther Face Cream. Smooth or pat it lightly on the skin. Never mind rubbing—it isn't necessary. Leave the cream on a few minutes. *Now* take a clean cloth and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth. That skin you thought perfectly clean *has blackened* the cloth.

This shows how Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses as compared to old-fashioned methods. It brings out unsuspected dirt and grime because it reaches that "second layer" of dirt that defies ordinary cleansing methods. It's the pore-deep dirt that causes most skin troubles. It continues filling the pores with wax-like grime until they become actually paralyzed, which brings on Enlarged Pores, Blackheads, Whiteheads, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin, Muddiness and Sallowness.

At My Expense

So far as the Lady Esther Face Cream is concerned, you can make the "hidden dirt" test at my expense. I will send you more than enough cream to make the test. Just your name and address will bring a 7-day tube free and without obligation.

Write for it today and compare my method of skin care with the one you're using. I'll leave it to your cloth to decide which is the right method. Mail the coupon (or a postcard) now. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

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Exhilarating as sinking your putt from the far edge of the green! KOOLS are definitely cooler: distinctly refreshing. They're mildly mentholated by a clever process that preserves the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. Cork tips don't stick to lips. Coupons packed with KOOLS good for gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp. Louisville, Ky.

"Making Love to Mae West is Like a Football Game"

—John Mack Brown

(*Continued from page 63*)

She never gets her signals mixed. She never calls for a substitute. She knows how to skim the sidelines without going out of bounds.

"What is there about our feminine fullback that makes her so thrilling?" I asked.

"You have the feeling of dangerous, brilliant competition, for one thing. She's the female of the species, personified—with all the call of conquest that a woman brings forth from a man. Maybe the look in her eyes and the fullness of her lips, letting you realize she knows all the answers, have something to do with it.

"And then the provocative light in her eyes builds up a feeling of anticipation, such as a football game excites. For example, I recall the game between Georgia Tech and Alabama U, with the title for the Southern States Conference at stake. To win meant everything. Imagine, the thrill when I caught a sixty-five-yard kick and ran it back for the only touchdown! You can't think of anything but the game when you're with Mae West."

"You said she'd make a good coach," I reminded him.

"Well, consider one thing that happened while making 'That St, Louis Woman,'" began Johnny. "She is supposed to pass through a bunch of old-time pugs, exchanging wisecracks. But the gentry of the cauliflower ears were so much in awe of Mae that they'd just gape. They couldn't put over their lines. Almost any actress would simply turn to the director and say that she would go to her dressing room while the men learned their lines.

"But not Mae West! She saw that they were trying, and that only she could help them out. So for two hours she sat with them, kidding, talking, until their stage-fright wore off. As a result, she got a spontaneous, rollicking scene well worth the effort. She knows how to handle men."

"What she couldn't do with eleven huskies!" I sighed. Give her a football and I'll bet she could take you like Cleopatra took Mark. Can't you just see Mae with a diamond helmet and nose-guard, mopping up the field? Can't you hear the broadcaster calling off the plays?—Listen!"

West vs. Brown

HERE we are on the Paramount gridiron, folks, waiting for the kick-off that will start the big game of the year, with West playing Brown on her home lot. From what we hear, it's going to be a torrid tussle!

There's Gary Cooper. A little excitement going on over by the fence; cops caught Tammany Young trying to crash his way in to sit with W. C. Fields. The sun-arcs are beating down on us, and it's plenty warm. Sally Rand is going around selling fans. Well, well, more excitement—she sold both of 'em and the cops are after her.

Now the officials are coming out on the field. There's John Hammill, who censored every scene in "That St. Louis Woman" to make sure that it doesn't get too rough. Hold everything! Here comes Mae West onto the field! We can see that she's going to play half-back. West seems to be in fine form.

There's Bing Crosby, leading a cheer. Almost time for the whistle. Where's John Mack Brown? Has the Alabama Flash got cold feet and gooseflesh? Ah, there he comes! Let's see—where's our card? Oh, yes, he's playing tackle to-day. They're setting up the cameras now. Now they toss a coin. Brown wins and elects to receive.

There goes the whistle! West is going to kick off. Oh, boy, what a kick! The bald-headed row cheers; they like gals who can kick. Here comes Brown. They huddle. Brown fumbles, and there's a mad mix-up. Referee Hammill blows his whistle. Yeh, West made her gain! She's got the ball and plenty on the ball. Let's see if the field mike can pick up what they're saying—

West: "Keep your eye on the ball, big boy, not on the sidelines."

Brown: "Oh, do I bother you?"

West: "Do I bother *you?*"

Referee Takes Time Out

ZOWIE! Whadda tackle! That Brown boy is good. It's a wild mix-up. Referee Hammill bounds into the fray, signaling for the linesmen to bring up the chain. They're measuring the distance now. The referee shakes his head. Too close—this will never get by in Philadelphia. Let's listen:

Referee: "Gotta penalize you both for holding. Brown, take that lipstick off your neck."

Brown: "She bit me."

West: "Well, he was out of bounds."

Referee: "We gotta draw the line somewhere. Take your places!"

There's the whistle again. Now the play is resumed; Brown makes a grab for no gain. West springs a trick play. They clinch. The referee has his watch out. One minute, two minutes—that's the limit for a clinch in Wappingers Falls, New York. He blows the whistle. He shoves them apart. Score: Nothing against nothing. Whatta game!

Now West has the ball. It looks like a fake pass! Wow, she fooled him—didn't throw the ball at all. She has it tucked in her bustle! She's heading for the goal posts —Brown is looking around for the ball. The crowd is going crazy. It's a touchdown!

West is going to try for that extra point now. Brown is determined to hold her at all costs. Listen—

West: "Well, big boy, ain't you gonna come up 'n' see me?"

Brown: "Sorry, I gotta go home."

Well, she failed to make her point. Now it's Brown's turn to kick.

Brown: "That was a mean trick, hiding the football in your bustle."

West: "Say, didn't you ever hear of a fake end play, big boy?"

There's the whistle again, folks. Coach McCarey is yelling for action. It looks like it's going to be a close-up! West makes a pass at Brown; but it's incomplete. There's the referee; maybe he's going to penalize West five yards for crawling. Let's listen in again; it looks as if Brown is fumbling:

West: "Cut it out, big boy, cut it out."

Brown: "What did you do with that football this time?"

West: "Wouldn't you like to know?"

It's almost time for the referee to end the game. Now we'll listen to the Ben Bernie Band as it parades down the field, Hey, Bernie—say a few words, willya?

Bernie: "Is this a game! Yowzah, yowzah! If only Papa Winchell's bad boy Walter, were here, I'd send him in to sub for Brown. How that Walter can block and tackle! Yowzah, one snort and he'll go around the block and tackle anything!"

Well, they're taking time out down there. The referee has his gun ready. Only one minute more to play, but West is going to make one final effort. The referee is dashing up. He waves his gun. Bang, Bang! West and Brown stagger off the field, and the game's over! This broadcast came to you through the courtesy of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Your announcer, Jack Smalley. We will now return you to the studio, where Bing Crosby will sing: "What Is This Thing Called Love?"

Who's Who in Popularity —1934

(*Continued from page 67*)

at Idaho University and at Oregon State College picked Janet as the answer to their masculine prayers. In Eastern schools, however, she was a poor also-ran, far behind Madge Evans.

Carl Brisson, the recent Danish importation, acquired a unique title when a famous painter named him as owning one of the ten best smiles in captivity! Joan Blondell won the vote of the largest fraternal order, B.P.O.E. (Elks to you). Joan had hardly recovered from her elation when she visited Fresno, California, where, as an anticlimax, she became an honorary captain of the Fresno Police Department! So if you hear a strident siren on Hollywood Boulevard, it may only be Joan, reveling in her new official status. Jack Oakie is smirking at Hollywood High School when he drives past it these days. After serious deliberation over all the actors in the city, Hollywood High named him as its favorite!

Gloria Shea, new contract player at RKO, and a very orchidaceous young lady, is apparently following in the contest-to-cinema-contract footsteps of Ginger Rogers. At the Radio ball given at the Hotel Astor, New York, she was voted the most beautiful non-professional present and an alert studio scout signed her, then and there, for delivery in Hollywood. Ginger Rogers might still reside in Corsicana, Texas, the wife of one Jack Pepper, if there hadn't been that Charleston craze. Ginger tossed her torrid locks, outstamped all her competitors, and emerged as the Charleston queen of all Texas. That led to a vaudeville contract, a divorce, and ultimately, to Hollywood.

A "charm expert," naming the five most charming women and the five most charming men in America, named only two movie stars—Mary Pickford and Will Rogers, respectively. Shirley Temple, four years old, has won the titles of "Wonder-Child" and "Baby Bernhardt" and "Little Miss Winner"—and, from appearances, has won everyone's heart, as well.

Mary, Voted Queen of Hearts

HOLLYWOOD has sadly neglected Mary Brian, but the students at the University of Texas haven't! She was elected the Queen of Hearts by that campus, polling such a staggering majority that it exceeded the combined vote of others vying for that honor. Ann Harding was recently chosen a queen by the stars, themselves—and she reigned over the Film Stars' Frolic, a charity fiesta. To add to unusual honors, gravel-throated Andy Devine was recently chosen "King Cotton" at the Cotton Festival in Little Rock, Arkansas. Apprised of his honor, Andy flew to Little Rock, where army 'planes escorted him to a triumphant landing!

The League Against War, largest pacifistic organization in the country, duly registered Francis Lederer as its favorite film star. Lederer is the screen's most articulate war-hater and so merited the victory. Kay Francis, along with her clothes-horse crown, was accorded by Willy Pogany, the artist, the title for possessing the "most beautiful back on the screen."

Madge Evans, who has made such amazing strides in popularity the last year, won two coveted crowns. Twenty-seven schools and colleges chose her as their ideal girl. This was a brief month before the judges of the Atlantic City Beauty Contest named her as being the screen's best representative of the average American girl.

Of great importance to young girls seeking a screen career are the annual Wampas

(*Continued on page 93*)

NUMBER THIRTEEN IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"The trouble, Madame, is not with your heart... *but in your head!*"

IMAGINARY FEARS RACED CONSTANTLY THROUGH THIS PATIENT'S MIND . . . AND ALL BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF PROPER MARRIAGE HYGIENE

Dr. Helene Stourzh has a large private practice in Vienna. She holds rank as one of the most distinguished gynecologists of Austria.

" 'Doctor . . . it's heart trouble' . . . these were her first grim words as she walked in.

"And she followed with the most convincing list of symptoms I ever heard. It was all imagined; a neurosis brought on by fear. She had a perfect heart!

" 'The trouble, madame,' I said, 'is not with your heart but in your head.'

"Many married women are like this. Some slight feminine irregularity throws them into panic; panic may bring on physical symptoms. But knowledge of the proper method of marriage hygiene replaces fear with peace of mind. And with peace of mind the symptoms vanish.

"The best and simplest technique of marriage hygiene is the "Lysol" method.

"Lysol" antiseptic, in proper dilution, used as a hygienic measure regularly, is perfect for this purpose."

(*Signed*) DR. HELENE STOURZH

"Lysol" is indeed the perfect antiseptic for marriage hygiene. It destroys germs, even in the presence of organic matter, pursues them into hidden folds of the feminine membranes. Yet it is gentle, soothing—never irritating in effect. That it is used as an antiseptic in childbirth proves it safe and mild enough for even the most sensitive feminine membranes.

"Lysol" kills germs. No other antiseptic has such universal acceptance. Leading physicians all over the world have preferred it for forty years. Whenever they must be sure they turn to "Lysol."

To married women, the use of "Lysol" assures perfect cleanliness, a refreshing sense of well-being.

Lysol Disinfectant

Let "Lysol" guard the family health

Its use protects your home from disease germs. Doctors order "Lysol" in cases of mumps, measles, diphtheria and other ills. Disinfect clothing (especially handkerchiefs) and rooms with "Lysol" after every illness.

Facts every married woman should know

Mail coupon for a copy of our interesting brochure —"Marriage Hygiene." Check other booklets if desired.

☐ Preparation for Motherhood
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"HALL OF FAME" on the air Sunday nights—10 o'clock E. D. S. T. . WEAF and N. B. C. coast-to-coast hook-up

She's an ex-AIREDALE

Hollywood saw that she was beautiful, but movie people work under pitiless lights, play in glaring sunshine. They called her an *"Airedale"* because her arms and legs betrayed superfluous hair.

You'll never guess her name—for she is now one of the most perfectly groomed women in the world—thanks to X-Bazin. With X-Bazin Cream or Powder *any* woman can be exquisitely free of hair on legs, arms and under-arms.

Constant research and improvement have made X-Bazin more and more mild, efficient, and agreeable. This really reliable depilatory leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on reliable X-Bazin—accept no substitutes. Cream or Powder at drug and department stores—50c. Good size tubes of X-Bazin Cream, 10c in 10-cent stores.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

X-BAZIN
REMOVES HAIR

OBEY that impulse to Visit NEW YORK

Gratify the urge to go places and see things! Come to New York now and enjoy the big town at its best.. bright new plays, fashions, beaches and tours..good times at small cost.

Choose a hotel that's convenient, comfortable, friendly and easy on your pocketbook.. the Piccadilly, one of New York's newest and 'close to everything'.

26 stories of attractive rooms, with plenty of light and air and sleep-inducing beds. Dinner dancing with Piccadilly Orchestra.. cocktails in the SILVER LINING, where the best costs little.

Single Room **$2.50** *up* Private Bath

HOTEL PICCADILLY
227 West 45th St., New York
Now under Arthur Lee Direction

The Secrets of the Dressing-Table

(*Continued from page 61*)

near the surface, should not have ice applied directly, as it is likely to break down the tiny tissues. But, at least, you can use ice-water, or you can wrap the ice in a heavy piece of cotton or linen. It's particularly grand for keeping the body muscles firm and resilient.

Am I sounding too technical for a movie star on this subject of beauty? Well, don't forget that we stars pay more attention to beauty, probably, than any of you, because it's part of our business. But it is part of every girl's business, I should think—only some people are apt to overlook its importance. Fortunately, my mother early taught me to give the proper attention to beauty and good grooming. I think, if anything, she stressed the "good grooming" part.

An interviewer once wrote that I always looked as though I had just stepped out of a bandbox—that, for example, I never wore the same pair of gloves twice, that I always wore brand-new ones. It's not true, for even a picture star cannot afford that kind of extravagance; but I appreciated it as a compliment, nevertheless, for it's true that I do pay a great deal of attention to details. I wouldn't think of wearing a pair of gloves that looked shabby or ragged or the least bit soiled—or stockings with a "catch" in them. My household spends *hours* on keeping everything in apple-pie order, because it's the little things that make the big impressions!

Too many people expect to get by on the perfection of just one quality alone. I know one girl, with beautiful skin, who has received so many compliments on it that she has come to believe that she *is* beautiful. But what she doesn't know is that, when commenting on her lovely skin, her friends are dying to add, "But why don't you take just as much care of your hair and hands as you do your skin?" This particular girl, though she has exquisite skin, allows her hair to become scraggly and her hands always look red and chapped.

Those Important Little Details

IF people always single out only one of your beauty characteristics for comment, then beware—for when people start to pick you apart, and say that you have nice eyes, they are very likely thinking, "But you wear your make-up badly," or some other "but" which shows up in contrast to your best feature. Don't try to rest on the laurels of that one feature. Try to make all your other features live up to that feature's loveliness. If a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, why isn't it true that you are no more beautiful than your poorest point?

When people tell me that my hair is beautiful, I take a hasty look at the nearest mirror to find out what it is about me that day that isn't looking up to par. For I *try* to keep my face and figure as radiant and colorful as my hair, so that my hair doesn't stand out in a freakish manner above the rest of me! I may have a bit more to live up to than the rest of you, for it just happens that I was born with this strange, unique head of hair. But you get my point, don't you? Don't be satisfied because you have one lovely feature—whether it is eyes, mouth, teeth, skin, hair, hands or figure. Try to make the rest of you live up to that most predominant loveliness!

And speaking of my hair, here are some points that may interest all you blondes, and would-be blondes, and platinums. And by the way, if any of you doubt that I am a "natural," let me tell you that when I was a youngster, and had pinkeye, no doctor would believe it. They would just look at my almost-white hair, and say, "It's the albino in her coming out!" Anyway, seriously, I'm very grateful for this strange head of hair, because it certainly was the thing that first attracted fame my way. But it also has its disadvantages. . . .

You see, when Dame Nature gave me this hair, she forgot to make it dust-proof or sun-proof or color-fast. Consequently, I have to shampoo my hair every other day to keep it its light, natural color. Goodness knows a shampoo once every two weeks is hard enough for most people, so you can imagine what I go through. What with my hair, and my new house decorations, done also in platinum and pearl-white, the vacuum cleaner downstairs and the hair-dryer upstairs at my house keep up a regular duet.

Her Shampoo Secret

AS you all probably know, a shampoo every other day is not good for the hair, as it is very drying. So, whenever I shampoo, I have to have a good oil treatment beforehand. I use castor oil for this—gobs of it—the unscented kind, of course (if you can call the odor that castor oil usually has a "scent"). It's heated and rubbed well into my head, and allowed to stay there as long as possible, and then washed out. The oil not only prevents dryness, but it gives a beautiful lustre to the hair. Anyone who has seen me will tell you, I think, that my hair really does have a sheen. Then the oil treatment also helps me to keep my natural wave. If your hair, once naturally curly, begins to lose its curl, you can be pretty sure that's because it's drying out, and something should be done about it.

Keeping my hair attractive is no cinch, I can tell you; it takes many hours every week, and it costs me a lot of money. If your hair is not blonde, and you want to make it so, make sure first that you can really afford the time and money that bleached hair requires—for you will have even more expenses than I have, what with the bleaching every few days, *et cetera*. Nobody has any real objection to bleached hair to-day, providing it is *kept* bleached right to the roots. But I don't think there is anything worse than blonde hair that shows even a quarter-inch of dark hair at the scalp. Most heads of hair look much better *au naturel*. If you hair seems drab and colorless to you, perhaps it is because it is not in perfectly healthy condition. Brush it often, treat it for oiliness or dryness, and you'll soon see how you can brighten it up without changing the color at all.

I really believe in health as the most important factor of beauty—healthy hair, healthy, strong eyes, and a healthy, lithe body. Eyes, almost more than anything else, are beautiful or not, depending on their state of health. Tired, drooping, brown-circled eyes cannot be beautiful, regardless of any extraordinary size or color. Strained eyes, red and swollen from overwork, never shine with the light of beauty. And no expert make-up can overcome these things. A little care and attention can, however.

How to Care for Your Eyes

YOU may think that we Hollywood people wear dark sun glasses purely as an affectation, or to hide from inquisitive star-gazers. But the real truth of the matter is that we wear them to protect our eyes, not only from the sun, but from dust and wind. As if the glare of Klieg lights was not enough hardship for eyes, I read a lot—almost a book a day when I can work one in. This means more care for my eyes.

I find that my eyes should be washed as

often as I wash my teeth. And this does not mean sopping them gingerly with a wet wash-cloth. It means an eye-cup, filled with a boracic-acid solution or regular eye-wash. It may make them reddish for a moment, but that soon goes away, and they look twice as clear and much truer in color than before. Then, too, they *feel* better.

When I come home from the studio, I usually lie down for fifteen or twenty minutes before dinner; and while I'm cat-napping, I always place warm eye-pads over my eyes. I go to sleep twice as fast that way—and look twice as wide-awake when I get up.

Another thing that may interest you is that I have really trained my eyelashes to curl up. Every night before going to bed, I use a little vaseline or eyelash-grower on my fingers and apply it from the under part of the upper lashes, always pushing them back. Make a nightly habit of this, and you will begin to see that your eyelashes stay curled up and back like that.

Because I am an actress, I love make-up and I love experimenting with it. On the screen, of course, I wear all that the camera requires—eye-shadow, artificial eyelashes, and a heavy layer of grease-paint and lipstick. But in my everyday life, I wear only brown mascara, powder, lipstick and a very little rouge. I adore painting my nails, trying new colors of polish and new ways of wearing them. I think hands are very important and I do all I can to keep them nice. I wouldn't think of washing my hands without pushing back the cuticle with my towel.

Keeps Her Skin on Same "Diet"

I LOVE trying all the new shades of lipstick and rouge and other preparations that come out, but I always stick to the same creams, which I know are right for my particular type of skin. (Incidentally, I think *that*, if anything, is the secret of a good skin. Keep it on the same rations—providing they are right, of course. Your body would suffer if you tried a different diet every few weeks, and so must your skin, when you are constantly changing creams and lotions.) One of the new lipsticks that have intrigued me lately is one shaped to your lips, so that you don't have to have a mirror handy, and you don't have to go fussing around with the tip of your little finger, getting it lipstick stained, too. Then, there are the smart new iridescent eye-shadows, with specks of silver and gold in them, for evening, which are very lovely.

But just one more practical, scientific hint for you, before I call this article finished. Here's something that I think has been overlooked by many beauty experts—and it's an important factor. We have all heard that any kind of strenuous exercise or sport that makes the body perspire is good for it. It is, because the excess perspiration is waste material. But what few people realize is that that perspiration is also full of poisonous acids, and for that reason, you should never allow perspiration to dry on the skin. Always duck into a warm tub or shower immediately after a session in the sun, or a brisk game of tennis.

Beauty takes time and care? I should say so! In fact, if there is any one all-inclusive rule for beauty, it might be summed up as "The greatest aid in beauty is devoting plenty of time to the pursuit of it." Business girls—and that means us stars, too—have a harder time at it than most other people, because we've got to *make* time for beauty treatments. But we usually find time for the things we want to do, people we want to see, and places we want to go. And if we want people to ask us to go places and do things, well, then, we've got to attend to the beauty first. It's a career in itself—and there is no telling where it may lead!

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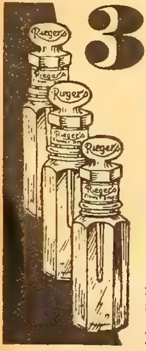

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PAUL RIEGER
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Adrienne Ames' Home Is a Real Show-Place

(Continued from page 53)

carried the colors of the tiles, mosaics, ceiling decorations and mural paintings back to New York in my mind and matched them there!"

As you enter through tall iron gates and a great front door that might be admitting one into the presence of a Medici, you find yourself in a circular hall, which rises to the full height of the house and is beautifully proportioned. On the tiled floor (of light tiles) is a dark Ispahan rug, glowing like a jewel in winey reds and browns. The railing of the staircase is of hand-wrought iron. A domed ceiling, painted with copies of Rubens' fat cherubs, lets in subdued light through colored glass. A heavy credenza (carved oaken chest, to you) and a tall clock are the only furnishings. On the bare stone wall of the stairway, a faintly lighter square indicates that something has been recently removed.

"There was a big tapestry there, of Italian peasants by the seashore," Adrienne says with a short laugh. "But it belonged to my—former husband. I must replace it if I stay here."

The stair runner is a gorgeous Oriental, which must have taken some worker a lifetime to weave. Marble pillars in the upper hall show a glimpse of a sun-washed foyer, which is brought closer to the trees outside by grass-green chintz on chairs and couches.

Her Cathedral-Like Living-Room

IF you have recovered from the first shock of such castle-like magnificence, you turn to the right and descend two steps into a long, low living-room, lighted appropriately with leaded glass, which dims the glare of the California sun and gives the room a cathedral-like gloom.

Adrienne's memory for colors is amazing. The great Eastern carpet on the dark, oaken floors repeats the dim blues and faded rose tints of the ceiling perfectly. The hand-carved couches and deep chairs are of rose-red velvets and damasks; a lamp of crimson porcelain stands on a carved side-table; and a great jade-green bowl on the tall cabinet or credenza (remember the word and try it on your friends!) holds dull-pink gladiolas. On the long table behind the fireplace couch stand two of Adrienne's chief treasures—tall vases of fianace (a ten-dollar term for porcelain), made into lamps with gold shades.

"These are museum pieces," Adrienne tells you, glowing with pride. "I don't know their names, but as soon as I saw them in the auction room where they were selling a steel magnate's collection, I knew that I must have them." Bright birds and strange foliage seem to take on added beauty as her dark fingers caress them.

On small tables and cabinets stand other treasures, of rose-quartz and jade and amethyst. "Bruce gave me this on the day we had been married eight months," she says proudly. "Look at the light through it. It's rare to get so much lavender in the quartz." These semi-precious stones are Adrienne's passion, and such personal touches keep the living-room from looking like a museum.

In the living-room is another blank square on the wall. "A painting by Titian hung there," she says, "but that belonged to Mr. Ames, too." She rearranges the embroidered priest's robe on the piano with nervous fingers, "The piano, too—this is just rented . . . "

There is drama in Adrienne Ames' house! And Adrienne, herself, even in her little-girl skirt and sweater, looks like the heroine of a play.

The dining-room, behind high iron gates from an Italian garden wall, is another huge apartment. In any room less spacious, the dark, massive, carved oak furnishings would seem crowded. Subtle colors baffle the eyes in the great Oriental rug, and at first glance it is difficult to name the shade of the dull damask curtains. The walls are pale beige. Silver bowls and candelabra lighten the gloom of wood and tapestry. The bench before the windows is an authentic antique; the rest are reproductions.

These rooms have little that can be copied by home-makers with a limited pocket-book, but they are very perfect things of their type. Bare pale walls, the dark gleam of polished woods and rich faded colors make them truly restful and home-like in spite of their splendor.

The library and breakfast rooms, on the other hand, might be copied for more modest homes. Chairs covered with crewel-work and a Duncan Phyfe couch in a Chinese damask of faded rose make the wood-paneled library homey. Bright dog prints and etchings blaze on the walls. Games are scattered everywhere. The pale-green walls of the breakfast-room are painted with Empire vases and ribbon bows. The floor is putty-colored linoleum, with a black border, and the furniture is of old white-painted metal and black lacquer.

Adrienne also uses metal chairs and tables in her sun-room, which links the dark grandeur of her salon to the gaiety of the garden. This type of furniture is not especially expensive and is very effective in rooms for informal living. Trellises of white iron are wreathed in ivy. Great jars of tropical palms stand around an indoor pool, and a wrought-iron stairway leads down from the sun parlor into the playroom, with its hand-painted scenic Italian wallpaper, marble bar, black and white mosaic floor and hand-hammered brass rail for the guests to rest their feet on!

The upstairs rooms of Adrienne's house all open off the foyer. At first glimpse, the master bathroom is a bit overpowering—two-storied, domed with stained glass, looking more like the lobby of a picture palace than a bath. A white bear skin lies on the marble floor; the utilitarian objects one expects to find in a bathroom are recessed and closeted separately. A great dressing-table stretches across one end, and a chaise longue and several boudoir chairs suggest sociability during the toilette.

Some Wood Worth Noting

AWED and somewhat shaken, you pass into the master bedroom, a long dim apartment of pale shades—grays, beiges, ashes of roses. The beds are covered with lace. The furniture is of beautifully grained and polished wood—a type of furnishing that anyone should investigate. It is new to America, but the French have been using fruitwood and inlaid natural woods for bedrooms for many years.

The plain monotone carpet running from wall to wall, the unbroken wall surfaces and faint neutral tints give a restful atmosphere, which is the one inexpensive feature of Adrienne's exquisite room. Otherwise, every *objet d'art*, every chair and chest are worthy of a connoisseur and collector.

Across the hall is a room with modernistic furnishings, of matched and polished wood with black inlays. "This was my bedroom in New York," Adrienne says, "but I dislike it now. It never pays to buy fads of the moment. It doesn't go with this house, or with any house except one in a movie set. The bed covers are gold-colored

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corduroy. I rather like them—the material hangs in nice folds and it has an interesting surface."

Black chintz with a design of bright flowers and fruits gives life to the pale off-white walls and carpet; a fur throw covers the satin chaise longue.

After so much gorgeousness, it is a distinct relief when Adrienne leads the way into her young daughter's bedroom. On a row of pegs on the wall dangle horsehairs of various colors with the names of their owners above. "She rides every day and insists on bringing a hair from the horse's tail home from each excursion," Adrienne explains with maternal pride.

On a very workman-like table stand various clay objects. Adrienne exhibits a squatty green horse ash-tray with the same loving touch with which she handled her priceless jade. "My birthday present from her," she smiles. "She made it, herself, painted it and had it fired . . . "

Somehow, as we trail away, across the priceless Eastern rugs, down the baronial stairs, and out of the wrought-iron gates that once adorned a Medici palace, the house of the exotic Adrienne Ames Cabot loses its first impression of being a splendid museum, and becomes, by virtue of a clumsy clay horse, a home.

Who's Who in Popularity —1934

(*Continued from page 89*)

selections. This year's lucky thirteen included Jacqueline Wells, Betty Bryson, Jean Carmen, Lu Anne Meredith, Ann Hovey, Dorothy Drake, Judith Arlen, Helen Cohan, Jean Gale, Katherine Williams, Hazel Hayes, GiGi Parrish and Lucille Lund, the beautiful blonde who won the title of the "All-American Girl" against hundreds of co-ed competitors.

Studio Named Its Own Darlings

RECENTLY, Paramount Studio named a group of youngsters under contract to them who they thought were most likely to succeed. They ranked Ida Lupino first, with Evelyn Venable, Toby Wing, Frances Drake, the late Dorothy Dell and Helen Mack following in that order.

Actresses waited with no little anxiety for Earl Carroll's selection of the most beautiful women now on the screen. But the clever Mr. Carroll, who knows more beauties than perhaps any other man in the world, discreetly delayed his decision until he had one foot on a New York-bound train. Then, with staccato speech and wary eye, he named only sixteen—Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis, Carole Lombard, Pat Paterson, Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, Ginger Rogers, Barbara Stanwyck, Frances Dee, Dolores Del Rio, Frances Drake, Jean Harlow, Madge Evans, Gloria Stuart, Irene Ware and Dorothy Dell, who was killed only a few days later in an auto accident. After his pronouncements Carroll scampered aboard the train, and none too soon at that, to judge by the gnashing of teeth!

The most touching tribute of all was paid to Clark Gable when the Los Angeles and San Francisco Braille Societies named him as their favorite actor. As all the members are blind, their judgment was based solely on the qualities shown in the voice and so selected Gable, whose vibrant voice is so indicative of his personality. And that *was* an honor!

So there they are—all the winners of the 1934 contests to date! Some of the newly titled ones are going their serene way unimpressed, while others are taking a bow every time they hear a clap of thunder!

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The Merriest Widow

(*Continued from page 45*)

in a Princess dress, with a bunch of artificial violets on your coat and a long glittering hat-pin skewered through your pompadour to hold on your picture hat with its willow plume. Theodore Roosevelt was talking about the Strenuous Life. Crowds were jeering women suffrage marchers on Fifth Avenue. William S. Hart was the hero of the screen—and no one had ever heard of Hollywood.

If the strains of "The Merry Widow Waltz" awaken sentimental memories in you ("*Stars are beam—ing, Lights are gleam—ing*"), if it means being twenty, and wearing a ball dress and looking up into Somebody's eyes ("*While we dance together, let me whisper low, tender words of love, Sweetheart, for I love you so-o-o-o*"), you are going to be shocked to hear that, although Metro is keeping the same tune, the words have been changed. New songs have been added to the score, songs to suit Jeanette's lilting voice, and Chevalier's naughtee personality.

The lyric, "Merry, merry horseman, ride upon your courseman, what a funny ca-valier!" has been left out. The Merry Widow, herself, who once wore frou-frous, bustles and long black gloves, now wears filmy black nighties and the briefest of lingerie, and the famous staircase Waltz, which brought gasps from you and you and you in the silent screen version, has finally been left out of the new picture, though at first the plan was to have fifty of the Albertina Rasch girls and their boy friends waltzing on the stairs!

And you will probably never recognize the tale of the dashing widow, *Sonia*, and the princely *Danilo* when you see the Lubitsch-Chevalier-MacDonald version.

How the Story Has Been Changed

IN the original story—the one that was first produced in Vienna in 1905—*Sonia* was a farmer's daughter. *Danilo's* parents, being of royal blood, force him to jilt her, so he goes to Paris to drown his sorrows and she marries a rich banker to forget her prince. Widowed in a week, she takes her fortune and starts for Maxim's in Paris, where fun and frolic gleam. Naturally, she meets *Danilo* there and waltzes with him on the stairs—remember? The ambassador of the little Balkan state hurries to Paris to make the prince marry *Sonia* and bring back her money. She tests his love by telling him that if she marries, she will lose her fortune. When he still insists, she murmurs that "she will lose it—to her husband."

When the operetta was first put on the screen in 1924, Von Stroheim made it over to suit his own taste for the risqué, and to fit the showy personalities of Mae Murray and John Gilbert. Von Stroheim made *Sonia* an American chorus girl traveling in the Balkans. He invented a new character to do the dirty work—*Nikki*, a villain and *Danilo's* brother (played by Roy D'Arcy of the flashing smile). To escape both Princes, *Sonia* marries a rich old roué of a banker, who dies on their wedding night. In that version, Clark Gable made his first screen appearance as one of the six-foot soldiers, and John Gilbert's father played a flunkey, holding aside the heavy velvet curtains for his son to pass through!

That brings "The Merry Widow" down to date—to Lubitsch and Jeanette MacDonald and Chevalier. It was evident from the first that neither the naïve, sentimental original nor the risqué Von Stroheim version would suit either the new director or the new stars. The first thing that Lubitsch did was to order three bedrooms into the plot and to arrange that a good deal of the action took place in them. Next, he invented a comedy king and queen so that Chevalier would have somebody's wife to kiss.

Then he had *Sonia's* rôle cut over for Jeanette, who certainly doesn't look like the daughter of a farmer (not even a musical comedy farmer), and is far too stately to play a chorus girl (can you imagine Jeanette chewing gum or putting her hands on her hips?). Now she is a wealthy widow who is cutting a swath in Paris (Jeanette can cut beautiful swaths). The king wants to get her fortune back into his borders, and, finding *Danilo* making love to the queen, decides he must be good and sends him to Paris to woo *Sonia*. But it isn't until they are locked up together in the same jail cell that they realize they are really in love—a typical Lubitsch touch.

Born to Play Such a Rôle

THOUGH Jeanette MacDonald was not born when Franz Lehar's haunting waltz first swept Vienna by storm, the writers of the book must have planned their heroine for her. She is a musical comedy heroine brought to life, the Great Lady who arrives in a barouche, or disguises herself as a milkmaid or a soldier to test her lover, or changes places with her French maid. One looks instinctively beyond her for a chorus of peasants, or Monte Carlo girls, or merry villagers throwing flowers whenever she appears. Her manner is arch and artificial, thus belying Jeanette's own native frankness. She seems always about to step to the footlights and burst into a song. Paper roses and canvas castles are her natural background. She is one of the few actresses who is exactly what people expect and want an actress to be. Which is probably why the French so adore her. She has, they say, the manner. She is *chic, gai, elegante*—the great *Vedette!*

"I am merry," says Jeanette, "because I have arranged my life to please me. I do what I would like best. I live as I like to live. I see my wishes come true. At the moment, I can think of nothing I wish to be different. It is that way in my life. I think of something I would like to do—and before I know it, I am doing that very thing. If I wished, I could be in South America now on a concert tour, or in Paris singing as *Sonia* or even in grand opera."

Jeanette is the last in a long line of Merry Widows and the merriest of them all—*Sonias* with flaxen braids and wide waists; dark, tall *Sonias;* vivacious, flirtatious *Sonias; Sonias* petite, stately, seductive, stupid. The first of the Merry Widows was Mitzi Guenther. The next year Nora White introduced *Sonia* to New York in German. Ethel Jackson played the first English-speaking *Sonia* in the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York two years later. When the show went on the road, Lina Abarbanell sang the rôle, so if you first heard strains of "I'm Going to Maxim's" in Buffalo or Peoria, she was the Widow who wore the picture hat and carried the tall walking stick. Marie Wells was the first *Sonia* to reach the West Coast. Mabel Wilber sang in the revival of "The Merry Widow" some ten years later.

Stars Change, Cameraman Doesn't

IN 1913 the operetta, then in its sixth year of popularity, went onto the screen as a two-reel drama, with Wallace Reid as *Danilo.* Oliver Marsh was the cameraman who cranked a box camera on that production. When Von Stroheim directed the Murray-Gilbert picture eleven years later, Oliver Marsh was still grinding the camera. Now, twenty years after the first screen production of "The Merry Widow," Oliver is photographing the Lubitsch-Chevalier-MacDonald version!

Few operettas have had the amazing vitality of this. It has made fame and fortune for its players—and it has sometimes been their ruin. The simple and sensuous melodies of Franz Lehar have set people to humming in Ringstrasse cafés, on the Champs Elysées, in the restaurants of the Strand, and the roof gardens of New York.

Once it almost caused international complications when the Crown Prince of Montenegro decided that the mythical kingdom of Monte Sano referred to his domain, and that the mythical crown prince was a take-off on him. To avoid any stepping on sensitive toes in the present picture, the costumes and scenery and soldiers' uniforms of several nations are blended together so that they cannot be identified. For countries that have kings and queens, a new version casting the comedy couple as a dictator and his wife has been made.

"Why shouldn't I be merry," asks Jeanette, "when I feel that this picture will do more for me than any I have ever made? I believe that it will start a whole train of musical comedies adapted for the screen. I am to do Victor Herbert's 'Naughty Marietta' next, you know. Oh, Jeanette is just coming into her own now! I want to act. I adore to dress. I must sing. There is a treasure trove in the operettas that have delighted generations—charming stories, romance, gallant action, songs that belong naturally to the story. Why shouldn't I be merry when there are a hundred singing heroines waiting for me, if the fans like my 'Merry Widow'?"

"Acting Has Changed Me, Even in Looks" —Carole Lombard

(*Continued from page 59*)

their emotions, and feel everything so extravagantly that it's bound to mark them. You notice that actresses always scream louder, laugh harder, and have wilder hysterics than anybody else. They've trained themselves to encourage their emotions and let them out.

How She Heals Her Wounds

"I'VE been able to take a peculiar advantage of everything that has happened to me. Though I might be wretched and heart-broken about something at the time, still I throw it off just as soon as I can, put it in its proper relation to my life, and use the experience as a stepping stone, to give me greater understanding of life and develop my character.

"I know that time heals everything. It's a hard, nasty fact, but it's true. Nothing matters to people except themselves—being honest with themselves, and amounting to something. If I were told that I would never again see someone I'm terribly fond of, I would suffer for a while, but not for long. I'd throw it off, because I know there's nobody you can't get on without. And it's ridiculous to carry on about something you know is going to seem relatively unimportant tomorrow.

"I think women in their middle twenties —when they stop being ingénues and start being women—are at a very dangerous age. Either they're going to develop and become more interesting, more intelligent and more important each year; or else they're going to stand still, and remain just girls who have faded. It's a question of whether they're going to grow up, or just grow old.

"That's why screen actresses have to change so. They must, or they are lost.

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Things She Has Learned

"AT the same time, you must study yourself until you know yourself thoroughly, and set about correcting the flaws. Screen actresses have a better chance for this than anyone in the world. After years in pictures, you know yourself so well that you can't help being aware of your faults, and by studying other people you can correct them.

"You must learn a complete command of yourself, so that you have absolute poise of movement and know exactly what you're doing every minute. Of course, you learn from experiment the simple, technical things about your make-up, your hair and your clothes. Then you find out what's wrong with your diction, and you correct that—which changes a person as much as any other one thing.

"I had a naturally low voice, but my diction was not crisp enough. I set about improving that, and for a while I went through the stage of being much too staccato. Finally, I stopped being self-conscious about it, and it became natural. But it all takes time. Joan Crawford, in trying to improve herself, went much too far at one time, and became absolutely grotesque in make-up, and studied so hard that there was no spontaneity left in her. But she's working out of that now into a combination of the new polish and the old naturalness. You have to go through those periods of artificiality to achieve poise and polish in the end.

"The great pity is that living all takes so much time. Time heals all heartaches, but you must have plenty of time to get over them and have others. It takes time to improve yourself, and to learn how to play the game of life, not only in pictures, but outside. The danger is that by the time you've learned all this, you'll be too old to enjoy it. You must start young. I did.

Not Afraid of Growing Old

"BUT I have no fear of growing old. I think anyone of my temperament can be just as amusing and have just as much fun when she's old. My great quality is enthusiasm—not only about my career, but about everything. If I had to give up pictures tomorrow, it wouldn't matter. I love them. I love the excitement and the glamour. But I could get just as excited about something else, because it's my nature and I can't help it. I think I'll never lose that quality, no matter how old I am.

"I also think it's going to be easier, and already is easier, for women to grow old now. In the old days when they didn't develop their minds or have any interests and activities except their men, they went crazy when they realized that life was almost over. Their sex was their only weapon and their only asset. When romance was gone, their power, the interest they held for men, everything they had to offer were gone, too. But now, when women have a thousand things open to them, a thousand ways to interest their minds and keep them active, it won't be nearly so bad.

"So, you see, it's all these things and all these thoughts that have given me a different face. Age, experience, the changes I've made by my own efforts, the things life has done to me without my volition, and the use I've made of them because I am an actress. And I'm glad they've all left their mark, because if I hadn't changed and grown up with the years, I'd consider myself lost."

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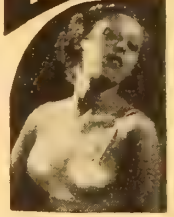

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Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 16*)

1. The girl, pictured with Richard Dix on page 16, is his wife. When Dix chose a secretary for himself from 600 applicants, he had no idea he was picking his future wife, but that's exactly what happened. After Virginia Webster worked as his secretary for six months, Dix married her in Jersey City, N. J., on June 29, exactly one year to the day, after his divorce from Winifred Coe, the mother of his small daughter.

2. They say that Adrienne Ames, who was divorced from Stephen Ames, and Raquel Torres, whom Ames married shortly after the divorce, are enemies. The girls have gotten to the stage where they say bitter words to each other in public, as happened at a benefit performance recently. Raquel was doing a Hawaiian dance number at the benefit and danced by the table occupied by Adrienne and her new husband, Bruce Cabot, which angered Adrienne into making some unpleasant remarks to Raquel.

3. Dorothy Dell, the twenty-year-old screen beauty, was killed instantly when the car in which she was returning from a party crashed into a telephone pole. Her escort, Dr. Carl Wagner, who was driving the car, was also killed. In 1930, Dorothy won the title of "Miss Universe" in a beauty contest and later appeared in Ziegfeld's Follies. Dorothy was often called the "Baby Mae West."

4. Katharine Hepburn's father, Dr. Thomas N. Hepburn, believes that he and his family are entitled to some privacy regardless of the fact that his daughter happens to be a screen and stage celebrity. Therefore, when a photographer took the liberty of placing his camera on the grounds of the Hepburn home, in Hartford, Conn., ready to take pictures, Dr. Hepburn smashed his camera and plates.

5. When the banjo-eyed comic character comes to the screen in the movie, "Moon Mullins," Jack Oakie will play the rôle. No one can find fault with the choice of Oakie for the rôle of *Moon Mullins* of the newspaper comic. We think it fits him perfectly.

6. Laura La Plante, Hollywood movie actress, who recently divorced director William Seiter, in Latvia, and who has been living in London for some time, was married to Irving Asher, film executive, in Paris recently. James Walker, ex-Mayor of New York, and his wife, Betty Compton, attended the wedding.

7. When the infantile paralysis epidemic hit California, two members of the film colony were stricken. Ida Lupino contracted a slight case but, fortunately, she will have no ill effects from it. The other Hollywood member who came down with the disease was Hal Rosson, from whom Jean Harlow was recently separated. Rosson will also come through without serious results.

8. Janet Gaynor, who portrays sweet child-like rôles on the screen, was reported to be the mother of a three-year-old daughter by her former husband, Lydell Peck. Janet denied that she was concealing the fact that she has a child and branded the reports "absurd and untrue."

9. Marie Dressler, who was often referred to as the "grand old lady" of the screen, has been very ill. For a time little hope was held out for her recovery. At this writing she is still a very sick woman. Although Miss Dressler had been ailing for some time, she went right on working without complaining and would not give in until it was impossible to go on any longer. It was this same spirit of Marie's that made Norma Shearer call her a "Grand Old Fire Horse" when she presented her with the Motion Picture Academy award for her performance in "Min and Bill."

10. From the looks of things, a wedding with the blonde Carole Lombard as the bride of Russ Columbo, radio and screen favorite, cannot be far off. They have given each other expensive gifts and they are inseparable these days. Carole is divorced from William Powell, the suave screen star.

11. At the preview of Grace Moore's picture, "One Night of Love," her husband, Valentine Parrera, an Argentine actor, was so overjoyed at the success of his wife's achievement that he kissed Harry Cohn. Cohn is an executive of Columbia, the company that produced the picture.

12. The breaks have been against John Gilbert since the talkies came in, but now he has a chance to come back. Unfortunately for Gilbert, he was one of the first of the male stars to make a talking picture, before sound was perfected, and his voice was not what the audiences expected it would be and they laughed when he spoke. Gilbert made no pictures for several years and then appeared in Garbo's "Queen Christina," but the great screen lover was not given a rôle particularly good for him. His first picture under the new contract is called "The Captain Hates the Sea."

13. James Cagney, who essays the rôle of a "tough Guy" in all his pictures, wasn't a hard-boiled character when he was on the stage. In fact, he was the exact opposite—a chorus boy. And this is no spoofing.

14. For years there have been rumors that everything wasn't peaceful with the Clark Gables, but the two continued to live in the same house and always appeared together at public places. However, the new reports are that they will soon separate, but will continue to remain friends.

15. Franchot Tone is no longer head man with Joan Crawford. All her interest is centered in Francis Lederer, the Czech actor of the stage, who made his movie début in "The Man of Two Worlds."

16. Rudy Vallee has made his wife, Fay Webb, formerly of the screen, and from whom he is separated, sign a truce whereby she will not annoy him in any way if and when he goes to California, for the purpose of a visit, or for business reasons. With the pact signed, it is possible that Rudy will now make another picture.

17. Gloria Swanson was about ready to start on a new picture when her marital mixups reached the headlines again. After Gloria separated from Michael Farmer, she was seen being escorted around by Herbert Marshall, screen star husband of Edna Best. Because of the unfavorable publicity that might develop, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the company for which she was going to make "Three Weeks," have held up production indefinitely.

18. We can't blame you if you were stumped on guessing the names of the girls in the picture on page 16 because the picture is really a double exposure of Virginia Pine. Virginia is talking to herself across the tennis net. You will see Virginia in "Dames" shortly.

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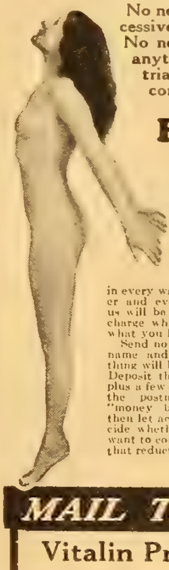

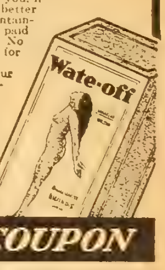

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The Picture Parade

SPEAKING OF RELATIONS

Irving S. Cobb Adds To The Comedy

ONLY a two-reeler but worthy of review because it marks the appearance of the humorous Irving S. Cobb in a new venture. If popular writers are to become moom picher actors, they will furnish the stars serious competition because they can *ad lib* their own lines. However, the film début of the first eminent author need not cause Clark Gable to lose any sleep. Mr. Cobb's screen appeal is not to the eye but to the funny-bone. His countenance and figure fairly radiate benign cheer. A natural pantomimist, his slightest gesture and shift of expression among his oddly assorted features bring a laugh. This mild and unpretentious little comedy in which he portrays a fisherman afflicted with a practical joking relation augurs well for his screen future.

Highlights: Cap'n Cobb's efforts to spear a jumping pancake. The gloomy premonitions of the dog. The cullud gentleman. (HAL ROACH-M-G-M)

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UNCLE SAM turned movie actor and worked in front of the cameras for Warner Brothers to get this authentic and stirring inside story of navy life. It would err a trifle on the propaganda side if it were not for Cagney as the insurgent, insubordinate middy who joins the navy in order to lick a petty officer of the *Alabama*. With the feud of the tough little middy and the pompous officer to tie it together, and a basting thread of love interest (Gloria Stuart), the entire career of a gob is covered from training station, through the various duties of shipboard, to a navy wedding. Cagney is in his element, fresh, tough, nervy. A pal (Frank McHugh) and his mama who needs a set of store teeth to keep her choir job provide the laughs. Uncle Sam provides the thrills.

Highlights: The love making in the roller coaster. The scene where the scornful gob with a sneer, presents his new medal to a friend. "Mama's" rendition of "Oh Promise Me" at the wedding. (WARNER BROTHERS)

COCK-EYED CAVALIERS

They Carry On Bravely

WHEREIN we see Wheeler and Woolsey in the doublet and hose and curly periwigs of the time of the cavaliers. Their adventures, evil and medieval, include a period in the village pillory, an evening at an inn where the guests all sing a grand hunting-song, "The Big Bad Wolf Was Dead," and finally bring them to a castle of a great lord, in the disguise of the King's physician and his assistant. The Lady of the manor is chaperoned during the absence of her liege by an enormous hound, which doesn't deter the fake physician. The hound's affection betrays the interloper to the jealous husband, and a ludicrous boar hunt comes just in time to save the cavaliers. Noise and action make up for a certain lack of originality in the situations.

Highlights: The scene where Wheeler as a medieval kleptomaniac steals the horses from the coach. The "treatment" prescribed by the fake physicians. The lucky discovery by one of the cock-eyed cavaliers that the phrase "The King, God Bless Him" postpones merited punishment. (RKO-RADIO)

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IF YOU—like Helen—have allowed your teeth to become dingy and ugly because you have allowed "pink tooth brush" to go on and on—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth twice a day with Ipana. It is a splendid modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth—but deep into every tiny crevice. It really *cleans* your teeth. Then—because Ipana contains *ziratol,* which aids in stimulating and toning tender gums—massage a *little extra Ipana directly into your gums.*

Today's foods are neither crunchy nor coarse enough to exercise your gums properly. That is why gums today tend to become flabby and tender—and to leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. "Pink tooth brush" may be the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It not only may *dull* your teeth—but may *endanger* your teeth.

But with Ipana and massage, the dangers from "pink tooth brush" are minimized—and your teeth shine out when you talk and smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

NRA CODE

VISIT
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.

Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" . . . Chas. Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PICTURE

NORMA SHEARER

FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

IN *The* BARRETTS *of* WIMPOLE STREET

Romance . . . tuned to the beat of your heart . . . as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards . . . are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

with

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER
From the play by . . . . Rudolph Besier
Directed by . . . . Sidney Franklin

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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AUG 30 1934

Motion Picture

OCTOBER
1934

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVIII, No. 3

The Original Film Magazine Edited in Hollywood and New York

MARIE DRESSLER LOVED ONE MAN DEEPLY—BUT SHE ALSO LOVED US ALL

A hitherto untold chapter in the life of Marie Dressler is revealed a few pages farther on. As she herself expressed it, the chapter was to be told after her death. We deem it an honor to present it as a memorial.

When she was denied the companionship of the man she loved—the man who loved her in return—the man whom she has now joined—her great heart took on an understanding which set her apart from the crowd. Hers became then a maternal love for everyone with whom she came in contact.

Those who did not know her intimately had a *feeling* of knowing her because what she registered in her emotions and what they *felt* had a common bond. And that's why millions mourn her. Such a nature as Marie Dressler's was human and understandable. No wonder she is the Marie of blessed memory!

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Cover Design of Mary Brian Painted by MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*
DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Hollywood Editor*

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INSIDE **News** FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

By Glen Dale

The Observing Reporter Who Gets **All** the News

Gladys George, New York stage star, imported to Hollywood by M-G-M, is met by a welcoming committee of one—Maurice Chevalier, of the smiling profile and white boutonniere, is qualified to do the honors after his success with "The Merry Widow"

MARIE DRESSLER is gone, and there is a great emptiness in Hollywood—which never knew anyone else like her, and has no hopes of ever finding a successor to her. And all of Hollywood has paid tribute to her courage, to her "never-say-die" spirit. Weeks before the end came, in the white guest cottage on the Montecito estate of her life-long friend, C. K. G. Billings, her closest friends had said, "The end is only a matter of hours."

Hollywood will miss Marie Dressler even more than it has missed Valentino. To Hollywood, Valentino's hold on the multitude was a phenomenon; Marie Dressler's popularity—with both young and old, with both men and women—seemed the most natural thing in the world. She had lived a long, full life, had known triumph and despair, had laughed and had sorrowed, and through it all her art had grown immeasurably, as had her heart. She did not know the meaning of "selfishness." She went out of her way to share others' lives and thoughts and joys and tragedies, and her friends were, literally, beyond numbering. She was one star the whole world would have liked to know personally; and millions felt that they did know her—and loved her for her rich humanity.

She made the greatest comeback in dramatic history—or any other kind of history. In 1916, after thirty-three years behind the footlights, she was dropped from a new Broadway show during rehearsals because, the producers said, the public wanted new faces, new loves. (She was then forty-seven—having been born on November 9, 1869, in Coburg, Ontario.) She thought this was the mistaken judgment of two isolated producers. But for fourteen years she was to know the heart-break of not being particularly wanted.

She played occasionally in benefit performances, but never received any stage offers; wrote and serialized "The Life Story of an Ugly Duckling" in the hope of reviving interest in herself; tried to sell Florida real estate; announced several times that she was "retiring" from the stage (another pathetic effort to lure offers); and finally was planning to open a small hotel in Paris for Americans who would appreciate home cooking (which was her hobby). Then, in 1926, she played a part in a now-forgotten picture made in Florida; the next year, a casting director summoned her to California for a part with Polly Moran in "The Callahans and Murphys." She thought she was on Comeback Road at last. But she was to wait eighteen months for her next rôle.

When it came, it was a small one. Several other small ones followed (she was gradually becoming known as a reliable character-actress)—until she drew the rôle of *Marthy*, the waterfront derelict, in "Anna Christie." That one part made her a star

(*Continued on page 8*)

Joan Bennett looks through MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE between takes on the Paramount lot, where she is very busy bundling in "The Pursuit of Happiness"

• Coming events cast their shadows before

You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture

INSIDE NEWS FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

Alice Moore, movie-debutante daughter of Alice Joyce, star of many an early movie, puts on the dog in a muff-pocketbook. The Scottie is hand crocheted

(Continued from page 6)

again—overnight. She went on to become "the best actress of 1931" (the year her illness first developed) and when she died, she had long been Box Office Star No. 1, the favorite of favorites. She had turned down stage offers of ten thousand dollars a week.

Her best-remembered pictures: "Tillie's Punctured Romance," a two-reel comedy made in 1916 with Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand; "Anna Christie," "Let Us Be Gay," "Min and Bill," "Emma," "Prosperity," "Dinner at Eight," "Tugboat Annie" and "Her Sweetheart, Christopher Bean."

AFTER giving the proper consideration to the suggestions that the twins be named Bing and Bang, the recently "blessed" Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby decided on the appellations of Philip Lang and Dennis Michael . . . Gary Evan Crosby's little brothers arrived prematurely, on a Friday, the 13th . . . A couple of week-ends later, the proud father of the incubator babies played golf with the obstetrician—to see if he should pay nothing or double the usual fee. Bing lost.

ANY time Lupe Velez wants a headline or two, all she has to do is to say: (1) "Sure, Johnny (Weissmuller) and I fight. We like to fight" or (2) "I will scratch out plenty of eyes if anybody say me and Johnny bust up." And when she wants a whole flock of headlines, all she has to do is (1) file a divorce suit against the *Tarzan* man ("This time, we have definitely come to the parting of the ways"), and (2) withdraw the suit a few days later . . . Of course, Lupe—being Lupe—may be as variable in her emotions as the headlines say. But how come the reporters always know the details of her emotions so soon? . . . Johnny, by the way, deserves a headline in his own right, because of the fact that he is, at least temporarily, escaping the *Tarzan* label. He's scheduled for "Three Came Alone" . . .

IT'S a rare (and un-superstitious) Hollywood couple who tell the world about their marital happiness. But Minna Gombell and Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., ain't afeard. . . . It seems that when they were secretly married last year, Sefton (a San Diego banker) drew up a legal document proclaiming that between the hours of 3 p.m. and 1 a.m., she would be free to go out with any unattached male of her choice, if business kept the newlyweds apart. . . . On their first anniversary, he drew up a new document, a "declaration of trust," rescinding "all limitations as to time or persons" in the first document. He further swore before a notary "that the year ending this day has been one grand year, due solely, entirely and without the possibility of doubt, to the personality, understanding and affection of one Minna Gombel Sefton." Mr. Sefton is, apparently, something new in movie star's husbands.

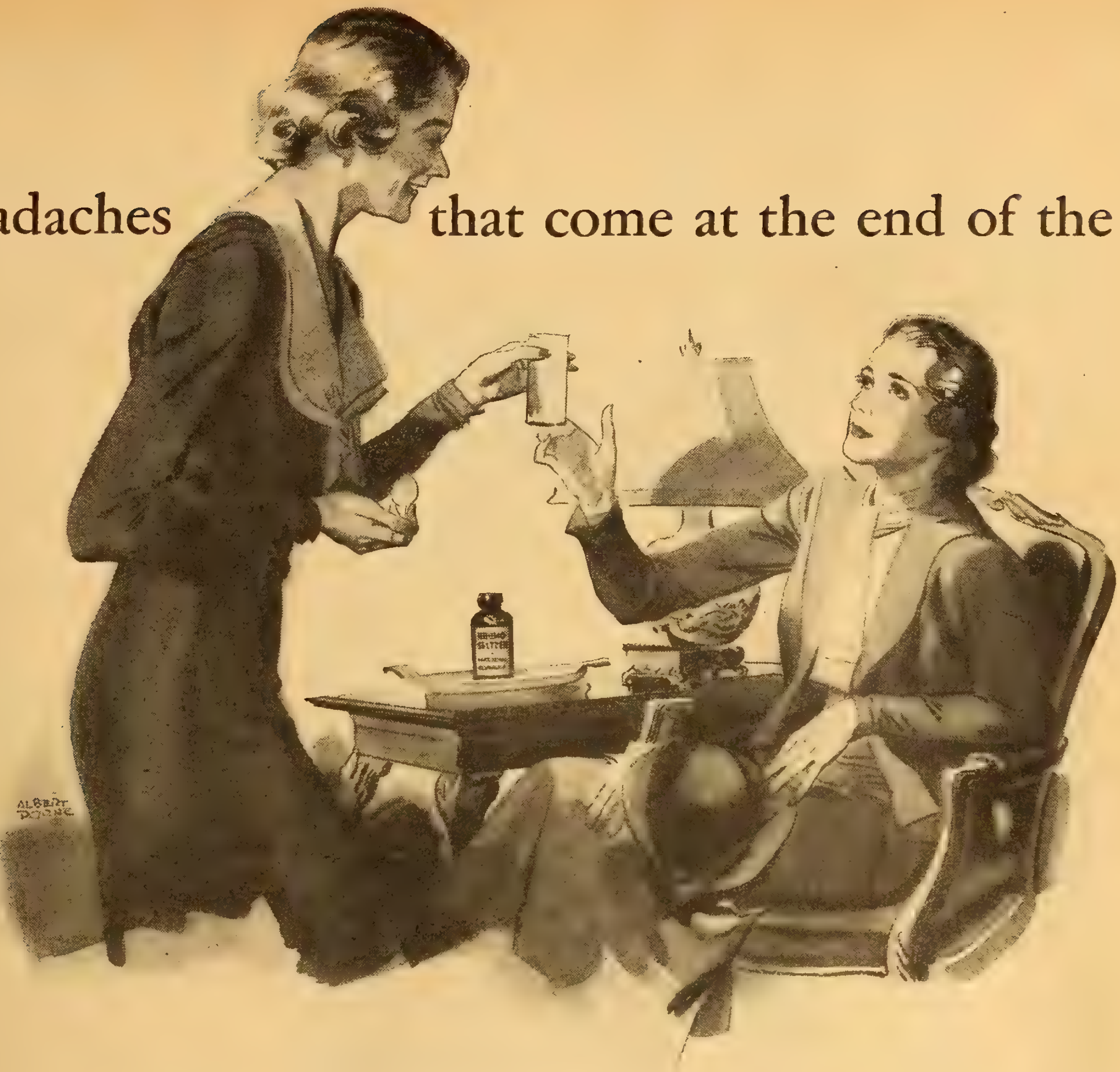
AND the bride of Peter Lorre, foreign star and new Hollywood arrival, is something new in actress-wives. Three weeks before the young Hungarian actor who made such a sensation in the German picture "M," was to sail for America—where opportunity might be waiting for her, too—he married Cecilie Lvovsky, Viennese stage actress. She agreed to give up her career. . . . He explained to curious reporters: "Both of us feel this will make for matrimonial happiness. It is not a case of possible jealousy. But a man does like to see his wife when he comes home at night." Los Angeles papers, please copy.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN went up to Vancouver to christen John Farrow's new yacht (or is it hers?) "Mavourneen," before they headed for Ireland to get the blessing of her parents on their matrimonial intentions. She didn't have the christening trouble that Gertrude Lawrence recently had, when Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gave her a yacht, which she wanted to call

(Continued on page 11)

Henry Hull (left), the popular stage star, who auspiciously embarks on a movie career with Dickens' "Great Expectations," stops to talk it all over with Phil Baker, whose radio experience embellishes "Gift of Gab," Edmund Lowe's new comedy

Headaches that come at the end of the day



YOU COME HOME tired and depressed. Your head aches with dull pain. Your alkaline reserve may be low. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer and before you know it, you feel like a different person. You feel more relaxed and have a better appetite for dinner.

Here's what happens. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache stops—your head clears. At the same time, you are gently steadied. And all the while the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed as alkali by the bloodstream. Your alkaline reserve is made more normal. In a short time you will experience marked relief.

The balanced relief

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* preparation of 5 medicinal ingredients . . . each of which has a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness. And it works faster, too, because you take it as a liquid.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by to relieve headaches. Prompt and reliable, it contains no narcotics, and doesn't upset the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda-fountain. Or mix one quickly and easily at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia, "morning-after," and pain of nerve origin. Always look for the *full* name "Bromo-Seltzer." Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick **Pleasant** **Reliable**

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID

When movie fans see "Nell Gwyn," they'll be charmed by Anna Neagle, the British star, who plays the title rôle. It is adult entertainment

The Affairs of Cellini—Adult stuff—a hilarious bedroom farce in which Fredric March is the medieval Great Lover, Constance Bennett an attractive Duchess, and Frank Morgan a sublimely ridiculous Duke (20th Century).

Baby, Take a Bow—Shirley Temple earns a big salary raise. She gets daddy James Dunn (he's an ex-convict trying to go straight) into difficulties, then gets him out of them. You'll see more of them as a team—they're that good (Fox).

Bachelor Bait—Laughable light comedy, with Stuart Erwin seeming more like a younger Will Rogers than ever, as the innocent, sentimental manager of a matrimonial bureau (RKO).

Blind Date—Human little triangle drama, about a poor boy (Paul Kelly), a poor girl (Ann Sothern) and a rich boy (Neil Hamilton). Kelly, with his sincerity, is coming up fast (Col.).

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back—Ronald Colman goes back to his famous character of an amateur detective to give you a clever, burlesqued mystery. Charles Butterworth, as his assistant, is invaluable (20th Century).

Charlie Chan's Courage—The villain in Colman's picture—Warner Oland—becomes the hero in this bit of mystification about a stolen necklace. It has suspense and a novel setting—the Mojave Desert (Fox).

The Circus Clown—Joe E. Brown tries his hand at a dual rôle—playing a father who is in the circus and a son who can't be kept out of it. It's slapstick fun but fun (F. N.).

Cockeyed Cavaliers—Wheeler and Woolsey as two 15th Century hobos who crash royalty circles. Their gags and Noah Beery's basso singing keep things rolling, though the comedy gets rough at times (RKO).

The Defense Rests—Jack Holt, who has left Westerns behind him, is a criminal lawyer this time—one who invites trouble by taking the defense of a guilty kidnaper. It's timely exposé, with a punch (Col.).

Dr. Monica—Kay Francis, a woman in white again, has the choice of killing or helping her husband's mistress. Problem drama of the heavy, sordid sort (W. B.).

Grand Canary—Warner Baxter, also a medico—but a disgraced one, saves the life of Madge Evans and stops a plague in the Canary Islands to redeem himself. The photography redeems the slow story (Fox).

The Great Flirtation—Elissa Landi lets herself go and reveals a new personality, as a fiery actress whose manager-husband (Adolphe Menjou) can't keep her under control. It's a lesser, but laughable "20th Century" (Par.).

Handy Andy—Will Rogers in a typical Rogers rôle—that of a corner druggist who sells the store and tries to be a social light to please his wife (Peggy Wood). He's less the character actor, more the comedian this time, and the result is side-shaking (Fox).

Here Comes the Groom—Baby-faced Jack Haley, with Mary Boland chattering in the background, delivers a mad farce about a timid thief who is shanghaied by a deserted bride (Par.).

Here Comes the Navy—The U. S. Fleet, James Cagney and Pat O'Brien get together in a he-man comedy, revolving around Cagney's grudge against O'Brien, who can give him orders. Another Irishman, Frank McHugh, also adds to the general mirth (W. B.).

His Greatest Gamble—Richard Dix escapes from prison long enough to try to rescue his daughter from his wife, who is ruining the girl's life. Dix rates better rôles, but Erin O'Brien-Moore, as the wife, and Edith Fellowes, as a child, stand out (RKO).

I Give My Love—A second cousin to "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," Wynne Gibson, out of prison after twenty years, tries not to let her son know who she is. The acting is all right; the story, dreary (Univ.).

Jane Eyre—Charlotte Bronte's heroine comes to life in the person of Virginia Bruce, who makes her struggle for happiness absorbing. The closest thing to "Little Women" yet (Monogram).

Kiss and Make Up—A revealing, but silly comedy about plastic surgery, with Dr. Cary Grant changing the face of Genevieve Tobin, who changes her personality to match and infuriates her husband, Edward Everett Horton (Par.).

Let's Try Again—This is about still another doctor. Clive Brook is so busy that he neglects his wife (Diana Wynyard), which brings on a triangle. Even the players don't seem particularly interested (RKO).

The Life of Vergie Winters—Ann Harding gives up her lover (John Boles) and her child, then lives twenty years of loneliness, ending in tragedy. Its mood is morbid, its moral obscure, its acting excellent (RKO).

Madame Du Barry—This time, Dolores Del Rio is the one who tells the tale of the tempestuous little milliner who became the uncrowned queen of France. It's still a good story—even when "purified" (W. B.).

The Man with Two Faces—Mystery melodrama, cleverly concocted, with Edward G. Robinson doing all right by himself in a dual rôle. Half the time, he's an honest man; the rest of the time, he's sinister (F. N.).

Midnight Alibi—Richard Barthelmess, a gangster fleeing bullets, finds refuge with an old lady, who tells him a love story and helps him find a happy ending to his own romance. The least convincing of Damon Runyon's screen stories; for one thing, Dick isn't the gangster type (F. N.)

Murder in the Private Car—A mixture of mystery and nonsense, with an overdose of hokum, featuring Charlie Ruggles as a dumb, but lucky detective (M-G-M).

Nell Gwyn—The life and loves of the favorite of King Charles II of England, played by attractive Anna Neagle. (Hollywood will get her one of these days.) Made in England, it's bolder and franker than the current local product (U.A.).

The Notorious Sophie Lang—Police can't catch Gertrude Michael, so they set a crook (Paul Cavanagh) on her trail. The chase is amusing, but the picture lacks point (Par.).

Of Human Bondage—The movies do right by Somerset Maugham's story of a supersensitive boy who finds himself in bondage to a common, coarse little chit. Leslie Howard and Bette Davis do some of the best acting of the year (RKO).

The Old-Fashioned Way—W. C. Fields' funniest yet. When he isn't having a feud with Baby Le Roy, he's managing a troupe of "ham" actors, touring the country in the Naive Nineties (Par.).

One More River—John Galsworthy's novel of a faithful wife who is misjudged becomes a quiet movie, with Diana Wynyard as the wife, Colin Clive as her husband, and Frank Lawton (watch this boy) as her platonic lover (Univ.).

One Night of Love—Grace Moore becomes the new screen sensation in this picture, which is worth raves. It tells simply, dramatically, the story of the rise of a singer, with Tullio Carminati as her teacher. And on the way, she sings as no one ever sang in films before (Col.).

The Personality Kid—Pat O'Brien, a boxer with a big personality and a weak punch, is engineered into a championship—and can't stand prosperity. An amusing poke at false egotism (W. B.).

Return of the Terror—A doctor who is a supposed lunatic escapes on a dark night—with mystery and horror the sequels. An effective spine-cooler, with John Halliday, Irving Pichel and Lyle Talbot (F. N.).

Scarlet Empress—She's Catherine, the Great, as interpreted by Marlene Dietrich. Along with the rest of the cast and the story, Marlene is overshadowed by the fantastic settings, the sound effects and the photography (Par.).

Side Streets—Aline MacMahon, "a woman in her thirties," finds love late and then falls in love with a seafaring man (Paul Kelly). A down-to-earth study of human nature, sincerely acted (F. N.).

Stamboul Quest—A weak story that had dramatic possibilities; it's about the paid patriots who spy on their own country's spies. Myrna Loy, as an adventuress, and George Brent, as an American playboy who's always ready for trouble, give it what strength it has (M-G-M).

Treasure Island—With Jackie Cooper as **Jim Hawkins** and Wallace Beery as **Long John Silver,** the **Hispaniola** sails again in search of buried treasure. If you (n)ever read Stevenson's great pirate yarn, don't miss the picture. P. S. and take Junior with you (M-G-M).

We're Rich Again—Light farce, about a dizzy, once-rich-now-poor who have their difficulties, recouping their fortunes. Marian Nixon, Billie Burke, Edna May Oliver and Reginald Denny head the cast (RKO).

Inside News Flashes From Filmland

(Continued from page 8)

"Grateful." . . . As per custom, Miss Lawrence swung the bottle of champagne against the boat's prow—and the bottle bounced back. Not once, not twice, but three times. Finally, someone donated a hatchet so that the sparkling fluid could be spilled—and a week-end cruise get under way. . . . Those rumors that once flew about his father's head—namely, that he was planning to become a British citizen—are now flying around young Doug's. His house in Beverly Hills is for sale, and other local investments of his have been converted into cash (pounds Sterling?); also, he recently turned down two big offers from Hollywood. It *must* be love. . .

SOME of the girls and boys, who have glorified ladies of the evening and gangsters on the screen, aren't talking much these days—but they're doing a powerful lot of wondering about their futures. Others are talking, however . . . Jean Parker is conscious that she "came along at just the right time"—with "clean films" the new war-cry. . . . Jean Muir bluntly believes that audiences aren't going to respect "pure" heroines unless their private lives can stand inspection. . . . Shirley Temple's father demanded a substantial salary increase for his wonder-child on the grounds that her innocence was earning plenty for her studio. (P.S. He got it.) . . . Harold Lloyd—the screen's foremost exponent of good, clean fun—now announces intentions of making more than one picture per year. . . . Will Rogers, back from his world tour faces a schedule of five pictures at a reported $125,000 each. . . . Will pulled the wisest crack about Dillinger's meeting his end as he came out of a Chicago movie theatre. Will said that Public Enemy No. 1 hadn't heeded the warnings that he'd come to a bad end, going to the movies. . . .

SPEAKING of clean pictures, *Motion Picture Herald*, trade weekly, has just published statistics on the best-selling pictures of all time. The first ten: "The Singin' Fool," "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Ben Hur," "The Big Parade," "The Birth of a Nation," "Cavalcade," "The Covered Wagon," "The Jazz Singer," "Sunny Side Up," and "Broadway Melody." Each of these made more than $3,300,000. Not one of them glorified the seamy side of life, of love or of the pursuit of happiness.

(More News of Players? Turn to Page 36)

Think of TOMORROW when you take that laxative TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit?

Violent laxatives are bad for you. They shock your system—you feel weak—your day is marked by embarrassing moments. And worst of all—you may find yourself more constipated than ever. For the frequent use of "purging" cathartics often encourages chronic constipation—they may form a habit.

EX-LAX—the laxative that does not form a habit

There *is* a laxative that avoids these bad features. Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, acts so easily and so gently that you scarcely know you have taken anything. You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Ex-Lax is gentle—yet it is thoroughly effective. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

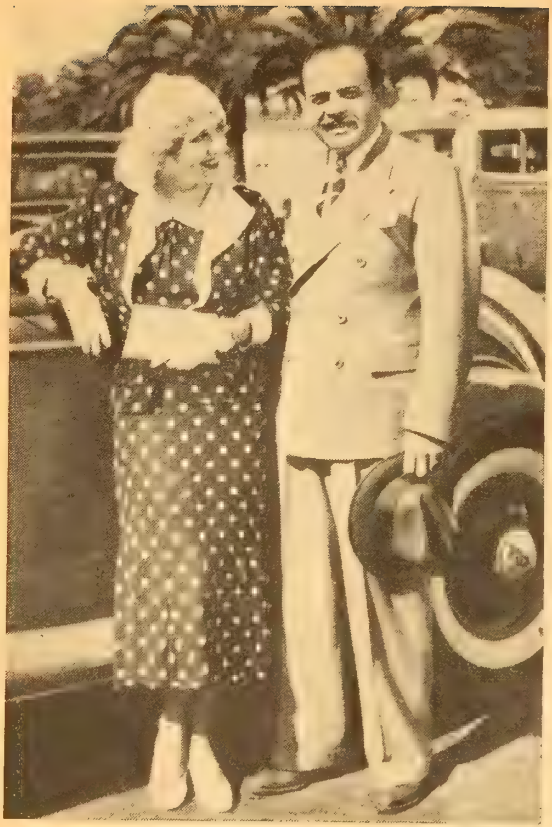
At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



Keystone

What's the GOOD NEWS About the Hollywood Couple

Pictured at the Left?

And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly? . . . Give Yourself This

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

BY MARION MARTONE

2. The recent passing of which elderly screen character actress was universally mourned?

3. Who is the motion picture actress who prefers to be addressed by her ex-mate's name instead of her own?

4. Do you know the film star who may be reconciled to the husband she divorced not many months ago?

5. What stage and screen actress announced she may marry a Prince?

6. How did Ronald Colman feature in the news headlines recently?

7. Which motion picture villain is being sued for bigamy?

8. Can you give the names of the Bing Crosby twins?

9. What Hollywood couple's oft-times announcement of a divorce, usually followed up by a reconciliation, begins to smack of so much publicity?

10. Do you know the blonde beauty who became the bride of Arthur Sheekman, screen writer, on July 29?

11. Why has Dorothy Dunbar, divorced wife of, Max Baer, asked the court to change her name?

12. Which well-known character actor died on July 6, following a three-day illness?

13. Which well-known screen star recently signed a contract to make six films at $50,000. each?

14. What does the fact that John Boles and Gloria Swanson appear together in "Music in the Air" recall to mind?

15. Can you name the movie star who has organized his own cavalry?

16. Who is the cute blonde Toby Wing's newest boy friend?

17. Do you know who gave Lila Lee that beautiful sapphire ring she is wearing?

18. For what purpose did Veree Teasdale, pictured above, make a trip to New York during the month of July?

(You will find the answers to these questions on Page 72)

Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe

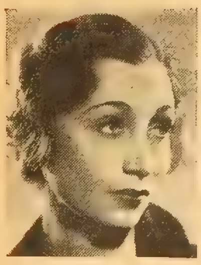
The story of one man against a million—and of the woman who loved him, yet was his enemy to the death. Told by the man who lived this astounding romance.

LESLIE
HOWARD
KAY
FRANCIS
APPEAR TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME IN
"BRITISH AGENT"

With William Gargan in Cast of Hundreds • By H. Bruce Lockhart
Directed by Michael Curtiz
• • • A First National Picture • • •

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!



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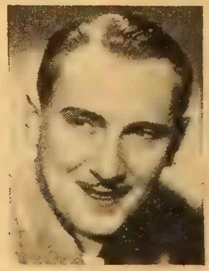

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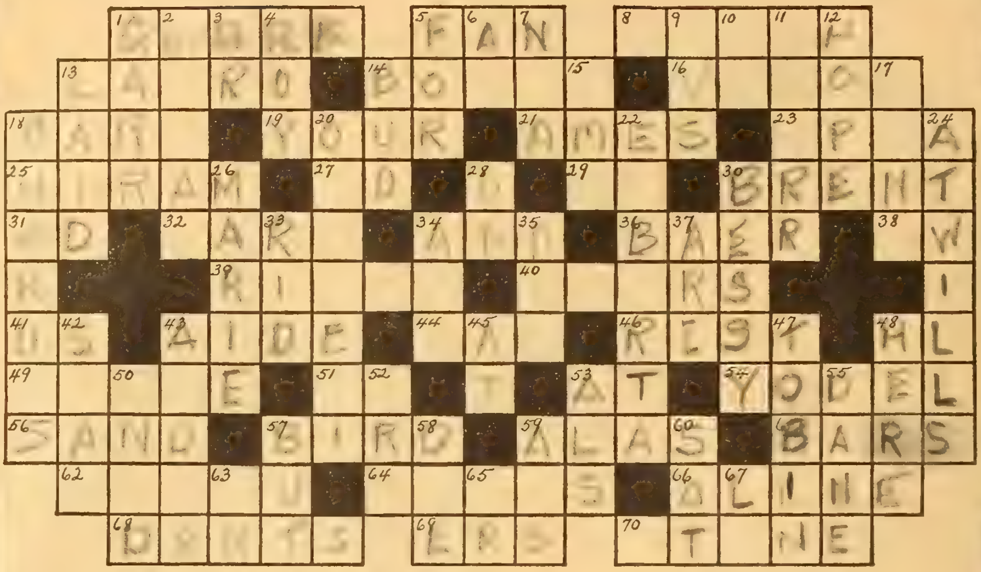

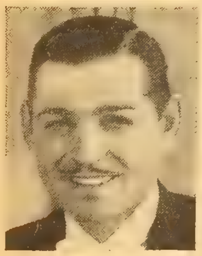

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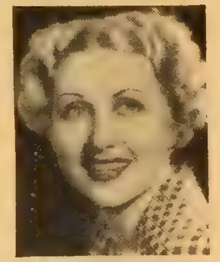


No. 47

By L. R. R.

HORIZONTAL

1. See illustration above
5. Sally Rand does this kind of dance
8. Returns to the screen in "A Girl of the Limberlost"
13. Rôle played by Myrna Loy in "Men In White"
14. Steve Miller in "Wild Gold"
16. Ben Bernie directs his orchestra with this
18. "City ——"
19. "I've Got —— Number"
21. Her first name is Adrienne
23. A Samoan seaport
25. All farmers had this name in the old-time melodramas
27. *Baroness von Gerhardt* in "The World Moves On" (init.)
29. "—— Marriage Ties"
30. *Beall* in "Stamboul Quest"
31. Yola's initials
32. Lee Joyce in "The Right to Romance"
34. "Hat, Coat —— Glove"
36. The heavyweight champion
38. She's Mrs. Sidney Bartlett (init.)
39. "Lazy ——"
40. First name is Gayle; played in "Bill of Divorcement"
41. Grant's initials
43. An assistant to a director is sometimes called this
44. *Daphne* in "The Man with Two Faces"
46. What players do on a set between shots
48. Initials of a famous comedian
49. *Marge* in "Let's Try Again"
51. Dan Collins in "The Hell Cat" (init.)
53. "Murder —— the Vanities"
54. What Charles Ruggles tried to do in "Melody in Spring"
56. "Blood and ——"
57. "—— of Paradise"
59. Exclamation
61. "—— of Iron"
62. Snarls or growls (Scot.)
64. *Julie* in "Paris Interlude"
66. See illustration above
68. His first name is Vernon (poss.)
69. Abbreviation of Lubitsch's first name
70. *Soapy* in "Return of the Terror"

VERTICAL

1. Usually plays motherly rôles
2. See illustration above
3. Late wife of Ricardo Cortez (init.)
4. Larry Scott in "Baby Take A Bow"
5. "Search —— Beauty"
6. Anita's initials
7. Hjalmar Gnu in "Servants' Entrance"
9. First name of a movieland orchestra leader
10. Initials of a stuttering comedian
11. Both a Frances and a Sally have this last name
12. She's Mrs. Jules Brulatour
13. Deposited
14. First name of a Western star
15. "—— of a Sailor"
17. First name of the author of "A Lady's Profession" and "Sitting Pretty"
18. Rôle played by Sally Blane in "Half a Sinner"
20. Lionel Barrymore's rôle in "Dinner At Eight" (poss.)
22. Her last name is Gale
24. *Von Strum* in "Stamboul Quest" (poss.)
26. The Grand Old Lady of the screen—recently deceased
28. "The World Moves ——"
30. A girl's name
33. To be free of
34. "—— of the Law"
35. *Sally* in "Of Human Bondage"
37. "—— We Civilized"
42. Her first name is Dorothy
43. *Lona* in "Murder at the Vanities"
45. "Success —— Any Price"
47. See illustration above
48. "—— Comes the Navy"
50. She's a Bennett, but not related to Joan or Constance
52. Brew
53. A blackface comedian (poss.)
55. Deceased actor who made hit in "The Big Parade"
57. Suffix
58. Genevieve Tobin's rôle in "Kiss and Make Up"
59. *Beulah* in "Friends of Mr. Sweeney"
60. Rested
63. "The Barbarian" (init.)
65. Assistant Treasurer in "Murder at the Vanities" (init.)
67. Married Jill Esmond (init.)

Solution to Last Puzzle

			B	A	R	R	Y	M	O	R	E			
		M	A	R	I	O	■	B	R	A	V	E		
	L	■	R	E	G	I	S	■	A	G	E	■	L	
F	A	R	■	N	A	■	M	A	L	E	■	M	A	P
A	N	I	T	A	■	L	I	L	■	D	I	A	N	A
I	N	T	O	■	A	■	T	I	M	■	B	R	E	T
R	Y	■	N	O	R	A	H	S	■	I	■	I	S	T
B	■	H	E	L	E	N	■	O	A	K	I	E	■	E
A	S	A	■	E	■	D	A	N	I	E	L	■	A	R
N	E	R	O	■	E	R	G	■	R	■	K	I	S	S
K	A	R	N	S	■	E	N	D	■	S	A	N	T	O
S	T	Y	■	E	L	S	E	■	B	C	■	D	O	N
	S	■	F	A	Y	■	S	P	O	O	L	■	R	
		Y	A	R	D	E	■	L	A	T	E	R		
			C	L	A	U	D	E	T	T	E			

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

Carl LAEMMLE
presents

GIFT of GAB

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment
SUPREME!

30 Stars of Screen and Radio

—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

- ★ **Edmund Lowe**
- ★ GLORIA STUART
- ★ PHIL BAKER
- ★ Paul Lukas
- ★ Ethel Waters
- ★ Chester Morris
- ★ Alexander Woollcott
- ★ Douglass Montgomery
- ★ Binnie Barnes
- ★ Roger Pryor
- ★ Karloff
- ★ Gene Austin
- ★ Graham McNamee
- ★ Bela Lugosi
- ★ Alice White
- ★ **Ruth Etting**
- ★ June Knight
- ★ Victor Moore
- ★ Andy Devine
- ★ Hugh O'Connell
- ★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
- ★ Sterling Holloway
- ★ Henry Armetta
- ★ Downey Sisters
- ★ Beal Street Boys
- ★ Douglas Fowley
- ★ Wini Shaw
- ★ Helen Vinson
- ★ Candy and Coco
- ★ Surprise Personality

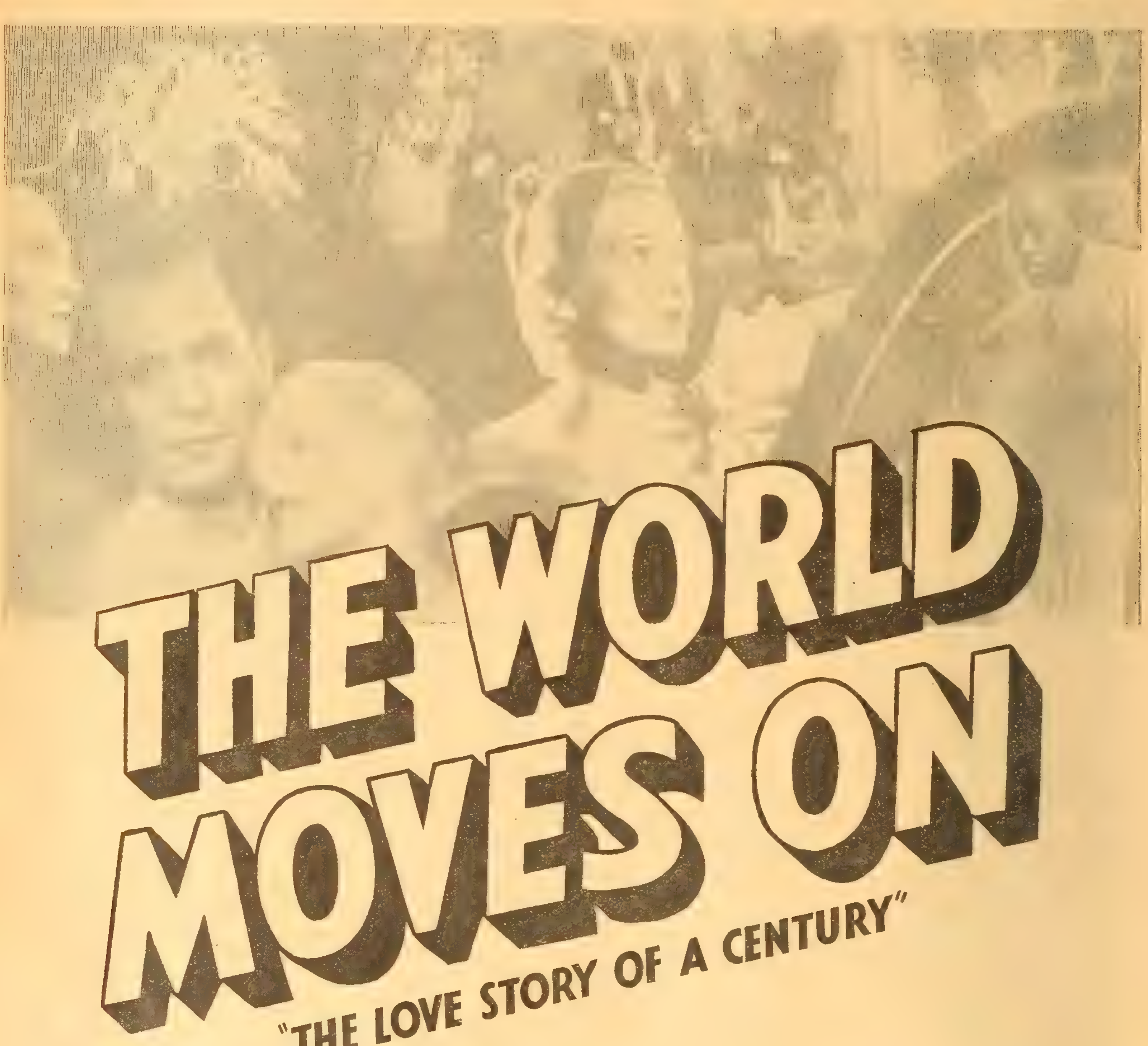
Directed by KARL FREUND
Screen play by RIAN JAMES
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

HEAR THESE SONG HITS—

"Talking to Myself."
"Blue Sky Avenue."
"I Ain't Gonna Sin No More."
"Somebody Looks Good To Me."
"Don't Let This Waltz Mean Goodbye."

A
UNIVERSAL
PICTURE

The love story of one woman and one man



THE WORLD MOVES ON

"THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY"

MADELEINE CARROLL

FRANCHOT TONE

Produced by Winfield Sheehan • Directed by John Ford • Author: Reginald Berkeley

...that mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today

●

Critics shout their praises

A deeply stirring tale . . An exquisite mingling of humor and heartache . . An important event in motion picture history. —*New York American*

This massive and spectacular film tells a beautiful love story. —*New York Daily Mirror*

It has plenty to offer as entertainment. Stirring moments . . gay and charming ones as well. —*New York Sun*

A lavish production, made on a grand scale. —*New York Daily News*

●

It's precious, **KEEP IT!**

What a social asset it is . . . the breath of youth, wholesomely fresh and delicately sweet. Isn't such an advantage worth trying for? Is there any reason why you should tolerate in yourself the faintest trace of halitosis (unpleasant breath), when it is so easy to overcome? Fastidious people realize that, due to modern habits, everybody is likely to have halitosis at some time or other—*without knowing it*. The safe, pleasant way to correct such a condition is to use Listerine, especially before social or business engagements. Its deodorant action is simply amazing, and its stimulating, freshening effect in the mouth will delight you. Why not begin using Listerine every day? It's better to be safe than sorry that you offended.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS . . (*BAD BREATH*)

A NEW GIFT FROM ENGLAND

Binnie Barnes is English, but she got her stage start by playing a Texas cowgirl. Hollywood saw her as *Katheryn Howard* in "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth," and wired, "We need you." Her first American picture will be: "There's Always Tomorrow"

PREFERS A WRITER

Gloria Stuart gave up college to marry a young artist—and became an actress. Recently, she gave up the young artist, and became the bride of Arthur Sheekman, scenario writer. And this time, having married a writer, she may become a writer—which is her secret ambition. She didn't seek a film career; the films sought her—and now seem determined to star her (against her wishes—so she declares). She's chattering with Edmund Lowe in "Gift of Gab"

JUST CAN'T RELAX

Ginger Rogers is always trying to sneak off for a real rest, but so far she hasn't succeeded. When her own studio isn't keeping her busy, other studios are clamoring for her—and off she goes on loan. But don't get the idea that the gingertop feels oppressed; she doesn't. Else, she wouldn't have just signed a fifty-two-week contract, instead of one for the usual forty. Fred Astaire keeps her stepping in "The Gay Divorce." Next? "Roberta"?

Portrait by Bachrach

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," as a play, made Katharine Cornell undisputed queen of the American stage. What will the rôle of the invalid *Elizabeth Barrett* do for Norma Shearer in the screen version? Fredric March — who shared the fame of "Smilin' Through" with her—is the young poet, *Robert Browning,* in this famous story of a great, historic romance

Charles Laughton, "best actor of 1933," came back from England to play the subtle madman who is head of the house of Barrett and who stands in the lovers' way

Escaped By Sea

Those "ridiculous" romance rumors got in Janet Gaynor's auburn hair and she went to Europe to Forget Them All—after finishing "Servants' Entrance" with Lew Ayres. This was her going-away smile. When she and Will Rogers return from their respective travels, they will co-star in "One More Spring"

LOOKING FOR WORK

Edward G. Robinson, Roumania's gift to the movies, took up acting because he thought it was the world's easiest job, with plenty of vacations. And since "The Man with Two Faces," he has battled to act at other studios when he isn't busy at his own! Little Caesarino must need new shoes. Anyway, Eddie has won the disputed point and is taking a rest now—though his pipe isn't

Printed in U.S.A.

Motion Picture

"Any Clever Woman Can Develop Glamour"—JOAN CRAWFORD

Joan knows; she has been through the glamour mill. And she passes out some pointers!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

BEAUTY and glamour, glamour and beauty—in Hollywood's dictionary, those two expressions seem to be as everlastingly united as ham and eggs. They're inseparable, interchangeable and overworked. It's time to set things straight. Must a woman be a raving beauty in order to attract a man? Is glamour born in a woman or can it be imitated, developed, and acquired? I asked Joan Crawford, who ought to know.

These "before and after" pictures of Joan Crawford are proof of the truth of her statement. Left, when she was Lucille La Sueur, "just another" beginner in films. Above, as she looks to-day—after developing glamour

A few years ago there came to Hollywood a girl calling herself Lucille La Sueur; a biggish girl who weighed, by her own confession, a hundred and fifty pounds. Pictures of that girl at that time show that she had frizzy dark hair and the conventional number of features. There was nothing about her eyes, mouth or general appearance to suggest the possibility of Joan Crawford's radiant and intriguing beauty.

If Lucille La Sueur could acquire Joan Crawford's glamour in a few short years, there is hope for you and You and YOU! Joan insists that any girl can learn to be attractive to men.

"As a matter of sober fact," Joan says decidedly (Joan is always decided), "the most extraordinarily beautiful women often are totally lacking in glamour, while very homely women sometimes possess uncanny power to attract men. Emotional force, poise and intelligence—those, rather than beauty, are the priceless ingredients that make women alluring. Any clever woman can *develop* glamour, and most women can counterfeit beauty.

(*Continued on page 62*)

MARIE DRESSLER'S

One Great Love

This is the unpublished chapter of Marie's life—her own sad story of her love for Jim Dalton. She herself, wanted it added to her life-story—at the end

This is the untold chapter of Marie Dressler's great life-story—the sad chapter that she, herself, wanted told at the end, to complete the story. To her, it was the most memorable, most tragic chapter of all. And it is told in her own words, as it should be told.

Two years and a half ago, she gave the details to Dorothy Spensley—a well-known Hollywood writer for years—asking only that the story be withheld until it could be transformed into one of her greatest memorials.—Editor.

Marie Dressler as she looked before age and illness lined her features—taken when she was thirty-five years of age—and a leading Broadway actress

MARIE DRESSLER died the heroine of a real-life romance far greater than any she ever played on the stage or screen. She was loved, honored, idolized, even worshiped, by kings and paupers, yet few of them knew that behind that warm, homely, kind face, with its broad mouth, its radiant smile and tolerant eyes, were memories of a love so vast that it filled the universe of this great-hearted, great-bodied woman.

One January day, two years ago, Marie Dressler said to me:

"Now is not the time to print the story, dear, but later it can be published. If it were printed now, it would only serve to remind me of a sorrow that was, when it happened, greater than I thought I could bear. It would only remind me of twenty years of the greatest happiness that one woman was ever to have. When I am dead, it can be printed, but they're not going to kill me off yet. Not for a long time! I'll fool them."

As she said this, a trace of the old vitality, the overwhelming vigor that was Dressler's, appeared. Marie was then, as she had been increasingly in recent years, tired, so tired, yet anxious to give her strength, her interest, to her friends, her charities, her film work. But she was already handicapped by the malignant disease that was then making inroads in her health. It was only a few months after the major operation which kept her a patient in Osteopathic Hospital during July, 1931. My notes, carefully preserved, record that on that January afternoon in 1932 she went on to say:

What He Meant to Her

"EXCEPT for my mother, Jim Dalton meant more than anything in life to me. I loved him, I loved him for twenty years, and I still love the thoughts of those years. They were not easy years. They were hard years. We went through thick and thin—poverty and riches, sickness and success, happiness and heartache.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

THE great heart that was Marie Dressler's has finally stopped beating. Although she has passed away, what she symbolizes will live forever. The portrait, above, taken at about the time when she was honor guest at the greatest birthday party in Hollywood history, exemplifies her dauntless courage, nobility, tolerance, and the infinite capacity for maternal love which she showered upon all her friends

"Jim became my manager. For my sake, he entered the show business, and let himself in for all the grief of play-producing, but we were together. We took 'Higgledy-Piggledy,' a show that was a success on Broadway, to England, engaged a theatre, had costumes made up, hired the cast, all without a red cent of money, banking on the success of the thing to pay for itself. In less than a week we found ourselves absolutely broke, the play a flop, and the two of us on the Atlantic, bound for New York. But we took what was handed us, standing side by side, shoulder to shoulder.

"A woman in love always convinces herself that her man is perfect. Jim was perfect, except for one thing. Like all big fellows (he stood taller than I did, and I am five feet, eight inches), he had a corresponding appetite for life. He drank too much for his own good. He was a brilliant attorney at one time in his life. Under Taft he was a district attorney, and until he left the legal profession he had a record of never losing a case.

"But weakness in a man, no matter if it is little or big, always makes the woman who loves him love him all the more. It is to her that he turns if he needs help, and because she is the one person in the world who is able to stand up and fight for him, defend him against criticism, work for him, she fights like a wildcat. Maybe it's largely maternal—the love that a mother usually has for her poor, weak, helpless child. But I think it's the love of a woman for her man.

When She Knew Heartache

"THE last years of Jim Dalton's life were filled with sadness. He died before I came to Los Angeles to make 'Tillie's Nightmare.' That was before the World War. I was ill, myself. It was from the reaction that followed those long months—years, really—

(*Continued on page 76*)

PRISONERS of Their REPUTATIONS

Janet Gaynor mustn't know life, and Garbo has to be a hermit—because of fixed ideas you have about them. They're chained to their reputations. And this goes double for some stars!

RUDOLPH Valentino once said to me, "I am a prisoner. I am a prisoner of a fixed idea. I am a prisoner of my reputation for being a constant Sheik. Wherever I go, whether with young women, middle-aged women, or elderly women, whether I am at a Mothers' Meeting or a Bal Masque—the same thing is expected of me. I am expected to ogle, try to charm, and make overtures to every person of the opposite sex—without an exception.

"It is exhausting. It is confining. No man wants to play one rôle his whole life long. No man wants to walk a treadmill of the same emotion. I should like, now and again, to be a man's man, a man among men. But men look askance at a 'sheik,' at a man who has been labeled 'Every Husband's Phantom Rival.' I should like, so much, to have a woman for a *friend.* It is impossible. I am deadly tired of it. I am trapped by it. I am afraid that I shall die a prisoner of my own *Sheik.*" He did.

Alice White has tried to escape from the gold-digger rôles. In real life she is a practical, sensible young woman

Janet Gaynor is imprisoned by youth and sweetness. The realities of life must not be allowed to touch her

Most of the screen stars are prisoners of one sort of reputation or another. Sometimes it is a reputation that has been wished on them by zealous publicity departments, who wish to create a new Perfect Lady or a new sultry siren or a new America's Sweetheart—which "reputation" her studio is now industriously creating around the young and talented figure of Jean Parker. The web is in the weaving and once it is complete, young Jean will have made her last careless gesture, told her last funny joke, had her last impulsive romance. She will be a prisoner of her reputation and neither bolts nor bars are firmer or more inescapable.

Sometimes the reputation is determined by the first chance part a player plays, and if he or she is successful in this rôle, he or she must play the *same* rôle forever after. But whatever the origin of the *fixed idea,* the result is that a prison house is built for the player in question, within the limits of which he must run about like a mouse in a revolving trap, warily certain that if ever he steps out of the trap, the Captious and Critical Cats will get him! He must perform, forever more, the same antics, cut the same capers, squeak the same squeaks—jailed.

Mary Brian must live up to the perpetual ingénue—and realizes after several years that she'll never escape

They Won't Let Mary Grow Up

MARY BRIAN once said to me, "I am the Perpetual Ingénue. I shall never escape and, by this time, I know it. If I violated every decency of every morality code in the country, no one would believe it. So fast are the walls of this prison of a reputation that a jail-

Garbo is a prisoner of isolation. She must constantly be on guard against the limelight. Once Greta steps out of her legend she becomes a prisoner at bay

By GLADYS HALL

break is considered impossible. People would say, if I ever did escape, 'It must have been someone who *looks* like Mary Brian!' Even the tabloids would turn me down, I know. And I'm afraid that even the columnists would snub me.

"I never get invited to funny parties, like week-ends on yachts and penthouse goings-on—not unless the places bristle with chaperons and everyone plays tick-tack-toe when I am in sight. No one ever 'insults' me. If a 'good story' is being told and I put in an appearance, voices are lowered and the story ends. It's awfully tiresome, sometimes, to be a prisoner in a rock-candy house. It gets *sticky*. And it's worse than tiresome—it's professionally destructive. I never get an opportunity to be anything but an innocuous little ingénue on the screen."

In a good many cases, these prisoners of their reputations suffer professionally even more than they do personally. I shall always remember Constance Talmadge's telling me how she got down on her knees to Joseph Schenck a few years ago and begged him, with tears in her eyes, to let her make "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." But no, Connie' was a comédienne, a particular kind of comédienne. And a comédienne she must remain, or else. . . . Connie chose the "or else."

Zasu Pitts once said to me, "Von Stroheim used to think that I was *dramatic*. Then people laughed at me *once*, and their laughter has raised walls around me from which I shall never escape. I am absolutely the prisoner of my own gestures and facial expressions. And this doesn't affect just my professional life; it also affects my personal life.

"I never go to parties. I haven't bought an evening gown for four years. That's because of my reputation for not being good-looking or attractive. I just think, as I think on the screen, 'Oh, well, what's the use?' If I ever do go to a party, I usually sneak in the back door and leave by the same route. One reason why I enjoy being with the children so much is because I know that they are not critical of my looks. They like my looks. They never laugh at me, but only with me. Oh, yes, people *tell* me not to be silly and that I'd be 'nice and popular' if I'd just go places. But I don't knoooow; I don't like to run such risks—"

Chevalier Has to Keep Smiling

CHEVALIER told me, only recently, "I am happy about the making of 'The Merry Widow,' but before I made this picture, which is my best, I wanted to get away from the limitations of 'The Smiling Lieutenant' and the la-la type of thing. I wanted to get away from the jail-yard of the spotlight, of being the eternal vaudevillian. I wanted to create different characters, serious characters. But *non!* I am the prisoner of the spotlight and it mus' turn on and on and I mus' sing and dance. . . ."

Irene Dunne would like to escape from the "perfect lady" rôles—and she would like to prove to the world that marriages can be happy in Hollywood

(*Continued on page 82*)

What happens to stars when they vanish from the screen? This is the answer—a true and tragic story told by a once-famous star. Between the lines, you may read her identity

CONFESSIONS of a FALLING STAR

AS TOLD TO JERRY LANE

Illustrations By G. PATRICK NELSON

I DIDN'T believe him then. I thought Valentino was joking. How could it be otherwise? He was a king, an idol. But he looked so melancholy there on the set that I had slipped over to him and, with all the ingenuousness of worshipful eighteen, offered him an apple from the lunch box that Mother had fixed for me.

If I had given him gold, he could not have been more gracious. But his mood didn't soften. And after all these years, his words have come to haunt me this last month like a minor chord from an instrument that has been muted too long.

He said: "You want to know the recipe for misery, child? A million-dollar house—filled with yesterday's star-dust. Decayed glory for memories—and, for company, a telephone that has ceased to ring . . ."

I didn't know what he meant. I do now. Only too painfully well.

A thousand hands seemed ready to boost me to stardom. Not one is lifted to help me to-day. None except that of old Emily, the hairdresser at the studio that first built up my name to the point where it was something of a household by-word. She sent me a rose with a little card attached, "I'm so glad you are back, dear." Just that. I had to use every ounce of will power to fight back the tears . . . because she was the only one who had remembered—and because I wasn't "back."

A Victim of False Hope

THIS morning, I thought I was. They had sent for me. They told me it was a "big part"—one that was exactly what I had been looking for. I dressed with more care than I had in weeks. I even bought a gardenia to pin on my shoulder. One little ray of hope had appeared—and all the stings and worry

(*Continued on page 64*)

When I finally saw him, he rubbed his hands and showed his teeth in a smile meant to dazzle me. "What do you think of doing 'Lost Melody'?" My heart skipped a beat. The part of the girl in it would make—or remake—any actress. "You are to be *Arline, the mother.*" Had it come to this—at thirty?

G.PATRIC

HAVE YOU WHAT IT TAKES

"Cut Us a Slice of Humor!"

Request the Men Stars

She must have charm like Irene Dunne, warn Hollywood's Heroes

SUPPOSE you happened to meet a movie star; do you think you have what it takes to win him? Or, to be perfectly frank, do you think you know what it would take to win him? Have you any idea what particular captivating quality would be most likely to lure your favorite male of the movies out of the comfortable and independent state of bachelorhood. And do you know what quality (perhaps equally admirable in the eyes of others) would send him scurrying out of your immediate vicinity?

Have you any notion, for instance, what it was that caused Warner Baxter to pace up and down in front of a theatre lobby, so intrigued by a girl he saw standing there that he couldn't leave without attempting to meet her—and that later inspired him to marry her? Or what it was that caused Lee Tracy to throw up his hands and retreat before the smile of one of the most beautiful and charming girls in pictures?

And while we have you on the stand, do you know what you could do that would win the instant approval of Clark Gable and Bob Montgomery, and what you would *have* to do to hold the love of Dick Powell? In other words, do you know what qualities the various stars admire most in a woman? If you did, can't you imagine what that knowledge would help you do with the boy friend?

So we thought we'd ask them; feeling that perhaps you'd like to know what qualities it would take to make the perfect wife, in the eyes of the male stars of Hollywood.

They don't all specify the same quality as being the most important in their eyes, though most of them do say that a sense of humor and femininity are greatly to be desired. According to them, the lass that is all girl and can see the funny side of life, rates absolute top. And, by the same token, the maid who runs to masculine notions, slacks and cynical remarks is about zero with the edges rubbed off.

Not far from the opinion of the boy friend in that respect, eh?

But to get down to cases. Whom would you like to be the first to tell you what quality he admires most in a woman? Clark Gable? O. K. Clark, take the stand.

"I think," began Clark, in his most serious manner, "that I admire above all else in a woman the ability to be a good sport—to take things as they come, and to share the bumps along with the pleasant happenings of life. To do this to the best advantage she must have a sense of humor. If a woman is a good sport, she is usually a perfect companion,—which is another quality I admire, and that I think makes for a happy marriage. Maybe I want too much," and he grinned, "but I'd like her to be a good manager, too. Especially, if she happened to be my wife."

Like Clark, Bob Montgomery holds out for the sense of humor.

Sense of Humor is Necessary

"SHE must have a sense of humor, first of all," explains Bob. "Also she must be a good sport and have home interests."

Seems like the two boy threats of the M-G-M lot have been talking things over, doesn't it?

Just for that we'll go over to Paramount, where Lee Tracy is making "You Belong To Me," and ask what feminine charm tempts him most. As a valuable hint, just in case you should meet Lee at your next dance, let us tip you off that you probably don't know the real Tracy at all. Because he's not a bit like what he appears to be in the average picture.

He is quiet, inclined to be serious, sincere and not the least bit of a helter-skelter talker. Sitting on a big, heavily upholstered davenport, just off the set where he

(*Continued on page 88*)

TINY GIRL, *What Now?*

The truth must come out—Shirley Temple has a love-life. And it isn't her money ($1,250 a week) that the men love her for, either!

By HELEN HARRISON

THERE just isn't any use in trying to conceal the goings-on in Hollywood! Let's reveal all the horrible details—make a clean breast of the Whole Thing! You're sure to hear about it later and, really, it's better to break down and tell the truth before another committee's appointed—don't you think so, Gracie? I think so.

It is my painful duty to report that before the completion of "Now and Forever" on the Paramount lot, Director Henry Hathaway (who, it must be said in all fairness, tried to shake off the lure of the star) finally tossed discretion to the winds and impetuously dashed out to buy a bowl of turtles for Shirley Temple as a reward for her difficult "crying scenes"!

And just as though *that* weren't enough, Gary Cooper—who used to be a cartoonist on a Montana newspaper—contrived in any number of ways to get her to sit for a picture; and, not being able to mince matters (with me, a spade is a spade and good for a trick), it must be admitted that the price of her compliance with his wishes was a teddy bear, by name Grumpy!

Of course, to you cynics the career of Shirley has been one of meteoric rise. But let's be fair to her. Her success, really, wasn't as sudden as Hepburn's. As a matter of exact fact, she has spent forty per cent of her life working herself up to her present triumph! Admit it—that's a long, hard pull. She has practically given her best years to her Art. (The first three don't amount to much anyway, what with bottles, naps and triangles—triangles, which, we hasten to add, have nothing to do with home-wrecking.) She deserves her mature victory. You know

(*Continued on page 80*)

B. H. Kahane, guiding spirit of RKO-Radio Pictures, says: "Our producers must live up to the Production Code and keep its productions clean and in good taste"

This is the whole story of what the Hollywood studios are doing to meet the nation-wide demand for "clean" films. Don't miss reading it!

By MARK DOWLING

THE MOVIES

HOLLYWOOD has its back to the wall and is breathing hard. It is fighting for its very life; it is fighting oblivion. It has exposed itself to the greatest organized attack in motion picture history, and the only way it can save itself is by retreat from its former position. Headlines scream the progress of the attack: "Churches of Nation Join in Bitter War to Reform Motion Picture Industry," "12,000,000 Expected to Aid Movie Drive," "Churches Threaten Film Boycott."

As a picture-goer and a member of the public whose wishes are now law to Hollywood, it is your duty to know just what Hollywood is doing to avert calamity. The studios are making sincere—even frantic—efforts to obey your wishes, and if you aren't satisfied with the results . . .

For years, there have been individual protests, and protests from individual groups, against suggestiveness and the glorification of crime in films. Hollywood was prone to dismiss them as the isolated spoutings of self-righteous cranks. But in 1930, the protests rose to such a pitch that the major producers banded together and adopted a Production Code, agreeing to adhere to its provisions (which were written by a liberal-minded priest, Father Lord of St. Louis), and appointing a group of producers as Hollywood's own censors. If Hollywood had adhered to that Code, if producers had not been afraid to censor each other's pictures, the present desperate situation would never have arisen.

Early this year, leaders of the Catholic Church organized a nation-wide Legion of Decency among its members, pledging them to stay away from indecent and immoral pictures. Quickly, the Federal Council of Churches (Protestant) cooperated, and the Central Conference of Jewish Rabbis gave the movement their support. That made it suffi-

Janet Gaynor, above, and Harold Lloyd, right, have always been champions of clean pictures. Neither star has suffered in popularity by catering to wholesomeness

Joseph I. Breen, prime minister in Hollywood of Will H. Hays, now passes on all pictures—from stories to final scenes. Every picture he releases must have a "certificate of purity"

CLEAN UP....

ciently unanimous to put Hollywood in a panic. In short order, the Legion of Decency had millions of members; millions more, of other denominations, were in sympathy with the movement. With people all over the nation staying away from the movies, Hollywood was hit in its most sensitive spot—the pocketbook nerve. All the protests it had read and heard for years had not accomplished what a silent, relentless boycott by determined moviegoers accomplished in a few days. Something had to be done—in a hurry.

Met Churchmen Half-Way

MILLIONS were invested in pictures that were then in production; these pictures—some of which might be objectionable—could not be stopped, and these millions thrown away, without plunging all Hollywood into bankruptcy. Worried and frightened, representatives of producers asked to meet in Chicago with the heads of the reform movement—to find out what they wanted, what they expected the producers to do.

The upshot of that meeting was that producers agreed to go over pictures in production with a fine-tooth comb and extract any and all objectionable lines or scenes; they agreed to give theatre managers the right to cancel any picture on moral grounds (thus putting the responsibility for the pictures shown in any community directly on the shoulders of theatre managers); they further agreed that, beginning July 15, all pictures would rigidly follow a new Production Code.

This Code would be administered by Joseph I. Breen, prime minister in Hollywood of "Czar" Will H. Hays. Mr. Breen and his staff would pass on all pictures from the time stories were submitted to studios until the final scenes had been filmed. No picture would be released without "a certificate of purity." And if Mr. Breen rejected any picture, the producer would have only one appeal from his decision—namely, to an august board in New York.

But let's get down to specific examples of what Hollywood is doing to prove its good faith with the public and their spokesmen, of what it is doing to ward off disaster—and oblivion.

Mae West's new picture was one of those in production when the battle began. When the finished product was criticized by the New York State censors, who suggested changes, Mae's comment was, "Let's get to work!" Questionable lines were ousted and objectionable bits were made over. A censor sat right on the set, during the re-taking, to make sure that nothing was wrong. The title has been changed, too, to "Belle of the Nineties," for even

Will Rogers, above, has always been noted for his clean characterizations. Jean Muir has never spoken a blushful line of dialogue. She will play the *Nun* in "The Miracle"

Pictures featuring passionate love scenes such as were depicted a few years ago by Greta Garbo and John Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil," are banned by the Decency campaigners as well as the producers

though "It Ain't No Sin" had a lively ring, even though thousands of dollars had been spent in advertising this title, no one knew whether the "It" was censorable or not. And the situation is too serious to take chances.

Signs of the New Trend

JEAN HARLOW'S newest flicker also went under the microscope in the cutting-room, and the original title was changed from "One Hundred Per Cent Pure" to "Born to Be Kissed" and then to "The Girl from Missouri." Bette Davis, as the girl who tastes the dregs of life in "Of Human Bondage," saw many of her most vivid scenes—which are to be found in the novel—sacrificed to the morality campaign. Constance Bennett's "Green Hat," adapted from another famous novel, went through a laundering process, and will also emerge with a new title. "Cleopatra," starring Claudette Colbert, has been pruned of several exotic touches, with the idea of meeting the censors more than half-way. "Madame Du Barry," starring Dolores Del Rio, has been cut here and there to eliminate the possibility of "objectionable" sex. These last two, like "Scarlet Empress," starring Marlene Dietrich, have been passed. All of these particular pictures were in production when the present agitation began.

Other pictures have been postponed—such as Samuel Goldwyn's "Barbary Coast." Goldwyn says he is losing one hundred thousand dollars, rather than bring out this "mature" picture at a time when there is "a clamor for the so-called clean pictures, suitable for children; it is not a child's story." Meanwhile, he is planning to film "The Wizard of Oz," which is a child's story. The studios are leaning over backward in frenzied efforts to follow the new slogan, "Sexless Cinemas for 1934!"

Outdoor stories, action tales, children's plays, and even good old Westerns are being rushed to Hollywood by the trainload, and spicy stories purchased months ago are gathering dust on studio shelves. This is Hollywood's answer to her critics—a complete about-face!

Stars known for their "clean" characterizations are being worked till they drop, and a whole new crop of star material is coming into favor. Grace Moore, once a medium success in films, is now a sensation. Jean Parker will be starred, as will Jean Muir, and it is no chance coincidence that these girls have never spoken a blushful line of dialogue. When Will Rogers gets back from his world tour, he faces a schedule calling for five pictures in a row. Evelyn Venable will appear in "A Village Tale," while either Warren William or Paul Muni will bring "Captain Blood" to the screen, recently adorned with "Treasure Island" (clean, exciting sea adventure). An author of Boy Scout stories is writing a scenario for Spencer Tracy; Katharine Hepburn will star in "The Little Minister"; Marian Nixon is being tested for "Anne of Green Gables"; and Dickens novels are being hastily filmed at three different studios. This is just a small part of what Hollywood is doing to prove that movies *can* be wholesome.

Randolph Scott is going into Westerns again. Johnny Mack Brown is signed up for a series of action pictures. Colonel Tim McCoy returns with spurred boots and lariat. Gail Patrick was signing up with an independent when her home studio said they would need her. Once the Hollywood wise-acres dismissed Gail as having "no sex-appeal," and now she ascribes her new importance to the censorship scare. Some stars are rightly worried about their futures, but players like these can thank the decency campaign for their present prominence!

(*Continued on page 84*)

Jean Parker represents the new crop of star material destined for fan favor. She has never appeared in an off-color scene or spoken an off-color line. MGM has made her a star

Portrait by Richee

CAROLE RATES A REST

The cigarette is for her nerves, and the pajamas are for relaxation. Carole Lombard can use a little vacation—to fool the breakdown-predicters. She put everything she had into "20th Century" and made herself a real reputation. Now she has to live up to it. That's enough of a mental hazard—but on top of it she has a tragic rôle in "Now and Forever," and Shirley Temple as her pint-size rival with Gary Cooper

Kay is the *second of several stars* to answer these questions: What do the stars get out of life? What do they want from the future?

By Kay Francis

My Design for Living

MOTION PICTURE is giving you new insight into the lives of stars—by having a number of representative stars tell you, themselves, about their designs for living. Kay Francis is the second—and she is just as frank and honest as Irene Dunne was last month. After you read her self-revelation, you will know her as you never have before. Next month, another star will be equally revealing.—Editor.

MY design for living is comparatively simple. It is based on the belief that I have to give as much to life as I expect, or hope to get, from it. My design has a Grecian contour; it is shaped like a sort of double T. The bar across the top is for happiness. Without happiness, no design for living is worth the living. One of the two perpendicular pillars is for work, and the other for love. These are the bare outlines, the framework. Within that framework must go all the figures, the symbols, the things that make for a complete design.

I'll begin with happiness and what *I* mean by the word. People mean so many different things. I believe that happiness lies within myself and cannot be altered, increased or abated, really, by any external influence or by any person. I may get excitement, pleasure and many other emotions from outside stimuli and persons, but happiness in its essence is within myself.

I have a motto that reads, "Never hurt anybody if you can help it." I add to that motto, "And you can help it!" It may sound very smug, but I do sincerely believe that one way to be happy is never to hurt anyone else; and the reason it is a way to be happy is because it is retroactive. If you do not hurt others, you are very unlikely to be hurt, yourself. I also believe that if you make to-day a good day, to-morrow is apt not to be so bad!

Can't Get Along Without Music

BY work, one of the perpendicular lines in my design, I mean, of course, my work on the screen. But if work is one of the supports of happiness, there are other things that are supports for work. Of these, the first is music. Music is definitely a part of my design. I am not an especially gifted musician, myself. That isn't what I mean. I mean—what I get from music. I am talking of music as something into which I can sink myself, my cares and problems and hurts and, somehow, be healed. . . . Also, there is dancing, which is, essentially, another form of music, the music of one's own body.

Then there is Europe. To visit Europe once a year is—or I wish it were—a part of my design. I have tried to go for the past two years; this time, before you read this, I shall actually be there. And I want, most of all, to go to Italy. I certainly include Italy in my design for living. I sometimes feel that I must have some strange affinity with Italy—perhaps, long ago, one of my ancestors married a dark-haired Tuscan girl and her blood is still calling in mine. I have the strongest compulsion to go to Rome, to Venice, to Naples.

When I say that these two, music and Europe, are supports for my work, I mean just that. Both enrich me and rest me, both give me a new vision and a new perspective. Both make me feel my complete unimportance and yet, somehow, renew my faith in myself and in my potentialities.

(*Continued on page* 66)

It took one humorist—Irvin S. Cobb—to create the character of *Judge Priest.* And it takes another humorist—Will Rogers—to look and act the part of the sly Southern squire. (He finished the picture just before he became an Ambassador-at-Large again, on a world tour.) And Rochelle Hudson—who is from Claremore, Oklahoma, like Will—is acting with him for the third time of late

WILL ACTS OUT IRV'S STORIES

MERRY NOW—NAUGHTY NEXT

When more jewelry is worn, Jeanette MacDonald or Mae West will wear it. But when more smiling singing is done, Jeanette will do it. It's that soprano "voice with a smile," not the jewelry, that dazzles in "The Merry Widow." And next time she will be musical *Naughty Marietta*

Turning on the Charm

(*It's an Old French Custom*)

The French, they are an amusing race—when they want to be. But Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer, pals from Paris, don't always want to be. It would be such a waste of energy!

By Elisabeth Goldbeck

CHARM, gaiety and vivacity are supposed, by us simple-minded laymen, to be God-given, not man-made qualities. Either you are blessed with them or you aren't, and in the lucky ones they bubble up as naturally and irrepressibly as a good burp after a glass of beer, without effort or intention. Most movie stars bear out this belief. Lupe Velez, Al Jolson, Lili Damita, John Gilbert and other vibrant creatures are doing their stuff twenty-four hours a day, whether you like it or not. But a couple of Frenchmen have knocked the whole theory into a cocked hat.

Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer, the two wows from Paris, have proved that personality can be a commercial enterprise. With them, charm is just a business—like gaiety. (And truck farming and plumbing.) Radiant good nature can be turned on and off like an electric light. And spontaneity is an act of will. It must be an old French custom.

Hollywood has been astounded for years by the contradictory off-stage-and-on personalities of Maurice Chevalier. To watch Maurice sit through a party, morose, bored, misanthropic; to see him get up to sing and, apparently by the mere act of pulling a cap over one eye, suddenly summon up all the sunshine, radiance, and sly humor that a human being is capable of; and at the end to see him lapse again into uncompromising gloom—that is one of life's more baffling miracles. From what storehouse he suddenly invokes such charm is his secret, and his alone. For all his attempts to explain just make it as clear as mud.

"It is exactly like a prize-fighter who is a very calm and peaceful fellow," he elucidates. "He doesn't want to fight—but when he enters the ring he becomes savage and brutal."

As it is not in the least like a prize-fighter going into the ring, however, we can let that pass.

(*Continued on page* 73)

NEIL HAMILTON'S House Spells "Home"

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

The place that Neil and Elsa Hamilton call "home" is a place that you, too, would find homelike. It is a house that you, yourself, might like to own—in preference to some of the show-places of Hollywood. Read this vivid description of the interior and see if you wouldn't; and be on the watch for details that might easily be adapted to your own home!—*Editor*.

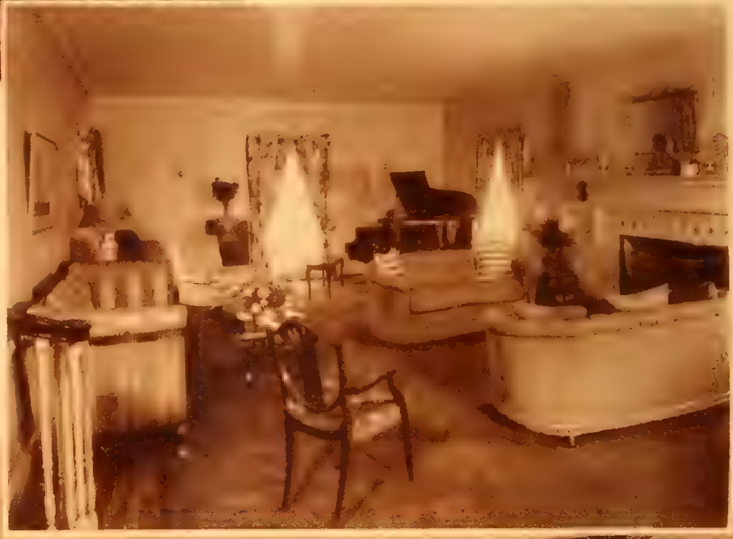
WHEN Neil and Elsa Hamilton at last were able to build the house they had dreamed of owning in the indefinite, far-off future, Neil turned from okaying the architect's plans and picked up his hat.

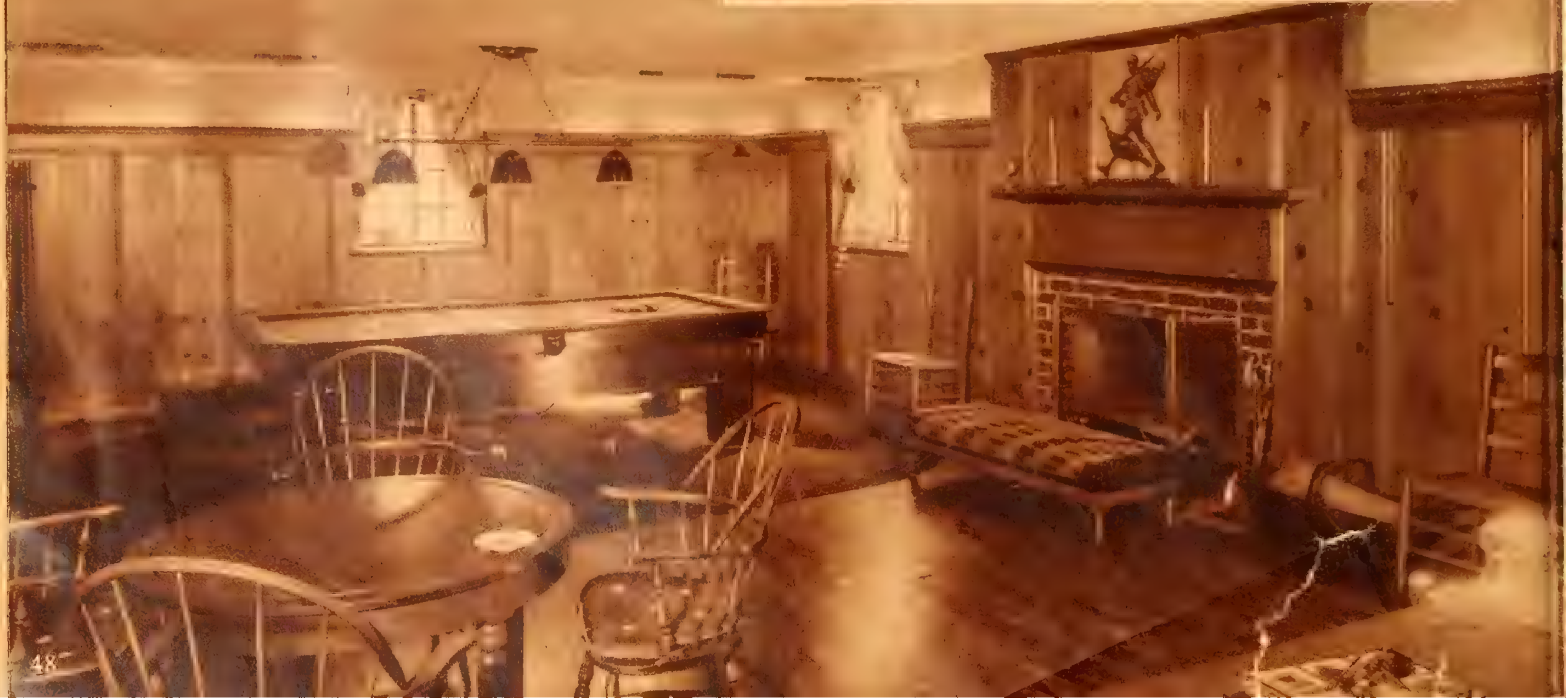
"Where are you going?" his wife asked.

"To buy the baby-grand piano for the end of the living-room!" said Neil, with deep satisfaction.

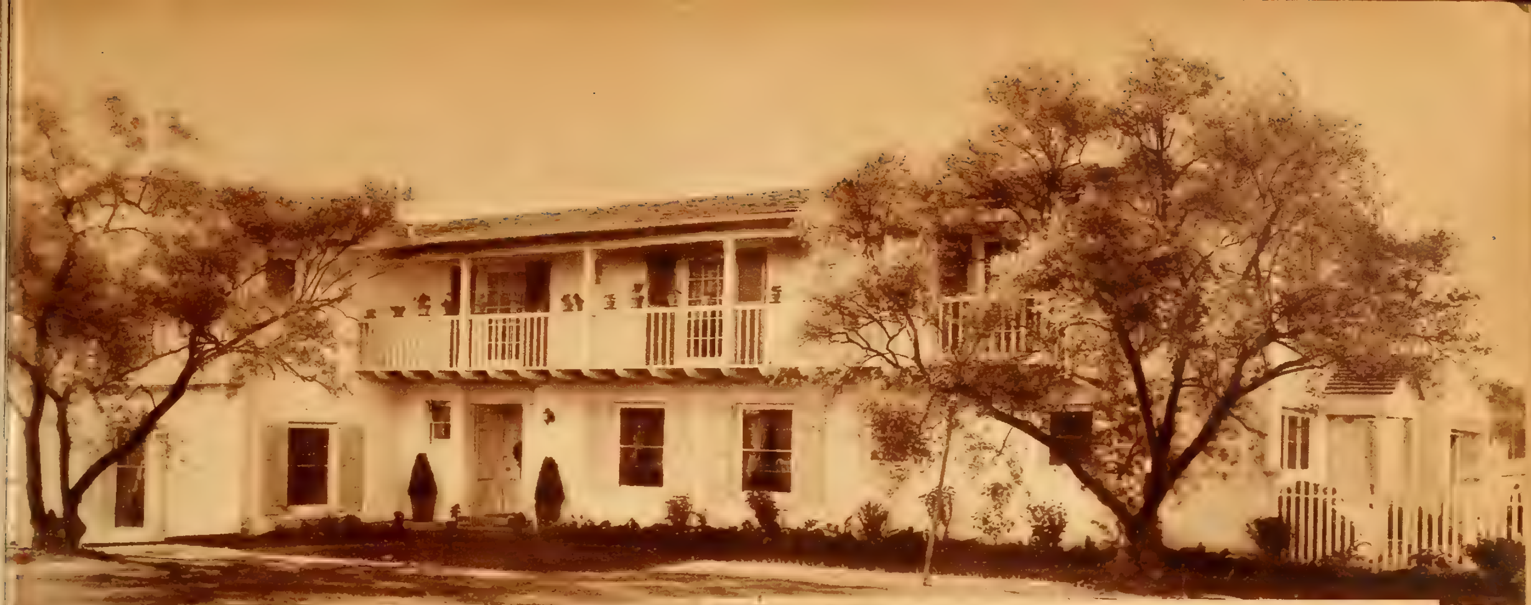
"But the house won't be finished for a year, at least, and we haven't any room for a piano like that here," wailed Elsa, but without avail. With the plan of his long, graciously proportioned living-room in his mind's eye, her impetuous husband dashed up on the Boulevard, and then and there, bought the grand piano that now graces the finished room.

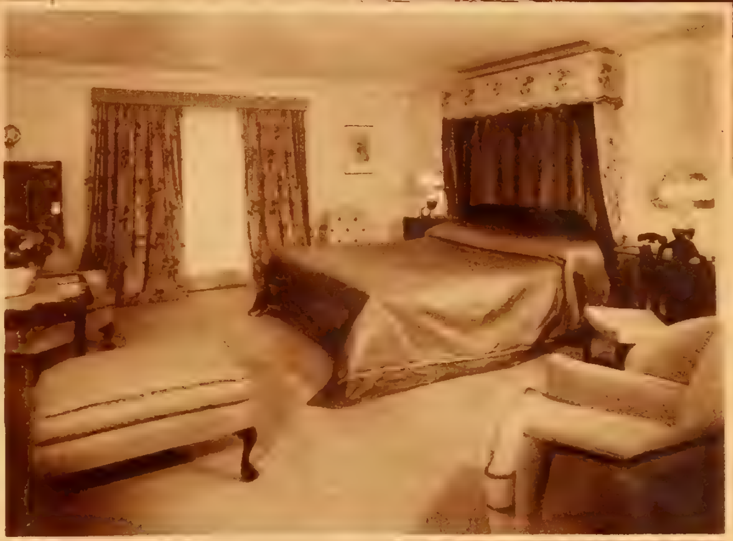
They had been a long time dreaming every detail of their home, these two who had traveled together from shabby furnished rooms and one-arm restaurants. Perhaps that is why, by the time their dream was actually before them, materialized in white clapboards, long balconies and green shutters, it already looked like a home that had been lived in for many





When Neil Hamilton married Elsa Wittmer twelve years ago, he had exactly $13.19. Now he can afford a snug little place like this. At the right is the living-room (with blue walls) in the Hamiltons' new home; below, the playroom. The "soldier" over the mantel is Neil





Above, the Hamiltons' new home—unusual for its long balconies—from the outside. Right, the master bedroom, with curtains that give the effect of sliding stage curtains, with a balcony beyond. Bottom right, one of the two guest rooms. Below, the dining-room. Note the comfortable simplicity of the furniture throughout

comfortable years. They *had* lived in it in imagination, had planned every detail, and had bullied the architect and decorator into getting their own way! They had even decided on color schemes for the individual rooms long before the house took actual shape.

WHY THE WALLS ARE BLUE

FOR example, the pale blue walls of the living-room are the faint sunny blue of a Spring sky. Elsa Hamilton explains her choice: "I had lived in so many dingy New York apartments, and opened my eyes on so much grime and grayness, that I used to think, 'Oh, if I could only see a blue wall when I wake up, it would make life look so different! Some day I'm going to have a beautiful blue wall!' "

(*Continued on page* 86)

H. W. Grieve, Interior Decorator

Neil and his wife waited a long time for a house of their own, and when they built one, they didn't "go Hollywood"; they went comfortable. Maybe you'd like it, yourself. Look it over!

MEN OF ACTION

Ralph Bellamy (above) stands six feet one, and is a two-fisted type. When you see Ralph, you see action. Lately, he has been specializing in murder-mystery melodramas. The latest: "Girl in Danger"

Before Bruce Cabot (above) turned actor, he went adventure-hunting and found what he sought. That's why he convinces in adventure rôles. But he springs a surprise by playing a wily villain in "Afterwards." Preston Foster (right) started out as a singer, but the movies haven't yet given him a chance to prove it; he's too valuable as a he-man character actor.
M-G-M has big plans for him

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Why I Like to Be Alone

CLARK GABLE confesses—and denies he is "doing a Garbo"

By JERRY LANE

"HOLLYWOOD is over-civilized! A man could go soft in this place in a month. I had to fight like the devil during the first year or so to keep my perspective. Too much chatter. Too many parties. Too much bunk! That's why I took to going off to the backwoods by myself. I had to do that or go crazy. . . ." This was Clark Gable—the last of Hollywood's Great Untamed—speaking.

There was a time when John Barrymore sizzled and flashed—until Filmtown got him. Even Lupe (Whoopee) Velez has turned as docile as a Spring lamb in clover. Margaret Sullavan has gone so far as to acquire a swimming pool and don dresses, instead of slacks. And even that white hope of the overall brigade, Katharine Hepburn, is learning to jump through Hollywood hoops. But Clark——

He looks you squarely in the eye and says: "The *glamour* of this town? Hooey! It's a racket . . ." And he says it in a tone that means you-can-leave-it-or-lump-it. As a matter of fact, you like it. You pray for more—and you get it! "It's cock-eyed, that's all. Sure, it got me—when I first came out. I didn't know how to relax on the set and I couldn't relax off it. It's like being Exhibit A in a glue factory. You're stuck! Only I wasn't going to stay stuck. So, every chance I had, I skipped out."

He skipped out to the wilds where even rumors couldn't penetrate; where the Old-Timers could spike a beetle with tobacco juice seven yards away and thought Baby LeRoy was a new menace to Babe Ruth.

Not long ago a famous feminine star, to whose romantic maneuverings Clark had been stone-blind and deaf, asked plaintively: "Would you call him a savage gentleman—or a gentle savage?" Hollywood didn't know the answer. It can't understand a chap who wants to be alone occasionally, away from the handclasps and hullabaloo.

Not "Doing a Garbo"

"BUT," he points out, "get me straight on this solitude stuff. Old Man Gable isn't doing a Garbo! If Hollywood mobs liked to get out and hunt, why I'd be the ringleader. But Hollywood mobs don't. They play bridge, they get steamed up over anagrams, they dance. I do a little of it because Mrs. Gable enjoys it, but if I was on my own I'd never show my face at a party. After all, I'm a Pennsylvania Dutchman—and did you ever see one who could go in for frills and this lah-dee-dah business?

"I suppose it goes pretty deep with me, this wanting to get away from the crowds. Down to the roots, so to speak.

(*Continued on page 68*)

By MIRIAM HOPKINS

THE SECRETS OF THE DRESSING-TABLE

Her Own Guides to Glamour and Beauty

Miriam Hopkins wrote this intimate, revealing article exclusively for MOTION PICTURE, which has already brought you, exclusively, the beauty secrets of Lilian Harvey, Ginger Rogers and Jean Harlow. Next month, and each month, another star will write of *her* "Secrets of the Dressing-Table." Let the stars—through MOTION PICTURE, their confidant for twenty-three years—give you tips on added attractiveness!—*Editor*.

DO I like the pursuit of beauty? I should say so! Do I adore experimenting with every new shade of lipstick, every eyebrow gadget, every trick accomplice of Nature? I revel in it! I think that if women will give more attention to the stock on their dressing-tables than they do to what canned stuff is on hand in the kitchen, they'll not only get their men sooner, but hold them longer. How's that?

Seriously, I'm all for "the secrets of the dressing-table." I read every bit of advice about how to be more beautiful that I can lay my hands on—and even if I don't do all I'm told, I'm always on the lookout for new tips. I can't stay away from the toiletries counter in any store. I'm always borrowing my best friend's new lipstick and then forgetting to give it back. (She does the same with my books, so we're even.)

And I would like to get up on street corners, on top of a soap box, and speak on the subject of beauty. If I concentrated on any one theme (I'm so helter-skelter, it would probably be hodgepodge), I'd say, "Go in for any and every artificiality that makes you better-looking and that you can get away with—even a falso bosom, if it's necessary. But the main thing is to use only those things that you *can* get away with. Don't ever let them be obvious."

Now, for an example (because the editor says I must be practical in this article): On the screen I can wear artificial eyelashes, long curly ones, as luxuriant in growth as the forest primeval, and get away with it. It doesn't look too terribly affected to you, does it? No. Why? Because we all wear them on the screen and you've got used to them as a very definite part of the "close-up." But imagine me—little, un-sensational, un-dramatic me—trying to get away with them in real life! It really would look too silly, for I am too tiny and my features are too small.

If anything, I am *pert*, and decidedly *not* the regal beauty who can wear great, long eyelashes as though she were born with them. But, because I do have to get along on everyday occasions with the eyelashes that Nature gave me, that doesn't mean that I just let it go at that. I curl them up, with a gadget that's made for the purpose, and I pile on plenty of mascaro—but "not so you could notice it."

You see, I'm so very blonde that my eyelashes and eyebrows look like corn-silk. And I'd be terribly foolish to try to make them look black, for then they would look faked. So I use a light brown mascaro. And I heartily advise you other blondes who have light eyelashes and eyebrows to throw out the black mascaro that you've been so fondly cherishing and get yourself some brown. You'll be surprised how much more a *part of you* your eyelashes and eyebrows will seem when done a nice, crisp brown!

The use of the right colors is the most important thing of all in this beauty business. Few of us are trained to know the right color for us when we see it, whether in dresses, lipsticks or stockings. (And if you think I'm far-fetched on that stocking angle, I'll explain it later.) So, if you haven't an eye for which color will be best for what, there's only one thing to do, and that's to experiment.

Watch Your Powder Colors!

TAKE your skin, for example. I'll bet you go on using the same shade of powder, year in and year out, except in the Summer, when you buy "sun-tan"—any old shade of sun-tan, just so that it is darker than the powder you have been using! You don't stop to realize that your skin may have changed its color from one year to the next. You never think that each year, even the standard colors in clothes—blue, brown, green, red, yellow, orange—change and have different tinges and casts to them! And that means a little different powder! But even if you didn't stop to think of all these things, how *could* you resist all the luscious new shades of powder that appear on the market every year? How could you? I tell you, they simply have me under their spell. I always get all the new shades.

If you don't think that a shade of powder can make all the difference in the world in your looks, let me tell you something I used to do (still do, sometimes, with people who aren't "on" to me). My great difficulty has always been in getting away from parties at an early hour, and I've simply got to have sleep while I'm working. Even if I'd accept an invitation and warn my host or my hostess that I'd have to leave at half-past nine or so, I invariably found it difficult, or impossible to get away. They'd simply tease me and urge me to stay just a little longer, or they'd turn back the clock or something. So I thought of a ruse that I could put over—with powder.

In sheer desperation one evening, I decided to take some extra powder along, a different shade from the one I was wearing. In fact, I had mixed it, myself. It was partly plain white talcum, and partly a pale green powder, which is lovely in itself for evening with the right, warm make-up, but horribly dead and ashen when mixed with the white talcum. So, at half-past nine, I excused myself, went into the nearest bedroom, took off my own make-up, and put on some of the white-green powder. I came

(*Continued on page 74*)

Miriam Hopkins believes that rouge and powder in the right amounts, and on the right places, is very necessary to most types. A woman should have her lipstick the same general shade as her rouge

Smart Little Rich Girl

Hazel Forbes looks like a million dollars—and has several million. She runs eight big businesses, but they don't take all her time. That's why she's in the movies—and clicking!

By ROBERT FENDER

THERE is no one in Hollywood like Hazel Forbes. True, there are other rich girls in the movies. Also, there are other movie queens who conduct their own businesses on the side. But no other girl in Hollywood approaches Miss Forbes in the magnitude and scope of business activities, and no heiress in films approaches her in fragile blonde beauty.

In Hazel Forbes, we have the seemingly impossible combination—beauty plus brains. Business women, B.F. (Before Forbes), always looked the part. They had low-heeled "sensible" shoes, mannish garb, dour, "important" faces, no humor, no glamour, no humanity. Patterning themselves after male business giants, the feminine financial wizards took on a plainness and a formidable aspect that they thought becoming to industrial tycoons. They wore their stern poses as they wore their severe tweeds, and they were women whom your average man would walk miles to avoid. Then along came Hazel Forbes, looking for all the world like a giddy, happy-go-lucky, blonde honey, to upset the apple-cart and to write, single-handedly, a new code for ladies in business.

Hazel Forbes, if your newspapers haven't yet reached your vacation address, is the ex-"Follies" girl whose husband, Paul Owen Richmond, died nine months after their wedding, leaving her several millions and a drug products business. Stunned by her young husband's death, Miss Forbes awoke, in time, to the fact that she would have to continue his business where he left off. The wise ones snickered when she tossed back her yellow mop of hair, rolled up her sleeves and plunged in.

The boys who knew it all nudged one another in high glee and settled back to wait for the business to come plunging down upon her marcelled head. That was two years ago and the boys who knew it all are still rubbing their eyes in amazement. They couldn't see any deeper than that marcel. They didn't realize that underneath those blonde curls lay Brains with a capital "B."

Inherited Two; Now Has Eight

"MY husband," explained Hazel Forbes to me the other day, "left me two businesses. To-day I have eight. They include a tooth powder, cosmetics and shampoos, and I am now adding a food product. All of them are

(*Continued on page 70*)

"I Don't Want a Hollywood Marriage" — Maureen O'Sullivan

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

Maureen O'Sullivan is going back to Ireland and its green meadows for a while. She isn't sorry to leave Hollywood, as it's made her terribly lonely and depressed. If all goes well, she'll wed John Farrow in Dublin Cathedral. Maureen doesn't trust Hollywood marriages

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN is going home to Ireland with the hounds of Hollywood baying at her heels. Maureen was incautious enough to make what is known as a "hit" in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and it is against all the rules for an actress who has made a hit to leave town.

"What"—the studio cries, shocked, "go away for a visit to your father and mother when you could be following up your hit with another picture? Leave the fans to forget you just to take a trip back home? Give up, maybe, a million dollars in Box Office for a silly notion about being married among your own people? If you gotta get married, you can do it between shots at Las Vegas or Yuma, can't you, like other Hollywood people? And if you're homesick, you can send for your family and show 'em the studio lot, Grauman's Chinese Theatre and the Colony Club, can't you?"

But Maureen is Irish, and when the Irish get their dander up, nobody can stop them. So she's going home to Ireland and let pictures go hang.

"I hope," she says somberly, "I'll be through with the movies for good in two years more. It was fun, I wouldn't have missed it. But it isn't Life, not to me. I've always known it was just an adventure. I've always felt that I was here on a visit that must end soon. I've never settled down in Hollywood, never owned anything. I've lived in hotel rooms for four years.

"Hollywood," said Maureen suddenly, her blue eyes on the barren hills sprinkled with real estate signs beyond the windows, "is a lonely place. It's—it's *terribly* lonely. And ugly. I thought at first when I came here straight from my green home country I had never seen such ugliness. I think so now. You go on a drive here, to get a change from Hollywood, and you ride through a dozen little Hollywoods, all with one business street with a drug store on the corner of every block, and gas stations and hot dog stands and a movie theatre. At home you can start out without plans, thinking you'll find some quaint little inn where you can stop for the night. But in California the hotels are all alike, and none of them quaint. It's not the place where I'll be ending my life, nor spending many more years, I hope.

Maureen's home in Ireland where she will take a long vacation before returning to the screen

"Of course, it's the money that gets you. When you make a good picture, they say, 'Now you can't go! You're on top. We've got plans for you.' And when you are a flop, your own pride won't let you go back home just then.

(*Continued on page 78*)

The Picture

We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET

It's Your Duty to See This Grand Picture

JUDGED on its own merits without thankless and arid comparisons, this picturization of the famous stage play of family life and romantic love in the Victorian era is a splendid answer to critics of motion pictures. Despite the limited action of a story which must revolve about an invalid practically chained to her couch, there is a sense of warring personalities and overwhelming menace that maintains the suspense to the very end. With sure instinct Norma Shearer gives us an *Elizabeth Barrett*, poetess, true and sustained throughout her relations with her brothers, her unfortunate father, and her impetuous lover. She is brave and almost too beautiful for biographical accuracy. Fredric March as the ardent *Browning* is a lover to make any woman wistful, and Charles Laughton as the bestial father is indescribably sinister.

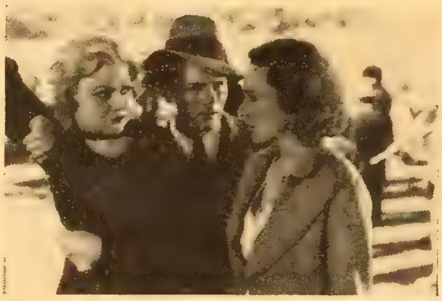
High Lights: Una O'Connor's Wilson. Flush, the dog. Norma's singing. The love scenes. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

GIRL FROM MISSOURI

Breezy And Bright And Neatly Acted

JUST what this much re-titled, much rewritten picture will be like when it finally reaches the screen, it is difficult to guess. But at the present showing it is a breezy, highly amusing, somewhat cynical story of a small-town gal who goes to New York determined to exchange her beauty for nothing less than a wedding ring. Given such a premise and Jean Harlow's seductive blondeness, the picture cannot help being interesting. *Eadie* becomes a chorus girl as the first step toward meeting wealthy men, gets mixed up via a pair of ruby cuff-links with a suicide and meets the son of a millionaire. She holds out for marriage; he offers her everything else. A grand cast, consisting of Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone and Lewis Stone.

High Lights. The act *Eadie* stages in an ocean liner's cabin. Dialogue from the pen of Anita Loos that fairly crackles with electricity. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)



OUR DAILY BREAD

Sincere, But Not Always Convincing

EVIDENTLY intended as a serious solution to the present economic disturbances, and built on epic lines, this sincere and earnest story of two city waifs, tossed by hard times onto an abandoned farm and their efforts to colonize it with other sufferers like themselves, somehow fails to achieve the conviction anticipated. Perhaps only lineal descendants of farmers would find flaws in the working out of their self-help experiment, and there *is* authentic drama in the scenes of desperate men harnessing themselves to plows, and in the thanksgiving service above the springing corn. But the climax in which the little colony toils to dig a trench, so that a mountain stream could be brought across meadows, and mountains to save their parched crop, is at times close to the ridiculous. Tom Keene is boyish and Karen Morley is sincere.

High Lights: The bit players in humorous episodes. (Vidor-United Artists)

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN

Movie Cocktail Sprinkled With Laughs

AN eavesdropping switchboard girl in a swank apartment house in Paris, a misanthropic porter, a near-sighted heiress, with a habit of stumbling over obstacles into the arms of handsome young men—and Edward Everett Horton. Shake these with a dash of naughtiness and a jigger of Cary Grant's impeccable tailoring, and you have a cocktail of a picture evanescent with laughter. A thunder-and-lightning machine invented by his valet and set off by pressing a button saves young *Julian de Lussac* from many an embarrassing situation. A good eavesdropper at the switchboard saves him from matrimony. When by dint of further listening she rescues him from an adventuress, the telephone girl—see it yourself!

High Lights: The best man and the bridegroom mournfully accompanying each other to the nuptial dinner. The suicide over the telephone. Edward Everett Horton. The running gag of the spectacles. (Paramount)

Parade

CLEOPATRA

AS Cleopatra pulled her tricks and surprises out of the Egyptian air of her silken-draped barge to entice the reluctant attention of Antony, so Cecil DeMille pulls a hundred startling effects and gorgeous incidents out of his bag to please his audience.

This historical pageant is surely the ultimate in the way of spectacles, seducing the eye and ear alike without taxing the mind, although the modern vernacular in which Egyptians and Romans speak, startles at first. The beauty of Claudette Colbert, enhanced by such magnificence as canopies of ostrich plumes and robes which require twenty slaves to carry, fairly dazzles the onlooker and makes her successive conquests understandable. Warren William makes a handsome and scornful *Caesar*, and Henry Wilcoxon, a virile and powerful *Antony*.

But it is the director, C. B., himself, who is felt throughout the bewildering array of processions, battles and orgies. Whether "Cleopatra" is history or DeMille does not matter so long as it is entertainment plus.

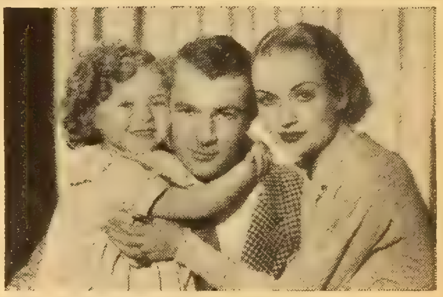
High Lights: The seduction of a scowling *Antony* by scenes of fair beauty on the barge. The drama of the great oarlocks as they begin to move, carrying the lovers away. Battle scenes of hitherto unimagined fury. The death of *Antony*. The gorgeous settings and atmospheric backgrounds. The sweep and movement. The acting. (Paramount)

PERFORMANCES

YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

CLAUDETTE COLBERT in "Cleopatra"
NORMA SHEARER in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
CHARLES LAUGHTON in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
JANET GAYNOR in "Servants' Entrance"
OTTO KRUGER in "Paris Interlude"
TOM KEENE in "Our Daily Bread"
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON in "Ladies Should Listen"
HENRY WILCOXON in "Cleopatra"

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

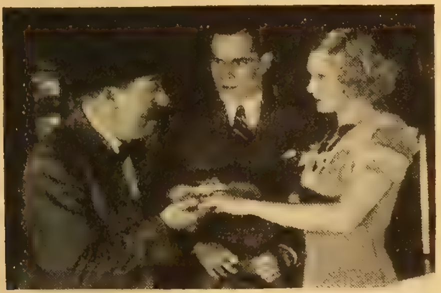


NOW AND FOREVER

Shirley Temple Makes It Entertaining

BOUND together with a thread of sentiment, this loosely constructed tale of a debonair confidence man and his beautiful wife takes the pair from China, to Connecticut, and the Riviera in search of easy money. The ardent romance between the two (Gary Cooper—Carole Lombard) and the introduction of the precocious Shirley Temple as a child of the hero by an early marriage, glazes over their sordid chicaneries with a frosting of sentiment that is a trifle sticky at times. Newly discovered father-love decides the hero to claim his baby instead of accepting the seventy-five thousand dollars the child's wealthy grandfather would have given for her. Thereafter, the youngster is an innocent accomplice in their schemes. Laughs and thrills are well distributed and if your tastes run to kiddie cuteness you will enjoy Shirley's tricks.

High Lights: Gary's impersonation of the hotel accountant which garners enough cash to pay his bill. (Paramount)



CHARLIE CHAN'S COURAGE

Oland Always Gives A Good Show

A NICE tidy little mystery picture, without unnecessary blood or messiness. If there are no chilling screams, or bodies tumbling out of closets, there are a lot of laughs at the Oriental wise-cracks of *Chan* (Warner Oland) who, disguised as a Chinese house-boy in search of a position, wanders blandly into the nest of diamond thieves who have occupied a remote ranch house in a California valley. Enter the hero (Donald Woods) who, the gang believes, has a valuable necklace in his possession to be delivered to one of the criminals, posing as a purchaser. Here also comes pretty Drue Leyton, a location woman for a movie company. With a house full of actors and actresses, as well as gangsters, complications come thick and fast. In a desperate effort to locate the necklace, one man is murdered and others held prisoner.

High Lights: Warner Oland, more Oriental than the Forbidden City of Pekin. (Fox)

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE

Novel Cinderella Setting For Gaynor Charm

THE novelty of this is that you see *Cinderella* backwards. An old, but always welcome theme for Janet Gaynor, she plays this time the wealthy girl who disguises herself as a servant to prepare for practical matrimony with a wealthy lad. In the course of a troubled career in which she dashes from employer to employer as cook, nursemaid and seamstress, she meets a young mechanic (Lew Ayres) and—well you guess whether she goes back to her rich boy friend or not! Without many complications or surprises, but with a novel background for the Gaynor charm and whimsy the picture should be sure of a good reception, especially in these finicky times. The dialogue is delicious, the comedy situations fresh and gay, and the rather obvious improbabilities in the story do not annoy.

High Lights: The dream cartoon sequence. The culinary catastrophes of the little adventuress. (Fox)

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE

Good Murder Mystery—Well Acted

A MURDERER careless enough to leave his wearing apparel strewn about his victim's body is a new one in the long calendar of cinema crimes. In this case his predicament is complicated by the fact that he has merely dropped into a Greenwich Village studio in the nick of time to witness the suicide of the artist's discarded girl friend. Add to this the fact that the artist (John Beal) has been philandering with the wife of the owner of the damaging apparel and you have basis for real suspense. Ricardo Cortez is the lawyer who defends his wife's lover charged with a murder which he alone knows was a suicide. How he baffles the witnesses is cleverly worked out in one of the best trial scenes of the season.

High Lights: The testimony of the milliner, the tailor and the street urchin. Cortez wearing his own garments to prove to the jury that they might fit anybody! (RKO-Radio)

Thompson-Santa Monica

McLaglen Takes Out His Papers

Fighting Vic, a Briton-born, has fought his last battle for the Union Jack. He intends to stand by the country in which he makes his living. If there's fighting to be done, he'll pitch in and punch for Old Glory

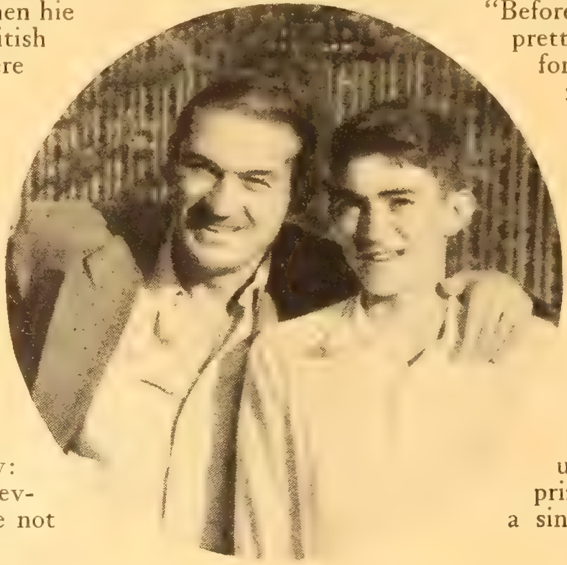
By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

IN Hollywood, the home of contrasts and likenesses, there is one star who stands out in delightful relief against a background of selfishness and insincerity. Victor McLaglen's viewpoint and activities should serve as a balm to the pain in a certain local region, caused by a recollection of the attitude and maneuvers of some of our most pampered and privileged favorite sons.

This man was not born in America; he did not get all the breaks and advantages the industry had to offer, pile up a fortune, and then hie himself to Europe to pursue British aristocracy because his own kind were too plebeian—or what have you.

Instead, he came over here, a stranger in a strange land, to show he could take all the buffeting and rough treatment that fate had to dispense; come up for more with a grin; and then stick to it until he hammered his way to success. And when that success was won, he did not decide that his children needed European atmosphere and European polish for the good of their souls.

On the contrary, he says, bluntly: "America has given my children everything they have—and they are not going to forget that. I tell them they should be glad of the chance to be Americans."



Vic is seeing that his son, Andrew, grows up as an American. Top, Colonel Victor McLaglen at the head of the California Light Horse

For Victor McLaglen is an American—*one hundred per cent.* True, he was not born here, and there is still a trace of "John Bull" in his accent; but he didn't acquire that by studying the Oxford drawl on an Iowa farm, or by aping British visitors at his studio.

"I tell my boy and girl they should be good Americans not only because of what this country has done for me," continues Victor, "but because of what it can do for them. I tell them that being an American isn't a duty but a privilege. And they realize that is true, too.

"Before I came to America it was always pretty much double-duty and half-rations for me, with plenty of hard knocks and mighty few rewards to cheer me on. Not that I have any personal complaint against the old country, but if the world owed me a good living, I had to come to America to collect it. And that's why I tell my children this is a mighty fine country to live in, and work in and stand up and fight for."

"Stand up and fight" is a natural expression to Vic. All his life he has had to fight for what he got—and often fight long and hard for meagre rewards, just as he used to battle a dozen rounds in the prize-ring for less than he earns now for a single hour's appearance before the camera.

It is common knowledge how he ran away from home, in his early teens, to enlist in the Boer

(*Continued on page 79*)

WHENEVER I THINK OVER THE HANDICAPS NATURE HANDED TO WOMEN, I JUST BOIL.
I WOULDN'T TALK THAT WAY, FRAN, ESPECIALLY NOT AROUND A YOUNG DAUGHTER
THAT'S JUST WHAT RILES ME HERE GRACE IS JUST TWELVE, AND HAS TO GO THROUGH THIS MISERABLE UNCOMFORTABLE TIME—RUBBING...CHAFING...
WHY, FRAN DEAR WHY DON'T YOU GET THAT CHILD A BOX OF THE NEW KOTEX. IT'S AS SOFT AS DOWN, AND...
OH, THAT'S JUST AN ADVERTISEMENT
ALL RIGHT, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A BOX FOR HER SHE'LL FIND IT'S A DIFFERENT WORLD!
later
GRACE GOING TO A DANCE TONIGHT?
YES THANKS TO YOUR ADVICE ABOUT KOTEX.—NEITHER GRACE NOR I WOULD EVER USE THE OTHER KIND

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

Here's new comfort...

NEW FREEDOM FROM EMBARRASSMENT FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

MOST women think chafing is inescapable. But with this new Wondersoft Kotex you forget about chafing entirely! Now sides are cushioned with fluffy cotton to keep them so gentle, so downy-soft, that even young girls, vigorous of motion and tender of skin, can find no fault. Sides remain dry and soft, yet top and bottom are free to absorb.

No twisting! No roping!

Many women wearing ordinary pads won't believe this possible! Maybe it *is* hard to realize that no other pad is like this one. This new Kotex, instead of twisting, roping and pulling, constantly readjusts itself to conform to the body. Activities formerly impossible become pleasant. Yet, with all this, the special center insures even greater protection, offers freedom from unthinkable accidents. This, of course, means security against soiled lingerie.

You wear it! Forget it!

Haven't you longed for just such a sanitary napkin as this? A Wondersoft pad? One that fits so snug that there are no telltale outlines under your clinging gowns? Wondersoft Kotex is made for you women who want "forget-about-it" protection!

Buy Wondersoft Kotex at any store. Even the box doesn't look like an ordinary sanitary napkin package. And Super Kotex is now priced the same as regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

FREE TO WOMEN!

Choice of two authoritative booklets on Feminine Hygiene. Check your choice on coupon below.

KOTEX CO., Room 2124B
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

☐ I should like a copy of "Health Facts on Menstruation."

☐ Send me "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday," for a child.

*Signed*________________________

*Address*________________________

*City*________________________

Sally's pretty and Sally's *smart!*

I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR BEING PLEASED MY DEAR! YOUR COMPLEXION'S A KNOCKOUT—NOW YOU'RE REMOVING COSMETICS THE HOLLYWOOD WAY!

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way . . . guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have *you* seen warning signals of this distressing modern complexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness — blackheads, perhaps? No need to worry! Hollywood's beauty care—Lux Toilet Soap—will help you!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores.* Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. When this happens, the pores gradually become clogged, distended—unable to function normally. Cosmetic Skin develops.

You needn't run this risk. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly.* Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries swiftly away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, remove stale make-up *thoroughly* the modern Lux Toilet Soap way. Then you protect your skin—keep it beautiful. *You* want the loveliness that makes a girl attractive to everyone who sees her!

Yes, indeed I use cosmetics! But by removing them regularly with **Lux Toilet Soap** I guard against Cosmetic Skin
LUX
TOILET SOAP

MIRIAM HOPKINS

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHE LOVES ME NOT"

NRA CODE

LIPS THAT MAKE A MAN SAY "*will you?*"

Colorful, yet never coated with paint

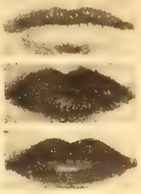
THESE are the lips that men long to kiss. *Soft, natural lips.* Never coated with red paint. Simply alluring with natural-looking color . . . color that you, too, can have by using the lipstick which isn't paint.

Tangee contains a color-change principle which makes it intensify the natural coloring in your lips . . . so much so, that men think Tangee color is your own!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But on your lips, it changes to rose—the one shade of blush-rose most natural for your type!

Moreover, Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Stays on all day. Get Tangee—39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)



UNTOUCHED — Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look..make the face seem older.

PAINTED — Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE — Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET
THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MP104
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder.** I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).
Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
Name________________________________
Please Print
Address______________________________
City____________________State__________

"Any Clever Woman Can Develop Glamour"—Joan Crawford

(*Continued from page 27*)

"As an actress, I have met many men and I have decided that the average man, outside of office hours, is anything but a realist. He may pose as a hardened, super-cynical 'man-of-the-world,' but, in reality, he is romantic, sentimental, and clings to his ideals about women. He is also born with the longing to adventure—physically and mentally—and new experiences and conquests never fail to thrill him in anticipation.

It's 90 Per Cent Mental

"YOU may not believe this, but I've discovered that glamour is about ten per cent physical and ninety per cent mental. In spite of the growing prominence of women in the business world, men still cling to their conviction that their own sex holds a monopoly on brains. Consequently, they are intrigued by any woman who dares to *think*—providing, of course, that she has not sacrificed her femininity.

"She challenges their imaginations because their innate vanity assures them that she is 'different.' She becomes alluring because she is stimulating. And, being men, they are prone to mistake mental stimulus for physical desire. I wonder if a psychologist might not discover in the average man's will to conquer a 'brainy' woman, the very simple urge to assert his superiority. The clever woman, no matter how beautiful, directs her appeal primarily to a man's mind.

"Beauty has been the worst handicap of many women. I have often heard directors at the studios comment on the fact that extremely beautiful girls, who, at first glance, seem perfect candidates for stardom, usually prove to be flat disappointments because they lack 'personality'—a term that Hollywood uses as a synonym of glamour. They complain that pretty girls seldom have lovely voices or gracious manners and, finally, they fall back on that shopworn description of 'beautiful, but dumb.' The reason is that many ultra-beautiful women are convinced that their faces are all-powerful weapons. Consequently, they neglect to cultivate other charms.

Second Impressions Count

"AND male nature being what it is, it's the illusion, rather than the reality, that counts. But with the illusion there must always be those qualities of intelligence, responsiveness, poise and charm that make one improve on acquaintance. I have often been impressed by men's comments about Helen Hayes. When they first meet her, they say, 'What a plain woman.' On second meeting, they say, 'What a charming woman.' After meeting her again, they invariably say, 'What a beautiful woman.'

"On the other hand, there is one of Hollywood's most gorgeous women. She has been cast in sexy rôles, and, consequently, has been publicized as the possessor of irresistible glamour. Maybe she has glamour on the screen—but, judging from the comments of men who know her, she lacks that very quality in real life. After meeting her, men seem to ask in despair, 'What under the sun can I talk to her about?'

"Hollywood, of course, has become adept in taking girls who are anything but beautiful and stressing their best features in order to create the illusion of beauty. To-day, every girl who comes to the screen is analyzed and studied by 'beauty doctors.' Different make-ups are tried, clothes are especially styled for her, cameramen experiment until they discover how to photograph her to the best advantage. The studio creates glamour!

"The results are often startling—but, even so, Hollywood has learned that beauty, alone, is of very little importance. A merely beautiful girl has absolutely no chance on the screen to-day, whereas her un-beautiful sister, equipped with intelligence and native charm, has every chance of becoming a star.

"It is amusing to observe how Hollywood's conception of glamour has changed with the years. Ten years ago, screen sirens were voluptuous vampires; to-day they are intelligent, poised women. Hollywood has learned that true glamour lies in intelligence, sincerity and charm, not in tiger-skin rugs and slinky undulations.

"Definite rules for acquiring glamour? Well, it isn't exactly like working out a mathematical problem, but I'll give you one hint. The eyes, I think, are a woman's most important feature. Certainly, they are the key to glamour. The eyes can express so much more emotion than a girl dares to show otherwise. Teach your eyes to give away secrets. The result will be intriguing!"

(Joan Crawford's eyes are enormous, soulful, sensational. The eyes of Lucille La Sueur were merely eager eyes. Gossip has whispered that Joan has had the corners of her eyes cut to make them larger. That is ridiculous! The only difference is that she has learned how to use them to achieve the utmost in allure.)

"Emotional depth in a woman finds quick response in a man," Joan continues. "Most men, I think, instinctively dislike women whose emotions are static. They associate emotionalism with femininity and regard an unemotional woman as a traitor to her sex. All actresses will tell you that emotional power can be developed.

"Poise—and by that I mean self-control, not coldness or blank passiveness—is of tremendous importance to glamour, and it, also, can be acquired. Teach yourself self-confidence. *Feel* attractive—and you will have half your battle won.. Poise lends a woman glamour and a degree of mystery. It saves her from being obvious—the worst social crime she possibly could commit. It makes her elusive and, therefore, desirable. Poise is an indication of intelligence.

Practises What She Preaches

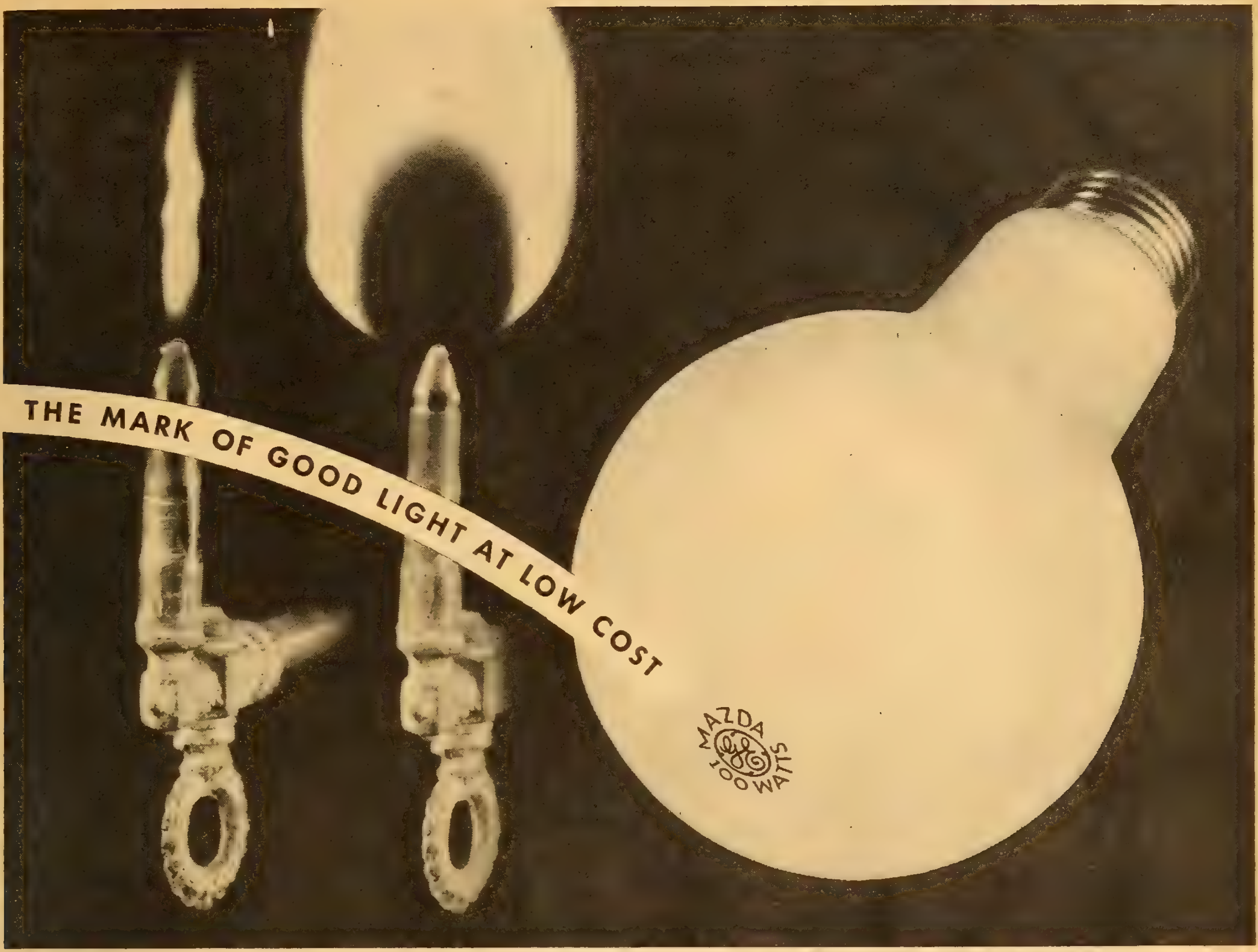
"PERHAPS the most important attribute that any woman can have is mental adaptability. If she courts the liking and admiration of men, she must be able to appear interested—in the subjects most vital to each man whom she contacts. I make a conscious effort to share the interests of everyone whose friendship I value. I encourage them to talk about the things in which they are absorbed, instead of confining the conversation to my own pet subjects.

"Naturally, the clever woman, no matter how plain, makes the most of whatever physical attractions she may possess. Every woman has some charming feature. Perhaps her eyes are beautiful, perhaps her teeth are even and white, perhaps she has shapely shoulders and arms. Then, by all means, she should endeavor to accentuate and call attention to her good points. By so doing, she can minimize her defects.

"Take, for instance, the case of a girl with beautiful eyes—and an unattractive mouth. She should make her eyes so outstanding that anyone, meeting her for the first time, will be unconscious of her unshapely mouth. She should use little lipstick and she should never wear a floppy, big-rimmed hat that would shade her eyes.

"One other thing! No girl can acquire glamour by dressing daringly. Simplicity and modesty are far more alluring."

Not all gas jets were alike either



There were gas jets and gas jets back in the days when father went about the house at dusk with a wax taper on a cherry wood handle. And poor jets wasted gas forty years ago just as inefficient lamps waste electricity today—by being spendthrifts at the meter and misers at the point of illumination.

The user of electricity, unlike the user of inefficient gas jets, cannot see how wastefully his lighting dollar is being spent. He must rely upon the integrity and reliability of the manufacturer whose lamp he buys. As a guide to those who want good light at low cost, the General Electric Company points to its monogram as a sure way to avoid the uncertainties, both in light output and length of life, of inferior lamps.

Lamps that bear this mark GE do not waste current, blacken quickly or burn out prematurely . . . Because their uniform high quality is rigidly guarded by 480 different inspections, tests and processes. *Buy a carton of six* NOW. *Fill your empty sockets for the long winter evenings ahead. Remember, lamps are most often needed when stores are closed.* General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

He'll remember

YOUR EYES

Did they say:

"Come Again?"

YOUR eyes are your fortune—your chance to charm or repel. Long, lovely lashes are fascinating. You can glorify your eyes in 40 seconds with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

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Darkens lashes perfectly

FREE Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

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Name ....
Street ....
City .... *State*

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Confessions of a Falling Star

(*Continued from page 32*)

and hurts of many months had disappeared.

I sat in McCob's office for forty minutes, waiting. Such a thing would have been impossible a year ago. His secretary and under-secretaries and office boy would have ushered me in directly on a pæan of praise: "You were simply marvelous in that last picture" . . . "My sister's so crazy about you. Won't you please autograph a photo for her?"—That sort of thing.

Now it was: "Oh, hello. Yeah, he'll see you after a while."

And when I finally saw him, he rubbed his hands and showed his teeth in a smile meant to dazzle me. He said, "Old McCob has always looked after you, isn't that right, honey? Yes, sirree. And what do you think of doing 'Lost Melody'?"

My heart skipped a beat. It was the most talked-of play of the moment. The part of the girl in it would make—or remake—any actress who did the rôle. I came near to kissing McCob's rusty face. And then . . .

"You wouldn't mind wearing a dark wig, no?"

"But why should I?" I protested. "The girl is described as a blonde."

"Ah, but you are to have a more mature, seegnificant part, dearie. You are to be *Arline*, the mother!" Had it come to this? A *mother rôle!* At thirty!

Somehow, I managed to leave before I acted the fool. I stumbled blindly past my old dressing-room bungalow, which had been done over in white and gold for someone else. It had been soft blue and hyacinth and silver when I used it. I could see myself as I was then—so sure of my place, so triumphant. I had laughed when they put my "menace" under contract.

Rival Now in Her Place

EVERY star has one. It is an old Hollywood custom. The studios hire young boys and girls who slightly resemble their big players in looks and mannerisms and threaten to give them the juicy "breaks" if the stars don't keep in line. It's a perfectly legitimate way of cracking the whip over temperaments. But sometimes the "menaces" prove to be good material in their own right. Mine did. She has my bungalow now . . .

I had a dispute over salary and I walked out. They had been paying me one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. That sounds as if I ought to be a very wealthy woman to-day. I'm not. I'm a pauper, trying to keep up a millionaire "front." That's the little irony of this business. You can ride around in overalls and a second-hand flivver so long as you're on top. But the minute you start slipping, it's got to be ermines and limousines.

That's why I spent my last eight thousand dollars last week to keep them from moving the furniture out of my twenty-room house. Not one soul in Hollywood knows I live there with only one servant. "*A million-dollar house—filled with yesterday's star-dust . . .*" Valentino's words seem to echo at me through those terrible, empty halls. Great closets, almost empty, and bare shoe cabinets. (I had sixty pairs of shoes once.) And there is a wall safe—but my famous diamonds went to the pawnbroker long ago.

Recently, when an interviewer came to see me, I pulled the bell cord for tea and then pretended that there was some upset in the kitchen. I wonder if she knew . . .? Yes, I've "consented" to give interviews now. I didn't for a long while, for the simple reason I had nothing to give. Twenty interviews a week had left me with nothing to say.

Now, it's so queer to be actually *praying* that someone will want to write me up. This interviewer who did come wasn't interested in me. She wanted to know about an actor who had once been my leading man and was now a tremendous box-office sensation. "I hope you'll be doing another picture soon," she was kind enough to add at the end. "I expect to," I said casually, "If I can find the right part."

If I can find the right part . . . .

Offers She Has Turned Down

FOR nine months I've been searching, hoping, begging for it. I have turned down one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in ready cash—to play secondary rôles. It took courage—especially when I haven't had a decent piece of steak in my icebox for days. But once I accept smaller rôles, it means the downgrade for me. There's no turning back. How long can I hold out? God knows . . . .

It's only natural that people consider you madly extravagant when they know you've made a fortune in films—and lost it. But wait. Very few know the other side of the picture.

My reputation was founded entirely on glamour. That meant I had to have a background in private life befitting the characters I played on the screen. So—

I spent an average of thirty-five thousand dollars a year on clothes to keep up the ballyhoo of my being among Hollywood's "best-dressed women." I had to have a complete new wardrobe every season, in advance of fashion—and you pay double for that. Every dress I wore had to be "different"—striking and ultra-smart and obviously expensive. Very often I provided my own wardrobe for the picture so that I could get precisely the type of thing I wanted, and that never ran under four figures.

My house, with its swimming pool and lavish Japanese gardens, cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars—with the mortgage yet to be paid. Then there was the expense of maintaining a staff of competent servants who could rise to any emergency, like having ten unexpected guests for dinner and arranging for my sudden location trips.

Where Else Her Money Went

MY manager received ten per cent of my salary, or fifteen thousand dollars. And later I discovered that he had been getting a bonus as well on all the bonds he purchased for me—bonds that were the first to deflate with the depression.

Charities, cosmetics—an actress has to go in for four times what a non-professional does. Massages mount into staggering figures. My hair had to be dressed every day. The handling of my fan mail cost around five thousand dollars a year. For insurance I had to pay one hundred per cent more than normal rates because picture people are considered greater risks. Oh, it's easy to see where the money went to. And now—

Mornings, I attempt to clean those soiled satins around the house—and try not to listen for the tingle of the phone. Afternoons, I go around trying not to look strained and tense and too eager when a producer glances my way. Evenings I sit—alone—in that gloomy, dirty elegance, telling myself that I'm wise to conserve my energy for tomorrow.

***Tomorrow*—what will it bring? Another chance? Or will I, too, become just another forgotten face . . . ?**

3 Discerning Women

have found the way to whiter teeth

Listerine Tooth Paste has won popularity in every walk of life by doing a superlatively efficient job of cleansing the teeth—at the same time imparting high polish to the enamel. Teeth fairly gleam!

These vital qualities, together with its cool, refreshing taste and the pleasing assurance it leaves of a purer, sweeter breath, have made Listerine Tooth Paste the choice of thousands who never stop to think of price when they buy a dentifrice.

Try it—and if you don't agree that it is better, speak your mind by going back to the costlier brand you're using now.

But remember, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25¢ (Double Size 40¢); so if you do like it, you'll save money by continuing to use it. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Left—"I wanted the best tooth paste at any price—and I found it for 25¢"

Miss Elizabeth Brown is stylist and designer of decorative pottery for one of the world's largest potteries. She is a graduate of West Virginia University and of New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. She also studied in London, Paris, and Italy.

"My pottery won't sell unless it is good looking and smart. If you want to 'sell yourself' in this world today, you want to be as good looking as possible. Nothing helps quite so much as nice white teeth."

Right—"I like the idea of a tooth paste by the makers of Listerine and tried it. I'm very well pleased."

Miss Marjorie Bushman is assistant in a doctor's office, a kind of work which requires intelligence, energy and plenty of tact. She likes her occupation because, as she says, "you're always learning something new."

Lower Right—"Listerine Tooth Paste gets my teeth beautifully clean. Also, your advertising never insults my intelligence."

Catherine McHenry was vice-president of the senior class at University of Michigan. "This dentifrice is very popular among students at the University," Miss McHenry says. "Others like myself prefer it to costlier brands."

REGULAR SIZE
25¢
NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

Protect yourself from loose bristles!
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSH with PERMA-GRIP
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NOW THE LEADER IN MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

Steer your course for true throat comfort. Light a KOOL! Refreshing as the forward deck in a spanking breeze!

The mild menthol cools the smoke, eases your throat—and yet brings out the flavor of the fine tobaccos to the fullest. KOOLS are cork-tipped—they don't stick to the lips.

Each pack carries a valuable B & W coupon good for desirable nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good only in U. S. A.) Write for illustrated premium list.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

My Design for Living

(*Continued from page 44*)

Love, the second pillar supporting my horizontal line of happiness, means love of many things. It means love of friends and it means love of charity. I don't mean the charity of giving things to certain organizations or persons; I mean the charity of giving yourself to those who need you. I mean meeting with other people in tolerance and kindliness; trying to give something of yourself; trying to give something of which no disaster can ever deprive them.

Works Better with Men

FRIENDS are very much a part of my design for living. I am sometimes called "a man's woman," and I think I am. Men have definitely helped me in my life far more than women have. Whatever I have done, whatever I have been or hope to be, I owe, for the most part, to men. For the most part, too, I prefer the company of men. I prefer to talk to them, argue with them, work with them, plan with them.

But I have four or five women-friends without whom my design would be lamentably thin and insufficient. Out here in Hollywood are Jessica Barthelmess, Frances Goldwyn and Bee Stuart. I've known Bee for years, but Frances and Jessica I've met since I've been on the Coast. And if nothing else in Hollywood had been happy or successful for me, knowing Jessica and Frances, would make it all worth while.

Beauty is a part of my design for living. It should be a part of every one's design. Yet there are people, pleasant people, too, who can live in depressing houses with dreary views, who can wear shapeless clothes, read ugly books, listen to the blare of the radio and never raise their eyes to the stars on a black night. I think I would physically suffocate without beauty.

I am not domestic. I don't want a home of my own—not now. I don't know yet where I want to live or in what kind of house. I know that I should prefer living in New York if it were not for my work. But when I say that I am mad about beauty, I mean a charming house, of course. I mean the beauty of the sky and the sea, the beauty of flowers, the beauty found in books and poems, in the faces and deeds of people, in clothes and in all the things one can touch and smell and see and think. All kinds of *little* beauties are a part of my design: a single perfect rose in a crystal holder; a table perfectly appointed, birds on the wing, the face of a dead person who has known great pain and is released . . . all of these things . . . and others. . . .

Friends That Never Fail

DOGS are part of my design for living. They are beautiful, too, not only in their shape and size, but in their faithfulness and unasking loyalty. *They* give themselves as no human ever does.

Tennis is part of my design for living. I play whenever I can. Planes are a part of my design—planes for purposes of transportation only, however. I am not air-minded just for the sake of flying. I am air-minded only because I am restless; I want to get to the places where I am going with as little delay as possible. On the other hand, I love sail-boats and detest boats with motors in them.

I would not say that religion is a part of my design. Philosophy, I think, would be the better word—the philosophy of finding happiness in myself and of giving as much of myself as possible to others.

Clothes—all kinds of clothes—are a part of my design, because they have to be. I seem to have got into a spot where the way I dress is important. But there are only two articles of attire that are really a vital part of my design. Of these, the first is—shoes. I have a shoe fetish. I am mad about them. I may be said to collect them. When I started to pack for Europe—just started—I had forty-eight pairs of shoes stowed away before I was half-through. By the time I finished, I had shoes enough to *walk* around the world.

Furs are the other important item of my clothes design for living. I can do without jewelry and never think of it. I buy gowns and coats and lingerie because I have to. Furs I adore. I detest hats. I detest buying them. I detest wearing them.

Detective stories are definitely a part of my design for living. I always read the ending first so that I can pick up the book at any time, open it at any place and always know where I am going!

Dinner for eight is a part of my design. I loathe big parties and whenever I entertain, it is always that way—dinner *for* eight, as well as *at* eight.

Three nice beaux are a part of my design—beaux who will take me places when I want to go, who send me flowers and candies and theatre tickets; beaux who make the world the kind of place a woman believes it should be; beaux who lay more stress on fun and companionship and little attentions than they do on love-making!

Won't Marry Again While Acting

I CAN'T say now—so soon—whether marriage will ever be a part of my design for living again, or not. But I do know this: that if marriage ever does become a part of my design again, my work will go. I shall never try matrimony again while I am on the screen. Never. It cannot be done. Of this, I am positive.

I think the fundamental reason for the failure of so many Hollywood marriages is that too many masculine elements come out in the woman who has a career. She has to battle for her own rights, she has to make decisions on her own, arrange contracts and finance, argue and compete. If the man she is married to is also in the theatrical profession, too many feminine qualities are likely to come out in him—small jealousies and rivalries, clothes, make-up, all of it. The whole makes for an abnormal lack of balance in the marital relationship.

Little boxes—of all kinds, shapes and textures—are a part of my design for living. I collect them. Roller-coasters are a part of my design. I get one of the major thrills of life when I'm riding on a roller-coaster.

Six-day bicycle races are another part of my design. I've been warned against saying too much about this special passion of mine lest they cast me in Joe E. Brown's next picture, which has something to do with the six-day bicyclers. Nevertheless, there it is.

Snakes are a part of my design. I like them; I admire them; I feel no revulsion whatsoever toward them. I have had them twine about me and have enjoyed it. I don't know what this makes me, but there that is, too!

I hate dentists. I hate posing for "still" portraits, fittings, rice pudding and parsnips. I adore the color green. I'm never happy in a room unless green is a major part of the decorative scheme. But I especially like to wear black and white. I love *snow*. Ordering my own meals is part of my design. I can't bear to have anyone else plan my menus for me.

And there you have it, I think. A double-T-shaped design, with Happiness for the horizontal bar, Work and Love for the perpendicular pillars, and music and Europe and friends and beaux and roller-coasters and shoes sort of etched in here and there.

Every man adores it!—now every girl can have it!

"The skin you love to touch"

TODAY, Woodbury's Facial Soap invites millions of new users... with its new and generous size 10c cake.

The 10c Woodbury's brings you the very same quality you bought heretofore at a quarter. The same scientific beauty formula of a famous skin specialist. The identical soap that demonstrated its superiority over other leading soaps in the International Half-face Tests.

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On the air—BING CROSBY, Tuesdays, 9:00 P. M., E. D. S. T., Columbia Network . . ."DANGEROUS PARADISE", Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, N. B. C., 7:45 P. M., E. D. S. T.

When I think of the days I Lost

"I have always ridden horseback, rain or shine, except for certain days that demanded quiet. Now, I ride without regard for those difficult days because there is no longer any difficulty or discomfort connected with them. My only regret is the time I lost in getting acquainted with Midol."

Do you ride—or do equally strenuous things—or wish you *could* at times when even being on your feet means pain or discomfort? Midol might end this handicap for you—might lead you to give it every bit as strong an endorsement as above. Why not *try* it? Midol acts immediately, and is effective several hours.

Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. It is just as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache.

If you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol *is* a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for *Midol.*

Why I Like to Be Alone

(*Continued from page 51*)

And my roots are right in the ground. Earthy. I was born on a farm. I've bummed around a lot—ridden the rails, been a lumberjack, known very little of home-life since I was sixteen. But the two things that can give me the darndest homesick feeling are the warm, spicy smell of tomato ketchup cooking and a whiff of damp sagebrush. . . . It must be the rural in me!"

Whatever it is, it has kept Clark strangely unchanged, strangely sane, in a city that has worn many a strong man down.

To me, two pictures of this off-screen Gable stand out in revealing highlights. One is of a steaming hot day shortly after he had made his big hit in "Dance, Fools, Dance." The scene was the Griffith Park riding stables, where an old cowpuncher had given Clark the work-out of his life. Perspiration was streaming down his face. And it was obvious enough that he had hit the ground nearly as much as the saddle. But he grinned widely as he eased himself into his car and shouted, "Y'old horsefeather, I'll ride the tail off your cayuse tomorrow!"

There was an answering grin on old Jim's face. He turned to me and rubbed his head thoughtfully. "Would ya believe it? He's one of them movin' picture folk. But, good gosh, he's—why, say, we could a made a real cowhand out of him back in Wyoming!"

It was the highest tribute I think Clark Gable has ever been paid.

Clark and *Pete* Were Brothers

ANOTHER memory is of a cold, rain-swept night far up in the mountains. We had stopped at a ramshackle all-night stand for coffee—and seated on a high stool, with his legs wrapped around it, hat on the back of his head, was Mr. Gable. He was ceremoniously dunking a doughnut. I knew he had been invited that evening to a swanky Hollywood function where a bevy of screen beauties would have swamped him—and yet, here he was. "Just an urge," he said, "to see what the desert looked like when it was wet."

There was humor in his face and something else—a haggard expression, the need to escape. "I've got to have some outlet from that buzz-works back there or go nuts," he explained—and off he drove alone into the drenching night, headed for the Mojave . . .

Months later I met that same man, surprisingly enough, for the first time on the screen—in "It Happened One Night." When *Pete* was showing the heiress the art of dunking, I saw Clark again on that rickety stool.

"Yep," he admitted when I charged him with it, "that's the first picture I didn't have to act in. Because *Pete* was me—or do I have to say '*Pete* was I'? He was a big loafer. So am I. I take the path of least resistance every time. Neither of us is exactly what you'd call fastidious. I don't bother about shaving any more than he did. In fact, when I'm up in the mountains, if I don't see a razor for a week, it's all right with me! That's my little antidote for the fancy-'dress parade' periods. . . .

"And did you notice *Pete's* antique headgear? That's the hat I've worn, myself, for ten years. I hate to see old things wear out. They give you such a blamed comfortable feeling. I have my shoes half-soled so that I can keep them. Maybe that's a throwback to the time when I was a kid, though. I had to do it then. I had to be thrifty in a lot of ways. My stepmother taught me to always turn out the lights in a room when I was through, for instance. And now I find myself going around the house and naturally doing the same darned thing. . . ."

There isn't one Hollywood rule that Clark follows. He caters to no one, asks no favors. But like other unreclaimed free souls, he's a big softie at heart. For example: He dashed off the stage, while he was making "Chained" with Joan Crawford, as soon as the noon whistle blew, grabbed a sandwich, skirted the gate on two wheels and spent his entire lunch hour popping away with a gun at flying discs. It's called "skeet-shooting" and it's supposed to perfect your aim for bird-shooting. But does Mr. Gable intend to go after birds? He does not! "Don't think I could get a kick out of that," he says. And he's a sucker for any hard luck story that comes along.

But you couldn't call Clark a hand-kissing ladies' man! He's more likely to tell them where to get off than where to get on. One of the ga-ga girls got to him the other day. She was the kind who thought it would be just "too, too romantic to do Europe on a shoestring and hunt out the quaint old inns."

"Ever done it?" demanded Gable.

"Why—no."

"Well, I have. I went to Holland on a tramp freighter a short time before I came out here. I didn't have enough money to do anything except sit there and guzzle beer all day with the natives. It was about as romantic as a wet smack. . . . And these 'quaint old inns.' Every one I've found had food as oldish as the atmosphere!"

The ga-ga girl gooed herself away, trembling. . . .

Keeping His Ego Deflated

IT'S funny to see this Clark Gable on the set, immaculately groomed and every inch the suave sophisticate, leave off making torrid love to some charmer and stroll over to a cameraman. Pretty soon you hear talk like this, "Say, have you tried that 30.06 sporting rifle? It's swell! Has a sporting telescope sight, you know. I'm taking one with me on the trip next week."

The "trip" may be to the country in back of Reno. Or to that new spot Wally Beery told him about fifty miles north of the Grand Canyon in Arizona. Or up in Wyoming. Sometimes his pal, Dr. Thorpe of Los Angeles, and his stepson, Alf, accompany him. More often, he goes by himself. And he goes after each picture.

"It's a stabilizer, a contact with another world," is the way he sums it up. "Those people in the provinces are as different from the Hollywoodites as a red shirt from pink petticoats. It puts you on your mettle to compete with them. You can't get soft. It keeps your ego fairly well deflated when you climb a thousand feet and start puffing —and then see the old guide's face. . . . They rate you as a human being. They treat you like one—not as a star. It gives you a chance to see the two sides of things that way."

Perhaps the most clannish group of people on earth are those same ranchers in the back mountains. They size you up more carefully than the Navy before you can break in. "Bill" Gable has broken in. And Gable, who could be the lion of any social set in the world, is more proud of that fact than of anything else, even of stardom. And he comes down from there a little more unsubdued, with a little more of the punch that makes his pictures big box-office.

That's why every good producer and every good director in Hollywood prays nightly, "Please, Heaven, *make* Clark Gable a lone wolf! Keep him untamed!"

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and
GARY COOPER
in Paramount's
"NOW AND FOREVER"
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

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* *Like Hollywood's Screen Stars, Discover How Color Harmony Make-Up Gives Beauty Romantic Appeal*

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This appeal of color has been captured in a new kind of make-up . . . Color Harmony Make-Up . . . created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Face powder, rouge and lipstick are harmonized in color to emphasize the alluring color attraction of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

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Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick . . . IN COLOR HARMONY

POWDER... *To create a satin-smooth make-up that harmonizes with Carole Lombard's blonde colorings, Max Factor's Rachelle Face Powder is the color harmony shade. Soft in texture, even in color, and clinging . . . it imparts to the skin a radiant beauty.*

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Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*type above and here* ☐

A NEW KURLASH TO MAKE YOUR LASHES MORE *Alluring*

Irene Ware, now appearing in the 20th Century picture, "The Firebrand"

NO HEAT
NO COSMETICS
NO PRACTICING

IT'S your eyes that a man looks at first . . . and last . . . and pretty nearly always. And no eyes are really beautiful unless the lashes are lovely too. Kurlash gives your lashes that upward sweep that seems the most enchanting thing in the world. The new, improved Kurlash does it with greater ease than ever. Kurlash costs $1, and if your own drug or department store doesn't have it, we'll send it direct.

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Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(Continued from page 12)

1. Anita Page and Nacio Herb Brown, popular song writer, are pictured on page 12, after their wedding in Tia Juana, Mexico, on July 26. Anita met Brown about five years ago when she was playing in "Broadway Melody," for which Brown wrote the tunes. This is Anita's first marriage and Brown's third.

2. After a long and brave fight for life, Marie Dressler, beloved veteran character actress of stage and screen, died on July 28, at the age of sixty-five. Everybody in Hollywood and fans the world over were made sad by her death, caused by an incurable ailment, which she learned she had three years ago. Marie Dressler, known as The Grand Old Lady of the screen, won the Award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for her work in "Min and Bill" in 1931.

3. Virginia Bruce, who divorced John Gilbert not many months ago, wishes to be known and addressed by her ex-husband's name. Recently she went so far as to correct one particular party when she was addressed as Miss Bruce. However, despite what Virginia prefers to be called off the screen, the studios insist upon billing her as Virginia Bruce on the screen.

4. According to rumored reports, Katharine Hepburn, who divorced her husband, Ludlow Ogden Smith, in Merida, Yucatan, on May 8, may become reconciled to him. It is said that Smith is interested in his ex-wife's return to the legitimate stage and hopes that she will be able to live down the bad notices she got when she appeared on the stage last season in "The Lake." At the time of her divorce from Smith, there were rumors that Katharine was interested in her manager, Leland Hayward.

5. Ina Claire, upon her return from abroad, announced that she expected to marry Prince Ferdinand von Lichtenstein when he visits America again. Last March, when the Prince and Ina were fellow-passengers on the *Vulcania*, there were reports that they had eloped, but Miss Claire took pains to put that rumor at rest. Ina Claire was John Gilbert's third wife.

6. Ronald Colman made the headlines on July 31 because his wife, Thelma Raye, an English actress, from whom he has been separated for more than ten years, was granted a divorce. The Colmans were married in 1920 and separated four years later.

7. Belle Brothers, an actress who claims she is still the wife of George Bancroft, screen heavy, brought suit against the actor for separate maintenance. She states they were married in 1913 and separated in 1917, and that they have never been divorced. However, Bancroft who, according to studio records, married Octavia Broske, in 1913, through his attorney announced that he was legally divorced from Belle Brothers before he married his present wife, who is the mother of his eighteen-year-old daughter.

8. The twins that were born to Bing Crosby and his wife, Dixie Lee, on Friday, the 13th of July, have been given their monickers. One has been named Philip Lang and the other Dennis Michael. There was some talk about calling one twin Bing and the other Bang, but that was all in fun. Some folks are still kidding Crosby and calling him Bing-Bing in honor of the double event.

9. The award for the stormiest marriage in Hollywood goes to Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller. They have separated and announced their divorce so many times and have become reconciled as many times, that no one will believe it when it actually happens. It has been carried out to such an extent that everybody is accusing Lupe and Johnny of making these announcements for the sake of publicity.

10. Gloria Stuart, who was recently divorced from Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor, married Arthur Sheekman, well-known screen writer, in Agua Caliente, Mexico, on July 28. The couple met while they were both working on the Eddie Cantor picture, "Roman Scandals."

11. The divorced wife of the world's heavyweight champion, Max Baer, who is known in stage and screen circles as Dorothy Dunbar, has asked the court to permit her to change her name from Mrs. Max Baer to Mrs. Dorothy Wills. She gave as her reason for dropping the famous Baer name that she desired to avoid the publicity attached to her ex-husband's name. The champ has signed a Paramount contract. His first picture will be "The Milky Way."

12. The death of Alec B. Francis, veteran character actor, on July 6 at Hollywood Hospital, came unexpectedly. The old-time actor had been sick only three days. Francis, who was sixty-five when he died, had been on the screen for nearly twenty-five years.

13. Katharine Hepburn isn't doing so badly for herself. The star has a two-year contract with RKO-Radio Pictures, calling for six films, for each of which she will receive $50,000. Some of the pictures scheduled for her are: "The Little Minister," "The Forsythe Saga," and "Joan of Arc."

14. "Music in the Air" marks Gloria Swanson's return to the screen after a long absence and it reunites Gloria and John Boles. This is interesting because of the fact that Boles was introduced to the screen by Gloria Swanson, when she gave him a part opposite her in "Loves of Sonya." In 1926, Gloria saw John Boles singing and dancing on the stage in "Kitty's Kisses" and prevailed upon him to try motion picture work.

15. Victor McLaglen has organized the California Light Horse Troop. Although his soldiers are often called upon to do extra work—that of playing soldiers in the movies, they are well trained and in an emergency, Uncle Sam could depend on the McLaglen Troop.

16. Toby Wing, the cute blonde film player who has had many boys crazy about her, seems to have centered all her interest on one particular young man—Jackie Coogan. It hardly seems possible that the Jackie Coogan you saw in the Chaplin picture, "The Kid," has already grown up and is old enough to have a steady girl.

17. The sapphire ring which Lila Lee is wearing was given to her by John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-husband and Hollywood director and writer, but Lila says there is no romance between them.

18. The picture on page 12 shows Veree Teasdale at the train, ready for her return trip to Hollywood from New York. Veree paid a visit to New York in July, for the purpose of doing some trousseau shopping for her marriage to Adolphe Menjou, suave screen star.

Turning on the Charm

(Continued from page 47)

Boyer Works Fast—When He Works

CHARLES BOYER, whom you will have a chance to observe as the hero of "Caravan," is the idol at whose altar all the women in France are now burning incense. As he is the big dramatic and emotional type, his case is different from Chevalier's, for he isn't expected to sparkle under any and all circumstances. But he has a smooth and powerful charm, which he reserves for occasions when he considers it expedient to be charming. Charles can be disagreeable, inconsiderate and sullen to the point of rudeness, but just as you're boiling with resentment and a resolve to get even in the nastiest way you can think of, he appears with a manner so suave and warm and friendly that you melt just as he intends that you should, and go away thinking there must have been some mistake. To show the speed with which his charm takes effect: He met Pat Paterson a few days after both arrived from abroad and three weeks later they were elopers.

Maurice is notoriously glum off the screen. Though perfectly polite and accommodating, he has no lift, no warmth in his manner, but, instead, a disappointed, melancholy mien, as if he found life flat, stale, and unprofitable, and a little silly as well.

It is almost an endearing trait, because he's so completely honest about it. He makes no compromise with anyone. If he is not amused, he doesn't force himself to smile and be genial and cordial, just for the sake of being popular. So far as any casual acquaintance can tell, Maurice never gives in, except for strictly professional reasons.

You may remember the classic story of his appearance at a benefit. The cameramen gathered around to photograph him, and were appalled by his sombre face.

"But the smile, Mr. Chevalier," they begged, "the smile!"

Maurice's face didn't relax. "When you are ready," he said soberly, "the smile will be there."

When he tries to account for this strange ability, he only deepens the mystery.

Maurice "Learns to Conserve"

"I WAS born with the personality I have on the stage and screen," he told me. "It is something you have in the beginning. You cannot say, 'On such and such a day a light came on and I found I could produce a certain gay, lively personality.' It is something that you have always. When I was very young, I used to be more often that way. But as one grows older, one learns to conserve, to do things in moderation. And I learned to give this out always in smaller and smaller doses.

"I am not always gloomy. We often laugh and kid on the set. But I will not deny that I have always been a little melancholy. I like to be by myself, to be quiet, to think about things, to sit back and watch. It is nothing to be ashamed of—being melancholy. The truth is that if I were always as I am on the stage and the screen, I would be an unbearable fellow, and a dreadful bore.

"If I am gloomy, and I go on the stage and seem very gay, I feel it. It is not forced. You cannot force gaiety. You cannot pretend to be happy and spontaneous. You must feel it. But not afterwards, and not before. I can change like that because I am trained to do it. It is my business. It—it is just like a prizefighter who comes into the ring . . . "

As I sat looking more and more mystified, he finally gave up and admitted, "It *is* a little mystery; I cannot explain it. There is nothing more I can say."

At that moment he was called to do a

Is *your hair* **TOO DRY** *or* **TOO OILY** *to do these* **New Hollywood Curls?**

The demurely waved front of this coiffure is offset by giddy curls that riot up the back and peek over the crown like roses on a fence. *Curls, mind you—not frizzes!* If your hair is too dry and harsh to look lustrous in this style of a Hollywood star, use Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo treatment below.

This arrangement of back curls in an inverted pyramid with the point below the left ear, looks well with a hat that turns up in the back. It was created for a style leader in Hollywood stardom. If *your* hair is too oily and stringy to stay in curl this way, give it the Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo treatment described below.

Help for **DRY** *hair:*

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair.* It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali . . . no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

To correct **OILY** *hair:*

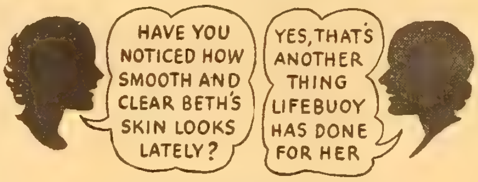
If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair.* This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** *hair*

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** *hair*

AT LAST YOU'RE VISITING ME, SUE! I'M DELIGHTED BUT IT IS GOING TO BE PRETTY QUIET FOR YOU — NO PARTIES. THE WOMEN HERE AREN'T VERY NEIGHBORLY. EVEN YOUR FRIEND CALLED ONLY ONCE
HOW FUNNY, DEAR. I THOUGHT YOU AND ANN WOULD BE GREAT FRIENDS. I'LL ASK HER WHAT'S WRONG
NEXT DAY — Sue gets the "lowdown"
ANN, YOU SAY THAT YOU..... THAT EVERYONE LIKES HER.... IT IS ONLY THAT SHE'S CARELESS
YES, PUT YOUR THINKING CAP ON, SUE. GET HER TO END "B.O." AND I'LL SEE THAT SHE'S SWAMPED WITH INVITATIONS
A CONSPIRACY IT SHALL BE! I HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT. WHEN I GO HOME NEXT WEEK, I'LL.....
THAT'S A REAL IDEA, SUE. IT'S SURE TO WORK. FOR ONCE PEOPLE TRY LIFEBUOY THEY NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE
NEXT WEEK
OH DEAR, SUE'S FORGOTTEN HER TOILET SOAP. WHY, IT'S LIFEBUOY! M-M-M ... HOW CLEAN IT SMELLS. I'M GOING TO TRY IT
NEVER SAW SUCH SOFT, RICH LATHER. LEAVES YOU SO CLEAN-FEELING! I'LL ORDER MORE LIFEBUOY AT ONCE

"B.O." GONE — appreciated at last!
YES, I'D LOVE TO JOIN THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE, ANN THANKS FOR ASKING ME
DON'T THANK ME, MY DEAR. THIS TOWN IS JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE HOW FORTUNATE IT IS TO HAVE YOU!

HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW SMOOTH AND CLEAR BETH'S SKIN LOOKS LATELY?
YES, THAT'S ANOTHER THING LIFEBUOY HAS DONE FOR HER
YOU can tell a Lifebuoy complexion—fresh, glowing, radiant with healthy beauty. Lifebuoy's rich, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities—clears and freshens cloudy skin. Purifies body pores of odor-causing waste. Removes all trace of embarrassing "B.O." (*body odor*).

Easy to offend—play safe!

Why risk this common yet unforgivable fault when Lifebuoy will keep you *safe?* Bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap. Enjoy the *extra* protection which its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

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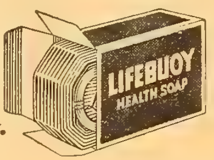

scene. But it was a false alarm. Something went wrong, and everyone returned to the sidelines.

Maurice lapsed into his comfortable gloom. "They call us," he said, "and then we do nothing but wait. You see, if you had your electricity on all the time—what a waste it would be!"

Boyer Has an Explanation

WITH that practical illustration, he considered the argument clinched, the mystery solved. But it was really Charles Boyer, Chevalier's best friend, who threw the only light on the enigma.

"Maurice is not really gloomy," he assured me, "and neither am I. But, like me, he is bored at parties, bored with people he doesn't know. He is very shy and timid, you know—and very modest. He hates all the attention, all the business of fame and being a public figure. If you don't know him well, yes—it seems a miracle that he can be so unhappy, and suddenly produce a sparkling personality. But among the people who know him well, in Paris, in Cannes, when he feels free and natural, he is very gay, very amusing. He has all that bright spirit in him. He is really exactly as he seems on the stage.

"Maurice is a marvelous man—very intelligent, very sensitive, and the most honest man I know. You can rely on Maurice when you would trust nobody else in the world."

So consider seriously the wisdom of the French, who are such a prudent race.

Charm is money. It's a commodity, like any other talent. Don't be a chump and fling it around for nothing. Conserve personality as you would electricity. Turn on the charm whenever there's a market for it. But don't forget to decrease the dose.

The Secrets of the Dressing Table

(*Continued from page 53*)

downstairs holding my head and saying I really must go—I was too fatigued for the world. And what happened? Why, I looked so bad that they offered to send an ambulance for me!

The wrong powder can break up a party before it's half-begun, and the right powder can actually make you the belle of the ball. But, my friends, it takes care and practice.

Mix Yourself More Glamour!

I SUGGEST that you always have several shades of powder on hand, even if you have to buy them in small boxes. Then get yourself a couple of glass dishes with tops on them (the kind you use for leftovers in the icebox) and try mixing some extra shades for yourself. Then, with three staple shades to begin with, you can probably make three more by mixing, and when you get ready to go out, actually try all six of them, if necessary, before you decide on the one that best suits *you*, and the *light*, and the *dress* that you are wearing. You've got to take all three things into consideration.

If I'm in the sunlight, in the daytime, I always wear the powder that most nearly matches my skin, so that I won't have a powdered look. At night, with kind artificial light, I can use a more glowing color, or a darker color and get away with it. The new shades for evening, with just a touch of glowing lavender, are most flattering, especially with evening clothes of rich, warm shades. Never wear such shades with a lavender, blue or purple dress, however, for the powder will pick up the shade of the dress and be too noticeably strange."

Rouge, in the right amounts and on the right places, is very necessary to most types. And here's a trick of applying it that gives a very natural effect. Apply just a tiny bit of paste rouge, before putting on your powder. Rub it well into the skin, then apply your powder, and on top of the powder, put just a faint touch of dry rouge. Then, in case the dry rouge brushes off, you'll still have the under-rouge to give you color.

Always try to have your lipstick the same general shade as your rouge, only a more concentrated tone And to have your lips hold their color extra long, you can do the same thing in applying your lipstick as you did with your rouge. Apply some lipstick on your lips, then dab a bit of powder over it. This "sets" the lipstick. Then brush off the excess powder with a bit of cotton and apply more lipstick!

Her "Cinderella Facial"

SO much for make-up, though I truly believe it's the most fun of all. But the most beneficial thing in your beauty routine, of course, is what you do to your skin before you begin making it up. It's not so much fun, perhaps, but oh, how good it makes you feel afterward! I have what I call my "Cinderella facial"—because it really does make me look as though someone had waved a magic wand over me and changed me from a tired-out motion picture star into just a human being who is looking forward to her evenings!

When I get home from the studio, I cleanse my face hastily with a quickly liquefying cream. Then I hop out of my clothes and into my tub—and there, on a tray right beside my tub, are the ingredients for a *real* beauty bath! First of all, I apply a heavy cleansing cream, to my face, leaving it on for five minutes. Removing that with tissue, I then reach for the next preparation —a circulation cream that brings all my blood bounding to the surface. I leave that on ten minutes. After whisking it off, I put on a good astringent or pore cream, for a five-minute stay. Then, and I know this will surprise you, after I get out of my tub, I dash some lukewarm water and mild soapsuds all over my face—because I don't like the greasy look that some creams leave, and I *do* like the glow that soap gives my face!

There! Twenty minutes of that, and I'm ready for anything! And I *look* like a different person, too!

Pick Your Hosiery Warily

AND now, just to catch up a loose thread, before I stop. . . . What was it I said about the right shade of stockings being so important? Well, here's what I mean. When you select your hosiery, you should not only consider the color of your dress and your shoes, but the shape of your leg. If your leg is unusually heavy, stick to the dark, dusky, gun-metal shades, and don't wear light tans or even sun-tans! And, of course, the opposite holds good for those of you whose legs are too thin. You can wear the light shades and benefit at least a half-inch in your leg's diameter!

And the reason why I know that is this: When I was a youngster, I had awfully skinny legs, but my mother insisted on my wearing black cotton stockings, just as everybody else did. Only on Sundays did I have a chance to dress up in spotless white hose!

One Sunday a little boy whom I admired very much said, "Why is it, Miriam, that I like you so much better to-day?"

I said I guessed maybe it was because I had earned a gold star that morning in Sunday school. But he said, "No, 'cause that wouldn't make any difference in your legs!"

And out of the mouths of babes comes [illegible] wisdom. It certainly isn't what you [illegible] that makes you beautiful. It's what [illegible] on both face and figure, and *how* [illegible] it!

Does Your Face Wear "Dirty Underclothes"?

Horrible, but True!

A Blackhead is Dirt that is 3 and 4 Months Old!

By *Lady Esther*

Is your skin guilty of "dirty underclothes"?

In other words, dirty underneath? You may not know it, but Blackheads, Whiteheads, Enlarged Pores and Muddy and Sallow Skin, are signs of concealed dirt.

Yes—shrink as you will—a blackhead is dirt *that is three and four months old!*

You may be the most fastidious woman in the world and still have blackheads. Why? Not through any carelessness on your part, but simply because you're an innocent victim of inadequate cleansing methods. You think you are reaching the dirt in your skin, but you are not. You are only reaching the outer and not the under layer of dirt.

Make This Test!

If you want to see how a real face cream works, make this test.

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. If you use soap and water, use plenty of it. If you use cream, use three or four applications. Keep cleaning your skin until you think it absolutely immaculate.

Now, take Lady Esther Face Cream and clean it. Just smooth or pat on the cream and leave it there a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth or tissue and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth! That skin you thought absolutely clean has left it streaked and smudged.

It Reaches Pore-deep Dirt

Ordinary face creams stop at the top layer of dirt. Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates to the bottom of the pores and dissolves the underneath layer of dirt. It gives your skin a complete pore-deep cleansing. Lady Esther Face Cream reaches the bottom of your pores because it is a unique, readily liquefying cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin. Thus, without the necessity of being rubbed in and without stretching the pores, it penetrates the little openings all the way to their depths. There it dissolves the accumulated dirt and grime and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you get through cleansing your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you KNOW it is clean because your cloth will show no sign of soil.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleans your skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that ends dryness and keeps your skin soft, smooth and supple.

There is no face cream you ever tried that is at once so thoroughly cleansing and delicately lubricating as Lady Esther Face Cream. One trial will show you an amazing difference in your skin.

At My Expense!

Write today for the liberal 7-day trial tube I offer and see for yourself how thoroughly clean and how exquisitely soft Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin. There is no cost for this 7-day tube. Your name and address on the coupon below or on a penny postcard bring it to you free and postpaid.

Pass your fingertips all over your face. Does your skin feel satin smooth? Or do you feel little bumps? If you do, then be sure your skin is suffering from "dirty underclothes."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) **FREE**

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Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name ....
Address ....
City .... *State* ....

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MILLIONS CALL IT!
a priceless secret—and it's FREE!

Imagine a discovery that transforms dull, lifeless hair into lovely, radiant hair such as only a few lucky girls are born with! Yet so subtle is this new loveliness that it seems only to *accent* the *natural* sheen of your hair!

Magic? Yes, the magic of just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo-and-Rinse. For in addition to cleansing it imparts just the least touch of a tint—ever so little—but how exquisitely it accents the natural beauty of your hair! No other shampoo—anywhere like it! 25c at your dealers'. Try it tonight....you'll be delighted!

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Shampoo AND Rinse

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WILLARD HERRING, Box MP, Franklin Park, Ill.

Marie Dressler's One Great Love

(*Continued from page 29*)

when I nursed Jim like a baby, pushing him around in a wheel-chair, after he was crippled by a stroke of paralysis.

"I didn't mind the nursing, dear, and you know that. It was the agony of seeing this once-strong man, with biceps like a Hercules, scarcely able to raise a spoon to his lips, and yet wanting to be with us backstage, to be in the exciting center of our theatrical life.

"And then when he died, dear, that was hardest. His wife, you see, my dear, would not let me bury Jim. He had been separated from her for years; long before I met him. That's why Jim Dalton and I never married. But we shared our lives, our hopes, our thoughts.

"Jim Dalton wanted to marry me. But his wife would not consent to a divorce, although Jim pleaded with her and begged her to free him. I don't blame her, dear. Not at all. Many times Jim wrote her, and went to her in Maine where she lived with the children, and asked her, as long as their marriage was broken, to give him his freedom. She refused.

"It didn't hurt me, when he was alive, to think that I did not share his name. That didn't bother, so long as I had Jim, himself. And I did not think about the possibility of his death because it seemed that Jim Dalton would always be in my life. It did hurt when Jim's wife, because she was his legal wife, was given the right to bury him . . .

"You can see, dear," she said, smiling sadly across the living room of her Beverly Hills home, "why I don't want all this printed now. Later is time enough."

The Years of Her Youth

BIG-HEARTED, brave, Marie Dressler remains a Viking figure to those associated with her in the early days when, as "Sag" Dressler, she was working her way up in the world of the theatre. Few of her intimates of recent years, those who grieved at her bier, knew her when she was hailed as "Sag." Only her oldest friends can tell you that Marie took her first stage name from the town of Saginaw, Michigan, where she lived in her teens after the Koerber family moved from Canada to the United States. Marie—who was born Leila Koerber—got the name of Marie Dressler from an aunt in Germany. Her father was a German piano teacher, Alexander Rudolph Koerber; the maiden name of her mother (who advised Marie to read newspapers to make up for her lack of schooling) was Annie Henderson; and Marie had one sister, Bonita, now the wife of England's Richard Ganthony, author of "The Message from Mars."

It was in Saginaw, where "Uncle" Koerber, as the town youngsters called him, gave music lessons for twenty-five cents apiece, and in Coburg, the small Canadian town that was Marie's birthplace on November 9, 1869, that the world-famous Dressler talents were first exhibited. Old friends can recall the untiring energy that caused the big, overgrown Koerber girl to give theatrical performances in the basement of her home, charging admission in the forms of pins and pennies.

It has been told that at fourteen she was earning eight dollars a week as leading lady in a stock company. It has also been said that the Susy Kerwin Opera Company gave Marie her first show work. In 1892-3 she was drawing seventy-five dollars a week. "The Lady Slavey" was her first success. She was established on Broadway in the gayest of gay theatrical decades.

Dressler, then, as at the time of her death, was known as Lady Bountiful. Women, then in youthful bloom, now faded and gray, tell of the dozen hats that Dressler would have sent to the theatre and of the largess with which she distributed them to her fellow showgirls. Her most intimate friends at that time were two actresses—May Duryea and May Howard. Miss Howard, burlesque queen, the Mae West of her day, would visit Marie, backstage, during some of Dressler's third acts and Marie would flounce out on the stage wearing the famous Howard diamonds, as famous then as the Mae West diamonds are now. But the blue bloods of New York, whose fathers had exploited Manhattan Island not too many generations ago, were discovering the amusing talents, the exuberance of Broadway's Marie. Anne Morgan, Moncure Robinson, O. H. P. Belmont were her friends, too.

In the latter part of the Nineteenth Century, Marie paused in her busy life of making people laugh, of supporting her family (whom she had established at Bayside, Long Island), of touring about the country in road shows, and married George Hoppert, an American, an advance agent for road shows. The marriage—which made Marie an American citizen—took place at Elizabeth, New Jersey. In a year they were divorced, and the child who was born of their union was dead.

Friends say that tall, broad-shouldered, red-haired James Dalton first came into Marie's life on a train that was taking both of them, on separate errands, to Philadelphia. Marie claimed that it was a Boston train that was the scene of the beginning of the romance that was to bring her untold joy, abysmal sorrow, and heartache; that was going to turn old-time friends from her, that was to make her protect this great masculine man-child whom she loved until the day of his death and beyond.

Had to Feign Illness Then

MARIE, at the time of her meeting with Dalton, was going through one of her periodic "depressions" (which were invariably due to her generosity when she was "in the money"). She was so flat broke, at the moment of her meeting with Jim, that when he came to call on her at her Madison Avenue apartment, she had no presentable dress in which to greet him. But Marie, rich or poor, was always the actress. And she was aided by the inventive Jenny, her mulatto maid.

In no time Marie was bundled into bed, wearing a fluffy negligée, the only garment she had that was not mended, dyed or patched. She was powdered to look properly ashen and crowned with a be-ribboned boudoir cap, and Jim Dalton was ushered in by Jenny. Rather than create a bad impression in shabby clothes, Marie had taken the only alternative and had gone to bed, feigning illness.

It was not long afterward that Dalton and Dressler were Broadway inseparables. She called him "Sonny" and worshiped him. Friends argued with her about him. Loving her, they did not want to see her shipwreck herself and her career on a romantic shoal that, they thought, could bring no permanent happiness. They reasoned without the tenacity, the purpose, the strength of this woman—whose will-to-live was unbelievable, even on her deathbed, while newspapers screamed headlines, radios shouted news of every beat of her faltering heart. She was immune to reasoning, then. She loved "Sonny." As the years passed, and age touched them both, she still loved him, and now she called him "Daddy."

Riches did not come with "Daddy" Dalton. There were days when Marie, living in Brooklyn, would walk to the Brooklyn Bridge and across, to save three cents in street-car fare, and then board the nickel New York car and ride up Broadway like the queen that she later became in the hearts of the entire world.

Ten Tragic Years

TEN years before his death, "Daddy" suffered a stroke of paralysis. His weight fell to one hundred and fifteen pounds. Marie carried him in her strong arms, shifting him from bed to wheel-chair and back again. It was nothing. She had enough strength for ten women, clowning around on the stage as she did, taking comedy falls. Chair-ridden and querulous, "Daddy" was not the handsome man of Marie's youth. But she still loved him, lived for him, and told pretty fables about him so that her friends would think that he was the same dear old Jim, a tornado of action and fun.

There is one story that bears re-telling. It points how strong Marie's pride was, how great her devotion. In a theatre in San Francisco, where Marie was playing, Jim was heard tormenting Marie, talking in high, petulant tones to her in her dressing-room. Their conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door. A friend wanted to come in.

"I'll be right out," said Marie, through the closed door. When she stepped out, a moment later, her eyelids were red-rimmed. But she was laughing. "'Daddy' has just been telling me the funniest story," she said, stout-heartedly, and then she repeated an anecdote, making it up as swiftly as she told it. Her listener knew better, but kept silent, laughing with Marie at the end of the story, yet marveling at the bravery of this woman who might have married millions and preferred to lavish her affection on an invalid.

At "Daddy's" death, Marie was a middle-aged woman, physically ill, financially spent, but with indomitable courage. The woman who had sold more Liberty Bonds than any other individual in World War days was no longer in demand; stage work was scarce. She was talking of investing her savings in a rooming-house in Paris, ending her days in comfortable, independent obscurity. In 1927, through the influence of an old-time Hollywood friend, she re-entered pictures to make "The Callahans and the Murphys" with Polly Moran. Then followed "bits" in a few pictures, with long intervals between. But in 1929 she was shaking a figurative fist at the Actors' Equity Association for its closed-shop policies in films, and wading knee-deep in a fight that had interested her since 1919, when she organized the chorus girls under the Equity banner.

Became Greatest of Them All

BY 1931, she was again an international favorite, thanks to her "stealing" Garbo's first talkie, "Anna Christie," and thanks to her hits in "Caught Short," "Let Us Be Gay" and "Min and Bill." On November 11 of that year she received the Motion Picture Academy Award, a gold statuette, for her distinguished performance in "Min and Bill" with Wallace Beery. Vice-President Curtis of the Hoover administration attended the banquet, and California's late Governor, James Rolph, Jr. Again Dressler, who had known Presidents Cleveland, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson and Harding, was the center of an adoring group of cosmopolites. She had made the greatest "comeback" in theatrical history.

Her success in talkies was further established beyond all doubt by "Reducing," "Politics," "Emma" and "Prosperity." She

(*Continued on page 79*)

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* Remember—your smile is no brighter than your teeth.

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You see, here's what happens: Everything we eat, drink and smoke leaves 7 kinds of stains on our teeth. (See list below.) At first, these stains are but tiny, invisible deposits, but they gradually build up, unless removed completely, until finally all the world can see them.

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But *two* actions get every single stain off—and Colgate's Dental Cream has both. First, a penetrating foam washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, while polishing your teeth to a brilliant lustre.

Double Your Money Back If—

Perhaps you're saying to yourself: "Oh, this is just another toothpaste ad!" All right—be skeptical. But be open-minded, too. Give us a sporting chance to prove our claims . . . without it costing you a penny if we fail.

Try a tube of Colgate's. If, when it's gone, it hasn't made your teeth whiter, your smile brighter than any toothpaste you've ever used . . . send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., . . . and *twice what you paid for the toothpaste,* plus postage, will be mailed you.

Science classifies the hundreds of tooth stains into these 7 major groups — **1. Meats and other proteins. 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 3. Vegetables. 4. Sweets. 5. Fruits. 6. Beverages. 7. Tobacco smoke.**

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"I Don't Want a Hollywood Marriage"

—Maureen O'Sullivan

(*Continued from page 55*)

You say to yourself, 'I've got to stay and make one successful picture to prove that I'm not a failure.' But small good your money does you. It vanishes so quickly here. And the years vanish so quickly, too. You think, 'I've been here over a year now' and when you come to reckon up the calendar, it's nearer four! I was eighteen when I came to Hollywood. I'm twenty-two now, and I'm going home before I lose any more time.

"When there are no seasons, no apple trees blossoming in the Spring, no Autumn, no snow, time slips by you without your knowing. I thought I would be here six months at the most when I set foot in Hollywood.

Wouldn't Have Missed Hollywood

"BUT you mustn't think I've not been happy here," Maureen says, suddenly. "I've had a magnificent life! If I'd stayed in Ireland I'd have been married long ago, married and settled down. I don't like the sound of those words 'Settled Down.' I hope I'll never be settled. And I'll not—if I marry Johnny! Life will always be exciting with him, never certain and safe and sure, but filled with color, and excitement."

And tears, too, Maureen. Many a girl has shed them already over this blond adventurer of Life, Johnny Farrow. The Hollywood career of the young Australian writer has been rather stormy, what with frequent tilts over the immigration laws and frequent rumors of engagements to Lila Lee and a few others. Women will always turn away from handsomer men to look, wistfully, after Johnny Farrow.

"We've been engaged for three years," says Maureen, her eyes sombre under the school-girlish sailor hat, "but—well, marriage terrifies me, it's so solemn. I'm Catholic, you know. The other day, my aunt wrote me from Ireland, 'You needn't be inviting me to your wedding, child, because I know that at the last minute you'll turn up missing!'

"At any rate, I don't want a Hollywood marriage. I don't trust this town. I want to get away from it where I can see things truly again—where I can get acquainted with Maureen O'Sullivan, yes, and with Johnny Farrow. I want to see him among my own people, against the background of real life. I come from quiet folk, used to the old ways. They're none of them theatrical. They wouldn't know what to make of Hollywood.

"But I'm not afraid that they won't like Johnny. They'll know he is one of their own kind—a gentleman. Even in Hollywood you can tell that!

"But I don't know . . . there are things to be settled before Johnny and I can marry. He was married once, you see, and he's Catholic. There would have to be special dispensations. At any rate, if we do marry it will be in Dublin Cathedral. We would come back to Hollywood, of course. Johnny is interested in directing now. He's just finished a colored short for Metro. And I want to do more on the screen. After all, I was buried in the African jungle for the two "Tarzan" pictures so long! But we'd buy a farm-house in Devon to go back to, and we'd travel and know interesting people. Writers are the most thrilling people in the world to me! I try my own hand at words, too—bad poetry that Johnny will say is quite good. . . ."

Hollywood rumor had it that Maureen was planning to bring her younger sister, Sheila, back to Hollywood for a picture career, but the girl, who had been lonely in California sunshine for the green fields of Ireland, shook her head. "Never! Why should I? She is happy where she is, and I wouldn't be responsible for her in this place. I wouldn't be responsible for what might come to her here, the heartbreak, the uncertainties, the loneliness. Her life is all straight before her back home, first schools, then marriage and quiet things. So long as she doesn't want what Hollywood has to offer, why bring her here?

"I—I was different. Looking for change and excitement. Well, I've had them. And I wouldn't have missed anything, anything at all. Yet that's not saying I'd choose it for one I loved.

Always On Parade

"IT'S hard," Maureen adds, softly, "hard to be always thinking of how you look and dress, always hoping somebody will see you and put you in a part. And you never dare be anything but gay here. You never stop acting in Hollywood. I get tired sometimes dressing up, body and mind! Yet if I hadn't come, if I'd stayed in Ireland and married, I'd have had to entertain my husband's friends, and played the part of hostess and wife. A woman is always acting, I guess."

Maureen O'Sullivan is going home to Ireland. She's going, after completing her best rôle, that of the gay little sister of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. She is leaving the expensive hotel rooms and the clean, bare, hospital rooms, where she has spent her last four years. Maureen has known Hollywood at its hardest. She has known fame and fortune, discouragement, love, heartbreak. She has been very, very close to death more than once. The brand of Hollywood is on her. She may hope that her movie career will only last two years more. She might even abandon it, herself, in two years, but to the end of her days she can never quite escape Hollywood, even by traveling more than six thousand miles away from its barren foothills to the green meadows of Ireland.

That Maureen is true Irish cannot be denied. The Irish heart which never fails to beat in a dream world of its own—with poetry and song—is manifested in one of her poems, that she presents to MOTION PICTURE. We gladly publish it.

THE VICTORY

I'm standin' on the dock
There's the tall mast swayin'
There's the riggin' runnin' zigzag
'Gainst an evening sky.
There's the sound of sails a-crackin'
And I hear the water lappin'
Luring, tempting, calling, beckoning on the outborne tide.

Hear the sailors singin' sea songs
Hear the whistle blowin' sun-down
Hear the mournful gulls a-shriekin'
Hear the waves so eager leapin'
Ships a-longin' to be free
Pulling—straining toward their God, the sea.

For I'm standin' on the deck
There's the tall mast swayin'
And we're now plowing on through a darkened sea
There's the sound of sails a-crackin'
And I hear the water lappin'
I'm its slave and it's happy in its Victory.

Marie Dressler's One Great Love

(*Continued from page 77*)

was now Box-Office Favorite No. 1. And in 1932 Marie set about enjoying the fruits of conquest. She bought the King Gillette twelve-room Colonial home on Alpine Drive in Beverly Hills. "All I want is my own little backyard and peace and quiet," she once told me. In the landscaped gardens "the Grand Old Lady of Films" found peace and quiet, except when her malady racked her body. In 1933—after making "Dinner at Eight," "Tugboat Annie" and "Her Sweetheart, Christopher Bean"—she underwent another operation, mentioning it to only a few friends.

On October 6, she had recovered sufficiently to travel to Washington, D. C., to be dinner and overnight guest of President Roosevelt and his wife. On November 9, she was honor guest at the greatest birthday party in Hollywood history. Month by month her studio, M-G-M, made plans for her return to work, preparing dramas for her, then shelving them as reports came from Santa Barbara, where she finally took refuge at the home of her life-long friends, the C. K. G. Billings', that the great heart that had stood her so well in the long years was slowly, surely faltering. It was among the dark and somber pines of Marie's beloved Montecito, Santa Barbara suburb, that it finally ceased beating.

Although Marie Dressler, the actress and the woman, is dead, what she symbolizes will live forever. To her friends, she will always be a dauntless soul, imbued with courage, nobility, and that greatest of all attributes, tolerance. "Queen Marie" she was called by literally millions of her fans.

Fearless, untiring, unwavering, she poured forth on her Jim all the pent-up mother-love that she would have lavished on the child who died. And at Jim Dalton's death that great, brooding capacity for maternal love was showered on her friends.

It is not often that a magazine is permitted to publish the rare and intimate story of a love like Marie Dressler's. It is not often that so rare a person as Marie Dressler is born into the world. To have known her was a privilege, and in presenting the story of her one great romance our hope is that it is told as she, herself, told it—from the heart.

McLaglen Takes Out His Papers

(*Continued from page 58*)

War; how he became wrestling and boxing champion of his regiment—and later was recognized as the top prize-fighter in Eastern Canada. The purses he won in the ring there, however, were so small that he joined a medicine-show, later shifting his activities to a Wild-West show.

Returning to professional boxing, he fought Jack Johnson in Vancouver, British Columbia, and then succumbed to wanderlust and visited Hawaii, the Fiji Islands, Tahiti and Australia. Next he tried his luck in the famous Cobalt silver rush in Canada—only to transfer his activities to Bombay and Ceylon—traveling thence back to South Africa, where he had spent his boyhood, and where his father was Bishop of Clermont.

He Took in the World War

HE was in Capetown when he heard that there was a World War getting a nice start in Europe. With his brother, Fred, he immediately left for England, where they joined three other brothers who were en-

(*Continued on page 83*)

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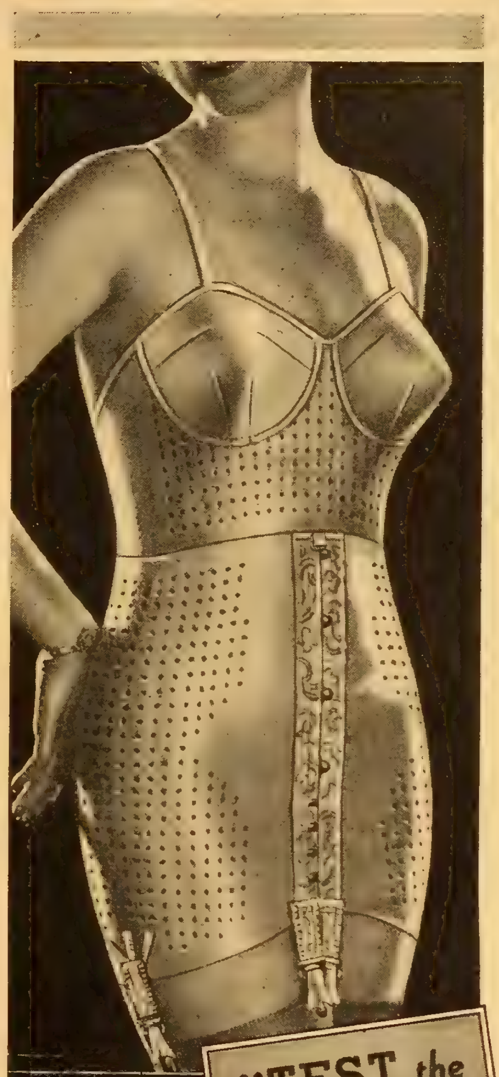

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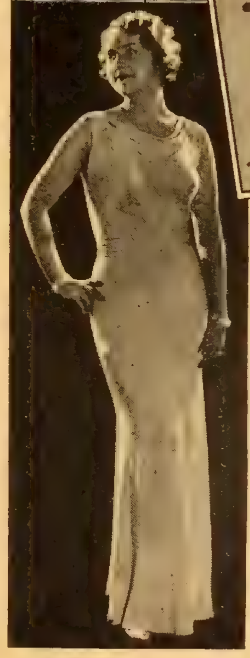

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

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Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets. These little chocolate coated tablets contain no narcotics, no harmful ingredients of any kind. They will not upset your stomach or make you dizzy.

This medicine helps lots of girls. Let it help you too.

All Drug Stores and many department stores sell

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS

"Feel wonderful EVERY day"

Tiny Girl, What Now?

(*Continued from page 39*)

right well that a woman loses her looks pretty early if she's a blonde. Shirley probably hasn't more than about thirty really important years left. You've got to make money while you can. That's business.

But let's find Shirley. A woman has a right to talk for herself—especially with her reputation practically at stake. Suppose we walk over to the set where they're shooting "Now and Forever."

At the moment Gary is going through a scene with Carole Lombard and trying to appear as though he cared for her (according to the script), when, as you know full well, he's merely trying to conceal his Grand Passion for that other blonde. Carole knows it. But she's trying to be a sport about it. Broken hearts of Hollywood!

Shirley seems nowhere to be found. Oh, yes, there she is—with little Marilyn Granas, her stand-in, playing house in one of the "parallels," the large scaffold-like structures on which the cameras and arc lights are set. Electricians, carpenters and technicians of all kinds are darting about and hammering away. But Shirley and Marilyn don't care. They're interested in their Problem Child—who turns out to be none other than Grumpy.

"Hello," Shirley says, a bit preoccupied. That is, until Mrs. Gertrude Temple calls a deliberate "Come here, Shirley."

Star or no star, Shirley drops the whole business. Mrs. Temple is her "momee" and when she is told to come, Shirley does so—with due haste.

"Hello," she repeats, this time wrinkling up her face and turning on the consummate charm that reduces everyone within smiling distance to abject servitude. And then she dimples. No wonder Fox has signed her to a seven-year contract! What *could* anyone do when Shirley dimples?

Looking Into Her Private Life

"WHAT did you have for breakfast, young lady?" perhaps you ask her—trying to forget all about Director Hathaway and Gary and Jimmy Dunn (who is *very* much thataway about her).

"Oh, orange juice 'n' cereal, 'n' coddled egg, 'n' milk 'n' toast," she will admit.

"And for lunch," you press your thrust home.

"Soup 'n' meat 'n' lots of vegetables 'n' pudding."

"And what are you going to have for your dinner?" you ruthlessly insist.

"Oh, vegetables 'n' bread 'n' jelly 'n' avacado 'n' milk—'n' cottage cheese."

"Ah! I thought so!" (You make a mental note.) "Cottage—a love nest . . ." By this time, you've managed to become pretty confused. "Make the most of this, sister, don't let yourself get taken in," you whisper to yourself.

"Excuse me, please," she turns to you, her eyes pleading (and you know from seeing her, just how appealing they *can* be). "My child's calling me."

"All right, dear," Mrs. Temple smiles, as your senses go reeling.

Shirley studies her lines for the following day just before retiring, which event occurs at eight promptly. Rising at seven, she gets to the studio before nine. Having a pink and white complexion that defies even the powder jar, she is relieved of the annoyance of make-up and is usually the first to be on the set and ready for the day's work—and, for Shirley, there are six whole hours of it.

No wonder she's tired when she gets home, and anxious to put her curly head down on her pillow and dream of all her friends, who, in kaleidoscopic form, include Jerry (first electrician), Jimmy Dunn, Tommy (third carpenter), Gary and Carole, the assistant cameraman, Director Hathaway, Janet Gaynor and Marilyn Granas. Little Miss Temple shows small regard for the caste system of Cinemaland. To her, stars and electricians, carpenters and directors are all "friends." They are treated exactly alike—except, perhaps, for Grumpy, her child. One must make concessions for maternal ties. . . .

Immune to Fame So Far

LIFE is very sweet for Shirley—and very simple. It's the only life she knows and she hasn't the vaguest notion that all other five-year-olds don't do exactly the things she does—that she is in any way a "sensation." It all seems natural to her. The Temples, mére and pére, have seen to that!

She has the sunniest of dispositions, for disillusionment, tragedy and discouragement haven't yet been met. No, that isn't strictly accurate. Tragedy did knock once.

It happened, as most things have in Shirley's life, on the set. A good many crying scenes were required of her, which, as we have told you, gave away the whole *affaire d'amour* between her and DirectorHathaway. But one of them was real. As the cameraman was preparing to shoot the scene, she overheard a discussion of the accident in which her dearest grown-up friend, Dorothy Dell, had been killed a few hours before. You will recall that Miss Dell and Shirley were both featured in "Little Miss Marker."

She suddenly burst into tears in uncontrollable grief—the first heart-break she had ever known. When several minutes of soothing failed to still her sobs, they went ahead with the scene—the small actress weeping inconsolably on Carole Lombard's breast as the cameras ground away.

Child-like, the intensity of her grief was short-lived, and next day she appeared on the set as bright as ever.

Her greatest charm, of course, is her naturalness—and don't ever think that isn't a rare talent, even in a five-year-old professional! She is a born actress and the studios have forbidden her mother to send Shirley to a dramatic school or to give her any acting lessons whatsoever, for fear she will be "spoiled."

How She Got Her Start

SHIRLEY displayed a talent for dancing long before she ever showed traces of being an actress. When only a year old, she not only walked well, but would frequently stand on tiptoe and try to keep time to music coming over the radio. Two years later she was entered in a Santa Monica dancing class. It was there that she overcame her shyness with strangers and became a friendly soul who would talk or frolic with anyone—and everyone immediately fell head over heels in love with her. There, too, she got her chance at the movies.

A casting committee from Educational Pictures called to pick a dozen young girls and boys for a series to be called "Baby Burlesques." Mothers were barred from the room. One by one, the teacher called her pupils to be introduced to the committee and each was given an opportunity to show his or her "style."

Shirley hid behind a potted palm, the tiny three-year-old being almost entirely obscured. But one of the men, seeing an eye, an uplifted brow, a shock of tawny curls and the tip of a saucy nose, singled her out and led her docilely to the front of the room. Her cheeks were crimson and her eyes cast down to the floor.

She answered each question put to her clearly and distinctly. She told her name, her mother's name, how old she was and then, on request, danced a tap number. As a result, she was chosen for the leading rôle of the children's series. She made seven shorts and then appeared in "Frolics of Youth" with Harry Myers, Helene Chadwick and Junior Coghlin. Then she went to Paramount for "To the Last Man," with Randolph Scott and Esther Ralston. That was last September.

A Five-Day Wonder

HER next picture was "Stand Up and Cheer," made at the Fox Studios, with Warner Baxter and Madge Evans—who, of course, fell under her spell. This was the first opportunity she had to show her great screen potentialities—and she wowed everyone, from blasé motion picture exhibitors to the hosts of juvenile audiences (to whom she has become an ideal and an idol). Just five days after she was on the set she was signed to a contract. The studio didn't have to wait for the box-office reports to gage her possibilities.

With "Stand Up and Cheer" completed, she was loaned to Paramount, where she scored so brilliantly in "Little Miss Marker." She was immediately wanted back at Fox for "Baby, Take a Bow" and then returned to Paramount for her latest, "Now and Forever." Next she is to make "Bright Eyes," with Jimmy Dunn. With her seven-year Fox contract figuratively in her small, dimpled fist, her life—at least, up to a senile twelve—is entirely secure. Her salary, so it is officially announced, is $1,250 a week.

She makes more money than her father, who is George F. Temple, manager of the branch of the Bank of California at the corner of Vermont and Washington Streets in Los Angeles, where Shirley's savings are mounting to a sizable figure and will, among other things, insure her education. At the moment, money plays no part in Shirley's scheme of things. Turtles do—and teddy bears, like Grumpy—but not money, *per se.* The most she has ever been in full and complete possession of was a nickel for church one Sunday. But when she returned home, Shirley was still in possession of that nickel—and mighty pleased that "the preacher had let her in, free!"

She has two brothers, George, who is twenty, and Jack, seventeen. They're not the least surprised at her popularity; they're completely sold on Shirley and expect you to be, too.

She Stopped the Show

BUT the cutest story that hasn't been told on Shirley is the one concerning the time she was required to sing a song, together with eight or ten other youngsters. It was for a picture and Shirley had, as always, learned the words, letter-perfect. But when the cameras were ready and the sound mechanism set, something completely foreign seemed to emanate from the direction of Shirley. The director called, "Cut." This was repeated several times. Mrs. Temple finally noticed something queer, too.

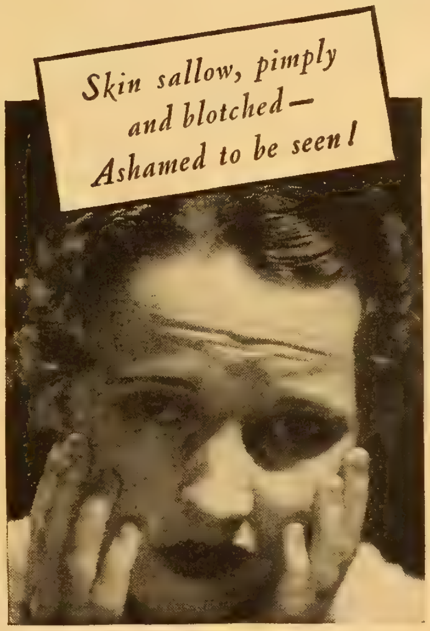
After a hurried conference, during which Mrs. Temple assured the harassed director that Shirley knew the song, she called her young daughter over and asked her what she was singing. To her great amazement, she was to hear Shirley explain: "But the other children were singing that, so I sang 'Yankee Doodle'!"

She crinkled her nose so cunningly that the script was changed to permit everyone to sing Shirley's favorite, "Yankee Doodle," to the director's immense relief and Shirley's complete delight!

She has turned every Hollywood precept topsy-turvy and gone nonchalantly on her merry little way. Everyone is her pal, and her favors are sought by stars whose aggregate yearly incomes run into the millions. To see a half-dozen celebrities on their knees, playing games with Shirley, would give even the screen's most rabid denouncers new faith in its people and its future. Things *are* looking up for the reformers!

NEW BEAUTY FOR YOU This Amazingly Easy Way

Remarkable, New-type Pasteurized Yeast Ends Dull, Muddy Skin and Ugly Blemishes—Results Amaze Thousands of Men and Women


Skin sallow, pimply and blotched—Ashamed to be seen!

Skin clear and smooth, complexion lovely—Attractive once more!

WHY be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy or old looking skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you? Thousands have found that it brings radiant new beauty—a clear, lovely skin—a fresh, youthful complexion!

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." "Your yeast is certainly marvelous for the complexion," says a user in Tuckerton, N. J., "almost every day someone tells me how much better I look."

As you know, the two most common causes of poor skin and complexion are faulty elimination and a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That's just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

Watch beauty return

These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

See for yourself

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. See what this remarkable corrective food will do for you. Get a bottle today!

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New Way to Develop Your Form

Yes! Now you can fill out those ugly hollows—add firm, rounded flesh just where you need it—develop lovely shapeliness. Let me send you my new easy method to try.

Add Lovely Feminine Curves

NO longer need you be embarrassed by a thin, scrawny, unwomanly form! No longer need you be ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit or clinging gown Here at last is a safe, easy way to develop a stunning figure—to gain those fascinating, swelling curves—to firm and strengthen flabby, sagging tissues.

Just Give Me 10 Days

Let me prove that I can give you the full, womanly development that is so smart and attractive. My wonderful method takes just a few minutes a day in the privacy of your own home. See the marvelous things it does for your figure! Take advantage of my big bargain offer now: Send only $1.00 and I will mail you my delightful home treatment, including Instructions and special massaging Cream. Try it 10 days. Your dollar back if you are not delighted! Write today, enclosing $1.00.

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Now You Can Have A New Skin In 3 Days' Time!

Visible Ugly Blemishes Disappear!

GET THIS FREE —and learn that what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time in many instances as stated by legions of men and women, young and old.

It is all explained in a new treatise called.

"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"

which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So, worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address and name the skin blemishes which trouble you most to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. F-32, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. and you will receive this amazing new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

BLONDES

Wash golden sunshine into your hair!

BLONDE hair, like silk chemises, demands special treatment. That's why thousands of blondes shampoo their hair only with Blondex, the shampoo created especially for *them.* They know it not only helps prevent darkening, but also keeps the hair light, sparkling, and golden. Safely brings back the beautiful sheen and lustre that made blonde hair so attractive. It is approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute. Blondex is a powdery shampoo that bubbles instantly into a rich, creamy lather. At all drug and department stores in two sizes—$1.00 and 25¢.

Prisoners of Their Reputations

(*Continued from page 31*)

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were prisoners of the reputation that was Pickfair's. A house had become an ideal. For months, perhaps years, they were not happy together. For a long while they must have wished that they were plain Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, living in an apartment. But they were prisoners, not of each other, but of the symbol that was Pickfair. The one-time current saying out here, "If Pickfair falls, the reverberation will ring around the world," terrified two innately conscientious people, who didn't want their jail-break to ring around the world.

Garbo is a prisoner on her rock of isolation. She has built herself into a myth more impregnable than a fortress. If she steps down from that rock, to which she has chained herself; if she so much as enters a studio to pay fellow-players a visit; if she rides on the bridle-paths of Beverly Hills; or, particularly, if she manifests an interest in some man, the sirens scream, the guards are on guard, and the prisoner is more at bay than any jail-breaking convict.

Irene a Commuting Wife

IRENE DUNNE said to me the other day, as we sat on the side-lines of "The Age of Innocence" set between scenes, "I am the victim of both a personal and a professional reputation. Hollywood has given both to me. My personal fixation, in which I am caught fast, is the belief that men and women cannot stay happily married in Hollywood. The result is that I spend all of my free time between pictures on trains or planes, going to and from New York. I maintain two homes, one on the West Coast and one on the Atlantic seaboard. I have to be separated from my mother when I am in New York and from my husband when I am in Hollywood.

"It is expensive and inconvenient to transport my personal maid, secretary and chauffeur back and forth across country and so I have to hire new ones each time I am in New York. All of which makes for a very complicated and expensive fixation. But it is one so deeply rooted now that I shall never get away from it. But I have seen too many apparently happy marriages collapse to take any chance with mine. Hollywood's gossips gave me this fixation, chained me to it.

"I am also the prisoner of a professional idea or reputation—one that I should like to escape from now and then—the reputation of being a perfect lady, a lady so perfect that she would faint at a smoking-room story, hold a kerchief to her nostrils at the mere whiff of gin, and have hysteria if a man not her husband cast an appraising eye upon her! Well, I don't expect to escape from this reputation, but I may as well run the risk of being put in solitary confinement and say that I *would* like to be human.

"I would like to hear a funny story now and then and be able to toss off a laugh at it without danger of ruination; I do enjoy a cocktail when I am in the mood; I would blush, but only with pleasure, if a 'gentleman' should find me fair! This is the truth, but the greater truth is that I am chained to the reputation of being too, too refined."

Ginger Rogers is a prisoner of fear—the fear of not finding happiness in marriage. Her young marriage went on the rocks. Her romance with Mervyn LeRoy met a similar fate. She has seen divorce and disillusion happen to her friends. She said to me, "No matter how deeply in love I may be—and am—I am scared to death of marriage. The more I love someone, the more I hesitate to take the chance of spoiling a beautiful dream. Perhaps I am really the prisoner of a dream, of the desire to live in a dream, rather than in a reality. I don't want to wake up."

Mae West is, definitely, the prisoner of *Diamond Lil.* She said to me one day, "I never drink. I never smoke. I never go to parties. That's why I live so quiet, though—I don't want to disillusion 'em by exhibiting myself as a good, quiet, hard-working woman who goes home nights, works on stories, and goes to bed. I'm jailed hard and fast to the *Diamond Lil* reputation and I gotta stay jailed as long as I'm in the show business."

Jean Harlow may have to spend the rest of her life convincing people that she is really not the sexy, sireny, man-stealing, little sorceress she is reputed to be, because of her screen rôles.

Richard Dix is a prisoner of the fear of publicity. The most sociable soul and the grandest host in the world, a good mixer and a good fellow, he lives like a hermit because he has a fixation that the public will think he is trying to attract attention if he is seen in public places.

Janet Mustn't Know Life

JANET GAYNOR is, perhaps, more imprisoned by her reputation than any other star in all Hollywood. It is more dangerous for Janet even to ponder jail-break than it is for any other player. I remember, during her marriage to Lydell Peck, doing an interview with Janet in which we happened to talk about babies and Janet said that, of course, she'd like to have a baby one of these days. I had hardly got home before the phone rang and a frantic publicity man yodeled at me, "For Heaven's sake, you're not going to quote Janet as saying she wants a BABY, are you?" I remarked that it seemed to me to be a normal and wholesome ambition for a young wife, even in Hollywood. But no. Janet is imprisoned in a deeper cell than that. She is Youth. She is Sweetness. She is Light. She must not be touched by the realities of life, as experienced by other humans. . . . Recently, there have been rumors to the effect that Janet likes, and is liked by, a young man who is, unfortunately, married. And the rumors are repeated in horrified whispers. One gets the feeling that all-is-lost if ever Janet points one dainty toe beyond the rigidly circumscribed limits of—her reputation.

Alice White was morose when she informed me, "Sure, I am a prisoner—one of the lifers. I'm the prisoner of gold-digger rôles and the reputation has permeated my real life. On the radio I get away with singing and being dramatic, but in Hollywood I'm just a smart-alecky stenog! I want to be free, but I don't know how.

"It seems funny. I'm a good housekeeper, if I do say so. I demonstrated the baking of my own favorite cheese cake recipe before five hundred women in Los Angeles recently; I knit afghans and cook spaghetti and bake chocolate cake like nobody's business. I save my money and am always on time for work and leave leading men severely alone. But to the world I'm just a dizzy little blonde and I'm imprisoned in the silly little creature until I serve the life term, I guess."

They are prisoners, all of them—caught fast by their reputations or by their fear of what their reputations may be. Valentino was expected to be the constant *Sheik;* Irene Dunne is expected to be the Perfect Lady. Boris Karloff must be forever ghoulish or abnormal. Jack Oakie must be side-splitting. Marlene Dietrich must be exotic. Garbo must be a woman who walks alone. Each in a separate cell, they are all victims of a fixed idea.

McLaglen Takes Out His Papers

(*Continued from page 79*)

listing, and all five left for the British front. Because of his experience, Vic was made a lieutenant and sent to Mesopotamia with the Irish Fusiliers, with whom he went through a number of exciting engagements.

His fighting qualities recognized, he was made Provost-Marshal of Bagdad, where Abdullah, a twelve-year-old native boy, attached himself to Victor "so long as Allah wills." Allah must have willed plenty, for Abdullah is still with McLaglen. With such a background of patriotism and fighting, Vic's expression, "Stand up and fight," means *Stand up and fight.*

"If the occasion arose," says Victor, "I'd hate to think my boy wouldn't go through as much for his country as I did. I've tried to teach him to be honest, fair, patriotic, and to fight for what he wants."

And there is ample proof that McLaglen has been successful in teaching his son, Andrew, at least the third of these lessons—for the boy, although only thirteen years of age, is an expert boxer and swimmer, and a ranking player for the junior tennis championship of California. Just recently this six-foot youngster went into the semi-finals of California's championship tennis matches.

Though Andrew and his father are pals, Sheila, the eleven-year-old sister, is by no means neglected, and Vic was swelled with pride recently at her dramatic and dancing recital at the Wilshire Ebell Theatre.

He Leads "The Light Horse"

HIS principal off-screen activities are centered about his California Light Horse, a patriotic organization subject to State call, which saw service in the earthquake and flood areas.

"What is the 'Light Horse,' really, Vic?" we asked. "A sort of social organization maintained for exercise, sport and a sort of get-together medium?"

"It's nothing of the sort," he bellowed. "It's no namby-pamby pink-tea affair. It means business—and anybody that joins it had better mean business, too. Certainly, it offers a chance for sport and exercise, but it also offers a grand chance to be called into State service. And it maintains army discipline, don't forget that!"

Victor McLaglen, as colonel of that organization, is a tough drill-master, with scant patience for any man who fails to keep his nifty uniform and well-trained horse in military shape. If this enormous, rugged portrayer of hard-boiled types looks and acts as hard as nails on the screen, you should see him out there at the head of his troop of California Light Horse. Compared to him, *Captain Flagg* (of "What Price Glory?" fame) would look like a cream puff.

But don't let him fool you: he's a sucker for his kids. You should have seen him the other night, all decked out in full dress, his eyes fastened on his daughter who was doing her stuff before a theatre full of people. He strained and perspired, even after the youngster had dominated and charmed her audience with her amazing versatility.

Andrew may be his pal and buddy, but little Sheila is certainly the lady in his life. Vic doesn't admit to any such weakness, and he fixed her with the same cold stare he awarded Andrew when he discovered them at the stables, comparing their respective horses.

"Proud of them, aren't you?" he demanded. "And of the stables and the pool and everything we have here? So am I. But do you ever stop to think how we happen to have them, and whom we owe for them? America—and don't ever forget you're lucky to be here!"

Not an eloquent paternal speech, perhaps, but straight from the shoulder. And, somehow, it seems to cover everything.

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!

STOP MAKING UP IN PUBLIC
• • •
MEN DETEST THE INTRUSIVE POWDER PUFF

Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

By *Lady Esther*

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

LADY ESTHER
2014 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. (7)

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Even a casual visit to the Savoy-Plaza brings you face to face with your ideal of living in New York. Gourmets praise the cuisine . . the service. From its windows a living mural of sheer beauty . . Central Park. A design for living in New York. Suites of various sizes exquisitely conceived as in a private residence. Most reasonable rentals for monthly or longer stays. Single Rooms from $5. Double Rooms from $7. Suites from $10.

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SAVOY-PLAZA
FIFTH AVENUE
58th to 59th STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

The Movies Clean Up . . . .

(*Continued from page 42*)

Titles of pictures now being planned or already in production will give you an even better idea of Hollywood's seriousness in turning over this new leaf: "The Good Earth," "Life Begins at Forty," "Laddie," "Kim," "Freckles," "Girl of the Limberlost," "Ruggles of Red Gap," "Gulliver's Travels," "Wagon Wheels," "The Student Prince," "Home on the Range," "The Tale of Two Cities," "Call of the Wild," "Pickwick Papers," "Sequoia," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Rip Van Winkle," "David Copperfield," "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Cyrano de Bergerac,"—they'll be showing at your neighborhood theatres soon. Not a boudoir scene in a carload!

The Executives Speak Up

"GOOD taste will be the byword in every picture we produce," says Adolph Zukor, Paramount executive, and Joseph Schenck, 20th Century producer, feels that "objectionable sex pictures are definitely out and there will be no more exploiting of that angle." Producer Winfield Sheehan announces that Fox scenario writers have been made individually responsible for moral criticisms against their pictures, which is going to the source to stop the trouble.

Emanuel Cohen of Paramount states with pride, "In thirty of the last thirty-five pictures we released during the past eight months, there has not been a single cut made by censors and only very minor eliminations in the other five."

B. H. Kahane, guiding spirit of RKO-Radio Pictures, says, "Many of the attacks are unwarranted and the attitude of some of the critics is unreasonable and unfair. On the other hand, the criticisms coming from certain religious groups, prominent educators, the Motion Picture Research Council, Parent-Teachers Associations and other highly respected persons and organizations are to a large extent justifiable.

"While our company has in good faith attempted to keep its productions free from legitimate criticism, a few of our pictures have been included among those criticized. It is imperative that henceforth still greater care be taken to avoid objectionable themes and offensive scenes and lines. We do not have to eliminate 'sex' situations from our pictures. If we are to present honest dramas of human emotions and experiences, some scenes of sin and wrong-doing must necessarily be depicted. But there is no excuse for productions which scoff at chastity and the sanctity of marriage. . . .

"I shall insist that producers of RKO Studios live up to the Production Code and keep its productions clean and in good taste. The fact that other producers may be guilty of violations or evasions of the Code shall not be accepted as an excuse for violation or evasion on our part."

Studios are putting former censors under contract, having them sit in on picture-making from the first story conference to the final cutting. Horizontal love scenes are banned. Kissing cannot be "excessive." Even still pictures are now submitted to the Hays Office for approval!

The Most Important Promise

MOST important of developments, however, is Hollywood's promise to live up to the Production Code of the Will Hays organization. In a small leaflet distributed to producers, the Code lays down three "General Principles," later listing "Particular Applications." These three General Principles are:

1. No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience should never be thrown to the side of crime, wrong-doing, evil or sin.

2. Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.

3. Law, natural or human, shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation.

Check off on your fingers the pictures you can think of that have broken one or more of these rules.

"We've seen this thing coming for years," a Hays official told me, and you can't blame this organization if its attitude seems slightly tinged with an I-told-'em-so air.

"Our policy has always been that producers should obey the Code, and that policy has not changed. Until recently, however, producers have been able to get around the Code in various ways. If we banned a certain sequence in a picture, the producer could call a meeting of associate Hollywood producers (from other studios) and appeal from our decision.

"Now we have changed that so that only a New York board can hear an appeal from our verdict. We hope this will eliminate the former attitude of 'You let my spicy scenes get by and I'll do the same for you' of certain producers. We are also reading all stories before the studios buy them. In the past week we have turned down twenty-five stories, and this is certainly better than for the studios to make the pictures and then find they can't be released!

It's Reform or Ruin

"HOLLYWOOD has always said, 'But they can't touch me!' Now the studios are beginning to realize what a big thing they're up against. We estimate about thirty million Catholics in this country, and twenty million who would follow a boycott. Other faiths and organizations are only waiting to follow their lead, and the members of these groups would bring the total to some *thirty or forty million people who would stay away from box-offices!*"

This would spell RUIN (in capital letters) for the motion picture industry in a very short time, and it is to be hoped that Hollywood's revolution in stories, types of stars, and productions will avert such action on the part of the churches. It is fortunate that Hollywood is taking the thing in real sportsmanlike fashion. "We had it coming to us!" is a sentence you hear often in Hollywood. And after talking with a group of Catholic dignitaries, several producers said, "If men as fine and liberal as that are against us, I think we are on the wrong side of the fence."

Outside of these general statements, Hollywood is letting action speak louder than words. If mother and father want to sneak off some night and see a show that is not suitable for Junior, they just won't find anywhere to go. *All* the shows will be fit for children! In Germany certain studios make pictures exclusively for minors and these are shown in especially reserved theatres. This might be one solution for America, if adults demand more sophisticated fare.

Another solution being considered would be to label sophisticated pictures "Not for Children," with the responsibility for keeping the children out resting squarely on the theatre-owners. For Hollywood's critics always stress the children in their assaults against sex on the screen; and if they could be taken care of by sane regulation, Hollywood might stand a fairer chance of developing a mature art.

Another burning question is the fate of Mae West, Garbo, Dietrich, Jean Harlow and others of the "sexy," glamourous school. Under the present régime of "Sexless Cinemas," the pictures that made Garbo famous, like "Flesh and the Devil," would never be made. The same is true of the other glamour queens. Can they change their style and still draw crowds?

Hollywood loophole-seekers are whispering that if a picture is historical, you can be as sensual as you choose, for the censors won't dare object to facts discoverable in history books. But the list of glamourous Queens will run out sometime, and anyway producers don't *want* to take a chance on dirt—far from it!

Everyone is wisely repeating Frank Capra's words that dirt is a lazy man's way of creating a cheap interest, and every studio is hunting for second Shirley Temples and Janet Gaynors. Writers like Damon Runyon who can be clean and dramatic at one and the same time are being paged by Hollywood, and certain actors with wholesome reputations are being sent on tours speaking right in the churches on "The Truth about Hollywood." It's not so terrible as our critics believe!

Forty million customers are asking for purity, and Hollywood is going to give it to them in large doses. Women's organizations—in their publications—have stated their belief that "Hollywood is the most immoral town in the world." The stars, in their private lives and their screen rôles, are under fire. If you feel this is unjustified—if you feel that Hollywood is going to an opposite extreme in its quest for immaculate cleanliness—if you feel that only a small part and not all of Hollywood deserves criticism—you better speak up now. Soon, it may be too late!

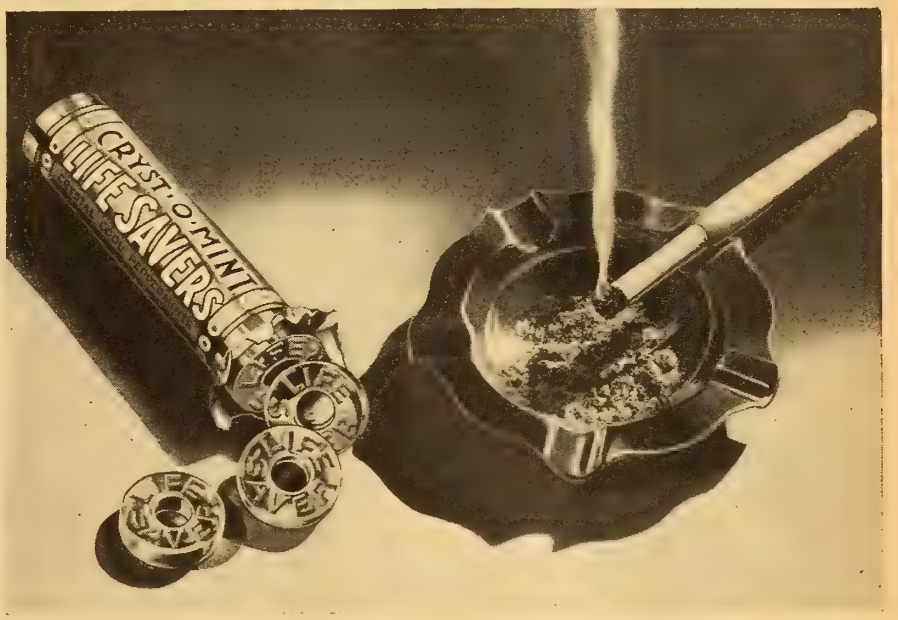
Not Fighting for Censorship

HOLLYWOOD is considerably cheered by the recent announcements of religious leaders that they do not want Federal censorship of films. Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati, says: "Public opinion must now be aroused and sustained everywhere as the strongest barrier against the immoral cinema. Public opinion, if governed by good sense and relentless in its opposition to the evil motion picture, has many advantages over censorship that may be politically controlled or corrupted or may become utterly indifferent to the common weal . . . It may be well to make clear that the church is not asking for a solemn type of picture that gives no real amusement and no opportunity for a hearty laugh. The Catholic Church, in a true sense, is broad and liberal, and no legitimate recreation need fear her opposition."

Rev. Dr Worth M. Tippy, executive head of the national campaign of the Federal Council of Churches for better films, says: "The Federal Council of Churches has been consistently opposed to censorship. Boards of censors are usually political appointments with all that that means. The help that they give the industry is negative, rather than constructive, and these decisions tend to be confusing to the development of an art. They have seemed to accomplish little in defense of the public . . . This present drive against objectionable pictures, so far as the Federal Council is concerned, is not for censorship, except for self-censorship by the industry. The responsibility is theirs, and we do not want to see it taken off their shoulders, not at least at present . . .

"The future of the decency drive, so far as the Protestants are concerned, can only be determined by what takes place at Hollywood. If Mr. Breen succeeds and the producers support him, if what is done is no temporary effort, if chiselers in the form of independent and unregulated producers do not succeed in getting by with salacious films, more drastic action may not be necessary. We would like to see Mr. Breen succeed."

SMOKER RECONCILED TO OLD FLAME



You don't need to change your brand. Follow every cigarette with a minty mouth-cooling Life Saver . . . . . and you'll fall in love with the old brand all over again.

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by a Safe Simple Method successful more than 30 years. Build up Flat Scrawny Bosom, Neck. Arms, Legs--or ANY part of the Body. Get a Beautiful Symmetrical Figure with no trouble and little cost.

I make no absurd claims but send the PROOF and the Cream FREE. Just enclose a dime, carefully wrapped, to help pay for packing etc., and you will receive a Large Container of my

PEERLESS WONDER CREAM

and my Confidential up-to-the minute information "How to Have a Beautiful Symmetrical Form by my Natural Home Method," sealed and prepaid. No C. O. D. MY GUARANTEE: Your dime back if you say so. Can anything be fairer? But—do it NOW. Not a dollar, not even fifty cents—just a dime.

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Now you can really look years younger and retain your youthful charm and appearance. With a small brush and BROWNATONE, you just tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black.

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"The Summer left My Hair Streaky and Dull—but I've Made it EVEN and LUSTROUS again with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash."

MAYBE too much summer sun has streaked and dulled your pretty blonde hair. You, too, can EVEN-UP the shade, make it look NATURALLY EVEN, without dark and light spots, with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. By diluting Marchand's and rinsing the entire head, you can bring out a thousand tiny highlights in your hair—giving it a soft golden gleam.

Refined girls like the skillful NATURAL way that Marchand's restores normal brightness to blonde hair. The blonde who is proud of her hair—the girl who is sensitive about what people think she is doing to her hair—they always prefer Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

REMEMBER—that when diluted with warm water, Marchand's gives blonde hair a lovely NATURAL brightness. Do it at home yourself. To be sure of beautiful results be sure you get the genuine.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE—like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving and coarse regrowths. Makes limbs dainty and attractive.

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail—Use Coupon

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251 W. 19th Street, N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coin or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name..

Address..

Neil Hamilton's House Spells "Home"

(*Continued from page 49*)

And so the Hamiltons' living-room is tinted that surprising color, and the effect is restful and pleasant. (Deep cream woodwork, with Colonial molding, runs through the entire house.) The mantel is tall and delicately carved, and the fireplace is framed in imported tiles decorated with quaint flower bouquets, instead of the more conventional brick, which would have been too "heavy." A deep velvet carpet of crimson, and glazed chintz curtains of old-white background with a Victorian design of urns, scrolls and flowers complete the color scheme of the room.

The furnishings were acquired for the Hamiltons, a piece at a time, by Harold Grieve, the decorator-husband of Jetta Goudal. Against the farther wall are two mahogany consoles, amazingly designed from one heavy, round antique table, cut through the middle and fitted with doors. On one side, hidden behind the doors, is the radio; on the other, the phonograph. Thus they have two indispensable adjuncts to a home that so often clash in their modernity with period furnishings. Any home-planner could well take this hint from the Hamiltons.

Two kidney-shaped davenports, both covered with dull green damask, face each other at right angles to the fireplace. "Two—so Elsie and I can both loaf at once," says Neil. Against the opposite wall is a long Empire sofa, covered with silk in stripes of cream and deep rose. And over it hangs the only picture in the room, a water-color gift from one of Neil's fans, the artist, F. Jarvis, called "Australian Mist." The ornate metal clock on the mantel, says Neil, "came from Edward Laemmle's father's antique shop in Munich. It was made in 1768!"

Where Dinners Are "Intimate"

THREE steps up from the living-room you are in a hall paneled in knotty pine, oiled and rubbed to a dull saffron glow. (This paneling is not expensive when you consider that it lasts a lifetime.) Across the hall is the dining-room. If you feel that a "dining-room set" is inevitable in a star's home, you should see Neil's modern Duncan Phyfe table, his antique chairs (which harmonize, but don't match) and his very old mahogany sideboard of an entirely different date, loaded with fruit-encrusted Sheffield pieces. The walls of the room are covered with a gray landscape paper of trees and silvery waterfalls. The curtains are mustard-colored glazed chintz; the carpet is crimson; and a screen that shields the serving door is of a dull mulberry blue. With two tall, old-red glass decanters on a side table, the room fairly glows with color and life.

At the foot of the stairs in the hall stands a grandfather's clock which quavers with age (its date is 1819) as it intones three psalms, including Old Hundred. And at noon and midnight it plays "Home, Sweet Home!"

Under the stairs a short flight of steps leads down to the playroom, also paneled with knotty pine, which has a huge, much-used fireplace, deep maple chairs with loose cushions, and a long billiard table. Over the mantel is a striking picture of a doughboy in uniform, striding cockily away to war with his mongrel dog whimpering goodbye. A closer glance reveals Neil's countenance beneath the tin helmet! (He posed for this picture, which was used as a magazine cover, in 1918.) A room such as this is certain to be the most-used spot in the house, especially when it has simple, pink and green

Exit...

THAT "UGLY DUCKLING" COMPLEXION!

Enter...

RADIANT, YOUTHFUL Beauty

SHARP autumn winds. Cold driving rains . . . What havoc they play with delicate complexions! Before you know it, your skin grows coarse and weather-beaten. Your face takes on that dull, "ugly duckling" look.

But these conditions can be overcome easily by one simple precaution. The daily use of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder will help your skin retain its youthful radiance.

OUTDOOR GIRL is new. Different. It's the *only* face powder made with an *Olive Oil* base. It soothes and softens the skin. Keeps the texture firm and supple. OUTDOOR GIRL is light and fluffy, yet it clings longer than any other powder.

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover how it will protect your complexion . . . keep it smooth and fresh. In 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

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braided rugs, and furniture that can't be hurt by rings from set-down glasses, by cigarette ashes or by sandwich crumbs, and a floor that doesn't mind being danced on.

No Lack of Fresh Air

UPSTAIRS in the Hamilton home, every bedroom opens out onto a long roofed balcony along the back. A hallway is spaced with French doors that open onto a similar balcony along the front of the house in the regulation Monterey Colonial way, affording sunshine from all directions and a cross-current of air on demand. The upper porches are set with gorgeous pottery jars, filled with geraniums. Quaint, small-figured Colonial wallpaper decorates the halls.

Over the living-room is the master's suite with a huge bathroom (which has flowered, waterproof wallpaper), an immense dressing-room lined with closets, and a bedroom with the crowning comfort of a fireplace! All three of their fireplaces—in the playroom, living-room and bedroom—open from the same chimney. Cream-colored wallpaper and a cream carpet make a background for a turquoise taffeta bed-spread and glazed chintz curtains in a harmonizing shade. A very ancient desk occupies the place of honor against the end wall, and two barrel chairs in cream damask are turned into chaise longues in a twinkling by moving the matching ottomans up to them. Drop-leaf mahogany tables bear lamps and books that look as if they have been read.

Two guest rooms, each with an individual bath, and a tiny library decorated with enlarged photographs of maps shellacked on the walls, finish the main wing upstairs. The first guest room has a pink and green plaid paper, green carpet and blue-green wing chair, as well as twin beds with covers cleverly compounded by the resourceful Mr. Grieve. They are made of calico with borders of a fine old quilt cut into four pieces!

Where Pat Got Her Tan

DOWN a hall at right angles is the nursery, a very important room in the Hamilton house, where lives and plays and —reluctantly—sleeps the small, blonde, adopted daughter, "Pat." She is baked an all-over tan from playing on her own private sun deck, which opens off her nursery. Pat's scotties, Pat's scooters, and Pat's other toys give that "home" look that even the best of decorators cannot give a house that lacks children.

Below the nursery is a sitting-room, bath and bedroom for the servants. Green lawns sweep away at the front and back, ending at the road in a white picket fence, and at the rear in a swimming pool. Beyond are the tennis courts and a flower and water garden, which will be Pat's playground another summer.

Every vista, every detail of the Hamilton home speaks of loving care and thought. The trees that shade the balconies were brought, full-grown, to their present spot. Old bricks were used for the outdoor terraces where the family breakfasts.

"There's one thing lacking," Neil grins, "and I know where I can get it—only it's not for sale, drat it! An interior decorating shop on Sunset Boulevard has an iron figure of a colored boy holding a ring to hitch horses to, standing in front of it. I've got to have that lad by my curb before I'll be happy, and some dark night—well—"

I told Neil that his home doesn't look like the popular conception of a movie star's house; it is less a show-place than a real home where there is a real home-life.

"A real home-life?" said Neil. "A charming home-life!" and he went across the room and kissed Elsa. Outside and inside, the Hamiltons' house looks happy.

Hips rolled away in 20 minutes a day

Back come curves—graceful, womanly curves. Once more fashion recognizes a natural girlish, youthful figure as being more beautiful, more **smart** than all the artificial figures she tried to produce.

MOLD your body to alluring lines. Get rid of unnatural bulging hips—huge unlovely arms and thighs—lose that double chin—do all these **easily.**

In 20 minutes a day you can do all that an expensive masseuse could do for you in many weeks of hammering and pounding. Science has discovered a way—an almost magical method of taking off pounds where pounds SHOULD be lost. Fit your figure to the most modish gowns, become a "model" of loveliness and charm.

TAKES OFF INCHES AND POUNDS WHERE YOU WANT THEM OFF

***Figure* More Important Than Weight! . .**

The scales alone are no judge of body beauty. It's your FIGURE that counts today. If you are tall you may weigh 160 pounds or more and still be in perfect trim but you MUST get rid of unsightly bulges.

The Hemp Body Molding Method is REAL FUN and GUARANTEES reduction where such reduction is most needed. It embodies ancient principles known to the Greeks hundreds of years ago. With new body beauty comes improved health and well being. Complete instructions for reducing both size and weight are included with Mr. Hemp's Patented Miracle Reducer.

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Let us send you without any obligation to buy, the complete Hemp Body Molding Method. Deposit only $4.75 with the postman, plus a few cents postage, upon delivery and if you are not more than satisfied, if you do not take inches off your hips or reduce where you wish, return it and every penny you have paid us will be returned to you immediately.

Works Like Magic!

The Hemp Body Molding Method gets results almost immediately. Three or four pounds a week may be lost easily if you follow the simple instructions. Get thin right in your own home. Mold your body to grace and loveliness. You can do it without the use of drugs, diets or other unsafe or unreliable methods. Write quick for this special offer.

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NOTE: If you prefer, you may send money order or check for $4.75 with this coupon and everything will be sent POSTPAID with the same "money back guarantee."

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My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. Brings relief, happiness, comfort, freedom of mind. We teach Beauty Culture.

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What Guests Have Said

Prince and Princess Asaka of Japan: "Enjoyed the city immensely, and believe it was partly due to the elaborate entertainment given them in your hotel."

Mr. Albert D. Lasker: "When the opportunity comes to me of stopping with you, it is a pleasure to which I look forward."

Madame Amelita Galli-Curci: "I am looking forward to another visit to the Ambassador Hotel this Fall. It is one of the most beautiful I know of."

Mr. John Barrymore: "I have always found the Ambassador a delightful place to live and shall be glad to have you say so."

Carl Van Vechten: "The Ambassador is, I should think, one of the very best hotels in the world."

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Dancing nightly at the world famous
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Managed by **BEN L. FRANK** with the co-operation of an unusually loyal and efficient staff of employees.

Have You What It Takes to Win a Movie Star?

(*Continued from page 34*)

was working, Lee considered our question a full minute before he answered—his strikingly blue eyes regarding us as he spoke.

"I think that the quality that most quickly and surely draws me to a girl is a charming voice. The timbre and speaking tone of a woman's voice intrigues me more than anything else she can possess. So far as I am concerned, an unpleasant voice can discount beauty, intelligence, feminine appeal or any other charm a woman may have. And since that applies to listening to one for as short a time as five minutes, I must put a pleasing voice above anything else I would want in a woman I might marry."

Columbia Studios was our next stopping point, and Warner Baxter stepped out of his jail scene in "Broadway Bill," long enough to discuss woman's appeal.

Charm Before Everything

"CHARM is hard to define but easy to recognize. It is sweetness and womanliness and wholesomeness. It's something that just reaches out and fascinates you. It is that something that Irene Dunne possesses to the *n*th degree, and that you sense in Ann Harding. Anyhow, that's the quality I admire most in a woman."

Dick Powell says the girl he loves simply must be intelligent—but, on second thought, he'd put sympathy above anything else.

"I want a girl that will fuss over me," frankly grins Dick. "If I come home and complain about a hard day's work I want her to help me fuss about it, and tell me how much I'm abused. And if I come home with a headache I want her to sympathize with me. So I guess that's most important to me, the quality of being able really to sympathize with the person you love."

Worldly wise, sophisticated Bill Powell wants something else again.

"To hold my interest," frankly admits Bill, "a girl must be attractive. Women are supposed to be attractive and I couldn't be interested unless they were." (It's a cinch Carole always was, Bill.) "And she must be entertaining, which means she must also be intelligent. I admire beauty," continues Bill, "and I dislike the masculine woman even more than does the average man."

George Brent runs Bill a close second in this dislike, as he lists as the first quality a girl should possess is femininity. George says he wants to sense the femininity and womanhood of the girl he escorts.

Franchot Tone says: "I admire most a woman who has real individuality; who is herself and not the reflection of someone else. To be individual one must have sincerity and character, the two other qualities I look for in women who attract me."

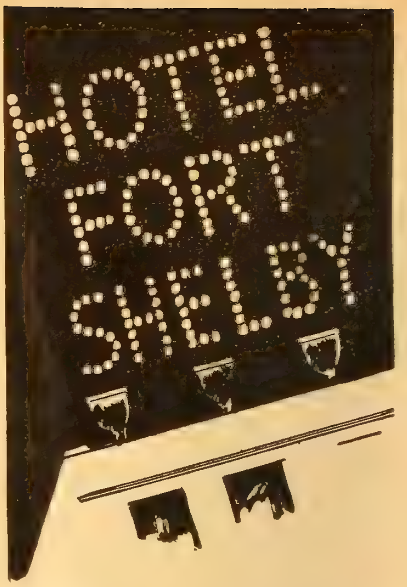
Individuality and character—that certainly spells Joan Crawford, doesn't it? And her sincerity in her work is one of the seven wonders of Hollywood.

"Naturalness, that's what I like in a woman," burst out John Barrymore when the matter was brought to his attention.

John's wife, Dolores Costello, was noted for her natural charm and femininity—and Jack's adoration for her is one of the instances Hollywood points to with pride.

Otto Limits the Intelligence

OTTO KRUGER wants companionship and intelligence. "I want a woman who is domestically inclined and educated," says Otto. "I want her sufficiently domestically inclined so that if she has something to do she can do it and sufficiently educated so that if her station calls for her to superintend the work of others she can do that also."



A Detroit Landmark

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Rooms $2 to $10

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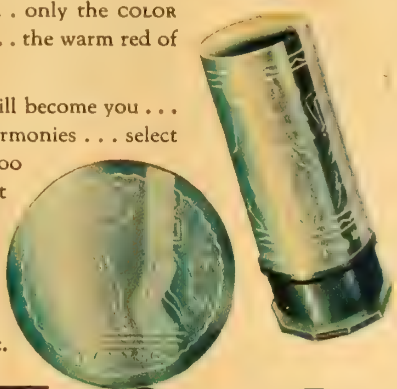
TATTOO YOUR LIPS

Tattoo your lips and you'll dare romance! Tattoo . . . that lovely lip color of intense, more meaning brilliance . . . tempting in itself but more tempting on lips. Subtle, exquisite Tattoo! Different from anything else . . . Tattoo is so softening, so tenderly smooth . . . lips seem to grow younger the more it is used. Apply Tattoo . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . only the color stays. No pastiness . . . only the color . . . the warm red of challenge to adventure . . . to *fate!*

More than one shade of Tattoo will become you . . . try at least two for differing costume harmonies . . . select them by testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. Tattoo for lips, $1.

Then . . . Tattoo your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of Tattoo Rouge. (for cheeks and lips) 75c.

Don't be misled by imitators . . . there is nothing else like Tattoo!



FOUR STARTLING SHADES

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EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it *very* effective!

NATURAL is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette.

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Put it on·· let it set ·· rub it off ·· only the COLOR *stays*

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"Oh, sure, I feel like going now! But that was the worst headache I ever had. I never took Bromo-Seltzer before, I don't know why. But thanks a lot, darling, that was just about the quickest relief I've ever experienced."

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So often, to relieve a headache, a single-action formula that merely kills pain is not enough. At times like this, Bromo-Seltzer *is* dependable. It is not a mere pain-killer but a skillfully balanced preparation containing 5 different medicinal ingredients.

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Most important of all, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. It is made under the strictest laboratory control. Be sure to keep Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet.

Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

Overwork or fatigue headache.

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Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.

Headache of the common cold.

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Headache at trying time of month.

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BROMO-SELTZER

Isn't it a Shame?

Graceful girl . . . lovely manners . . . but her teeth are dingy, her gums tender!

Don't let

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM

SHE's as gracious as she is graceful. She is intelligent...friendly. It's just too bad that the shadow of neglected teeth makes most people overlook her natural charm.

Yet sympathy is really misplaced. She ought to know better. The "pink" that appears on her tooth brush and dims the natural lustre of her teeth ought to warn her that *brushing the teeth is not enough.* Those tender gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea, may be just around the corner.

IPANA is needed

Modern soft foods that give our gums no work or stimulation are often responsible for our gum troubles. But in spite of our daily menus—it is possible to have sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.

Ipana and massage is the way. Clean your teeth with Ipana twice a day. And after each brushing, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums with your fingertip or brush. The massage and the ziratol in Ipana help tone and fortify the gum walls. Start with Ipana today and keep "pink tooth brush" out of your life.

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Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehar's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".

In the hush of a lilac-perfumed night to the soft sobbing of gypsy violins . . . they danced the dance of love . . . the "Merry Widow Waltz".

MAURICE
CHEVALIER
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an **ERNST LUBITSCH** Production

THE Merry Widow

with

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • UNA MERKEL
GEORGE BARBIER • • • MINNA GOMBELL
Screen Play by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

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Motion Picture

NOVEMBER
1934

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*
LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVIII, No. 4

The Original Film Magazine Edited in Hollywood and New York

DIETRICH—And All the Other Glamour Queens—Face a Crisis

Marlene Dietrich, who became a sensational star overnight, will now have to change her whole personality overnight. So will every other glamourous woman star in Hollywood. And the question is: *Can they do it?*

Glamour can't be glorified any longer. It's acting ability, not attracting ability, that must count now. And will this mean the doom of the sensational stars — the Dietrichs, Stens, Crawfords, Wests, Harlows? Or will they rise to new heights?

These are the biggest questions in Hollywood to-day. A few pages farther on, you will learn why—and read some predictions.

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HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Hollywood Editor*

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INSIDE News FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

By GLEN DALE

The Observing Reporter Who Gets **All** the News

That heat wave finally reached Hollywood, but Clara Lou Sheridan foiled it. With ice cakes surrounding her, she surrounded double ice cream cones. Clara Lou had to stay in Hollywood to work in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, the Elder, has come home—and all, or practically all, is as it was before. He looks the same, except that his hair has beaten a further retreat from his forehead, and he acts the same; the old pep, smile and agility are still there (as you will soon see for yourself in his new picture, "The Private Life of Don Juan"). After fourteen months in England, he didn't come back with a monocle—or even a Mayfair accent . . . And all those stories of his being romantically interested in Lady Sylvia Ashley can now, apparently, be put in the files and forgotten. The Lady—with whom he was fighting her husband's divorce suit—was reported "disconcerted" by his sudden departure for America; if true, what must her emotions have been when she read what he said on leaping off the train in Hollywood: "I do not expect to go back to England. I intend to remain permanently in Hollywood, making one or two pictures a year"? . . . He said that he might pay a visit to the old homestead, Pickfair, but he was visiting his brother, Robert, for a few days, before going South to Rancho Zorro, his huge ranch near San Diego . . . Mary Pickford, who had a divorce suit "pending," was not at the station to meet him, but a few hours later, they met at a "secret rendezvous" and had dinner at Pickfair. Succeeding days saw succeeding "trysts" (as the newspapers insisted on calling them), with the estranged couple officially talking business, but unofficially talking reconciliation. And both of them were glowing . . . Meanwhile, Gene Dennis, famous clairvoyant, predicted that there would be no divorce.

AND where is Douglas Fairbanks, the Younger? Still in England, yachting with Gertrude Lawrence, with whom he has a London stage date this Fall. He has turned down $200,000 worth of Hollywood offers, has his Beverly Hills house up for sale, and is converting other local investments into cash—presumably pounds sterling . . . Moreover, he has just turned producer, forming Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Productions, Ltd. So if he does come over this Fall, as his father rather thinks he will, it is likely to be more of a talent-hunting junket than anything else . . .

MARIE DRESSLER did not give up hope till the last; she did not make her will until she was on her

(Continued on page 10)

When folks start saying things against Hollywood, Cecil B. DeMille gets up in the air—and goes to answer them

● *Don't Miss*

December MOTION PICTURE

Combining the Best Features of two fine magazines

● Beginning next month, Motion Picture, the splendid publication you have known and liked so long, brings you a new diversity of entertainment.

Effective then, Motion Picture's pages will include the best of the editorial features of Golden Screen.

The "close-to-Hollywood" type of articles, departments and pictorial display, that for a quarter of a century have given Motion Picture preference with intelligent fan readers everywhere, will all be present.

But merged with these will be the cream of those sophisticated features that have caused Golden Screen to be regarded as one of the best publications of the day.

Thus, with December, when Golden Screen fuses its identity with that of its parent publication, you will find Motion Picture an even more interesting and authoritative magazine than ever.

Remember, your favorite magazine, Motion Picture, is the "daddy" of them all. It has created every new, worthwhile vogue in the presentation of the latest, most reliable Hollywood news and views.

And now, with the coming December issue, Motion Picture is again pioneering the way with a new and augmented wealth of fascinating stories and pictures of movieland's glamorous happenings and personalities.

Although you might naturally expect to pay more for this better-than-ever issue of Motion Picture, the newsstand price remains the same, only 15c.

You'll not want to miss out on this truly great treat. To be on the safe side, better instruct your newsstand dealer to reserve you a copy now.

Out OCTOBER 25th

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All Newsstands

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID

Virginia Bruce—who left the screen two years ago to marry John Gilbert and recently divorced him—returns in the title rôle of "Jane Eyre," which has a "Little Women" flavor. Colin Clive plays *Rochester;* Claire du Brey, *Bertha*

The Affairs of Cellini—Fredric (Great Medieval Lover) March makes love to Duchess Constance Bennett, while Duke Frank Morgan makes the picture a hilarious bedroom farce. But it's too grown-up for Junior and little Mary (20th Century).

Bachelor Bait—Stuart Erwin denies he is a younger Will Rogers. He'll have to renew the denials after his amusing performance as a dreamy innocent who is operating a matrimonial bureau (RKO).

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Norma Shearer and Fredric March go back in the Victorian era and re-live the love story of *Elizabeth Barrett* and *Robert Browning*, with Charles Laughton as her sinister father. From any angle, it is one of the year's best pictures (M-G-M).

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back—Every detective story has its sequel; this is Ronald Colman's sequel to "Bulldog Drummond." And a clever, burlesqued mystery it is, particularly with Charles Butterworth as his dead-pan assistant (20th Century).

Cleopatra—Claudette Colbert, in a Nile setting, makes a powerful appeal to two traveling men from Rome—Warren William (*Julius Caesar*) and Henry Wilcoxon (*Marc Antony*). Meanwhile, Cecil B. De Mille adds the spectacular touch to history's most famous triangle story (Par.).

Crime Without Passion—Something new in melodrama—the horror story of a cold-blooded criminal lawyer whose hobby is wrecking women's lives. Claude Rains and the newcomer, Margo, will rivet you to your seat (Par.).

Dames—The American chorus girl gets glorified in a big way—again. But there is added mirth this time. Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Zasu Pitts, Guy Kibbee and Hugh Herbert are the principals (W. B.).

Down to Their Last Yacht—A musicomedy about some ex-millionaires shipwrecked on a South Sea isle. It's a tuneful little eyeful, no sillier than it has a right to be, with Mary Boland, Polly Moran, Ned Sparks, Sidney Blackmer and Sidney Fox among the castaways (RKO).

The Dragon Murder Case—A new *Philo Vance*—Warren William—does all right by himself and a baffling case of murder in a swimming pool (F. N.).

Elmer and Elsie—"To the Ladies," 1934 version—a comedy of a bombastic husband who doesn't know that his wife is cleverer than he is. George Bancroft and Frances Fuller tell the story, which isn't so funny as it used to be (Par.).

The Fountain—A slow, but absorbing study of a wartime triangle, with Holland as the setting and with Ann Harding torn between love for Brian Aherne, an interned Briton, and pity for Paul Lukas, her wounded German husband (RKO).

The Girl from Missouri—Jean Harlow, less exposed, but plenty amusing, plays a chorus girl who intends to go straight—straight to the altar with a millionaire. When Lionel Barrymore balks, she switches to Franchot Tone (M-G-M).

Grand Canary—Warner Baxter is too handsome a doctor ever to be disgraced. But disgraced the story has him—so he can end a plague to redeem himself. The settings look more real than the story (Fox).

Handy Andy—Good, clean fun, bearing the Will Rogers brand. He's a corner druggist, who sells the store so that he and his wife can try to crash society. The big laugh is Will as an adagio dancer (Fox).

Hat, Coat and Glove—Courtroom drama with a new twist. Ricardo Cortez, as a criminal lawyer, wavers between conscience and jealousy, defending his wife's lover in a murder trial (RKO).

Here Comes the Navy—James Cagney returns to comedy, joining the Navy because he has a grudge against Pat O'Brien, who's a gob. Roisterous is the word for it (W. B.).

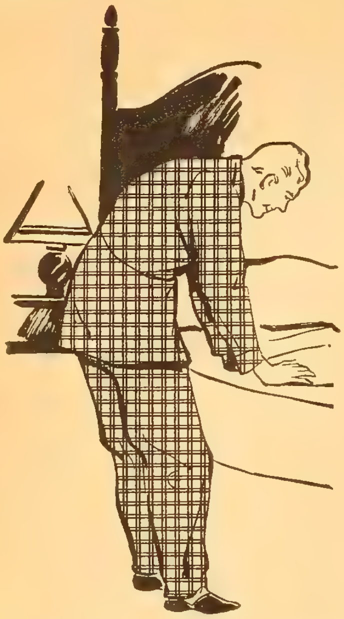
Hideout—An amusing echo of gangster films, with Robert Montgomery dodging detectives by taking to the simple life and Maureen O'Sullivan. A light salad on the movie menu (M-G-M).

His Greatest Gamble—Richard Dix, the screen's most successful jail-breaker, escapes prison long enough to help his daughter escape an unhappy fate. Now, if he could only escape rôles like this! (RKO)

Housewife—After helping hubby George Brent to success, Ann Dvorak finds him attracted to Bette Davis. Except for a couple of bright spots, it's still an old story (W. B.).

The Human Side—An amusing variation of the playboy husband and the stay-at-home wife, skilfully rendered by Adolphe Menjou and Doris Kenyon (Univ.).

Jane Eyre—Ever since "Little Women," producers have been trying to find something in the same mood. Charlotte Brontë's story of an early young feminist looks like the answer. Virginia Bruce bows gracefully back into films in the title rôle (Monogram).



Extra Long Box-Mattressed Beds

Tall people rest comfortably at Hotel Fort Shelby, for 100 of its 900 rooms and suites are equipped with box-mattressed beds, eight feet in length. All rooms with private bath—circulating ice water and tip-eliminating servidors.

Rooms $2 to $10.
Suites $6 to $25.

Three popular priced restaurants. Garage. Lobby Shops. Radio.

HOTEL Fort Shelby

MAYNARD D. SMITH
President

"AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS"
DETROIT

Kansas City Princess—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell go farcical as two manicurists who set out to lose their boredom. It's hilarious, but a bit rough (W. B.).

The Lady Is Willing—The last time he was in England, Leslie Howard made this light comedy. It's about a lad who seems able to win any girl except the one he wants (Col.).

The Last Gentleman—George Arliss does a superb take-off of a crotchety patriarch, the last of his line, who has a cynical sense of humor and a family who are waiting for his money (20th Century).

Madame Du Barry—The story of the tempestuous little milliner who ruled Louis XV can still bear re-telling—particularly with Dolores Del Rio as the *Madame*. The new and lavish version is expurgated a bit (W. B.).

The Man With Two Faces—Edward G. Robinson takes care of both the hero and the villain rôles in this mystery melodrama. That makes it twice as suspenseful (F. N.).

The Moonstone—Wilkie Collins' story of a vanished jewel was one of the first mystery stories ever written—and it still keeps people guessing. David Manners and Phyllis Barry are the young lovers (Monogram).

Nell Gwyn—The saucy favorite of Charles II of England gets a screen biography—a frank one. She is prettily played by Anna Neagle, who ought to be tempted to Hollywood (U. A.).

The Notorious Sophie Lang—The gendarmes can't catch Gertrude Michael, so they set another crook (Paul Cavanagh) on her trail. A pointless comedy that makes the cops look stupid—again (Par.).

Now and Forever—Shirley Temple went on strike for more money after she made this. (P. S. She got it). She is Gary Cooper's child and Carole Lombard's stepchild, and is innocently entangled in their unfortunate designs for living (Par.).

Of Human Bondage—Leslie Howard's face tells the emotions of a crippled idealist who is in bondage to a cold, callous chiseler of the opposite sex. Bette Davis had courage to play the rôle, in which, as Leslie says, she is "poisonously perfect." Recommended—for adults (RKO).

The Old-Fashioned Way—W. C. Fields' feud with Baby Le Roy comes to a head. Meanwhile, he's managing a troupe of "ham" actors in a setting of the Nineties. The laughs are continuous—as they should be (Par.).

One More River—John Galsworthy's psychological study of a misunderstood woman, persuasively told by Diana Wynyard, with Frank Lawton's aid (Univ.).

One Night of Love—Grace Moore brings grand opera to the masses and makes them like it—and her. A simple, dramatic story of the rise of a singer, with Tullio Carminati as a swell voice teacher. This is the picture Hollywood is raving about (Col.).

Our Daily Bread—Hollywood's first recognition of "the forgotten man"—a dramatic story of a colony of unemployed on an abandoned farm. Tom Keene, late of Westerns, proves himself a real actor (U. A.).

Paris Interlude—A flimsy tale of American expatriates in Paris, with liquor and love on their brains. Even Madge Evans, Otto Kruger and Robert Young can't make it entertainment (M-G-M).

Scarlet Empress—At one and the same time, Marlene Dietrich glorifies and debunks Catherine the Great. It looks like an experiment in movie art, with its fantastic settings and startling sound effects. Anyway, it's "different" (Par.).

Servants' Entrance—Cinderella in reverse. Janet Gaynor, wealthy, goes into servant work in disguise and falls in love with a mechanic (Lew Ayres). It's light and gay (Fox).

She Loves Me Not—Bing Crosby, a Senior and a songwriter at Princeton, gets into farcical difficulties when he and a pal harbor a fugitive chorus girl (Miriam Hopkins). The fun is simon-pure—and "Love in Bloom" is a song worth hearing (Par.).

She Was a Lady—Helen Twelvetrees, daughter of the outcast of a wealthy English family, tries to crash the gates of the old estate. Just why remains a mystery (Fox).

Straight Is the Way—Franchot Tone, ex-convict, returns to his old surroundings and has a battle, escaping the old life. It has a big moral (M-G-M).

Treasure Island—Stevenson can rest in peace. They've done right by his great pirate yarn—with Jackie Cooper as *Jim Hawkins* and Wallace Beery as *Long John Silver*. This is going to start a deluge of pirate pictures (M-G-M).

The World Moves On—Almost an epic. In the early 1800's, some clannish brothers scatter to far countries; a century later, their offspring are trying to kill each other. That makes it an anti-war picture. Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone, in dual rôles, are more effective than the story, which is too ambitious for its own good (Fox).

Here are a few

DON'TS

about laxatives!

Don't take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don't take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills!

Don't take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

TAKE EX-LAX—THE LAXATIVE
THAT DOES NOT FORM A HABIT

You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. Ex-Lax doesn't force—it acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative should be.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax — spelled E-X-L-A-X — to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
6 tablets 10c
18 tablets 25c

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

INSIDE NEWS FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

(*Continued from page 6*)

deathbed—when, according to Allen Breed Walker, witness and lifelong friend, "She sat up in bed, took the pen in her fingers, and scratched her sprawling signature. Then she twisted up her face, like she did on the screen, and said, 'Well, that's that.'" . . . The document disposes of an estate of $310,000, leaving numerous bequests to friends, $50,000 to her faithful Negro servants, Mamie and Jerry Cox, and the residue to her sister, Mrs. Bonita Ganthony, in England. . . . Mamie was with Marie for twenty-three years and was in charge of the nurses at the end—nurses who weren't allowed to wear uniforms, but were asked to wear street dresses. . . . Now, Claire Du Brey, closely associated with Marie during the last seven years of the actress' life, announces that she is completing a candid biography of her. She quotes Marie as instructing her: "When I am dead, Claire, I want you to tell the truth. You know me better than anyone else, and I can trust you. Not just the nice things, remember . . . I've got plenty of faults, just like me devil of a father. Tell 'em the truth, dear. Nobody's perfect."

SPEAKING of life-stories, Valentino's long-lost autobiography has been found, eight years after his death. Without thinking of posterity's possible interest, he put a record of his private life on film, for his own amusement. It was—and is—the first movie autobiography. And it may be released to the public. . . .

For two weeks, making a picture, Leon Errol and John Gilbert lived on a ship. Now they understand why it was called "The Captain Hates the Sea"

The lion cub's name is Pal, and the press-agent said the beast was "as tame as a dog," but Ginger Rogers is all poised to fly down to Rio if he should offer to shake hands. Personally, she'd rather play with Fred Astaire in "The Gay Divorce"

One of the things most evident in the film is his love for Natacha Rambova, his second wife. She has just married again, the groom being a Spanish nobleman, Don Alvaro de Urzaiz. She now lives at Palma, Mallorca, where she has reputedly amassed a fortune by buying up villas and renting them to visiting Americans. . . .

FOR a few hours, it looked as if Hollywood had an unsolved murder mystery, when Jerry Jarnagin, popular songwriter-husband of Irene Franklin, the actress, was found dead of a bullet wound, with the revolver several feet away. . . . Reporters immediately cited a similarity to the "mysterious" death of Paul Bern, whose lifeless body was found several feet from the revolver that caused his death. . . . Now, as then, however, powder burns and fingerprints resulted in a verdict of suicide. But now, as then, the motive for suicide remained a mystery—at least to the public. Guests were in the house, about to sit down to a dinner in celebration of the fact that the Jarnagins had been called for a joint screen test the following day. . . . Hollywood and Broadway are both going to miss Jerry Jarnagin, who, musicians said, could have been one of the world's great pianists, if he had devoted himself to the study of music, instead of to the glamourous tinsel of Tin Pan Alley . . .

HIGH movie salaries? Tut, tut! The press-agents have been exaggerating. The facts (straight from Washington, which has been looking into Hollywood wages) are these: Out of 3,846 screen slaves who received at least $150 a week in 1933, only 446 made more than $25,000 during the year; and only 66 of those collected $100,000 or more. . . .

ONE of them was Will Rogers, who made enough to take a world tour, even with exchange rates what they are. With the death of Marie Dressler, he becomes Box Office Star No. 1, and Janet Gaynor is in second position. Winfield Sheehan, who isn't exactly slow-witted, is co-starring them in "One More Spring"—with Warner Baxter also present, for good measure. . . . Will is one star who can state publicly that he is unworried by the clean-up agitation. "Shucks," says Will, "my pictures have been so clean they've been uninterestin'." . . .

AS producers size it up now, there is only one way to win artistic freedom for the movies and yet keep the good will of those who want films to be suitable for Tiny Tots. That is, to make three distinct kinds of films: one group for sophisticated adults, another for children, the third for

(*Continued on page 82*)

Barbara STANWYCK

Starring in Warner Bros. production of Willa Cather's novel

"A LOST LADY"

Illustrates a Max Factor Color Harmony Make-Up

For her colorings . . . dark auburn hair, creamy skin and blue eyes . . . the perfect color harmony make-up is Max Factor's Brunette Face Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick.

FACE POWDER

In original color harmony shades that actually enliven the beauty of the skin . . . and there is a shade for your individual colorings. Perfect in texture, Max Factor's Face Powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours and hours. One dollar.

ROUGE

In harmonizing colors to blend with your face powder and your colorings so as to impart a youthful glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth in texture, Max Factor's Rouge blends easily and smoothly . . . creating a soft and natural coloring. Fifty cents.

LIPSTICK

Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must withstand every close-up test. So here is the lipstick you can depend upon to create lasting lip make-up, permanent and uniform in color. And only Max Factor's Lipstick will give your lips that alluring beauty of perfect color harmony. One dollar.

Why Any Girl CAN BE MORE ATTRACTIVE

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor, Explains the Secret of LOVELY BEAUTY

"BEAUTY is seldom born . . . it is made. There, in a sentence, is a message which I hope will bring cheer to thousands of hearts.

"For twenty-odd years now, I have created make-up for the motion picture stars and studios of Hollywood. Thousands of times I have actually seen what make-up can do in finding and revealing beauty.

"So I hope to bring to you new courage and a better understanding of what it is about beauty that attracts; and how you yourself may become more attractive.

"If you are naturally beautiful, you may become even more lovely. If you have despaired of your beauty possibilities, you may learn how to achieve an attractive charm which you never dreamed you possessed.

"Here is what to do! Take your mirror and study yourself. Is your face thin or round? Have you high cheekbones? Hollow cheeks? Small eyes? Thin lips? I will tell you how to conceal or improve those features which you think unattractive.

"Now take your mirror again and study your colorings. Are you blonde, brunette, or some other type? What color are your eyes? Is your skin fair, sallow, freckled or olive? Your own analysis will enable me to suggest a perfect color harmony make-up for you, which we have proved, here in Hollywood, will double beauty. Furthermore, I will tell you how to use your rouge, eye make-up and lipstick so as to subdue certain features and emphasize those which are attractive.

"Always remember that color is the secret of beauty that attracts. And to bring out the alluring color attraction of each type, we have proved that face powder, rouge and lipstick must be in correct color harmony.

"So for you . . . for every woman . . . I created Color Harmony Make-Up consisting of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonizing shades to blend with your individual complexion colorings. The face powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings perfectly; the rouge imparts a lifelike glow of color to the cheeks; the lipstick gives the lips a lovely color that remains permanent and uniform for hours and hours."

WILL YOU ACCEPT from Max Factor a priceless beauty gift? Your complexion analysis and color harmony chart together with Max Factor's instruction book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up.*" Just as a make-up test has been an inspiration to many a girl in Hollywood . . . and oftentimes won for her a starring role or a featured role . . . so may this make-up information bring to you a new outlook on life because of a new confidence that you can appear more beautiful and more attractive.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . *Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick* in COLOR HARMONY

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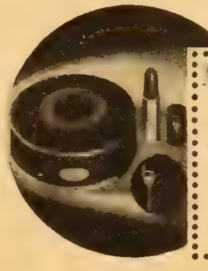

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MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD

JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*" . . . FREE

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NAME ____________________

STREET ____________________

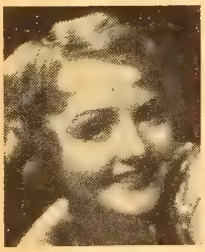
CITY __________ STATE __________

COMPLEXIONS	*EYES*	*HAIR*
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	*LASHES (Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check*
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	*AGE*	*type above and here* ☐

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.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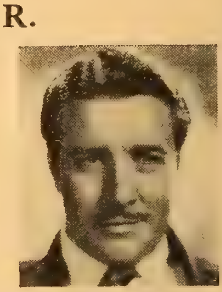
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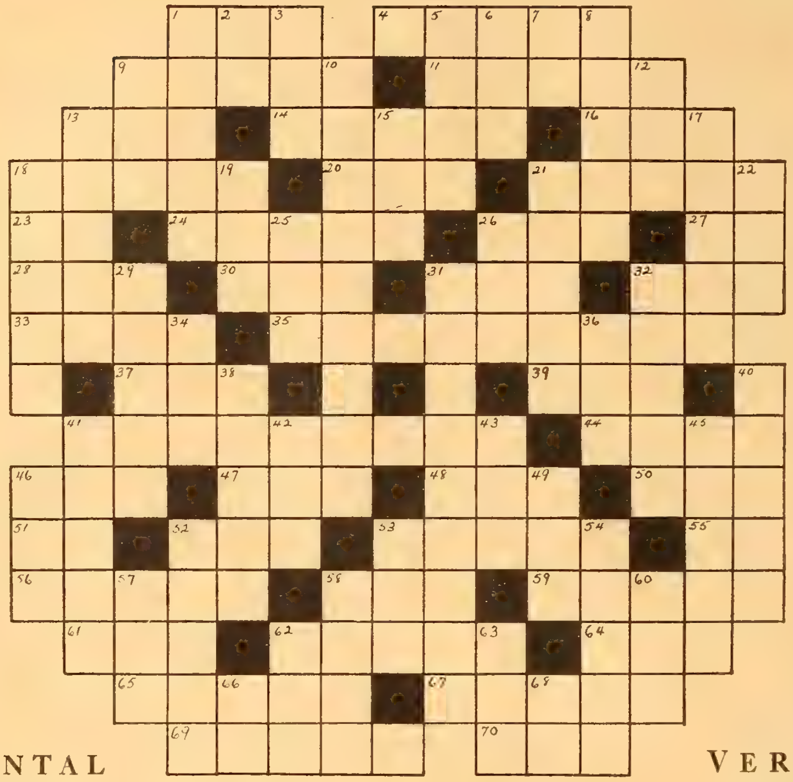

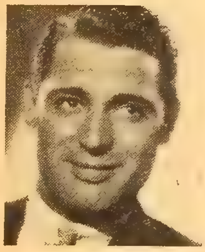
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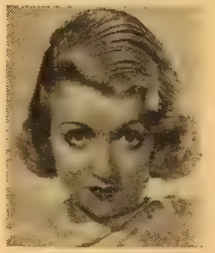

No. 31

HORIZONTAL

1. She's the daughter of a well-known British comedian
4. See illustration
9. Barbara Stanwyck's husband
11. *Bassett* in "A Bill of Divorcement"
13. Rex Bell's wife
14. *Archie* in "Let's Fall In Love"
16. Still
18. *Countess Rita* in "Kiss and Make Up"
20. Vilma Banky's husband
21. "Grand ——"
23. Albert's initials
24. William Powell's character in "The Thin Man" (poss.)
26. If you are movie crazy, you are called a ——
27. Vivienne's initials
28. His last name is Stewart
30. —— pros. (unwilling to prosecute)
31. A tooth in a gear wheel
32. The late Dressler's most famous character rôle
33. "—— Bride"
35. Motion pictures might also be called by this name (pl.)
37. Jackie Cooper is a little ——
39. A short pile fabric
41. Her first name is Barbara
44. Kay Johnson's rôle in "Of Human Bondage"
46. "—— Iceberg"
47. Initials of the author of "Reunion In Vienna" and "Roman Scandals"
48. Paul Jr. at 12 in "I Give My Love"
50. "She Loves Me ——"
51. Blackface comedian
52. "Born to be ——"
53. Title of the latest Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell musical show
55. Lee Tracy's home state (abbr.)
56. *Hale* in "The Lost Patrol"
58. Triumph
59. *Edith* in "We're Not Dressing"
61. Standing's title
62. See illustration
64. Over (poetic)
65. *Lucky Davis* in "Come On, Marines"
67. The Frenchman in "Little Man, What Now?"
69. "Flaming ——"
70. *Daphne* in "The Man With Two Faces"

VERTICAL

1. His first name is Charles
2. Don's initials
3. *Julie* in "The Fountain"
5. *Burton* in "Dr. Monica"
6. Avenues (abbr.)
7. Neely's initials
8. Glenn's last name
9. "—— Love or Money"
10. Nancy Carroll's ex-husband (poss.)
12. What the location of a scene is called
13. He directed "Here Comes the Navy"
15. First part of the name of the movie city
17. Her first name is Carol
18. *Florence Allen* in "Many Happy Returns"
19. "The —— of Madelon Claudet"
21. Mother of Ishmael (Bib.)
22. He was called the man of a thousand faces (deceased)
25. Policeman (coll.)
26. "Looking —— Trouble"
29. Wife of Edward Ward (poss.)
31. See illustration
32. Huntley Gordon's character in "Dancing Man"
34. "—— Correspondent"
36. "The Thin ——"
38. She answers to the name of Mary
40. October 22 is Constance Bennett's —— day
41. See illustration
42. *Riordan* in "Private Scandal"
43. First name of a producer
45. *Jimmy Corcoran* in "Grand Canary"
46. Sob (Scot.)
49. *Sally* in "Of Human Bondage"
52. *Robert Tranter* in "Grand Canary"
53. Noise
54. Shirley Temple —— the show in "Stand Up and Cheer"
57. By way of
58. "I —— My Man"
60. First half of a bray
62. "Let's Talk It Over" was directed by Kurt ——man
63. Sweet potato
66. Initials of Jill Esmond's husband
68. *Dan Collins* in "The Hell Cat" (init.)

Solution to Last Puzzle

		C	L	A	R	K		F	A	N		M	A	R	S	H		
	L	A	U	R	A	■	B	O	L	E	S	■	B	A	T	O	N	
P	A	R	K	■	Y	O	U	R	■	D	O	R	E	■	A	P	I	A
H	I	R	A	M	■	L	D	■	O	■	N	O	■	B	R	E	N	T
Y	D	■	S	A	R	I	■	A	N	D	■	B	A	E	R	■	A	W
L	■	■	■	R	I	V	E	R	■	E	V	E	R	S	■	■	■	I
L	G	■	A	I	D	E	■	M	A	E	■	R	E	S	T	■	H	L
I	R	E	N	E	■	R	A	■	T	■	A	T	■	Y	O	D	E	L
S	A	N	D	■	I	S	L	E	■	A	L	A	S	■	B	A	R	S
	Y	I	R	R	S	■	E	V	A	N	S	■	A	L	I	N	E	
		D	E	N	T	S		E	R	N		S	T	O	N	E		

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

Hi America!.. Here he comes.

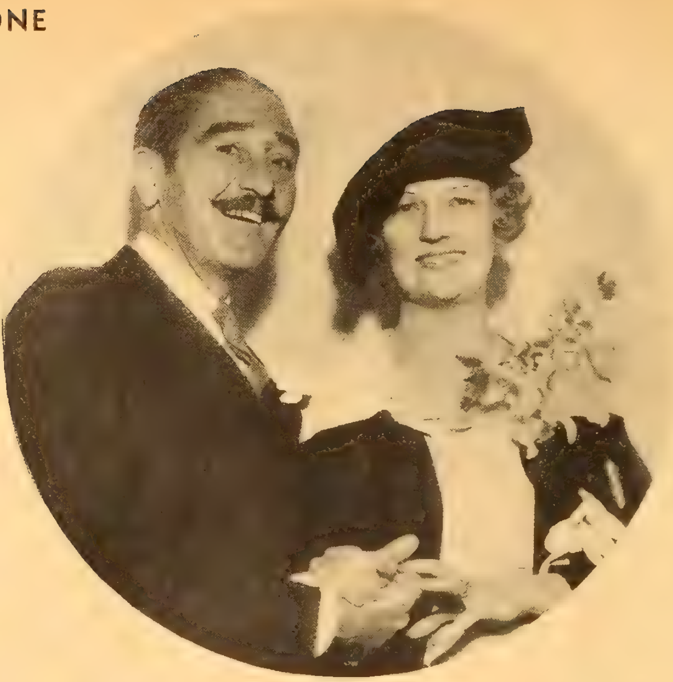
...IN WARNER BROS.' WILDEST LAFF RIOT!

Every lap a laff as the screen's ace comic sets the pace!... See him as the Adonis of the Arena—making chumps out of champs ... a cycling cyclone of mirth—head over wheels in love with every gal in the grandstand! ... It's an hysteric event!

JOE E. BROWN in "6-DAY BIKE RIDER"

With Maxine Doyle • Frank McHugh • Gordon Westcott
Directed by Lloyd Bacon • A First National Picture

By MARION MARTONE



Do You Know This Couple—And Why They Are Smiling?

AND HOW MANY OF THESE OTHER QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER CORRECTLY? GIVE YOURSELF THIS

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

2. What movie star has asked the court to make his screen name his legal name?

3. Who is the English beauty who is engaged to marry one of Hollywood's most prominent producers?

4. Can you name the two screen personalities who featured in an elopement on August 9?

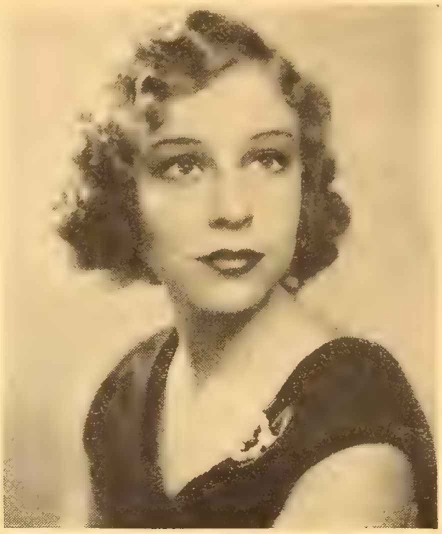
5. Which film star was recently reunited with her father, whom she hadn't seen in seventeen years?

6. "The Most Popular Girl in Hollywood" is about to be married to what singing screen star?

7. There's a possibility that a screen author and his divorced actress-wife may be reconciled. Do you know them?

8. The former wife of what great screen star, now deceased, was recently married to a Spanish Lord?

9. What actress and director were married in Yuma, Arizona, on August 16?



10. Do you know the name of the young lady pictured directly above?

11. Which star has been having trouble with his eyes because of the make-up he wears in his latest picture?

12. Do you know the film player who has severed his connections with the movie company he has been with for eleven years?

13. What movie couple, hailed for fifteen years as Hollywood's "ideally married" pair, were divorced recently?

14. To whom has Lili Damita been reported engaged?

15. The outcome of what movie couple's marital affairs has been holding everybody's interest?

16. Who are the movie stars who were accused of being communist sympathizers and aiding the Red cause financially?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 84)

ANNOUNCING AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

BRAND NEW MODEL No. 5 REMINGTON PORTABLE 10¢ A DAY

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

25% PRICE REDUCTION

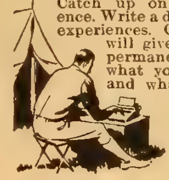
● Positively the greatest portable typewriter bargain ever offered! Now for the first time Remington, world-famous manufacturer, offers a NEW purchase plan... only 10¢ a day buys this latest model machine! Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand *new* regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; *every essential feature found in standard typewriters!*

A Gift that Points the Way to Success

For birthday, Christmas, wedding, anniversary or graduation...give a Remington Portable. The one gift every member of the family will welcome. When Dad brings home work from the office, when Brother has reports to get out, when Sister and Mother answer correspondence . . . a typewriter will do every task faster, neater.

Make Leisure Hours More Fun

A Remington Portable can be carried anywhere and used anywhere. Catch up on correspondence. Write a diary of many experiences. Only a diary will give you a good permanent record of what you have done and what you have seen. You will want a typewriter some day. Get it now!



ACT . . . WHILE LOW PRICE HOLDS GOOD!

New wage scales in our own factories, and in the factories of the companies which make our materials, point definitely to higher prices. Stocks of machines on hand make possible the present unbelievably low cash price on this machine. Everything points to higher prices. We don't believe that we can maintain the present 25% price reduction in the face of constantly rising costs in every one of our departments. So we say . . . "Act fast!"

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can try this machine for 10 days without risking one penny of your money. *Not even shipping charges.* Send for complete details on this most liberal offer. Get attractive new catalogue illustrating and describing the many Remington models available on unusually low terms. Clip coupon today!

CLIP COUPON NOW

EVERY ESSENTIAL FEATURE found in Standard Machines

Buying a typewriter isn't like buying a suit of clothes. Many Remington portables, seeing 10 years of hard service are still in active use. When you buy...buy a machine with every *standard* feature. The Remington No. 5 is the most compact and durable portable ever built...includes all essential standard typewriter features. This beautiful machine represents the height of economy . . . unequalled economy in first cost . . . unequalled economy in service.

It is today the best value ever offered in typewriter history... and that statement comes from the company that has constantly *made* typewriter history. Buy now. It is a real bargain offer.

Specifications...

The Model 5 includes every essential feature found in standard typewriters. It has standard 4-row keyboard, Complete visibility. Standard width carriage for long envelopes. Carriage return lever of exceptional design for easy and rapid operation. Margin release on the keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Back spacer. Two color ribbon shift.

Variable line spacer. Adjustable margin stops. Auto set Paragraph Key (one of the most useful features found on any typewriter). Weight 11 lbs. 13 oz. Furnished with Pica or Elite type.

TYPING COURSE **FREE**

When you get your new Remington No. 5. you will get with it... ABSOLUTELY FREE... a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, speeds up work. It is simply written and well illustrated. Instructions are easy as A.B.C. Even a child can understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or grown-up, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER that we give you on your typewriter. At the end of that time, you should be able to dash off letters faster than with pen and ink.

CARRYING CASE **FREE**

With every Remington No. 5, a FREE carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. Covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base. Can be used anywhere... on knees, in chairs, on trains.

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 144-11 Buffalo, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ *State* ____________________

LIVE NOWHERE! . . . REVEL

The lilting music of Caravan will sing on in your heart . . . . . haunting you for days to come!

THRILL TO THE GAYETY OF THESE JOYOUS SONGS:
3
"HAPPY, I AM HAPPY"
"HA-CHA-CHA"
"WINE SONG"

AN ERIK CHARELL PRODUCTION

CARAVAN

Executive Producer:
Robert T. Kane
Directed by
Erik Charell
From a story by
Melchior Lengyel
Music by
Werner Richard Leymann

ANYWHERE!..LOVE EVERYWHERE!

His caressing melodies sang these tempting words to her . . . whose heart yearned for moonlit nights and joyous revelry, and warmed to the gay festival of the wine-filled grape!

CHARLES BOYER
LORETTA YOUNG
JEAN PARKER

PHILLIPS HOLMES • LOUISE FAZENDA
EUGENE PALLETTE • C. AUBREY SMITH
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • NOAH BEERY

FOX

STARVING. . .yet they *Dreaded* the coming of the *FOOD SHIP*

FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda's, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization's curse—the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds *are* caused by germs, they say—but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filtrable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation, one man's cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all; the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus—both dangerous. They do not cause a cold—they complicate and aggravate it.

To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

Obviously, the important part of the fight against invisible virus and visible bacteria should take place in the mouth and throat. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep it, the less chance germs have of developing.

"The daily use of a mouthwash," says one eminent authority, "will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth and nose from their earliest years."

For oral hygiene, Listerine is ideal—so considered for more than fifty years both by the medical profession and the laity. It possesses that rare combination absent in so many mouth washes—adequate germ killing power plus complete safety. And of all mouth washes, it has the pleasantest taste.

Numerous tests under medical supervision have shown that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it.

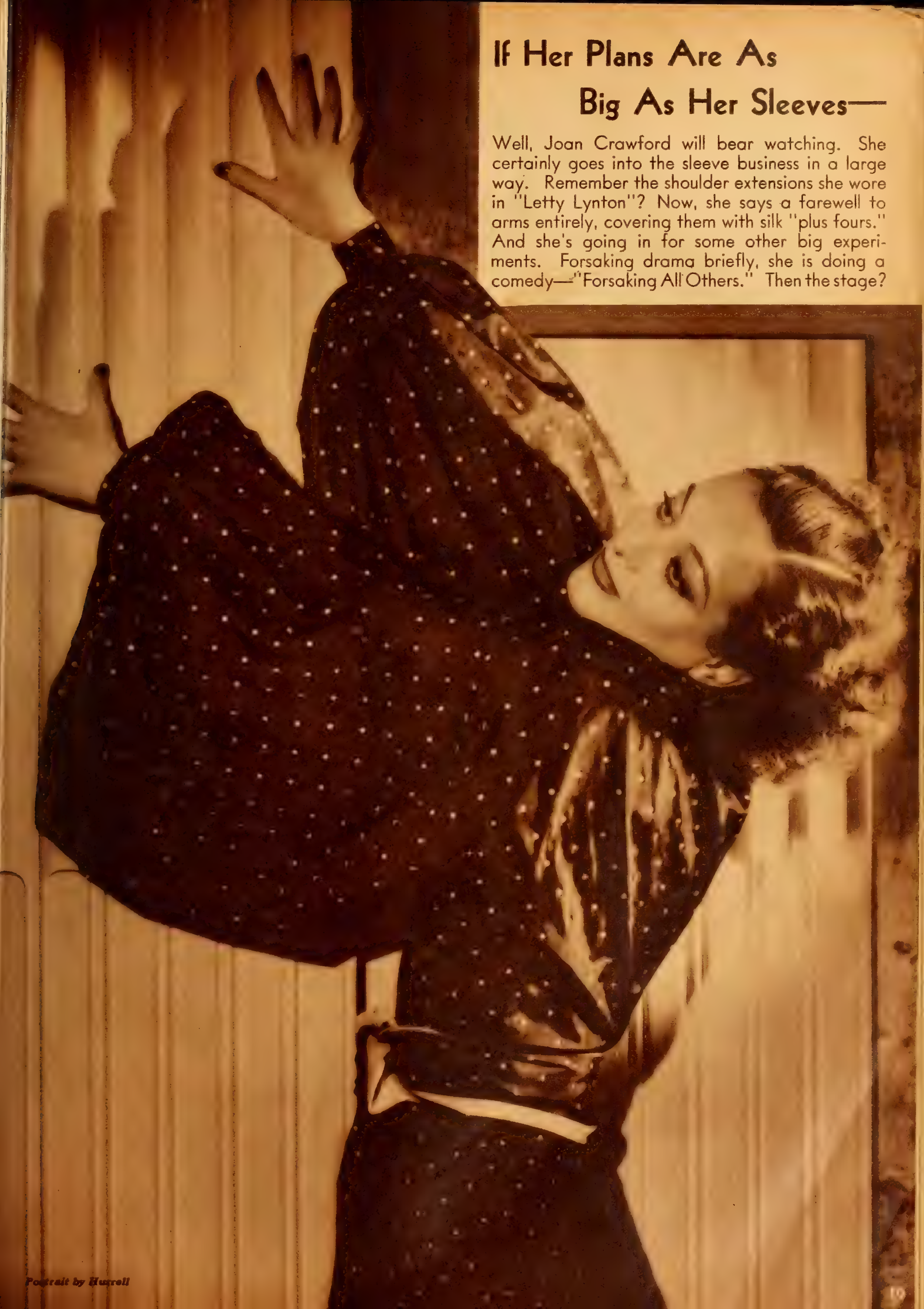
●

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. MU-11, St. Louis, Missouri.

For Colds and Sore Throat . . . LISTERINE . . . The Safe Antiseptic

If Her Plans Are As Big As Her Sleeves—

Well, Joan Crawford will bear watching. She certainly goes into the sleeve business in a large way. Remember the shoulder extensions she wore in "Letty Lynton"? Now, she says a farewell to arms entirely, covering them with silk "plus fours." And she's going in for some other big experiments. Forsaking drama briefly, she is doing a comedy—"Forsaking All Others." Then the stage?



Portrait by Hurrell

Discovered —At Last

Henry Hull is the name. And how Hollywood has overlooked him all these years is more of a mystery than anything S. S. Van Dine ever wrote. His name has been in lights above the title of many a Broadway hit, and critics have shouted that he was "Broadway's best." Film scouts finally looked and listened—Just for a start, he is doing Dickens' "Great Expectations"

Portrait by Ben Pinchot

Being Modern for a Moment

"Between pictures, it's a 'short' life and a merry one for me," smiles Norma Shearer. She has just had the greatest rôle of her career in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—but, just the same, it seems good to get out of *Elizabeth Barrett's* crinoline, invalid's chair and almost-tragic predicaments. After the rest, she is to don royal robes and be *Marie Antoinette*, Queen of France

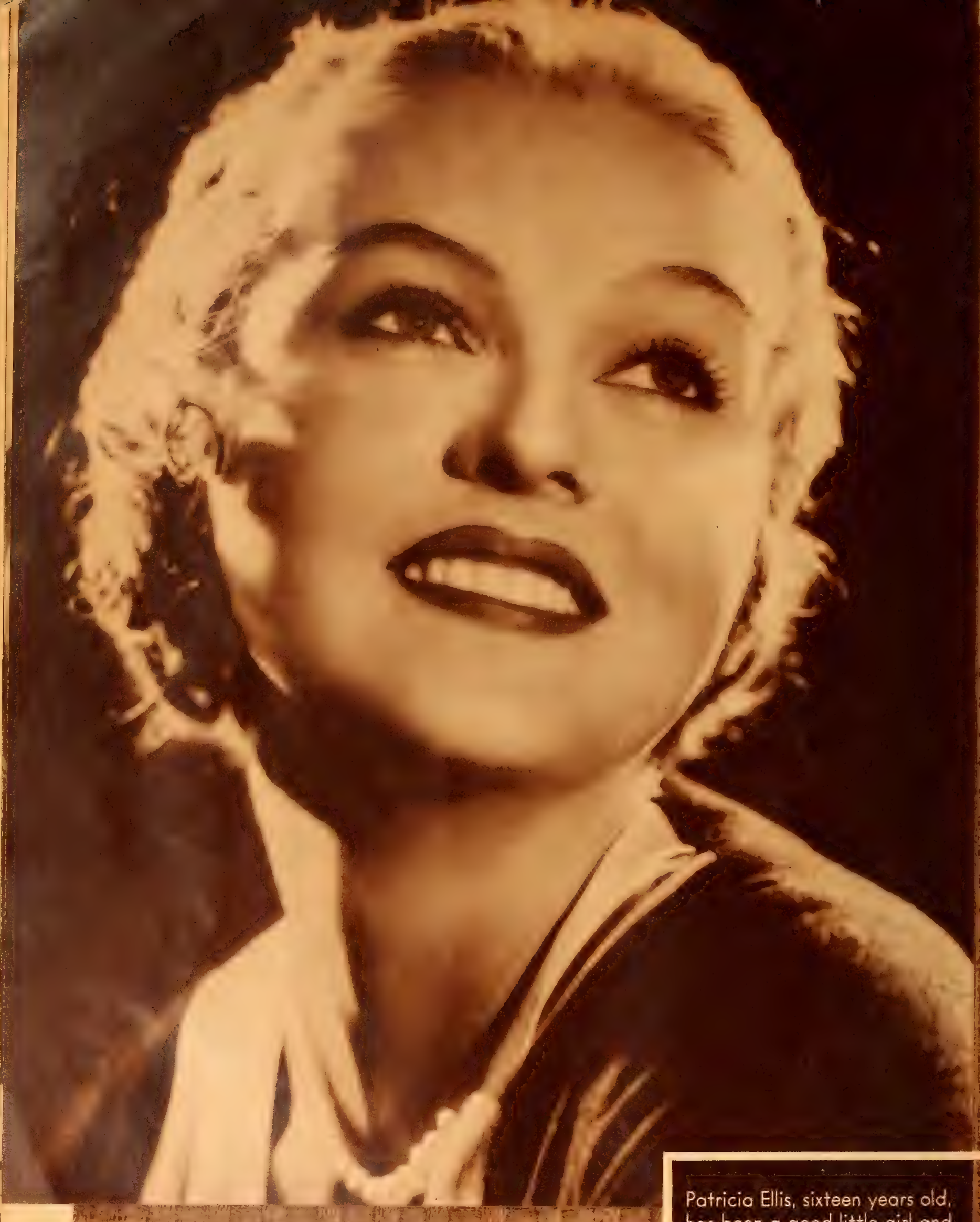
Portrait by Hurrell

"Revolutionary" Lovers

Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett are a new—nay, a Revolutionary—love team in "The Pursuit of Happiness," the comedy of 1776. He is a young Hessian who deserts to the Yankee cause; she is a pert Puritan to whom he has to make love in a Puritan way. Something "different" for both

1890 Tête-à-Tête

Back in the 1890's, when the well-dressed girl carried a sun umbrella and put her boy-friend in the shade—that was "The Age of Innocence." And John Boles and Irene Dunne are re-creating it for the picture of that name. The last time they tête-à-tête'd—in "Back Street"—they made a mutual hit



Can Act Older Now

Patricia Ellis, sixteen years old, has been a good little girl and played one ingénue rôle after another without complaining *too* much. So now she is getting a reward. As the daughter in "Big-Hearted Herbert," she doesn't have to be dutiful. The next one, she will be linking arms with James Cagney for "A Perfect Week-End"

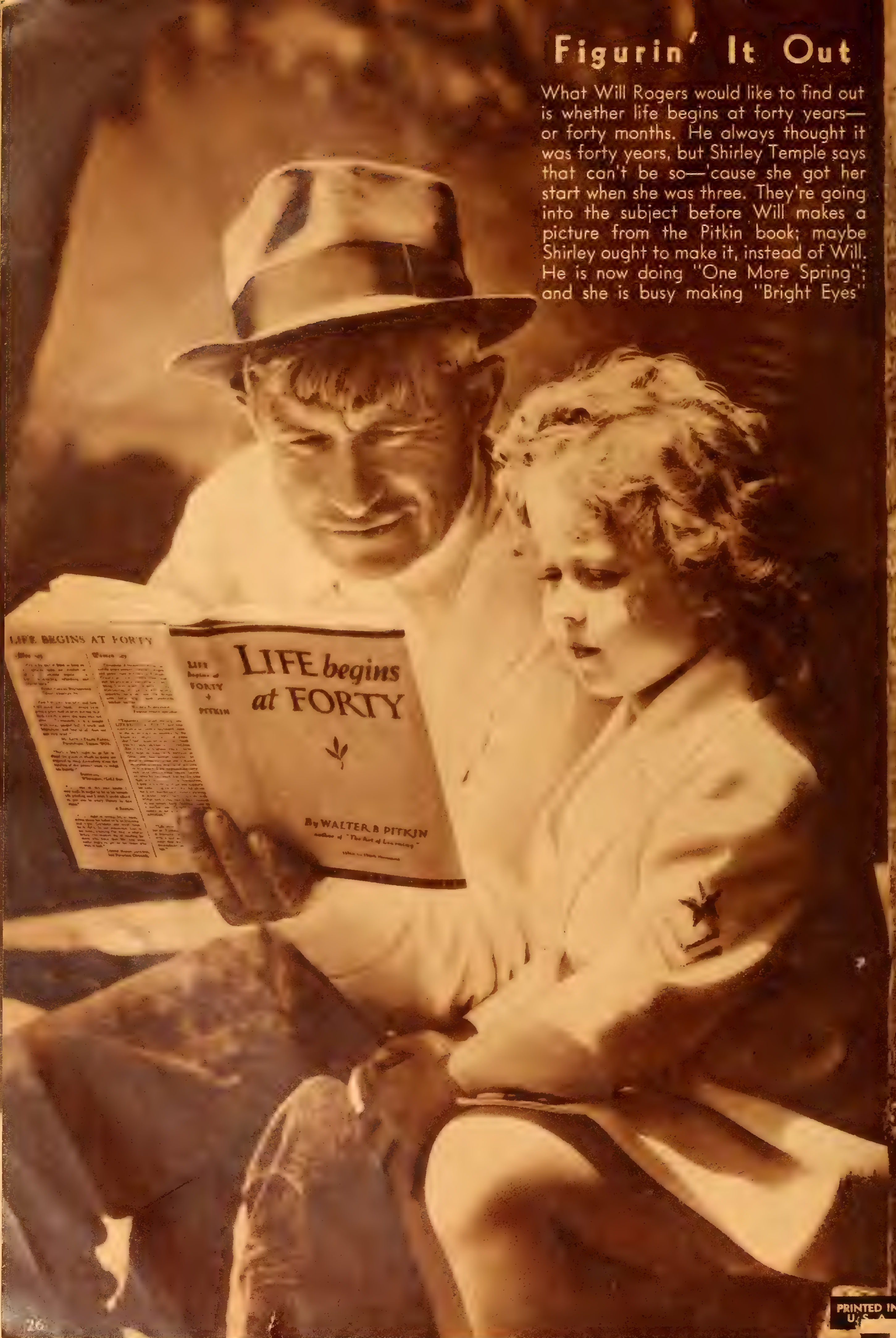
Hollywood has a yen for British men. That's one reason why Brian Aherne (left) is getting the breaks. Another reason—he knows his acting. Ann Harding falls in love with him in "The Fountain"; ditto Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows"

Traveling Men

England has a yen for Yankee stars. That's one reason why Charles Farrell (left) traveled over to make "Beauty Ball." Another is—he craved a brief change of scenery. Johnny Mack Brown (above) hasn't traveled anywhere—except to stardom. After Mae West picked him to do half of the love-making in "Belle of the Nineties," producers discovered that he was tall, dark and handsome enough to do he-man epics. The first —"Police Ambulance"

Figurin' It Out

What Will Rogers would like to find out is whether life begins at forty years—or forty months. He always thought it was forty years, but Shirley Temple says that can't be so—'cause she got her start when she was three. They're going into the subject before Will makes a picture from the Pitkin book; maybe Shirley ought to make it, instead of Will. He is now doing "One More Spring"; and she is busy making "Bright Eyes"



The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs!*

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES · $99^{44}/_{100}\%$ PURE

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM
" 'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"

"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS

"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

What Price Glamour?

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

Marlene Dietrich (above) and Anna Sten (right) present the ultimate in lure for the other sex. But now they will have to forget their attracting ability, and prove their acting ability . . .

WHAT is to become of the modern sirens of the screen? Does the cleaning up of pictures mean that "X" is going to mark the spots where their names used to be in lights? Can those scintillating stars, who gained their popularity through provocative personal lure and daring ultra-sophistication, retain their lustre against the less colorful background of conventional respectability? These are the questions that Hollywood is asking to-day—and with Hollywood carrying millions of dollars' investment in its glamour queens, they are *some* questions.

Can Mae West, Jean Harlow, Anna Sten, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo and some of the lesser portrayers of tempting or tempted ladies, shine in rôles that have been purged of their scarlet tinge? Putting it frankly: are they artists enough to entertain us when they act as we would want our own women to act, or must they depend upon scarlet glamour and amorous intrigue—and the gilt of the primrose path—to hold our interest?

Are producers worrying because Hollywood's most colorful stars might not make good in the new parts they must play—or is it the

What's going to happen to Anna Sten, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, Norma Shearer and the other stars who have risen to fame and fortune by being tempting—or tempted—ladies? Can they survive the banning of sexy pictures?

Mae West can't continue to be "the Queen of Sex." But prophets predict she will last —in a new type of rôle

Norma Shearer doesn't need to be daring in order to dazzle. She proves that in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

Jean Harlow's "glamour" must now be shrouded. And three directors see this as the biggest break yet for Jean

fear that the American public might prove intolerant that is keeping them awake nights? Is there a possibility that the average American will turn thumbs down on these players, without giving them a chance to show what they can really do?

One of the biggest producers says he does not think so—even though audiences in several theatres hissed the trailer of the latest picture featuring his most sensational star.

Predicts New Fame in New Rôles

"THERE is bound to be a reaction against anything that has been frowned upon by the churches of America," he explains, "but once the public understands that both the producers and the stars are eager to give it what it wants, and more than willing to cooperate in this clean-up movement, prejudice will die out. The average American is fair-minded—and certainly almost every movie fan is curious to know how this or that star will meet her new conditions and play her new parts.

"If a star, whose rise has been largely due to her physical attractiveness to the other sex, abandons Nature's weapons, so to speak, and then, by sheer dramatic ability, proves her right to stardom, the American public will give her full credit. Personally, I believe that the stars who prove themselves bigger than the parts they have been playing will be doubly entrenched in the hearts of their fans. To some of these sensational stars, this clean-up will mean the breaking of shackles and the realization of greater opportunities and success."

No doubt—but to which stars? Who will survive and who will not?

Has Jean Harlow's beautiful body shackled her histrionic ability and limited her opportunities, or has it been the "open sesame" to fame and success? Have Mae West's provocative lines and exaggerated curves handcuffed her art, or are they responsible for a nation's becoming West-conscious? Has Sten's amazing lure kept us from recognizing the real depth of her ability, or has it inspired us to imagine art where no art ever grew before? Have Dietrich's lovely legs trampled her true possibilities underfoot, or—

At any rate, the question Hollywood is asking itself to-day is: "What's next for our seductive stars—greater glory or oblivion? And which for whom?"

Why Mae Is "On the Spot"

AT this moment, prospects look a little gray for Mae West, who has acquired a censor all her own to prove her willingness to meet the crusaders more than half-way. Conditions are most critical for Mae because she was more daring and went further in the interpretation of light ladies than any other player in Hollywood. She was the super-frank, diamond-studded, smiling lass who took the doubt out of what it was all about. In her pictures, Mae said the things the others hinted—and dressed the art of man-snatching in a cute clown make-up. In short, she made amorous dallying appear entirely too funny. And so she was the straw that broke the poor old camel's back.

For which Mae deserves a vote of thanks. As the alarm clock that awakened the cleaner-uppers, the blonde curve artist performed a real service. By reason of that fact alone, she is entitled to a fair chance to prove that she can do other things. Besides, seeing Mae in a Pollyanna rôle ought to make the bluest nose among us glisten with righteous satisfaction.

But there are those who believe that Mae is the personification of temptation itself, with no chance to succeed in a Pollyanna rôle—and those who believe that her dangerous curves would wiggle temptation into a Quaker frock. In their eyes she has acquired a permanent scarlet glow. How to counteract those impressions is Mae's biggest problem.

Is she actress enough to accomplish the feat? Regarding this, one of America's foremost casting directors (the employee of a rival studio, incidentally) has the following to say:

(Continued on page 68)

"He Pays His Way —I Pay My Way!"

That's why BETTE DAVIS' marriage to HARMON O. NELSON, JR., has worked

By MARK DOWLING

"MY husband is absolutely self-supporting, in spite of the gossips who called him a gigolo and predicted a snappy finish to our romance. . . . I guess a marriage is successful if both people are happy. That's the only test I know. *We are happy!*"

The occasion for these undeniably positive remarks by Bette Davis was the second anniversary of her marriage to Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., whom she calls, with affection, "Ham." (He is not an actor.) As the hands of the handsome clock in the Beverly Hills Brown Derby approached the hour of three, she confided with practically no solemnity that she had been married at just that hour two years before in Yuma, Arizona, with the temperature 130 in the shade.

Now a waitress hovered meaningly with the lunch check; autograph hunters lingered at nearby tables; the star's hat-brim, one of the big spectacular ones, kept flopping down over her face. Miss Davis, not to be distracted by all this, continued to make personal revelations, brisk comments on life, and gossip, punctuating the whole with lively humor. Her manner is vivacious and very friendly.

"Everyone told us that we were absolutely nuts to try it. I advised Ham, myself, not to marry me because I knew what a nasty town Hollywood is when it comes to messing in others' lives. He was a comparatively unknown musician; I was a movie star. His earnings did not equal mine, and I knew the scurrilous gossip *that* would start. But we loved each other and got married anyway.

"Then a magazine printed a story about my supporting him, and everybody started making wisecracks, in print, about my gigolo-husband. Ham didn't think he minded—he's rather a peculiar person," she remarked fondly, "and doesn't give a damn what people say—but I was afraid he would be hurt sub-consciously.

"Worst of all, his family back East believed that I had really made the awful statements attributed to me. I tried to deny them over the air, but I found out that it's wisest to shut up about things like that. Ever since then I've been petrified and self-conscious when interviewers ask me about my marriage, and this is the first time in

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● in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

● as Sten's lover in "We Live Again"

FREDRIC MARCH Defends Hollywood's Morals

He is the FIRST star with enough stamina to stand up and answer the reformers—who have gone beyond assailing films as "immoral," and have pointed condemning fingers at movie actors and actresses, as a class. He can't be silent when his profession and all its workers stand accused—unjustly and unfairly

By DOROTHY MANNERS

HOLLYWOOD has gone tongue-tied. It has "nothing to say." It is on trial on serious charges—and it isn't taking the witness stand in self-defense. Perhaps it thinks that harsh accusations can be turned aside by pretending not to hear them; perhaps it thinks that indictments can be quashed by ignoring them. But they can't. And Fredric March is the first star who is courageous enough to face the fact—and has enough intestinal fortitude to file an indignant answer to the charges.

Certain pictures have been called "indecent" and "immoral." And Hollywood, no matter what it thought of the justice of the attacks (which were not similarly directed against plays and novels—from which most of the pictures had been made), could not argue the charges. Millions of moviegoers were massed in a great movement to enforce their demands for clean films—or boycott all pictures. Humbly, Hollywood had to obey the motto of good business—"The customer is always right"; quickly expressed regret for any possible offense it might have given; and promised that "it would not happen again." Then it was that vociferous crusaders hurled their most crushing, most sweeping indictment: "How can a high standard in motion pictures be expected of Hollywood in view of the lax morals of its people?"

Here was a serious charge against a whole town's standards of living, its morals and its people. Here was a blast that might have been expected to raise a tempest of protest—with players rising, with one voice, to answer the stinging slur against all movie actors and actresses. But they had "nothing to say." They *couldn't* say anything, either *pro* or *con*, about the crusade for clean films—without seeming to turn either against the industry, or against public opinion. But why did their policy of silence continue in the face of this charge? Or, as Fredric March asks, "How come?"

Grabs at Chance to Speak Out

"I DON'T subscribe to the policy of silence," he says. "If it is true that certain players have been advised against talking—what is the reason? Surely, in this land that is still the land of the free in speech and thought, the time has not yet come when condemnation from *any*

(*Continued on page 64*)

Acme

King Emmanuel
"commanded"...

©Martin Vos, N.Y.

Invited her to
White House . . .

Acme

She sang for
King Albert . . .

Alphonso laughed
with her . . .

"*What Fame Has Given to Me*"

—GRACE MOORE

In "One Night of Love," Grace Moore makes the hit of the year, dramatizing a young singer's search for fame. In real life, she has won that fame. And it has opened the doors of the great to her . . . given her their friendships . . . given her freedom . . .

BY GLADYS HALL

GRACE MOORE—who is the sensation of the year in "One Night of Love," living the rôle of a girl with a golden voice who gives up the pleasures of youth, dedicates her life to music, and one day thrills the world with her singing and finds herself famous—spread wide her supple hands when I asked her what Fame has given her in real life. She said, "Fame has opened wide the doors of the world to me . .

"Fame has given me the priceless gift of friendships with great people, the history-makers in every field of endeavor. Fame has given me the key to the White House, the keys to the royal palaces of Spain and Belgium and Italy, to the salons of statesmen, to the laboratories of scientists, to the studios of great artists, musicians, writers. Fame has given me the right to know and to talk with the late Eleanora Duse, with Mary Garden, with leaders and philosophers, with impresarios and prima donnas, with poets and with princes the world over. This is the most precious gift of all."

Hurrell

Mrs. Roosevelt
listened . . .

She added, "Fame must be defined, however. Fame is an empty word, an empty boast, unless it has substance back of it. There is a wide channel between fame that is earned and authentic and mere notoriety or publicity. A name in electric lights does not mean that the doors of the world will open to the bearer of that name. Fame is not an annual; it is a perennial.

Acme

Eleanora Duse
hoped . . .

"When I speak of fame, I speak of it in terms of the grand opera singer who *must* work to deserve it; who must study ceaselessly—languages, complicated scores, histories of art and music; who must be subjected to years of Spartan training, physical and mental; who must observe a rigid abstemiousness from all of the pleasures and

Acme

Mary Garden —akin to her . . .

pastimes of other mortals. Opera singers are superstitious people. We are afraid of something happening to end our work. We are afraid of emotion apart from our work, of love, of any of the dalliance of life. We are determinedly ascetic people—not by instinct, but of necessity. And so, when we have finally achieved, we are entitled to—to the gifts of Fame. I believe that we have earned them.

"But of those whom Fame admits to the palaces of kings and to the kingdoms of great minds, it makes further demands. I should feel more embarrassed than pleased, for instance, if I were to be received in some old salon of Venice, some palace, some embassy, and be unable to comport myself with the dignity called for, or find myself unable to carry on a conversation with my host or hostess or fellow-guests.

"I may not be able to discourse brilliantly or with profound erudition on world economics with a president, or the state of the gold reserve in the country of a king; but I would be at least *adequate* to any occasion or to any person—in China, in Japan, in my home state of Tennessee. And this is the greatest part of this gift that Fame has given me: my right to entrée in the palaces of kings—of all kinds. And I have earned that gift by dint of unremitting labor and self-sacrifice."

Which is believable, easily. For here is one of the most brilliantly interesting women in all Hollywood; one of the most interesting women in the world to-day. A cosmopolite, cultured, charming, independent-thinking, whose poise cannot be mistaken for pose.

Grace Moore said, laughing, "I have had some amusing experiences. . . . Shall I tell you of the first time I met the then King of Spain? It was on the beach at Deauville. I had on my swimming suit. He was wearing his. A mutual friend asked me if I would care for an introduction. I said, 'Of course.' I rose to walk over to where the King was lying. As I came near to him I prepared to make the

(*Continued on page 86*)

Fraker

"Fame has given me the priceless gift of friendships with great people," says Grace Moore. "And there is one other great gift of Fame—freedom"

Charpentier conducted . . .

Acme

"I've Lived, I've Loved—"

That's what JANET GAYNOR would like to tell the world. "I've grown up. I'm tired of playing the sweet little thing"—and she means off the screen, too

Did you know that Janet is a little cutie in a bathing suit? Even that was kept a deep, dark secret for years. Below, in a note to the author, she reveals how she hates posing for "stills"

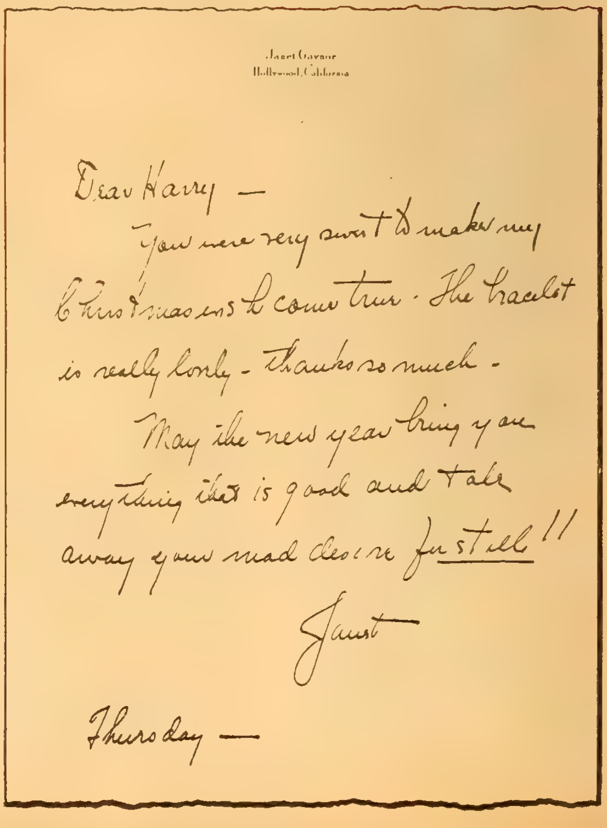
By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

JANET GAYNOR, diminutive pocket edition of Venus, devilish, love-provoking, freckle-nosed little redhead—as sexy as Clara Bow at Bow's best—came strutting across a stage on the Fox lot, ignoring everyone. Her chin was high, her chest was out, the old Nick was in her brown eyes, and she was swinging her arms, and rolling like a sailor on the after deck during a storm in China Seas. She was doing her stuff like a little toughy on the lower East Side.

"Don't speak to me," she said, out of the corner of her mouth. "I'm high-hatting everybody."

"Hey, what's it all about?" I demanded.

"It has been widely reported all over the studio," she confided, as she dropped back into the unnatural Gaynor voice known only to the screen (and interviewers), "that I am about to become the bride of Mr. Winfield Sheehan, boss of the Fox lot, and boy! am I gettin' a lot of house this morning! Everybody is saluting me! And bendin' low!



Janet Gaynor
Hollywood, California

Dear Harry —

You were very sweet to make my Christmas wish to come true. The bracelet is really lovely - thanks so much -

May the new year bring you everything that is good and take away your mad desire for stills!!

Janet

Thursday —

"If this rumor persists, I'll have to open an office in my bungalow to receive the studio politicians who are looking for favors. I'll be busier than Postmaster-General Farley, handing out appointments. Picture me: The Power Behind the Throne! Gosh—it's all a darned lie—but it's a lot of fun, no foolin'."

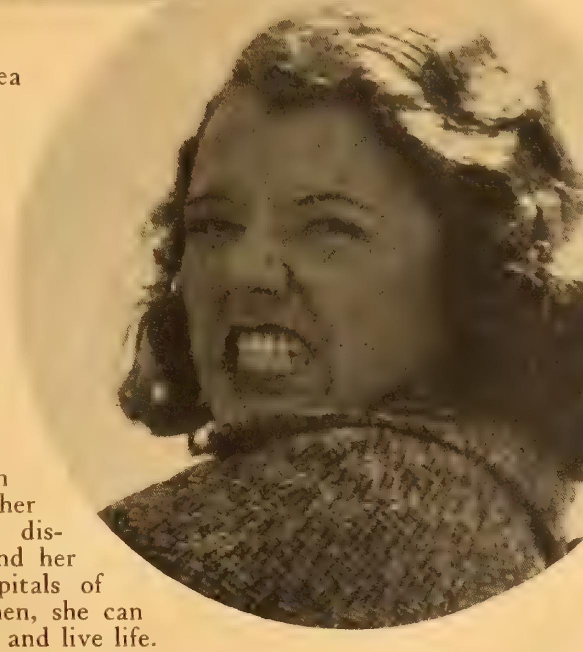
She strutted over to the grinning Henry King, director. "The prospective Mrs. Sheehan regrets she cannot work to-day," she began. "I'm having a tea and——"

King spanked her, and the shooting started.

Left, Harry Brundidge and Janet Gaynor have a talk between scenes—about some publicity. They used to plan mythical stories that would "debunk" the Gaynor legends. She had ideas for a story, "Gaynor Tells All"

Just a Poor Little Rich Girl

THIS little episode in the life of Janet Gaynor will, I believe, give the reader a bit of an idea as to the kind of girl the REAL Janet really is. I'm sorry for Janet—honestly sorry for her—despite her wealth, her homes in Hollywood and Hawaii, her jaunts about the country disguised as "Miss Jones," and her excursions to the gay capitals of Europe where, now and then, she can lose her identity, be herself and live life. (She has just returned from such an excursion.) I am sorry for her because no girl in Hollywood carries a greater burden than Janet Gaynor. Hers is the burden of illusion!



"Grrrr! How I hate reporters!" grits Janet, behind one's back. The reason? Because she hates to have to put on an act for them

A studio accident, she was; and, as such, she was cultivated in a studio incubator, and reared on a bottle of studio pap. She was given to the world—a saccharine, baby-talking, unsophisticated little school girl, who stared at big, bad men with wide-eyed innocence. They gave her to the world—the greatest illusion in the history of Hollywood. They overlooked the fact that she had been around a bit; forgot she had wrapped bundles and made change in a San Francisco shoe store; forgot she had been a theatre usher; forgot she had been very much in love a couple of times, and informed the world that here was Miss Sweet Innocence. But that wasn't all.

They told her—and still tell her—that, in REAL life, she MUST be the same sweet little person she is in REEL life. And Janet—a smart little sophisticate, who knows what it's all about—does her best to carry on. And her best (in public) borders closely on the positively perfect.

Secrets That Couldn't Be Told

FOR many years, the fact that Janet was a little cutie in a bathing suit or in shorts, could swim, ride a horse and a bicycle, stand up on roller skates and drive a car, or was anything but a sweetly timid old-fashioned girl was a deep, dark, studio secret. Some sixteen or eighteen months ago, at my insistence, it was agreed that it would be okay to announce that Janet was "learning" to drive a small automobile. Within the hour of the announcement, everyone was clamoring for pictures of little Janet at the wheel. We couldn't get one. Janet refused to pose.

"Rot," she called it—and rightly.

A little later I was informed that it would be all right to let the world know that Gaynor was learning to ride a bicycle, wearing shorts. Then, suddenly, it was decided that this was not good publicity for Janet, so the original story was quickly followed by a "cover up" yarn to the effect that poor little Janet had fallen off her little bicycle, hurt her poor little knee on the sidewalk, and the poor little star would never, never, never go near a nasty old bicycle again.

These announcements came at a moment when Janet was having a good time for herself over at Palm Springs dancing, and learning to jump horses (over barriers, of course) in the daytime.

"Being this Janet Gaynor," Janet often confided, "is worth every darn cent I get out of this business."

Time after time, divers persons have made fruitless efforts to obtain studio permission to stick little pin-holes in the Gaynor illusion. Publicity men, including this writer (who used to be one), have pointed out that Janet has grown up; has been married, divorced, played around and no longer is the little Cinderella of "Seventh Heaven."

(*Continued on page 75*)

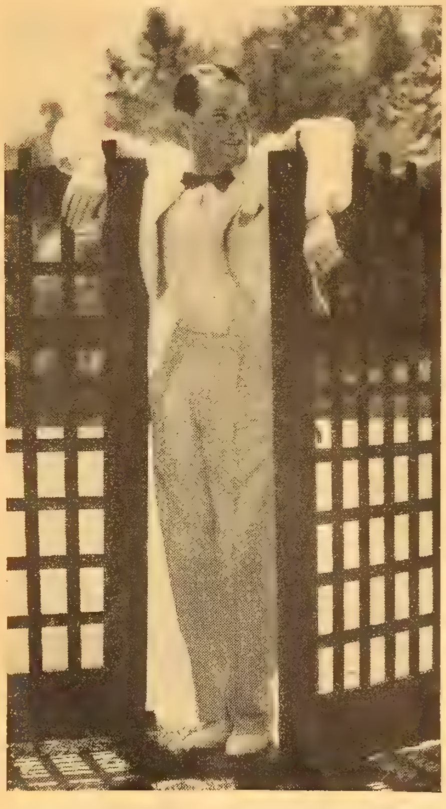
INTIMATE

Just a couple of wise-quackers—Joe Penner and his duck. They left radio for the movies to make "College Rhythm"

Cagney Gets His Irish Up

HAS James Cagney given financial aid to Communism, or hasn't he? Are Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro Communist sympathizers, or aren't they? District Attorney Neil McAllister, of Sacramento, investigating Communistic activities, broke into the nation's headlines with the announcement that he had found their names among the papers of known Communists—with Cagney listed as having contributed money, and the others listed without comment. He said he would seek an injunction to restrain Cagney from advocating or giving any funds to Communism and would ask an investigation of other stars' possible links with radicalism.

Myrna Loy—who does seem to be getting the breaks these days—is alongside Warner Baxter in "Broadway Bill." He keeps her on the fence, making her wonder if he would rather watch a horse-race than look in her plaintive eyes



With "The Merry Widow" finished, Maurice Chevalier is closing his Beverly Hills gate—to vacation in Europe

Cagney, red of hair, heatedly denied that he was Red of belief or had given any money to radicals, said he was "against all 'isms' except Americanism," and added, "It appears to me that McAllister's actions are a bid for personal publicity at my expense." The liberal lecturer and writer, Lincoln Steffens, called the reports linking Cagney with radicalism "absurd," adding: "Ella Winter reported the San Joaquin Valley strike a year ago for a national magazine. When she told people, including Cagney, of the utter misery she had seen there, he gave some money to help. So did other people, who gave food or clothing or money for food and clothing. That is all." Johnny Weissmuller, speaking for his wife, said, "Why, Lupe doesn't even know what the word 'Communism' means." Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro dismissed McAllister's announcement pithily.

Meanwhile, Hollywood is boiling. No one is asking: Who is a Communist, and who isn't? This is what everyone is asking: Isn't this a free country, where men and women can believe what they want to? Or are movie stars exempted? And if it's permissible to spend money for luxuries for themselves, why isn't it permissible for stars to spend money for necessities for others—whether they are Communists or not? Are they to have public guardians to tell them how they may or may not spend their money, and what they may or may not believe? Did they sign away their Constitutional rights when they signed movie contracts?

Now "The Best-Dressed Couple"

THE best-dressed romance of Hollywood—that of Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou—has now become the best-dressed marriage. Voguish Verree had a time of it, getting her trousseau together. Flying to New York to buy it, she was recalled a few hours later to the studio for the leading rôle in "The Firebird" (an opportunity too big to miss). So, between scenes, she was reduced to sewing feverishly. They were engaged almost a year, plighting their troth soon after Adolphe and Kathryn Carver were divorced. But the long wait for his divorce to become final didn't seem to do any damage to the new romance. When he took out the marriage license, a few days after he had his decree, Adolphe was shaking

News and Gossip From Hollywood

"You'd better stay close to home or the autograph-hunters will get you!" warns Shirley Temple—who knows

like a leaf—or a man becoming a bridegroom for the first time.

Bill Likes the Likes of Jean

IS it Ronald Colman or William Powell—the two are pals—who has captured the interest of Jean Harlow for the moment? At Arrowhead it seemed to be Ronnie; at Del Monte it looked like Bill. Several months ago, when an interviewer asked him to name the most fascinating woman star in Hollywood, Bill said, "Well, I've never met her, but I think Jean Harlow is the most attractive woman in the movies."

The girls like these handsome fighting men. At least, Toby Wing has a big smile for Enzo Fiermonte, the Italian boxer who married wealthy Mrs. Madeline Force Astor Dick. He's likely to be in Max Baer's next opus

Jean seems to be in no hurry to get a divorce from Hal Rosson, lately recovered from infantile paralysis and now abroad. If she should sue now, she would have to wait three months to tell the judge, while her husband was legally served notice (by publication) of her intentions.

How Bing Tells Twins Apart

THE Crosby twins, having attained the tremendous weight of six pounds apiece, have left the hospital and the incubator and are now safely installed in their nursery, with twin tags around their necks—to keep a record of which is Dennis Michael and which is Philip Lang—until they develop some definite characteristics of their own. Meanwhile, Bing is having gold identification bracelets made for them, for a bit later.

When Bing built his new home, he wrapped the rest of the house around the three-room nursery. Though the nursery then had only one occupant—Gary Evan Crosby—the idea was an inspiration.

George's Other Girl-Friend

GEORGE RAFT has moved into the only real penthouse in Hollywood, and is he elegant! Friends claim that he isn't any more in love with Virginia Pine than he is with Virginia's three-year-old daughter by her former marriage. It may be a bit difficult to vision the dapper and "dangerous" George as a playmate for a child, but he brings a toy for the little girl every time he comes to call on her mama, and she adores him (though she doesn't call him "Daddy" —yet). The anticipated wedding is still hanging fire, while George and his long-estranged wife negotiate divorce terms.

Said It With Cauliflowers

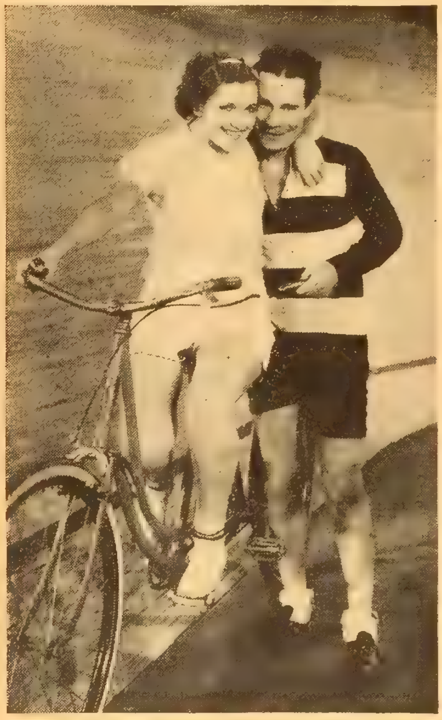
GEORGE'S new ear is very becoming, by the way. We heard a story about that ear, though we won't vouch for its truth. It seems, according to this tale, that George had been fighting in the ring for some time without a mark to show that he was a pug. Finally he became worried and went to a friend, presenting his ear. "Give it a cauliflower, will you?" he begged—and the friend accommodated! (The same tale has been told of Max Baer—so don't put too much stock in it.) It cost George plenty to get that ear prettied up for the pictures, and he almost got in another fight while it was in bandages when a local wisecracker waxed too, too funny. He is now making "Limehouse Nights."

One Romance Without Rumors

THE Yuma elopement of Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel caught

Like Una Merkel, a badminton court doesn't take up much room. So she has one in her backyard. It's the new fad

After a year's wait, Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale go shopping for a marriage license. And are they happy?



Maxine Doyle can't help hugging Joe E. Brown. He gives her a big break as his leading lady in "Six-Day Bike Rider"

even the columnists off-guard. Like their cronies, Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson, who speeded them on their way to the Arizona Gretna Green, they had the romance without the rumors—and, under such unusual conditions, it didn't take them long to decide that they would be unusually happy together. For one thing, both are English. . . . By his marriage, Ralph quashed one persistent rumor—namely, that if and when Ruth Chatterton divorces George Brent, she would remarry "Rafe," her former husband.

Anna Speaks Her Mind

ANNA STEN has come out of seclusion and is seeing a chosen few among the interviewers these days. One young writer had chatted with her for some time and rose to leave. "Ach, don't go yet!" cried Anna. "You dress so nicely!" Hollywood, which has seldom met such complete frankness, marvels at Sten, who came right out and defended "frank" pictures when every other star was afraid to speak. Her second picture, "We Live Again"—unlike her first, "Nana"—was finished in record time. (Fredric March, her co-star, is even now vacationing in Tahiti.) Her third will have an American farm setting.

Sam Goldwyn is credited with a neat bit of strategy in signing up Miriam Hopkins, to be his second feminine star. With competition Anna—who has seemed almost indifferent to success—may show new interest.

Marie Didn't Forget . . .

MARIE DRESSLER'S will, leaving fifty thousand dollars to her colored couple, pleased Hollywood. Everyone knew that when Marie came out here, down on her luck, struggling to get "bits" in pictures, Mamie Cox took in washings to help tide the little household over until "Madame" got a contract. It was the little spray of roses from her faithful servants that went into Marie's coffin at the last moment.

Marauders in Janet's House

JANET GAYNOR was blissfully lost Somewhere In Europe out of reach of the bad news, when her house in Beverly Hills was broken into by burglars. Just what they were searching for is a mystery, for they passed up valuable silverware and furs to rifle a desk filled with personal papers.

Shirley's Male Competitor

THE name of small, seven-year-old David Jack Holt has been shortened to "David Holt," for fear of confusion with Big Jack. This youngster is the newest child wonder to reach the screen (you will see him in "You Belong to Me"), but more will be along if other theatre managers imitate the enterprising Hollywood man who advertised a "Resemblance to Shirley Temple" prize contest.

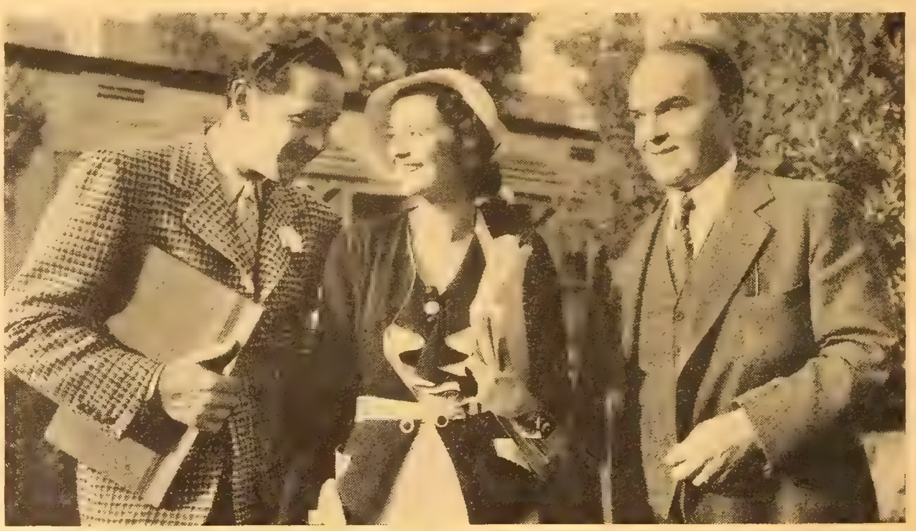
Directed Her to the Altar

THE William Seiters (Marian Nixon), who "eloped" to Yuma three days after her divorce from Edward Hillman, Jr., was final, are now being honor-guested at "congratulation parties." Bill Seiter—who fell in love with her during the filming of "We're Rich Again"—was the man who directed Marian's first picture, when she was a child star, some years ago. On the day he married he completed his one hundredth job of direction! Bill, the former husband of Laura La Plante, is a good many years older than his new bride, but friends say it looks like that rare thing, a really compatible Hollywood marriage.

Married—And Not Married

ANITA PAGE has the record of the most unique marriage in Hollywood. On July twenty-eighth she married Nacio Herb Brown (he wrote that new dance sensation, "The Carlo") in Mexico. But since it is almost a year before Herb's divorce from his previous mate will be final in California, she and her bridegroom have to live apart, within the borders of the State and see each other only now and then, like any

(Continued on page 90)



Heather Angel was happy, all right, to be working with Roger Pryor (left) and Victor Moore in "Romance in the Rain." But the real reason for the jubilation was that she was keeping her real-life romance a big secret

ROCHELLE HUDSON—young, pretty, talented—flashes a diamond ring, and the columnists tell the world she is engaged . . . But who is her mysterious fiancé? Why can't she tell his name? . . . You'd be surprised—and, perhaps, amused—to know why. Anyway, here is the whole story!

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

Who Is the Mystery Man in ROCHELLE'S Life?

IF you, like the rest of the country, have been feverishly wondering who the mysterious fiancé in Rochelle Hudson's life is, and when he would carry her off to matrimony, unhinge your curiosity. There is no fiancé. He was a hoax. He was thin air. He was Rochelle Hudson's Phantom Lover, and a heck of a lot of trouble he caused her, too.

"It started out to be a lot of fun, in December," Rochelle confided to me. "But it got too complicated. I said he was a writer, and because Hollywood was so crammed with writers, not one of whom I could really produce as a flesh-and-blood fiancé, I quickly said that he was a New York writer.

"That started the New York papers on the trail of my 'romance' and before long the name of Barry Trivers was linked with mine, and at that time he was nicely engaged to Claudia Morgan, who recently married Robert Shippee, the explorer. You can see how inconvenient the whole thing was.

"The jumble of names was distressing enough," continued Rochelle, "but along in the Spring my Phantom Engagement began to grow distinctly uncomfortable. I had answered so many questions about my Phantom New York Lover and my Phantom Husband-to-Be that the Hollywood gentlemen stopped dialing my telephone number. I suppose they figured it was no use to dine and dance a girl who wore another man's diamond on her engagement finger.

"And the ring, all the time, was the one Father gave Mother when they became engaged . . . and didn't really, spell marriage for me at all. It was the result of an enterprising columnist's thirst for 'romance' news that started the engagement story. At first it was fun, for me. Then it began to roll up into a regular *Frankenstein* monster that threatened to devour any and all of my 'dates.' That wasn't so funny."

How It All Started

BLUE-EYED, brown-haired, Rochelle Hudson, standing five feet four inches on her lyric limbs, isn't really to blame for the amusing series of events that catapulted her into a maelstrom of engagement rumors. Rather, the blame should be placed on the peculiar demands of the press upon Hollywood and its film folk. The public is as much attracted to an actor by some capricious exploit, well publicized, as it is by an inspired performance. Publicity often makes the actor. Romance publicity, particularly. Seventeen-year-old Rochelle (she was really fifteen, and said she was seventeen, at the time of MOTION PICTURE's March, 1932, interview, she brazenly confesses to-day) knew this. But she reckoned without inquiring reporters.

(*Continued on page 69*)

Their Greatest Fear...

SEVERAL weeks ago, Jean Harlow was rehearsing a scene for "The Girl from Missouri." On the sidelines the director, cameramen, technicians and "grips" were playing the silent rôles they would play later during the actual filming. Through the script girl's mind ran the thought, "What would it be like to be as beautiful as Jean Harlow?" A "prop" man was wondering why his wife couldn't have the sparkle that Jean had. And an "extra" girl was thinking that she might just as well give up and go home—with competition like that. Then it happened.

Suddenly, there was a horrible scraping along the rafters above. A huge spotlight, groaning and shrieking, poised precariously over the star's glittering head. Jean looked up to see what was happening, and at that moment, the heavy spotlight leaped down at her. Jean shrank away, covering her face in her arms—so fast an action that even a slow motion picture of it would have seemed normal. The chain that held the spotlight grew taut, seemed to crack, and then grew taut again. Not two feet above Jean Harlow's upturned face, the great spotlight trembled in its path of destruction, and *held*. . . . Jean, completely unnerved, was taken to her dressing-room, and it was an hour before she could compose herself. If it had shot two feet farther, that spotlight would have ruined the white blaze of her beauty forever.

The thought that, sometime, something may happen to mar his face—the face that is his fortune—is a horror that lurks in every movie star's mind. It is the Sword of Damocles that hangs over every Hollywood head. An accident in an automobile, a fire, a stray golf ball, a fall downstairs—such things hold constant danger, not only to a star's appearance, but to his very career. At a sudden sound, a surprising shriek, a quickly moving obstacle, every actor and actress think first of their faces and try to hide them from harm! It is an automatic reflex, a sub-conscious reaction, that proves beyond all doubt this underlying fear of facial disfiguration.

Saved Her Face; Lost Her Life

THERE was the tragic case of Martha Mansfield, a famous movie actress several years ago. She was returning home from the studio, in costume—a bouffant, billowy dress of thin organdy, trimmed with yards of net flouncing, as perishable as tissue paper. She sank back in her car, tired and weary, lighted a cigarette, and closed her eyes. Suddenly, her dress was ablaze. Martha came to with a start, and her hands flew to protect her face and head. "Beat out the flames with your

Carole Lombard (above) had what every star dreads—an accident, and facial injuries. But surgeons performed a miracle . . . Fredric March (center) feared his Mr. *Hyde* make-up would leave permanent aftereffects . . . Norma Shearer (right) has planned what she would do if scars should end her career

Night and day, Fate is leering in stars' valuable faces, asking them: "What would you do, if an accident disfigured you for life?" They shrink from the question!

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

hands!" shouted her chauffeur as he stopped the car, stumbled out and dashed toward the back. But Miss Mansfield would not lower her arms and expose her face to the fire's fury. She was fatally burned, but her face in her coffin was lovely and untouched. . . .

Some stars might prefer death to the destruction of their beauty. But all automobile accidents do not end in death—the recent fate of beautiful Dorothy Dell. Not many years ago, Carole Lombard's face was so badly cut in an auto accident that the finest surgeons of the country had little hope of restoring it to its original beauty. Her pain was nothing, compared to the fear and anguish that gripped her. For days she refused to look at a mirror . . . to see her life, her career, the face that was her fortune marred forever! She could not bear to face this reality.

Then the bandages were removed. The doctors told Carole that her face was mending miraculously. Fearfully, dreading that they were only trying to buoy up her spirits, she asked for a mirror. What they said was true. Life seemed worth living once again. But to-day Carole is still sensitive about the tiny, almost imperceptible scars that she bears, and if anyone is unkind enough to mention them, she flinches as the recollection of that horrible fear sweeps over her.

One Lucky Accident

CAROLE'S case is one in a hundred million—she is not only extremely fortunate to have recovered her beauty so completely, but many people think that she is even much more beautiful now than before. Her face has a sensitiveness and a fine, firm look now that it did not have then; before, it was a bit too round and babyish. Fame and fortune have come to her *since* that accident.

Alice Faye is another girl who narrowly escaped the loss of her beauty in an automobile accident—and has since become famous. Alice says that she was so grateful just to be alive that she did not think at first of the possibility that her face might be marred for life. But now that she is doing picture work, scarcely a day passes that she doesn't give thanks that a tiny scar above her left eye is the only reminder of that accident. And that scar is actually an asset now, for every once in a while it twitches and Alice looks as though she is winking at you—a fleeting wink that fits her playful personality.

Many of the stars will ride spirited horses, drive cars at break-neck speed, play reckless polo, fly back and forth across the country, learn to aquaplane, go hunting and take part in many dangerous sports—but just let a

(*Continued on page 72*)

Jean Harlow (top) looked up—to see a huge spotlight falling. Instinctively, she covered her face . . . Otto Kruger (center) alone denies any "facial fear," says he would become a "horror" star if disfigured . . . Mae West (left) lost her diamonds, saved her face—and now lives in the constant dread of acid-throwing

Is "HOLLYWOOD'S *Most Popular Girl*" Marrying?

MARY BRIAN, the girl so many lads have wooed in vain, is wearing a big diamond solitaire for the first time—and Dick Powell is building a new house, with Mary advising. She says she isn't engaged, and he says the house is for his parents, But—

By BEN MADDOX

IS Mary Brian going to get married—at last? Mary, Marriage, and Men—it practically rhymes! If she does give in, and says "Yes" to Dick Powell, it will be the end of a glorious reign as Queen of the Heart-Whole and Fancy-Free Girls. No other movie miss in history has had the number and variety of suitors of Mary, Mary, So Elusive!

She has been the film colony's foremost belle, unquestionably Hollywood's Most Popular Girl, ever since the days when she and Buddy Rogers first intrigued the world by their mutual interest. She is the supreme example of the girl that men want to marry. Many's the man who has joined in the pursuit of Mary—and, incidentally, being seen with her has boosted the stock of numerous lads.

The romance rumors have done right by Mary, too. When the rest of the sweet ingénues were swept into the ashbin by the exotics, she stayed in the swim. Producers just couldn't forget a gal who's constantly in the lovelight!

Hurrell

That easy chair alongside Dick Powell's looks reserved for SOMEONE. And why not Mary Brian?

Now, it appears that she is nearly through being Hollywood's most-sought-after maid. For the first time, she has been glimpsed with a big diamond solitaire. And she and Dick Powell—well, the glint in their eyes seems extremely matrimonial.

Mary said to me, "I have never been engaged, and I never shall be. I think engagements are silly. They're a testing period. When I know my mind, I'll go ahead and marry with no such preliminary fuss!" Dick, meanwhile, is attempting to play sly ol' fox. At the moment he's a trifle annoyed at the kidding accusations that he is a poor actor off-screen, denying intentions of being a prospective bridegroom.

(*Continued on page 74*)

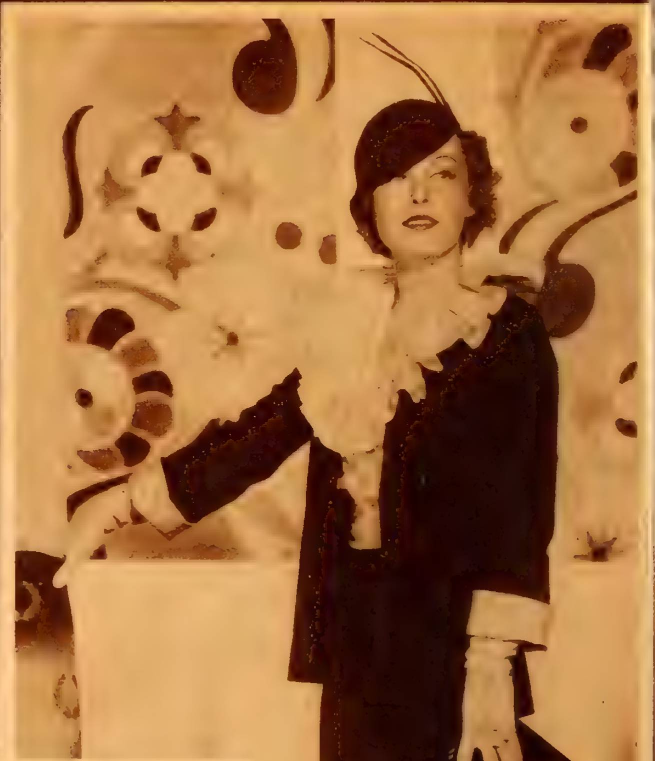
Both Answer a Call to Arms

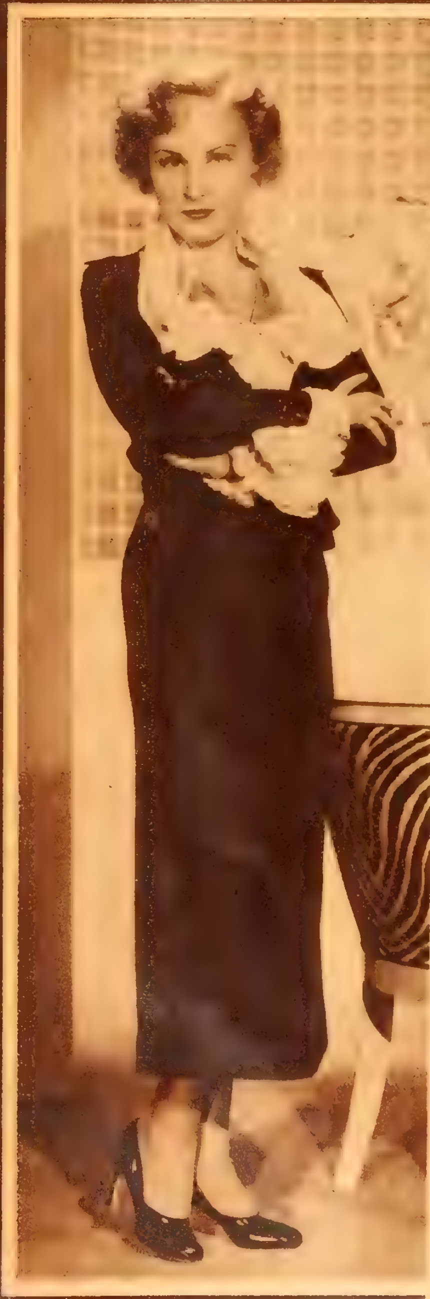
In "British Agent," Leslie Howard has the most adventurous rôle of his screen career—playing a British under-cover observer in post-Revolution Russia. Kay Francis is a Russian adventuress, doing some secret observing of her own. Separately, at first, they dare danger, then share it. Leslie is now in England, filming "The Scarlet Pimpernel." Kay, back from Italy, is starting "A Present from Margate"

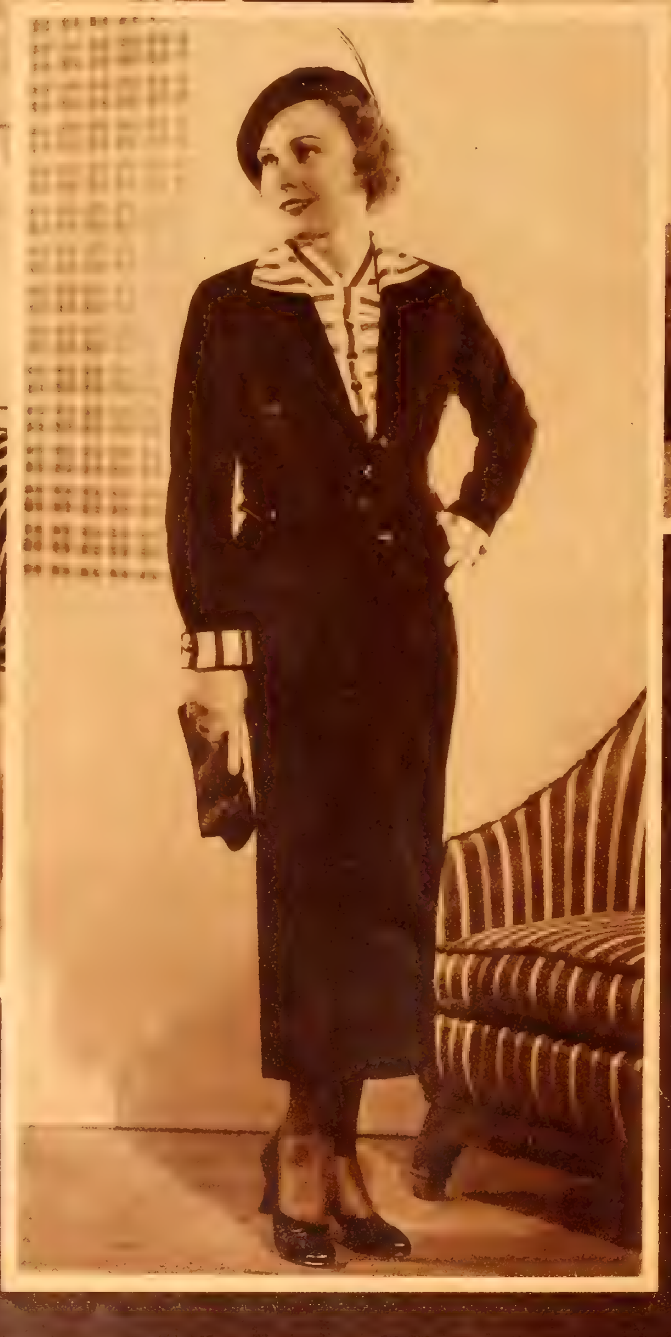
"Wear Practical Clothes," ADVISES MADGE EVANS,

"They Have a Knack of Putting You At Your Ease Wherever You Go"

The black and white vogue always makes its appearance in the first new Fall dresses, and Madge carries out the popular combination in the silk crêpe frock below. The becoming collar and cuffs are made of pleated organdie



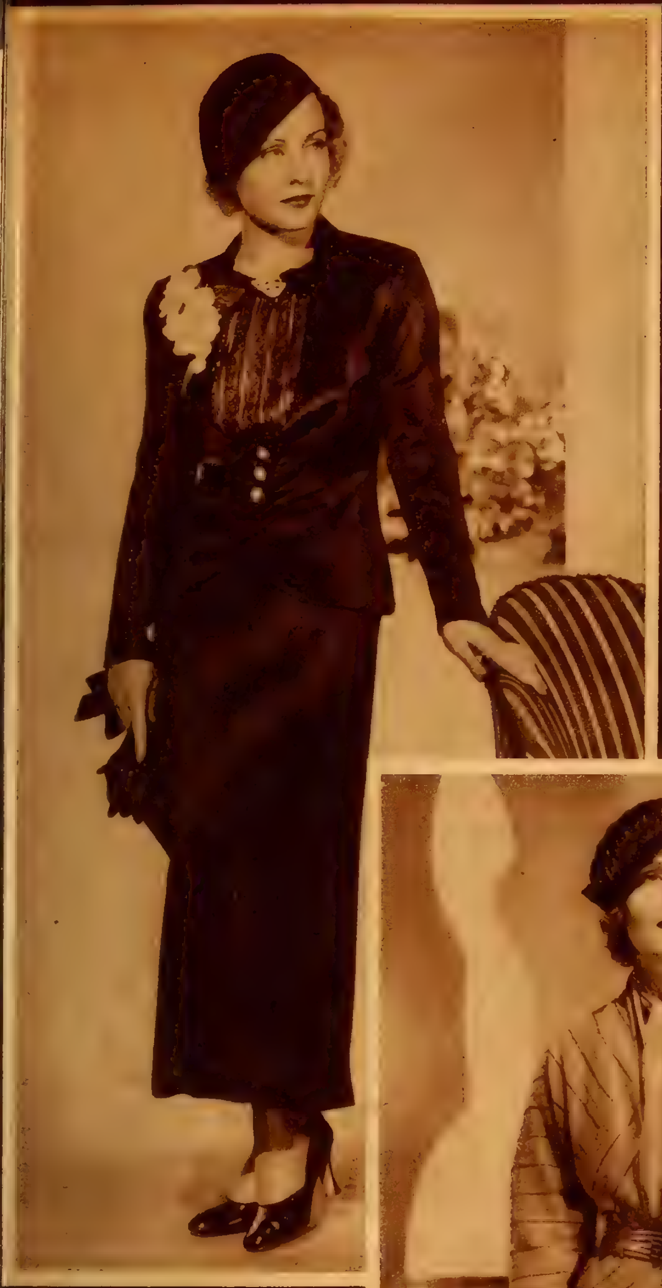


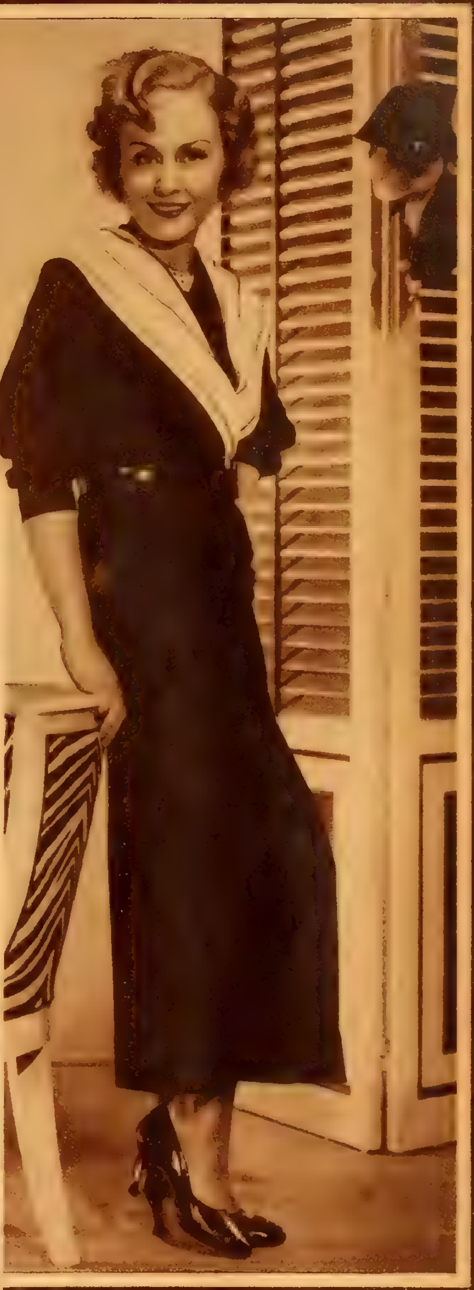


Light-weight wool and taffeta are one of the newer Fall combinations. Madge Evans (above), has on a neat navy wool suit, with a light blue taffeta blouse, the ruffled collar of which is pulled out

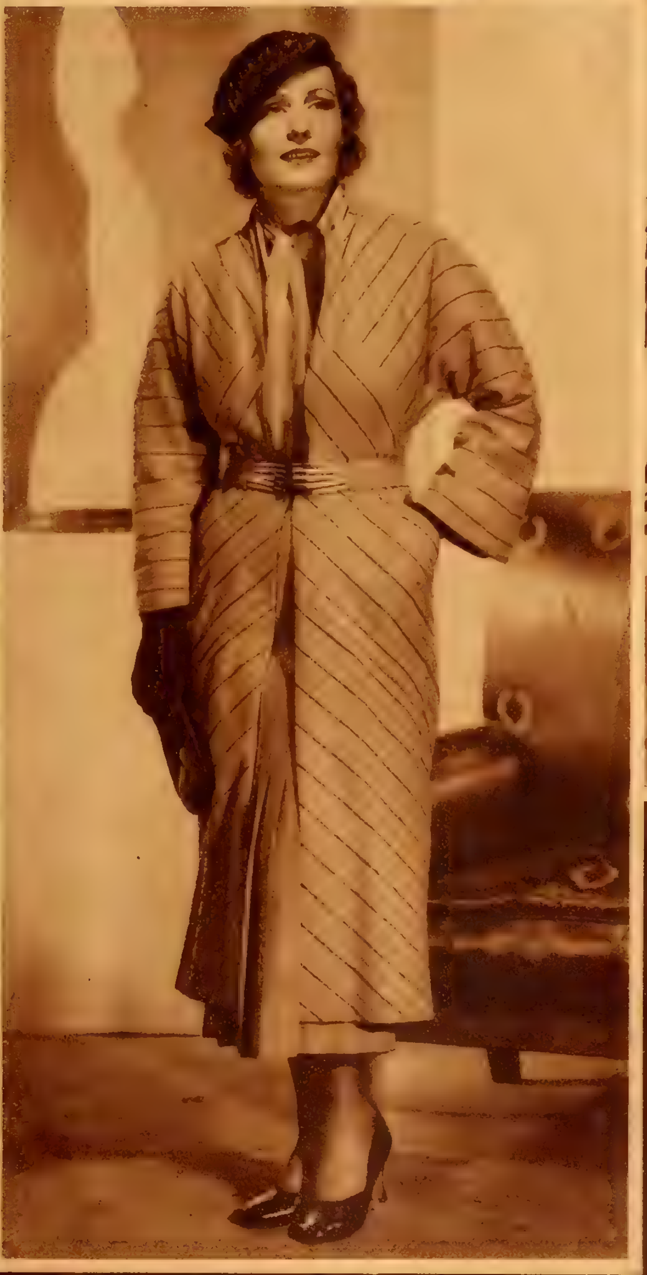
A suit that is smart and practical for all occasions is the one Miss Evans has on at the right. It is made of navy blue flannel with metal button trim and a cotton blouse of striped novelty weave

Black satin fashions Madge Evans' smart afternoon suit at the left. The lapels of the jacket are tailored along the lines of a man's tuxedo vest, but the waist, of tucked chiffon and lace, rhinestone buttons and clip, keep it from looking too mannish

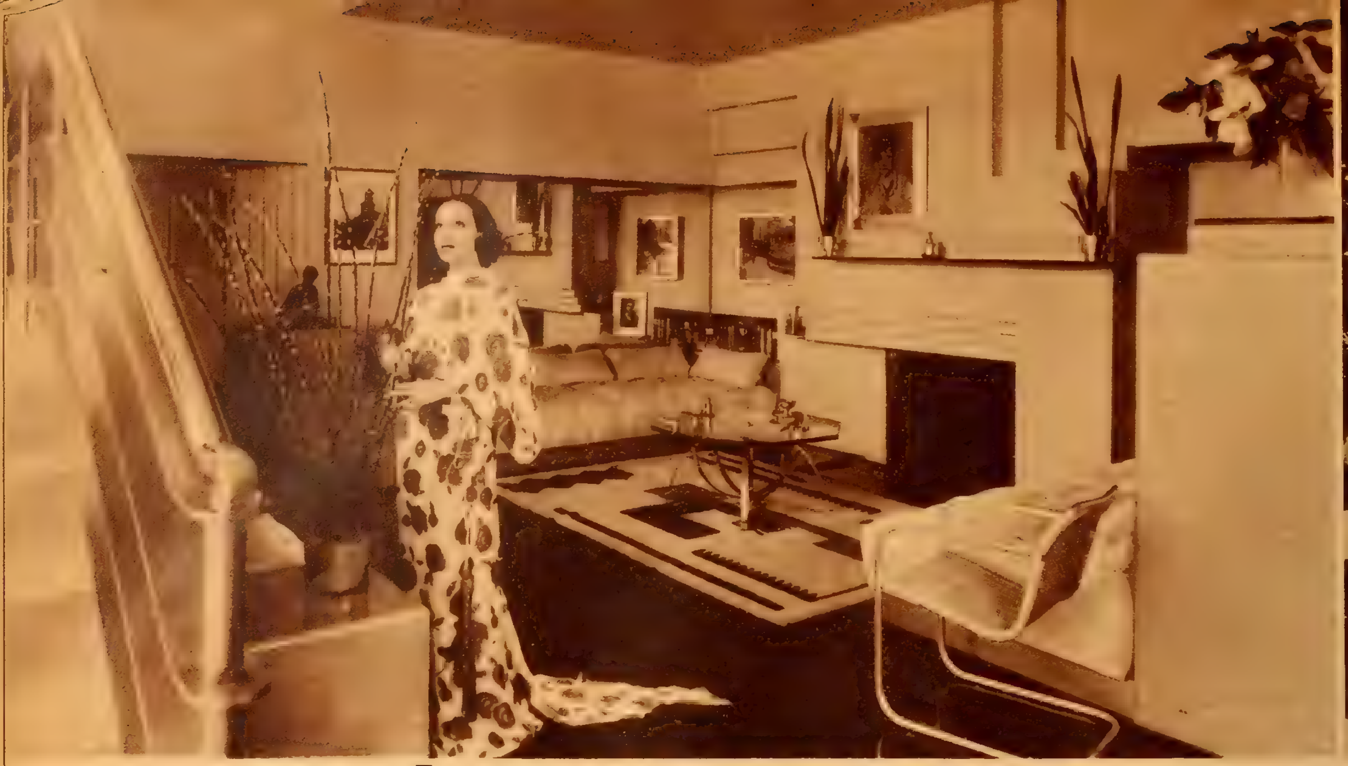




A striped scarf collar is introduced by Miss Evans in this simple black crêpe frock. It has a black patent leather belt and elbow-length sleeves. It's the type of dress that every business girl will need several of for early Fall wear



An ideal Fall coat (right) of wool is worn by Madge. The material of the coat is cut so that the thin black and orange stripes, on the tan background, are very effective. Be sure to observe the interesting style note in the odd finger fastening of leather on the belt



as modern as tomorrow...

dolores del rio's home

by
dorothy
calhoun

dolores lives in a young modern's "hideaway"—a new idea in houses. and it will give you new ideas for your home

COME ALONG WITH THE WRITER into another star's home—the exotic, modernistic "hideaway" of Dolores Del Rio, designed for her by her artist-husband, Cedric Gibbons. It will be a journey of discovery for you, because there is no other house in Hollywood, or the world, like it.—Editor.

CAREUFLLY guarding the loveliness within from curious eyes, the house of Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons lies behind high, white walls in a secluded canyon in Beverly Hills. (Would-be visitors, trying to find it for for the first time, invariably get lost). Great gates of solid, glistening steel bar the entrance, and can be opened only by a mechanism from within the front door. Except for two small windows, which let daylight into Dolores' dressing-room, the entire front of the house, modernistic and geometric in design, is blank and windowless, giving no hint of the strange beauty beyond. It is the most unusual house in Hollywood—a house that hides its beauty—a house as modern as tomorrow.

The front door is as heavy as that of a bank vault and made of shining chromium steel, as if intended for the guarding of something of great value. Privacy—and something more. As the great door swings slowly open, you sense immediately that this is a house designed as a perfect setting for its mistress.

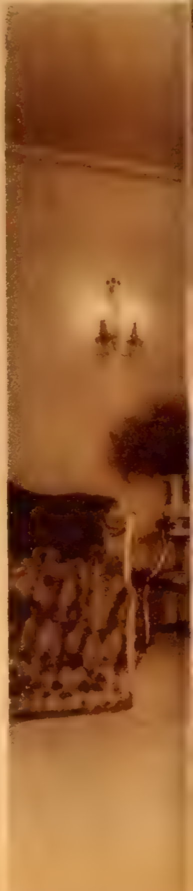
Looking about the great spaces of the entrance room, you immediately picture Dolores Del Rio—exotic, modern to her coral finger-tips, yet of classic simplicity of spirit—dark, with a skin of glowing pallor, all cream and dusky white and ivory. Never was a house a more fitting background for a woman—which is natural, when its architect was not only Hollywood's best-known scenic designer, but her husband. The house was his wedding gift to Dolores.

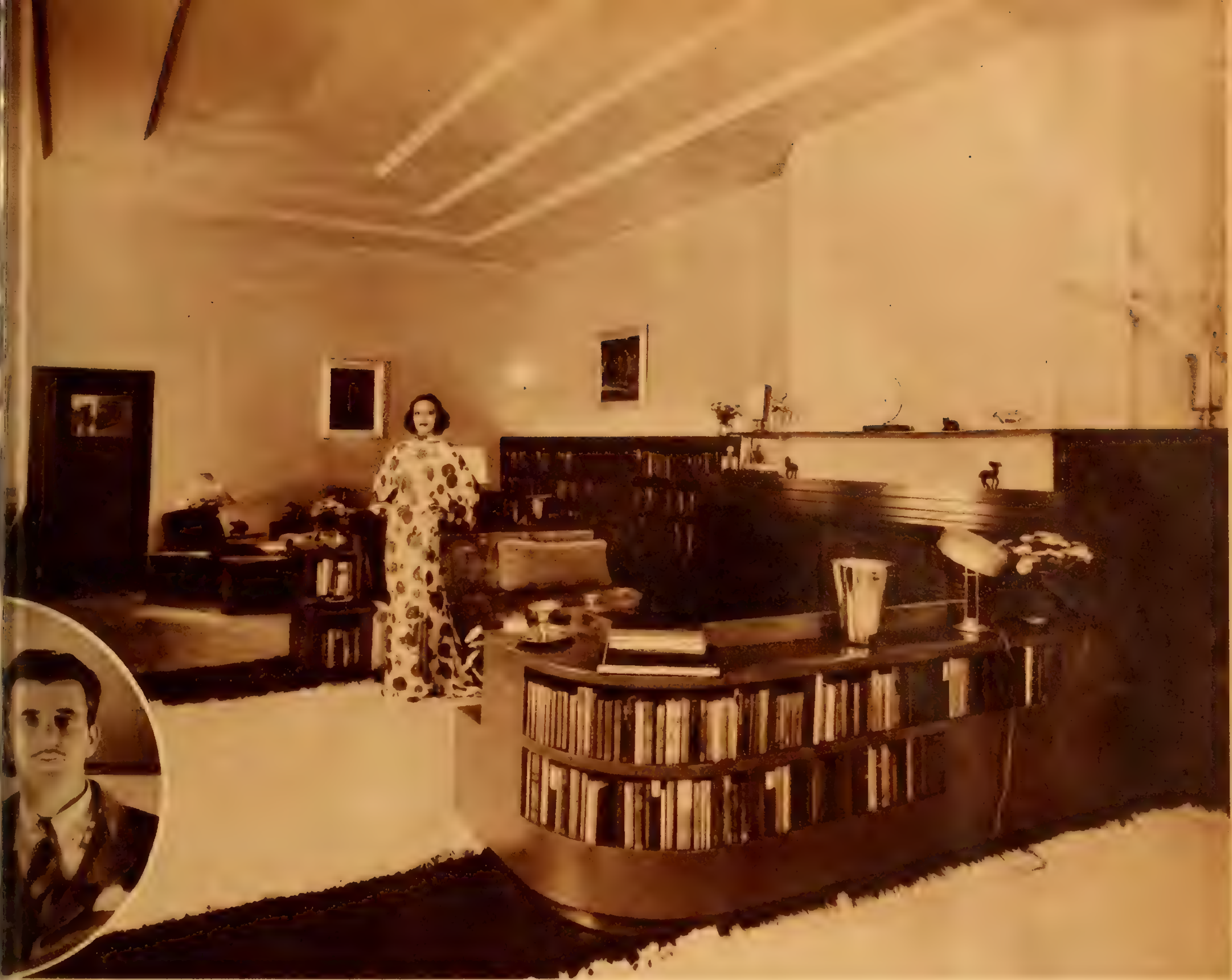
Several Rooms in One

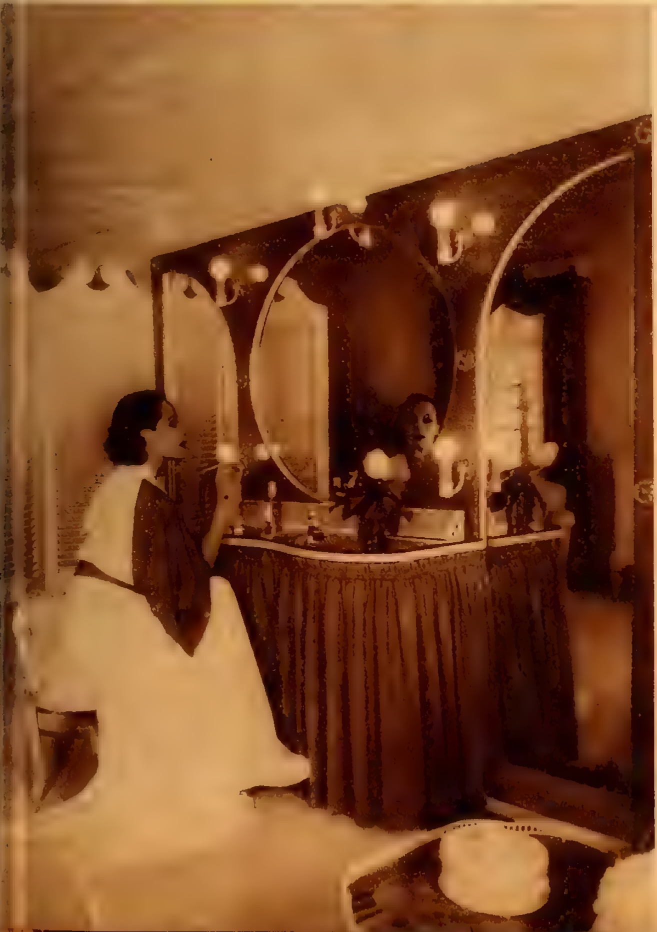
IN this startling house, it is difficult to give some of the rooms conventional names. Certainly, the great apartment into which the visitor first steps is not a hall, reception room, parlor, living room or drawing room. Great, steel-framed windows form an entire side along the rear, bringing the dripping green of pepper trees and the blaze of the sky into the room. Half-partitions cut the floor space into nooks and alcoves, almost little rooms; and a stairway, as severe as that in a skyscraper, diagonals across the back, with the cold gleam of metal balustrades.

While people accustomed to houses with the usual types of rooms may gasp and wonder at this arrangement, it will make them think, too. These half-partitions and low divisions of polished shining wood, breaking up the entire sweep of the main body of the house, give a

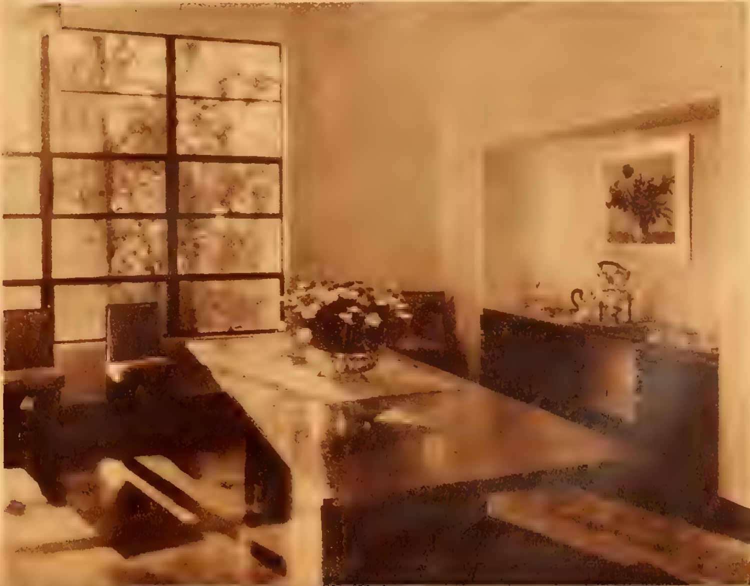
(*Continued on page* 87)

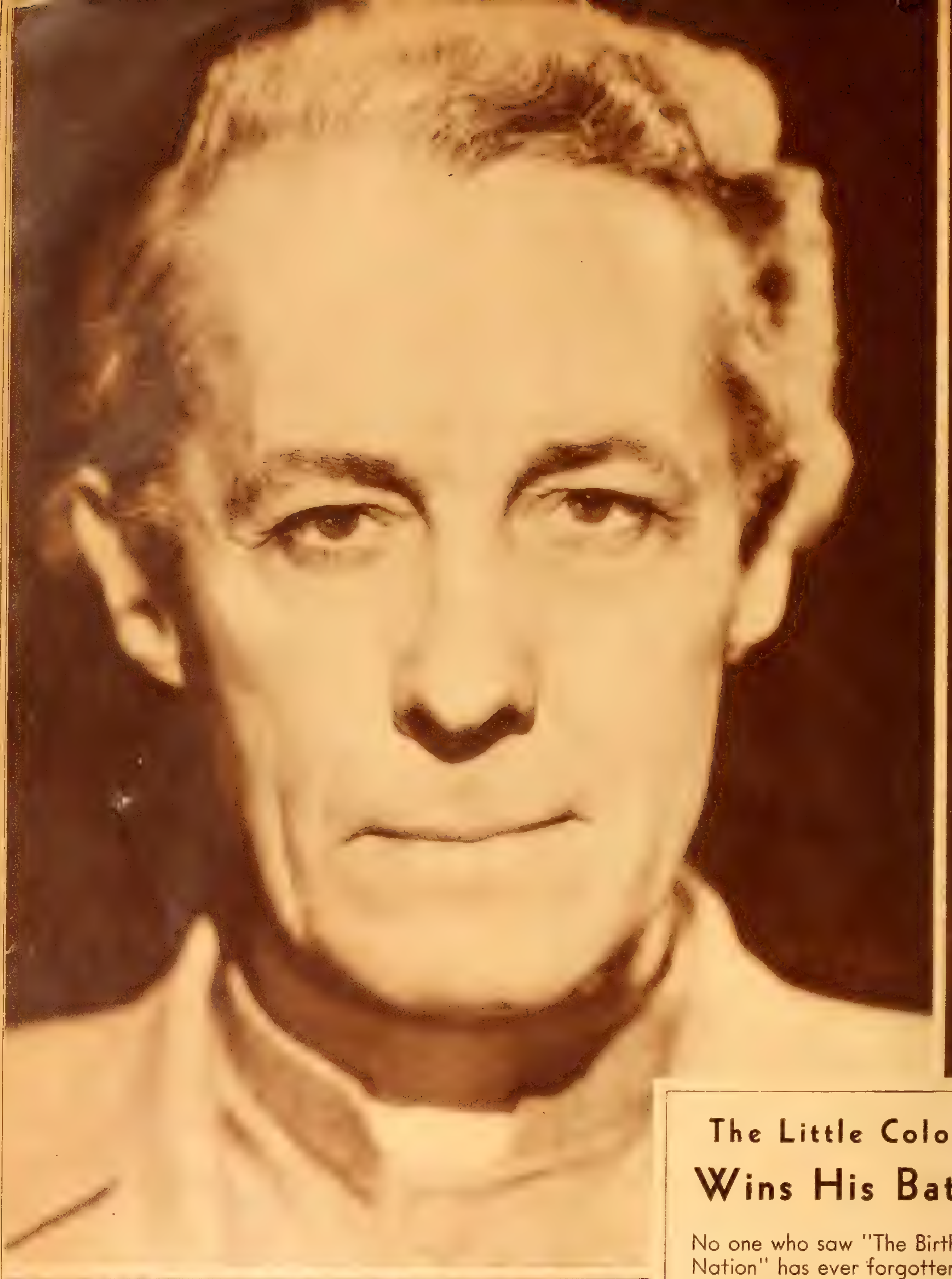






Cedric Gibbons (with Dolores, center) designed for her the most unusual, most individual house in Hollywood—the last word in modernistic beauty and comfort. Top left, a corner of the huge downstairs room (note the wall "setbacks," the mirror for a wall, the staircase, the built-in divans); in panel, a bit of the exterior from the pool; above, library alcove; left, Dolores' dressing-room; below, the dining room, with glass table





The Little Colonel Wins His Battle

No one who saw "The Birth of a Nation" has ever forgotten *The Little Colonel*—Henry B. Walthall. In real life, he has never admitted defeat. When youth and stardom went, he played "bits"—till the part of *Madero* in "Viva Villa" came his way. Now, once more, he stands out. And in "Judge Priest," he once more wears Confederate gray

Printed in U.S.A

Jimmy Cagney and Frances Vernon have gone hungry together, and feasted together, and Jimmy says, "We'd be happy anywhere—sharing things together"

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

Untold Stories of Loves That Have *Lasted*—in Hollywood

1. It's time you heard about some of the HAPPY Hollywood marriages. This is the story of the Jimmy Cagneys, who can say, after fourteen years, "We've been happy broke, and we've been happy flush. As long as we're together, we'll get a kick out of life"

Headline-hunters aren't on the lookout for happy Hollywood marriages; the heart-breaks and divorces are their meat—and that is the diet they feed the public. The public is sick of it, and so is Hollywood. It's time somebody told the other side of the story. It's time the world heard, for a change, that there are happy marriages—even in Hollywood. MOTION PICTURE starts the ball rolling with this marital saga of the Jimmy Cagneys—every word of it true. After you read it, you will want to hear more. And others are coming!—*Editor.*

"NOW, that's my idea of a swell kid," announced Jimmy Cagney, through his half of the doughnut. "I'll bet she'll make somebody a grand little wife, some day. She's—er—a darned nice little girl, too nice to be out alone."

Al Jenkins jerked up, his portion of the morning's meal gracefully poised for a swan dunk into his cup of coffee, to see a *chic* little figure pass the restaurant window.

(That was fourteen years ago, but even then Allan Jenkins was generally on hand to "Oh Yeah?" the chunky redhead.)

"Nice, eh?" Al challenged. "How would *you* know?"

"Listen, egg, that girl's different." Jimmy wagged his head knowingly. "I've watched her, lots of times. She's not used to this racket. She's so quiet, and sort of out of place."

"And so you're going to be her big brother—or something, eh?"

"Oh, you're being fresh, so early in the morning? Well, she could do a lot worse."

(*Continued on page 78*)

By JUNE KNIGHT

Who Tells Her Own Rules for Health and Beauty

THE SECRETS OF THE DRESSING-TABLE

June Knight, in person, tells with delightful frankness her own intimate way to beauty and health. And incidentally to flashing energy and charm. Don't miss these revealing articles by the stars which MOTION PICTURE brings you exclusively each month. You have read in these pages the beauty doctrines of Lilian Harvey, Ginger Rogers and Jean Harlow. Next month, and each month, another star will write her "Secrets of the Dressing-Table" for this magazine.—Editor

YOU never realize how much time and attention you spend on your face till someone asks you to sit down and write about the things you do to it and for it. My heavens! Where to begin? Well, suppose I take a look at the things on and in my dressing-table—an inventory of those jars and bottles will explain my "skin game."

I have three kinds of cleansing cream—one would do, I suppose, but I enjoy changing around. One is a liquefying cream, another heavy and "gooey," and the third is in-between. After cleansing I always use a pore cream. Even if I can allow it to stay on but a few minutes, it is beneficial. The time to use it is while the pores are opened, after cleansing. My pore cream is quite pasty and really seems to draw the impurities out of the skin. My face looks and feels twice as clean after using it. After that, the usual procedure is to close the pores with an astringent, then complete the job with ice. But I use the ice first, which closes the pores and removes that "greasy" look. Then I use my astringents, fragrant ones, because I like the delicate aroma they give my skin.

Once or twice a week I give myself a more elaborate treatment, with more unusual creams—a strawberry mask, perhaps, or just the plain strawberry cream. They really do wonders for the skin. I knew that fruit juices were good for you, but I always doubted that, applied on the skin, they would be of any benefit—until I tried them. There's something about fruit acids, I suppose, which really "purges" the pores. I've heard also of a liquid containing grapes and honey, that is supposed to be sure death to wrinkles. I haven't tried it yet, but my curiosity is mounting, and I'm likely to try it any day.

If you do use things for wrinkles, apply them gently. Your touch should be very delicate whenever you put anything on your face. Never slap powder on with a puff, as I've seen many girls do. Don't rub rouge in harshly. When I use rouge, which isn't often, I apply it with a large camel's hair brush, very soft and pliable, and I get wonderful results. When I give myself a facial, I like to use one of those delicate little patters which most of the salons use. Equipment like this makes beauty-care twice as interesting and twice as scientific. And don't forget a complexion brush, for washing with soap and water.

I apply my lipstick with my finger—spread it to the corners of my mouth, following the natural line of the lips. I have an orange stick handy, with a bit of cotton on the end of it, in case I get too much lipstick at the corners. Removing it with the orange stick prevents smudging it further, as you might do with your finger.

Getting Rid of That Summer Tan

WE all are apt to be lax about beauty-care during the summer. But at this time of the year we become conscience-stricken and try to make up for lost time. While I never allow myself to become very tanned in the summer, my skin does turn slightly darker. Then I try desperately to get it back to its normal fairness. After cleansing my face at night, I use a mild bleaching cream—not only on my face, but on my neck, shoulders, back and arms. Often, in "whitening up" for the winter, people forget these other areas which lose their tan more slowly than does the face, because they are not so much exposed. If you use a long-handled brush every day in your tub, and once or twice a week soak them in cleansing cream, removing the cream with a Turkish towel, it should do the trick for you as it has for me. Another thing—tiny blemishes may break out on your back, though you haven't a single one on your face. The reason is that your face receives more care than does your back. Increased circulation helps your back—that is why so many of us out here have a masseuse to work on us regularly. They not only help us look better, but they help us feel better. Of course not every girl can afford such treatments, but every girl has a sister or a mother or a girl-friend who can give her back a good rub-down once in a while.

"I apply my lipstick with my finger, following the natural line of my lips"

"I often do my hair, arranging it around my face, after my hat is on"

"A loose, fluffy coiffure is more suited to the breadth of my shoulders"

Make Faces at Yourself

ANOTHER important aid to a good appearance is facial expression. All of us look better at certain times than we do at others. The thing to do is to find out your best moments, and develop them. Make faces at yourself in the mirror! Discover how you look when you smile, when you are pensive, or interested, or startled . . . I don't mean, of course, that you always can look the same! A perpetually pensive expression would drive anyone mad! But if raising your eyebrows

(*Continued on page 80*)

New Chances *for* Old Favorites

By RAMON ROMERO

Monte Blue—in "Wagon Wheels"

Madge Bellamy—back from "exile"

Jack Mulhall—smiling once more

GREAT stars of yesterday—Charles Ray, Clara Kimball Young, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mae Marsh, and William Farnum—where are they now? Some are playing rôles that are no more than "bits," shining now as lesser luminaries in new constellations. But to their work they bring a pantomimic experience gained through long years of experience before the silent camera, lighted with the glamour of their former fame. And some of them are heading along Comeback Road, accelerated by the new demand for pictures like those in which so many of them first found fame.

Ten years ago, if some producer had planned a great spectacle with a cast of names including the above-mentioned stars, and, in addition, Monte Blue, Mary Carr, Betty Blythe, Thomas Meighan, with Jack Mulhall, Helene Chadwick, Nita Naldi and Bryant Washburn for good measure, the picture would have made screen history. It would have gone down in screen annals as having the greatest cast of all time—greater even than the assemblage of names in "Grand Hotel." Its weekly salary list would have run into the hundreds of thousands. To-day such a cast could be gathered together without effort or expense. And I'll wager the combined salaries for the week would not exceed five thousand dollars.

It is only recently that motion picture producers have become aware of the fact that in their own backyards is as fine a group of character players as they could find in any theatre on Broadway. Sterling names are beginning to appear more frequently in the cast sheets—names steeped in the traditions of motion pictures, and still familiar to the older generation of movie fans. For years, until just recently, these ex-stars have wandered the highways of Hollywood in search of jobs—forgotten, unwanted. A few had saved enough money on which to live comfortably, but many were in want—some in dire need.

Were Given Helping Hands

THE financial condition of some of these former stars was brought to the attention of the Hays Office, and an order went out through the Central Casting Bureau that they were to receive first consideration from casting directors at the studios, given "extra" work and "bits" whenever possible.

If you looked closely, in "Stingaree," you may have recognized Helene Chadwick in an "extra" rôle. Six or seven years previously she had been the leading lady of its star, Richard Dix. Alice Lake, Mary MacLaren, King Baggot and Ella Hall, other stars of Hollywood's yesteryears, now accept "extra" rôles. Miss Lake has, in the past few months, been given "bits" at the Metro studio, where she once was a star. In "Murder in the Private Car" she received her first opportunity in talkies to display the talent that once made her a great favorite. Miss MacLaren, sensational star of all of Lois Weber's oldtime problem plays at Universal, worked in the mob scenes of "Cavalcade" at Fox. Even more recently, Jack Mulhall played a small part in Mae West's picture, "Belle of the Nineties"—and achieved what so many former

Where are the stars of yesteryear—who helped to make movies what they are to-day? Heading along Comeback Road in a brigade! Some of them may be starting all over, at the bottom of the Hollywood heap, but the big news is—they're wanted again!

Betty Blythe—playing new rôles

Charles Ray—at Fame's door again

Clara Kimball Young—wanted anew

favorites are struggling for: new recognition. You will see him in bigger parts from now on.

The Hollywood ladder of success is a narrow one. In this era of Gables, Wests and Hepburns, players of yesterday must step down. It is a legend that Hollywood is a one-chance town. Rarely, if ever, does a displaced star, director, or writer achieve a second opportunity to mount the ladder of fame. But something significant has happened during the last year. The great depression has taught even hard-boiled producers a lesson. With the demand for a cleaner, more human type of picture, producers are recalling the old exponents of the type of acting popular in less hectic days. Mae Marsh, Ella Hall, Tom Moore, Aileen Pringle, Bryant Washburn, Reginald Denny and others are being given a chance to win back their former popularity.

Old Stars in New Constellations

IN the cast of "The Return of Chandu," in which Bela Lugosi is starred, can be found the names of Clara Kimball Young, Tom Moore, Peggy Montgomery (the famous "Baby Peggy" of yesterday), and Bryant Washburn. There are four ex-stars in support of a present-day luminary who has not yet reached the great heights of fame to which they attained before Hollywood ever heard of him. But the important fact is—their faces are seen on the screen again.

Thomas Meighan, favorite of millions in an earlier day, makes his reappearance, after a long absence from the screen, in "Peck's Bad Boy." Jackie Cooper's name tops the cast, with star billing—yet there are many who will go to see the picture because "Meighan is back."

When John Stahl started casting for "Only Yesterday," he found that there were seventy-two speaking parts, some only flashes with but one line of dialogue. Yet every line was so important, each "bit" so vital to the success of the play, that he determined to have all the rôles played by actors of experience. Through this foresight Betty Blythe, Julia Faye and John Roche were enabled to make a fresh start. And fan mail proved that movie-goers had spotted them.

Miss Blythe, who won international renown with her interpretation of "The Queen of Sheba" in the silent era, came from a California ranch to start all over again. She gradually is being given better assignments. Her most recent engagement is in support of Colleen Moore in "The Scarlet Letter." The consensus of opinion is that she no longer is a "clothes horse," but a splendid dramatic actress who retains great beauty and has new dramatic warmth. She is now in "A Girl of the Limberlost."

Reginald Denny, Esther Ralston and Monte Blue are other ex-stars now attracting attention in supporting rôles. All three rode the crest of the wave less than five years ago, only to be submerged by invaders from Broadway, who took away not only their titles of stardom, but their very bread and butter.

Three Veterans Stage Comeback

DENNY enjoyed a long and prosperous career at Universal, in a series of comedies. One morning he awoke to find himself jobless. But now he is meeting with great success as a free-lance player. His versatility stamps him as an actor of great ability. His work in "The Lost Patrol" awakened Hollywood to his new possibilities. Two recent rôles are as a German in "The World Moves On," and as a semi-heavy in "Of Human Bondage."

Miss Ralston, released from her starring contract with Paramount, was faced with the alternative of subordinating her importance in billing, or accepting vaudeville engagements. She elected to display her talents on the variety stages of the country and in British pictures, where she still could capitalize her name—and to her very real benefit, for she came back to Hollywood an actress of

(*Continued on page 71*)

We've Checked and Double-Checked the New Pictures for You

The Picture

CHAINED

A Crawford-Gable Opus to Argue About

THIS is a story of the troubles and yearnings of a group of not-particularly-admirable people who are made to appear important by luxurious backgrounds and the high-powered personalities of Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and Otto Kruger. We are asked to sympathize with the predicament of a millionaire's secretary who is sent on a cruise to South America to decide whether she will go to her employer without the formality of marriage, and who discovers real love in the person of a young Argentine rancher aboard the boat.

Returning to New York to inform the millionaire of her change of heart, she finds that he has divorced his wife and sacrificed his children to marry her and feels herself bound to him as a consequence.

Highlights: Fun in the liner's bar with Stuart Erwin, Clark and Joan. The love scenes reminiscent of earlier and more naïve screen love making. The ranch scene with horses and colts. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

THE CAT'S-PAW

A New Lloyd, Funnier Than Ever

SURROUNDED with a grand cast, Harold Lloyd safely makes the change from farce to comedy and for the first time in his life has a chance to do some real acting. As the gentle son of a missionary, with a Chinese proverb for every occasion on his tongue's tip, he makes a ludicrous and touching figure as he deals with gangsters and slangy girls according to the precepts of Ling Po, a poet dead seven centuries.

Placed by a freak of fate in the position of mayor of a tough American city, he triumphantly sails through danger and difficulty in the funniest scene that ever appeared in a Lloyd picture. George Barbier, as the crook won to unwilling honesty by the quoter of proverbs, is grand.

Highlights: The scene where the politicians try to speak *Ezekiel Cobb's* language to persuade him to run for Reform Mayor. The "execution" scene in its entirety. The gag of the headless bodies. (Lloyd-Fox)

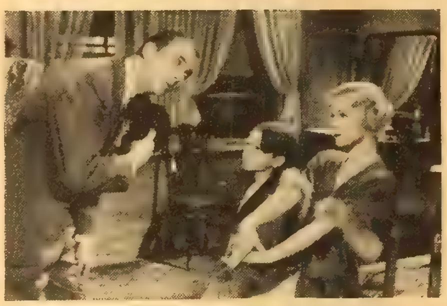
BRITISH AGENT

Two New Co-Stars in a Tense Drama

THIS is an elaborately staged, impressive story of young foreign diplomats caught in the meshes of the Russian Revolution. From the moment when Soviet bullets crash into the glitter and stateliness of a British Embassy ball, sending the crystals of the great chandelier tinkling down upon the terrified guests in a bright rain, there is no let-down of tension. An ever-increasing crescendo of intrigue surrounds the figures of the young English consul (Leslie Howard) and the Russian patriot (Kay Francis).

It is their fate to fall desperately in love and at the same time, through relentless duty, fight against each other, betray one another. Howard is a heroic figure.

Highlights: The entrance of the revolutionists into the Embassy and the facing of the Old Order with the New. The splendid sets. The scenes between the young Briton and his servant. The breath-taking suspense of the love scene. (Warners)



YOU BELONG TO ME

Hail a New Child Star!

YOU will go to see this because of Lee Tracy's name. You'll come away from it talking about the new child actor, young David Holt. And if you haven't shed a few tears over the sentimental situations developed between the backstage vaudeville characters, you are a Tough Proposition!

Tracy plays a putty-nosed vaudeville comedian, who is the pal and confidant of the child of one of the singers (Helen Mack), whom he loves. But he is a different Tracy, lacking his fast-talking, hand-waving line. It seems rather a pity to reduce a star of his importance to the position of "feeder" for a child actor. However, young Holt is sincere, unaffected and devoid of the irritating characteristics of so many infant prodigies. He should go far.

Highlights: Helen Mack, swinging out over the audience as she sings. Helen Morgan, as Tracy's ex-wife, in a grand blues number. David Jack Holt. (Paramount)

Parade

JUDGE PRIEST

Will Rogers Shows Everybody a Good Time

BETWEEN Irvin S. Cobb, who wrote the stories on which the picture is based, and Will Rogers, who acts the title rôle, "Judge Priest" has everything that American audiences go for—hilarious comedy, heart-tugs, suspenseful drama, romance, down-to-earth characters, homely philosophy, and justice triumphing over injustice. It's theatrical, but it's swell entertainment.

The setting is a sleepy Kentucky town in 1890—a town where the animosities of Civil War days still smolder. Much of the early part of the picture is a colorful character sketch of the *Judge,* first on the bench, then off it, moving around the town, having drawling disputes with his sister, fishing and talking with his old War cronies. Ambling along with him, sharing his amusing outlook on life and his neighbors, you get to know them all. Then back you go to court, where David Landau is being tried for murderous assault and defended by *Priest's* young lawyer-nephew, Tom Brown. The opposition lawyer demands that *Priest* resign for the duration of the trial. He does, then finds a way, through Henry B. Walthall, to help out his nephew.

Highlights: Rogers' speech of self-defense as he leaves the bench. The suspense of the trial. The word-picture by Walthall of soldiers' martyrdom. The settings and music of the old South. Rogers' sly observations. (Fox)

PERFORMANCES

YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

WILL ROGERS in **"JUDGE PRIEST"**
HAROLD LLOYD in **"THE CAT'S-PAW"**
MAE WEST in **"BELLE OF THE NINETIES"**
LESLIE HOWARD in **"BRITISH AGENT"**
KAY FRANCIS in **"BRITISH AGENT"**
JEAN MUIR in **"DESIRABLE"**
DAVID HOLT in **"YOU BELONG TO ME"**
FRANK MORGAN in **"THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW"**

Make These Reviews Your Guide When You Go Movie-Shopping

DESIRABLE

That's What a View of This Comedy Is

THIS is one of the lightest, most whimsical and delightful little comedies seen on the screen in many a day, thanks not so much to adroitness of plot as to the performers. George Brent is the suavely genial hero, who thinks himself in love with a glamourous actress, only to discover that she has a nineteen-year-old daughter; Verree Teasdale fulfils all the requirements of the rôle of the great stage favorite; and Jean Muir is sincere as the innocent and self-conscious girl.

Skirting neatly several semi-risqué situations, it's the story of a man who refound his youth and a schoolgirl who discovered that she was desirable. Charming situations and grand dialogue. Worth seeing.

Highlights: The tall girl trying to "scootch" down to dance with short partners. Her refuge in the dressing-room. The big scene between mother and daughter when the actress tries to disgust the girl with the man they both want. (Warners)

THERE'S ALWAYS TOMORROW

Something for the Whole Family

EVERYONE who has a family or who belongs to a family will enjoy this glimpse into the home-life of *Joseph White,* father of five children who think that the world was made for them. Crowded out of his house by their parties, forgotten in the tumultuous young life and interests around him, the father (Frank Morgan) suddenly discovers that he is still capable of loving.

A former secretary of his (Binnie Barnes—new English importation) turns up, and for one blissful evening a week, when his family suppose—if they think about him at all—that he is at his lodge, he visits her charming house, basks in the warmth of her adoration and becomes an important person.

Highlights: The family dinner table, seething with unspoken remarks. The servant girl. Binnie Barnes' attempt to explain the essential harmlessness of her relation with their father to his children, frozen with horror at their discovery. (Universal)

BELLE OF THE NINETIES

Mae West Still Wows Them

AFTER all the cutting and re-cutting, filming and re-filming, Mae West's new picture is still splendid entertainment. The marks of the scissors are plain in its plot and dialogue, yet the actress by sheer personality sweeps the onlooker along in the wake of her amazing gowns and plumed hats, her hoarsely musical songs, her abundant vitality. With a far more carefully constructed plot than heretofore, with fewer close-ups of the star and more opportunity for her cast (which includes Johnny Mack Brown and Roger Pryor), this story of the burlesque queen, *Ruby Carter,* who pits her wits against masculine cunning and treachery in the New Orleans of the Nineties is not going to disappoint West fans.

Highlights: Mae's rendition of "The Memphis Blues." The frenzy of the religion shouters. The garish interiors of the Sensation House. Mae's wardrobe, songs, wisecracks. In short—Mae. (Paramount).

IRIS MARCH

"The Green Hat" Turns Pale

UNLESS you have read "The Green Hat," much of the meaning of this story of the daughter of the doomed *Marches* and those concerned with her unhappy destiny will be incomprehensible. As Connie Bennett plays *Iris,* she is neither wild nor wilful, but gentle and futile, accepting a series of blows from life without protest. The first of these blows is when the man she loves (Herbert Marshall) is sent to India to save him from marrying her; the second comes when the man she marries (Ralph Forbes) leaps from a hotel window.

It is beautifully staged and acted, but such a story of sex tragedy should either be made bravely or not attempted. It is impossible to make a harmless, pretty tale out of it.

Highlights: The scene in which *Iris* learns from three old men just how the world regards her family. The scene in which her past and present meet in the bride's chamber. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

WILCOXON—What a Man!

HENRY WILCOXON looks like a conqueror—and he's living up to his looks. After one picture, "Cleopatra," he's muscling into Gable's territory. Women can't resist him—and men not only have a healthy respect for him; they envy him!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

IF Hollywood is new and intriguing to Henry Wilcoxon—and he admits that it is—Henry Wilcoxon is no less new and intriguing to Hollywood—and Hollywood admits it! Watch this man, who has just made his screen début as *Marc Antony* in "Cleopatra," for he was designed by Nature to be a conqueror. He will become one of the screen's greatest stars—not by reason of his acting, which is entirely satisfactory, but by the sheer force of his personality, which is staggering.

His size overwhelms the imagination, dwarfs the screen, makes his co-actors seem puny by comparison—yet, amazingly, he stands little more than six feet in height and weighs only one hundred and ninety pounds. His size is a mental illusion, the by-product of that dominant personality, of that excessive virility which is the man's outstanding characteristic. He is wholly masculine and radiates strength. Meeting him, one's first conscious thought is: "This man is made of steel—his strength is limitless." Knowing him, the conviction grows.

Yet he has not the bulgy, massive muscles of a circus strong man. There is nothing massive, or stolid, in his physical make-up. His is the strength of perfect coordination, of inexhaustible energy. It is the strength that we instinctively associate with the primitive.

His muscles are long and supple. They are the sort of muscles that experience prizes in a race horse, the sort of muscles that combine endurance and lightning speed. When he moves, you can see them tensing and softly crawling beneath their sheath of healthy skin. The suggestion of strength is heightened in his features—in his rugged, but not too prominent jaw; in his straight, Grecian nose; in his broad and lofty forehead.

Like Gable—and Then Some

REGARD any group of athletes, and, in almost every one, you will note some physical imperfection. There is an insufficient development here, an undue heaviness there, some twist or crook that destroys symmetry—legs too short or too long, or too much bone or sinew exposed, or too little. In Wilcoxon, you won't find one of those faults. His body is perfectly proportioned—slender, wiry legs, narrow hips and a broad, deep chest. He is the man-type in its final evolution. There is no man, seeing him on the screen, who will not envy his bodily perfection, no woman who will not be fascinated.

This man, like Gable—and, perhaps, even more than

(*Continued on page 62*)

FUR COAT FROM REVILLON FRERES

HAT BY LILY DACHE

INTERIOR DECORATION BY W. & J. SLOANE

JEWELRY FROM MARCUS & CO.

All hers!

..yet she uses a 25¢ tooth paste

why?

At Palm Beach and Nassau, California and Cannes, every year they flock by scores — those smart, cultured women with enough money to indulge the slightest whim. And the number of them who use Listerine Tooth Paste is amazing. Obviously price could be no factor in their choice. Why then did they choose this tooth paste with its modest price of 25¢? Only one answer: better results.

Direct Cleansing

Listerine Tooth Paste *does* cleanse teeth better than ordinary pastes, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in *Direct Contact* with decaying matter on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush they spread over tooth surfaces and penetrate hard-to-reach crevices, attacking tartar and sweeping away germ laden debris and discolorations.

Unlike some dentifrices, Listerine Tooth Paste does not cover teeth with a slippery barrier over which the brush slides only partly removing the debris beneath.

See and Feel the Difference

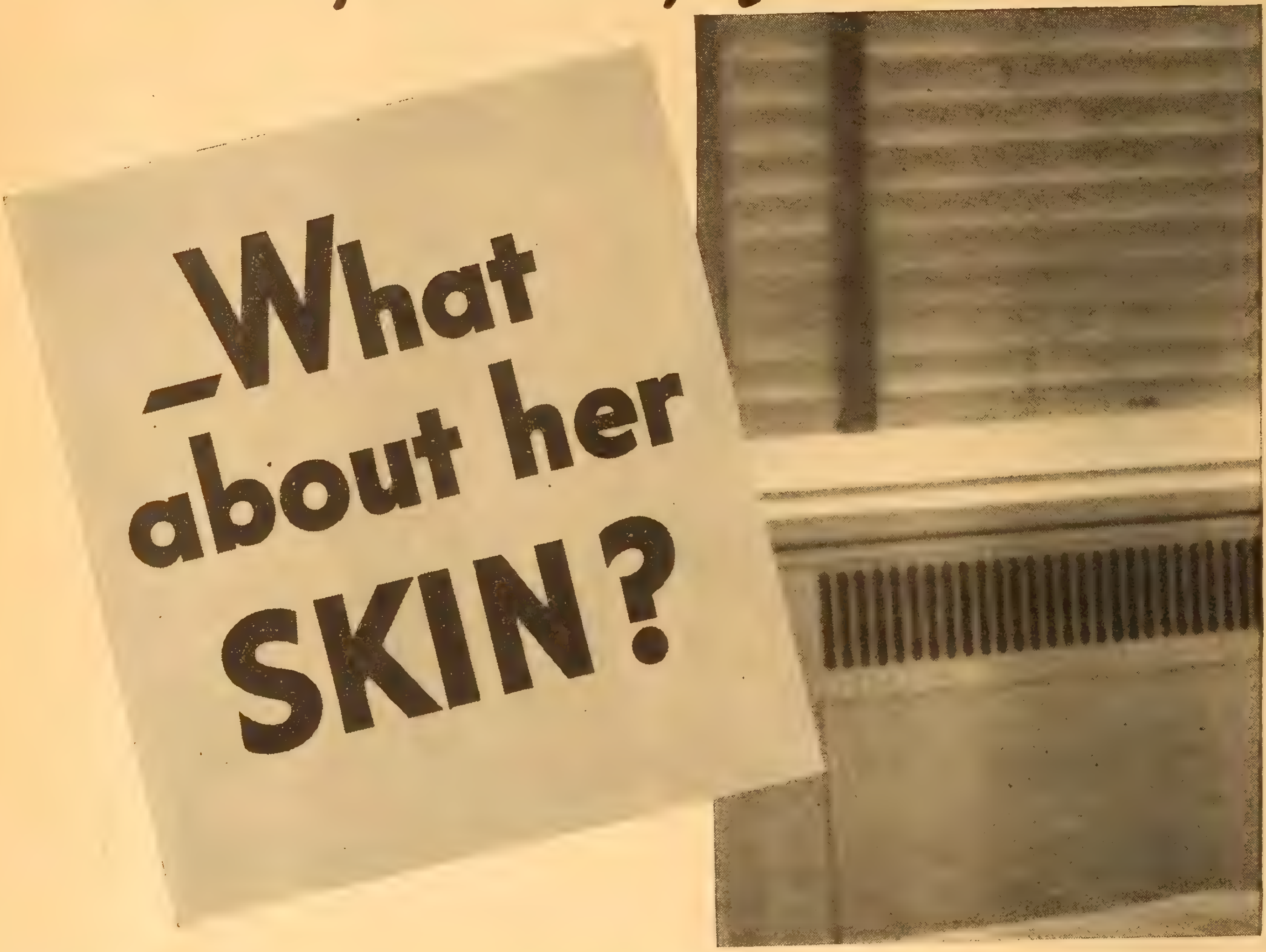
You can *feel* the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually *feel* cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And within a few days your mirror tells you that they *look* whiter.

Try It One Week

Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Why not let it make your teeth cleaner, more brilliant, more sparkling? In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears; worthy too, of the confidence placed in it by millions of women. In 2 sizes—regular 25¢ and double size 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

Betty's ready for 8 hours



Let's hope Betty removes daytime make-up the Hollywood way. Cosmetics left clogging the pores cause unattractive Cosmetic Skin

BEAUTY sleep's *important*—for you and for your *skin,* too. So don't go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoiling your beauty.

Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly may all unconsciously be leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. It is this *choking* of the pores that causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin to develop.

Look closely in your mirror now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it's time to start using gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood's famous beauty care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly.* Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up — ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood's priceless complexions.

In this way you can *protect* your skin—keep it clear and lovely!

Beauty sleep . . .

Use Cosmetics? Yes, indeed! But I always use **Lux Toilet Soap** to guard against Cosmetic Skin
LUX
TOILET SOAP

Claudette Colbert

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"

READ **FREE** OFFER BELOW

WOMEN'S GREATEST POWER

depends on lovely eyes

THIS is your opportunity to glorify your eyes, to have long, lovely lashes. Here's the way used by smart women everywhere. So easy, so inexpensive. Just a magic touch with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly

FREE Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

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Street ....

City .... State ....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Wilcoxon—What a Man!

(*Continued from page 58*)

Gable—is equipped to be an idol of both sexes. Like Gable, he is virile and dominating. Like Gable, he suggests ruthless force and inflexible will. Like Gable, he is nothing if not himself, ignoring all acclaim for his personal magnetism. Unlike Gable, he is both analyst and dreamer. It is easy to imagine his undergoing any conceivable hardship in order to reach a goal. It is easy to imagine his overriding any and all opposition. And it is impossible to imagine him avoiding an obstacle or shirking a problem.

He is reserved, difficult to know—until the conversation touches upon his interests. Then, he becomes the soul of animation. Give him a stimulating subject to dissect and every vestige of his reserve is swept away. But, while he pours forth his enthusiasms in a tumbling cascade of words, his hands, unconsciously, are forever in motion—and never once do his hearers lose that conviction of the man's tremendous, latent strength. Rather, it is confirmed, for without being egotistical or dogmatic, he delivers the most casual opinion with the force of a blow.

She Couldn't Argue with Him

RECENTLY, I lunched with him and a certain lady whose ability to uphold her end in any argument is a Hollywood tradition. He talked; she listened, seemingly spell-bound. Afterward, I commented on her lapse in combativeness.

"How can anyone argue with that man?" she retorted. "He may be wrong in his conclusions, but it never dawns on you until it's too late to raise the question without seeming stupid!"

We had discussed American comedians. "The Englishman has a sense of humor; the American has a sense of the ridiculous!" Wilcoxon had stated.

Equipped with such a physique, he is built for heroic rôles; yet, contradictorily, his one burning ambition is to play light comedy.

"Why must comic characters always be small men?" he demands. "These producers are wrong. People laugh at small men, but they also laugh just as heartily at big men. Hollywood is catering to women—yet the movie producers forget that women like to laugh at men who appeal to them in other ways . . ."

Wilcoxon contends that "bigness" and physical perfection are often handicaps in life.

"Things come too easily to the big man," he says. "He is always tempted to let his strength take the place of skill—he becomes so confident of his physical power that he neglects his mental development. It's better to be skilful than merely strong. Undersized men, or men handicapped by some deformity or weakness, often rise to tremendous heights because their weakness acts as a spur and makes them match their brains and determination against the brawn of their better-equipped rivals. Little men usually become either heroes or bullies. As children, they sometimes learn to take advantage of the chivalry that strength likes to accord to weakness."

Where He Got His Physique

AS he talks, he leans forward in his chair and you watch, fascinated, as his muscles, like things endowed with a life apart, tense and crawl. You find yourself wondering how far he could leap from the semi-repose of his position—marveling that any man can keep so fit without doing physical labor.

"I spend an hour or two every day in the gymnasium," he explains. "I live out-of-doors as much as possible. When I have time, I go to the mountains. I swim and play tennis . . ."

Swimming gave him that great chest that Cecil De Mille demanded as a prerequisite for the rôle of *Marc Antony* in "Cleopatra." Swimming also gave him one of the two most horrifying experiences of his life.

As a boy in Barbados, his island birthplace, he worked as a salvage diver, plumbing the ocean depths without a helmet or life lines, to comb sunken ships for articles of value. During the World War, a French freighter sank in the harbor and Wilcoxon was enlisted in the salvage crew. Late one evening, with a treacherous tide running, he dived and made his way into the captain's cabin, to recover the ship's log. With the book clutched in his hands, he made his way back to the cabin door—only to discover that the tide had swung it shut. The lock had caught and he could not force it open. He was trapped. His lungs were bursting. The water turned black before his eyes.

Finally, with the last ounce of strength in his body, he succeeded in breaking the lattice work in the cabin's windows. He forced his body through and fought his way toward the surface. He was unconscious when the boat crew picked him up.

His Big Worry

ALMOST as horrible—in his estimation—was his task in "Cleopatra" of speaking the lines, "I am dying, Egypt, dying!"

"I started worrying about those lines before I left London to accept the rôle," he says with a grimace of distaste. "I couldn't imagine anyone speaking them without being theatrical. I lay awake at night and said them over and over again—and every time I spoke them, they sounded more utterly asinine. 'I am dying, Egypt, dying!' Lord, how I dreaded speaking those words! My life was a nightmare until I had finally made the scene and they were recorded."

Like most big men—and, certainly, like most well-bred Englishmen—Wilcoxon has an intense horror of being "theatrical." In many of his mannerisms, he resembles quiet Gary Cooper.

In Hollywood, he has been much sought after, but he has consistently avoided the crowds. Soon after his arrival, he purchased a small cruiser and now spends much of his time at sea, exploring the chain of desolate islands that lie along the Southern California Coast. At home, in his bachelor apartment, he is forever sketching. His drawings and paintings, by the way, have won praise from critics and have been features of several London exhibits.

But all that is aside from the point. The one important fact is that his tremendous virility, his utter masculinity, will make this man a star. For all his schooling in the West Indies, for all his devotion to art, for all his years on the English stage, he approaches more closely the American ideal of rugged, dominating strength than any actor who has ever stepped in front of the cameras. On a screen that of late has been overrun with sophisticated, dawdling males, he seems a creature who has stepped out of some primitive world.

Hollywood is watching him with fascination. So will you if you have seen him in "Cleopatra."

And so did the girl in the big white hat who sat at a nearby table in the Paramount café and left her food untouched while she stared at him with admiring, somewhat greedy, eyes!

How Good it feels!

Hair that feels clean because it is clean

No soapy, gummy film is left to dull the natural beauty of your hair when you use Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo.

GERAL Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo contains no soap. It does not lather; there are no messy suds nor fuss. It contains no alkali, no irritants, no harsh ingredients. It contains only pure, soothing oils that clean the hair like magic and that rinse away, cleanly and thoroughly, in warm water. No special rinses are needed when you use GERAL Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo.

Easy to use. The application of GERAL Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo is simple and quick. Dampen the hair, apply the shampoo; a short massage, a quick rinse in warm water and it is done. The hair is at once left soft, lustrous and wonderfully clean. The beneficial effect of olive oil on the hair and scalp is well known. Pure olive oil is the main ingredient of this shampoo.

GERAL Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo does more than thoroughly cleanse your hair; it actually conditions the hair and the scalp as well. It penetrates the scalp, relieves it of deadened skin and dandruff. Excessive dryness of the hair is remedied and excessive oiliness checked. Your hair has a softness and a sheen that bring out the lights and color that are often lost and dulled by soaps and harsh, irritating shampoos.

Get GERAL Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo from your druggist or department store, a large, generous, eight ounce bottle for 75c.

Do not delay. Make yourself the possessor, now, of the refreshing joy, of the added beauty and allure Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo will bring to you.

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If your dealer does not have GERAL Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo in stock you may order a special bottle directly from us. Send us 25c with the coupon below, carefully filled out.

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I enclose 25c for which send me one Travel Size bottle of Geral Olive Oil Soapless Shampoo.

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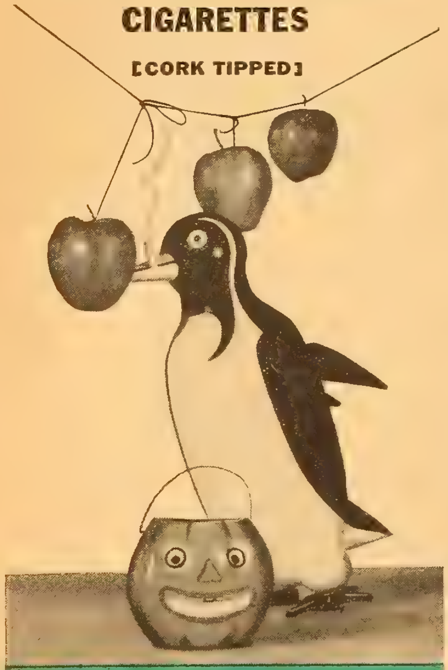


WORTH GOING FOR!

An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but a carton of KOOLS is a sure way to keep a comfortable smoking throat always on tap! KOOLS are *mildly* mentholated to cool the smoke, to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork-tipped to save lips. B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS good for attractive nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Fredric March Defends Hollywood's Morals

(*Continued from page 31*)

source can be clamped on a group, or individual, speaking out in self-defense in answer to a serious indictment.

"I am glad of the opportunity to have my say. I am proud to do it, because I am proud of my profession. Personally, and for my friends and co-workers, I resent the slur against Hollywood's moral code!:

"It may seem funny to you," he continued, "but I have always felt that many of these periodical blasts against Hollywood can be blamed on the stories of the writers and editorialists who have gone out of their way to perform what they call 'a whitewash of Hollywood.' In other words, they always maintain the attitude that they are doing Hollywood an enormous favor with their articles based on the theory: 'Hollywood is just like any other little town. Life here goes on much the same as it does in Canker City. The movie stars are just plain folks, even as you and I.'

"I claim that this sort of thing is definitely harmful—because it is not the truth. And because it is easily disproved, it leads moralists to believe that just the opposite must be true.

"Hollywood is not just another little town; life here is not lived exactly as it is in Canker City; and actors are not as you, and you, and you. But does that have to mean, necessarily, that they are Pharisees—flaunting every decency of human conduct?

Condemned Too Quickly, He Says

"TO me, it is pitiful that what we do not understand, we find it necessary to condemn. Nations have been, and are, as guilty of this intolerance as are the narrow-minded individuals who say: 'If my neighbor does not live as I do, eat his dinner at the same hour I do, wear the same style clothes as I do, or have the same beliefs that I do—then my neighbor is wrong, and I shall have to do something about making him do my way.' In support of such madness, men have gone to war, nations have been subjected to oppression, and hatreds have been passed down through history.

"In admitting that Hollywood and her people *are* different, I cannot hope to appeal to those blind with prejudice; but I can expect fair play from those who hate prejudice, and the injustice it stands for—and who are broad-minded enough to admit that what is different is not necessarily depraved!

"The very nature of the actor's business makes it impossible for him to abide by hard-and-fast designs for living. For him, nothing is the same to-day as it was yesterday—not even his dinner hour. There is an instability about his work that is bound to be reflected in his life. To-day, the actor is happy, gay, on top of the world—because things are breaking right for him. A banker, baker, lawyer, experiencing similar success, would know his future to be assured and he could make definite plans for his life. But with an actor, his career can be over like *that*." (He snapped his fingers.) "Ten years is a long screen life for the average movie actor. Is it any wonder, then, that his life reflects this unsettlement, and that he is keyed to a faster-moving existence?

"I have often heard it argued: 'All right, but why don't actors confine their emotionalism to the business of acting, and behave like button-hole-makers, say, after working hours?'

Once an Actor, Always an Actor

"THAT is like asking a painter to forget his great sense of color completely, except when he is actually working on one of his own canvases; or like asking a musician to be tone-deaf, except when he is in the throes of actual composition. Emotions are the tools with which actors work, and they can't help carrying them wherever they go. In order to portray emotions, actors must experience them. All actors are sensitive people, with emotions close to the surface. If that were not true, they could not be actors."

He went on: "A charge of lax morals against Hollywood's people seems to me not only to be definitely unfair, but proves that those who make the charge are totally ignorant of certain hide-bound codes by which Hollywood governs *itself*. Almost every important Hollywood contract contains a 'morals' clause, which stipulates, in no uncertain terms, that cancellation will be the result of any private peccadillo in which the player becomes publicly involved. It is not only wise for the Hollywood actor to maintain a conventional mode of living; it is good business!

"Believe me when I say that no censorship board of public morals could govern Hollywood any more rigidly than it is governed within itself. I do not know of a single case, all through Hollywood history, in which moral lassitude has not been drastically disciplined. There is no other industry that so persistently, and legally, governs the private conduct of its workers.

Why They Rap on Hollywood

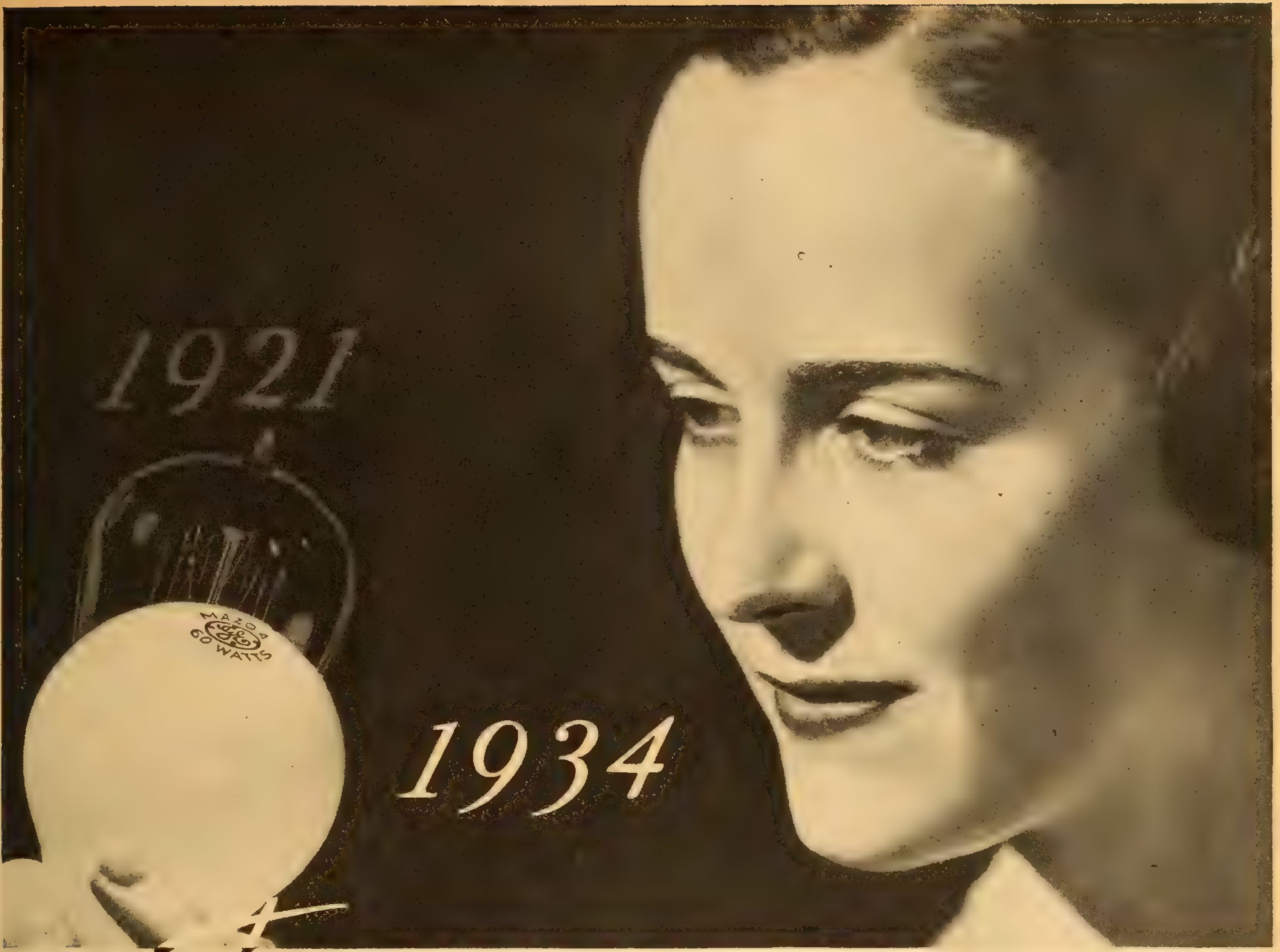
"AFTER all, what is behind the great hue and cry against Hollywood? It is not, mind you, that its people live in sin, free love, or in violent flaunting of the conventions—for they don't. The greatest charge against Hollywood is its many marriages and divorces. It is utterly ridiculous, but true, that the greatest criticism leveled against Hollywood is the outcome of conventional conduct practised too often!

"The star who has married three or four times has abided that many times by the conventions that he, or she, has been accused of flaunting. The entire Hollywood set-up, combined with an innate emotional temperament that makes marriage more difficult here than it is anywhere else in the world, frequently works against the attempt to find conventional happiness; but this should not minimize the fact that Hollywood consistently legalizes her love stories."

He smiled ironically, as he asked: "Doesn't it strike you a little oddly that it is these same 'morally lax' people who are invariably called upon to donate their services to every charity, worth-while movement and uplift campaign that is ever promoted, by the same people who hurl the most damaging charges against them? And they never fail, these Hollywood actors—as these others fail *them* when rock-throwing becomes the popular pastime.

"I think that, if there is any one general criticism to be leveled against Hollywood's people, it is that these kicks in the face are taken too philosophically, without demanding the reasonable amount of understanding that is due!"

Thus, Fredric March, movie star, gentleman and individualist, who was graduated from college into banking and thence into acting—and who won the Academy award for the best acting of 1932, was one of the charter members of the Screen Actors' Guild, has been happily married for years to Florence Eldredge, has recently adopted two children and acquired a ranch near Hollywood, and, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," is not out of character in playing the outspoken *Robert Browning*.



Talk about your bargains!

Everybody uses the popular 60-watt lamp—but hardly anyone realizes how much *more* light it gives and how much *less* it costs as the result of constant research under General Electric leadership.

And the 60-watt General Electric MAZDA lamp—which gives 40% more light and is 58% lower in price than in 1921—is typical of what the General Electric monogram GE means to users of *all* sizes of lamps. For instance: During the past ten years alone General Electric research and lamp development have provided additional light to the value of over one billion dollars *without one cent of increased current cost!*

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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name ____________
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Who'll Wear These Glasses?

(*Continued from page 45*)

it tastes sweeter and juicier than the melon in the ice-box at home, which is yours for the taking."

"Well, what do you propose to do when you fold up the old spectacles? Play character parts?" I asked, laughing.

"Nothing like it," Lloyd grinned. "My last picture, 'Movie Crazy,' convinced me that the day of the gag-and-slapstick comedy had ended. So I decided to try something different, and made 'The Cat's Paw.' It is devoid of slapstick and low comedy. If it proves successful, it will have opened up a whole new field for me."

"And if——" I began.

"——it flops?" Lloyd finished, grinning. "I'll tell you. If it is a success, I'll make another. But, success or failure, I have, I will admit, very positive and definite plans for the future—a future I have long contemplated, but have discussed with no one. It has been the deep, dark secret in my life for a couple of years. It's my dream, and it is a dream, I will admit, I am anxious to make come true . . . I want to find my successor."

"An heir to your comedy throne?" I questioned.

The Lad He's Looking For

HAROLD grinned. "I want to find a youth with something on the ball, a youth out of whom I could create a new Harold Lloyd, or, perhaps, a brand-new character. Then I could sit back and produce his pictures. To be frank, I have been on the lookout for such a young man for a long time. I never go to a play, or a motion picture, without watching for him. Sooner or later, I shall discover him."

"What would you say as to his qualifications?" I asked.

"He must have some real talent. He must be fired with ambition to succeed. He must be willing to learn, to work, study, and to accept orders and advice. He must be an individual who had the same kind of boyish dreams that I had, and who has worked in an effort to make them come true."

"What a break, for such a boy, when you find him! What an opportunity!" I commented.

"It would be a break, wouldn't it?" Lloyd admitted, as he thought it over. "Yes, it would be a break, all right—a break for both of us. Suppose something like that had happened to me? Gosh, it would have saved me a lot of heartaches, a lot of disappointments. But, believe me, when I find such a lad, I'll get a greater kick out of it than he ever will. Just think—a youth, with talent and ambition, to whom I could impart all my secrets, all the tricks of my trade, all the knowledge of the business I have acquired in my lifetime. And then, when he was ready, I could give him to the public. I'd produce, of course; I might even direct, for, certainly, I couldn't keep off the sets. I love it all . . . No, it isn't just a dream. It's my ultimate goal."

"And where do you think you're most likely to find this youth?" I inquired.

Where He May Find Him

"I MAY get just a glimpse of him, as an 'extra' in a picture; he may be playing a 'bit,' or he may be some young comedian who is featured in a picture. I might find him on Broadway, or in a backwoods stock company. I don't know; but I'll find him, and he won't be looking for me, either, when I grab him by the back of the neck and say, 'Come on, old son; you're the chap I've been looking for.'"

"Must he look like you?" I asked.

Lloyd laughed heartily. "Tell me something frankly," he began. "If you didn't know me and saw me on the street, would you recognize me, even though you had just seen one of my pictures?"

I pondered the question a moment; then it dawned upon me. "No," I confessed. "You look about as much like the Lloyd of the screen as I look like General Grant."

"Which fact," grinned Lloyd, "answers your last question."

I hadn't thought about it before, but it is a fact that the Lloyd I know, and the screen illusion you know, are about as different as *Dr. Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde;* I mean in appearance, of course. But there is another notable difference, too. The real Lloyd is as unfunny offstage as he is funny on the screen. He is, in fact, a very serious-minded young man.

But I did get a terrific kick out of Lloyd's assertion that the youth he selects as his successor "must be an individual who had the same kind of boyish dreams that I had." It was good to know that Harold has not forgotten the lean and hungry years and does not seek to gloss over some of the experiences of his life, which lesser men would gladly put out of memory. For a better appreciation of this, let me point out that Lloyd is, doubtless, the wealthiest man in pictures. He has an estate—a palace—with swimming pool, gymnasium, tennis and handball courts, kennels, imported dogs, gorgeous cascades, with mountain water tumbling over ivory waterfalls, a private golf course; in short, a place that would be the envy of any crowned head, or dictator, in the world.

The Start He Got, Himself

NOW contrast this with the youngster—"Yabble," the kids called him back in Nebraska and Denver—who earned his first spending money by salvaging bottles, old iron, rags, anything that could be sold to a junk dealer, out of alley dumps! He was, in turn, a milk-wagon driver's helper, a bottle washer, a messenger boy, a stockroom boy; he cleaned bird cages in a pet shop, sold peanuts in the ball parks of Omaha and Denver, carried newspapers, popped and sold popcorn, and was doorboy at the Pawnee, Nebraska, opera house. And that's only the half of it.

Lloyd sold chocolates in the theatres of Denver, ushered (without pay), worked as a super, call boy, and stage hand. He would do anything to get inside a theatre, for, from the age of four, Lloyd had but one ambition: he wanted to be an actor. And his every job in a theatre was not only for the purpose of making money (don't think he didn't need it), but to observe, and learn. It was thus that he learned his theatre, from Shakespeare to the xylophone players. And when, years later, after tent shows, stock, and "extra" work in pictures, opportunity knocked, Harold was ready.

That's why he wants to find a youth who "had the same kind of boyish dreams." For it is Lloyd's background of rich experience that enabled him to succeed.

People say that Lloyd isn't happy in his palace. Such people are fools! They think that because Lloyd never "went Hollywood," never found pleasure in crowds, parties and night life. Lloyd found his happiness in the simpler things: his wife and children, his estates, his tennis and golf—and work! Harold Lloyd is, in my honest opinion, the happiest man in Hollywood. Yet he is unchanged. Lloyd is, to-day, the same plain, friendly, smiling individual who used to sell peanuts in the ball park. Let me give you a proof of it.

As we sat at luncheon the other day in the Tavern, Lloyd suddenly nudged me.

"Look!" he whispered. "Isn't that Myrna Loy?"

It was—and Lloyd gaped like a yokel!

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You honey blondes! You chestnut beauties! You women and girls with dark or ivory skin! Dry Skin has no respect for you, no matter who you are nor what your age! 70% of American women are actually suffering from this blight!

But here's a swift and simple way to banish Dryness—to avoid this increasing blight! Two vital Elements, exclusive to Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, make these creams highly active to overcome—and also to prevent—Dry Skin!

First, Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream! It works upon your skin much as vitamins in foods work upon your body. It rouses the oil glands to do their work more vigorously, stimulates their action when sluggish; urges them to throw out the natural youth-oils which alone keep faces young and free from wrinkles.

Second, an element in both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams keeps these creams germ-free as long as they last. Ordinary unprotected beauty creams, pure though they are at first, may not remain free from germs while in use. They may become a menace to the skin of the face—especially if thin, dry, easily irritated. They may cause blemishes.

Both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams *stay* safe, *germ-free* till the last dab is used. They destroy germs as fast as they enter the jar. They protect the skin from blemish; keep it in health. Woodbury's Creams smooth the path to Loveliness; keep age away; give youth its rightful place! And they're only 50¢, 30¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

Dermatologists Endorse Woodbury's Creams

109 leading dermatologists have given these creams the first approval ever accorded to any beauty creams. They tested them on their patients; found them of superior quality.

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Senior Dermatologist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, reported: "It is with the greatest satisfaction that I welcome Woodbury's Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms."

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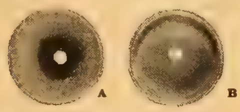

Agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs. Plate A bears Woodbury's Cream which has destroyed all germs in its vicinity, as shown by clear dark ring around cream. Plate B, bearing ordinary cold cream, has no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy germs.

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Dr Scholl's
Zino-pads
for CORNS
CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES
New Features
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Velvety-soft, flexible Skintex covering.
Waterproof. Do not come off in the bath.
Flesh color. Hide blemishes on the feet.

Dr. Scholl's latest contribution to foot relief and comfort—the New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—will be a revelation to you. These smart, dainty, soothing, healing pads give you instant relief and quickly remove corns and callouses.

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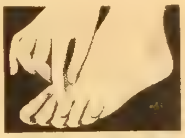
Their soft, flesh color Skintex covering hides blemishes and beautifies the feet. Invisible in sheer hose; do not stick to the stocking; are waterproof and stay on in the bath. They ease new or tight shoes; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters. All this extra value at NO EXTRA COST! Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns between Toes. At all drug and shoe stores.



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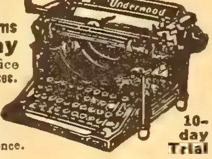

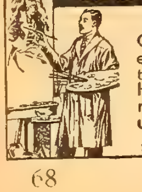

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What Price Glamour?

(*Continued from page 29*)

Prophesies She Will Last

"EVERYONE appears interested in what this New Deal in picture morals is going to do to Mae West—and many appear to think she is all washed up. This feeling is brought about by the fact that, to many, she represents the thing that the moral crusaders are fighting, and is the personification of the charmer who knows how to get the other woman's man.

"To-day she can be likened to the villain in the old-time melodrama. The better an actor he was, the louder the audience hissed him. If he was exceptionally good, they hated him whole-heartedly. In a like manner, Mae got her rating as the hottest of the hot-cha's because of her ability as an actress. She was 'awfully bad' because she was very good.

"To me, Mae's screen personality has always been just an act, a character impersonation. At any rate, I believe Mae schemed out that psychological expression, 'Come up 'n' see me sometime,' in much the same way an advertising copywriter schemes out a catch slogan. Undoubtedly, she tried many before striking the right one. Once found, however, it caught the public fancy as firmly and as universally as did that other phrase, 'Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf,' in Disney's 'Three Little Pigs.'

"True, the problem of what to do next with Mae West is a serious one—but I believe she is too good an actress and too experienced a trouper not to fit in somewhere. If I had the casting of her tomorrow, I would unhesitatingly put her into character work—and then stop worrying about the part she was to do. What the future holds for Mae as a movie star, I can't say—but as an actress she can always find work in pictures."

Whether Mae West fitted her personality to the public's conception of a certain type of woman, or whether the public whittled its idea to fit Mae's chassis and slurring, half-taunting voice, no one seems to know—but to divorce one from the other seems to be Mae's big job. A strong and striking performance in an entirely different rôle would no doubt serve as a starting wedge for this division—and to that end Mae is said to be writing a new play for herself.

The Cross Jean Has to Bear

WITH Jean Harlow, it's something else again. Possessed of the most beautiful body in captivity—and about everything that should go with it—Jean offers entirely too tempting a bit of physical bait to be allowed to demonstrate the gentle arts of man-baiting on a motion picture screen. But the real trouble for her, lies in the fact that the public refuses to let her drop her part when she leaves the studio.

Because she *looks* like a girl no normal man could resist, the average fan believes that the character he saw in the picture gets into the big cream-colored car and drives to Harlow's home on the hill. And the unfortunate happenings in Jean's life have tended to add to this impression.

So, to the girl movie fan in Keokuk, Iowa, for example, "The Blonde Bombshell" is Jean Harlow—and so is the luring siren in "The Red-Headed Woman." That is Jean's cross—and in these days of censorship and aroused public opinion, it is *some* cross. To the American public, *Jean* is the parts she has played. So here is another case of a job too well done.

The real fly in Jean's cocktail, however, is the fact that millions of American people believe she is not capable of playing other parts. In this instance, it should not take a casting director to tell us we are wrong. But in case it does, let's see what the casting directors of three rival studios say. And these men are employed in studios that haven't even asked for Jean on loan.

It is true that Jean's physical appeal originally got her into films—and that on one occasion she was told by a studio department head that if they put a turtle-neck sweater on her, she would starve to death. But it is also true that her head and her ability are keeping her there. In any event, that is the opinion of these casting directors.

Ideas for Jean's Future

"JEAN HARLOW," began Number One, in his most official manner, "is a far better actress than the public has ever given her credit for being. That is largely because the average fan was more interested in her lure than in her acting. But this tightening of the moral code is going to be a great thing for that girl. It is going to compel the studios to cast her in parts where she will have to sell her acting and not her physical allure. And it will mean the studio will have to give her 'scenes,' instead of daring dresses."

"Personally," remarked the second casting director interviewed, "I'd like to put her in a good ultra-modern society play, with a good many yacht sequences—and dress her in a slicker and rubber boots. No, I'm not kidding. That girl is a natural-born comedienne. She could blend burlesque and sophisticated comedy into something worth seeing.

"I'd dress her so that the audience would have to watch her face and hands—and then bring them back to earth once or twice during the picture with a clinging gown or two. And, say," he suddenly added, putting aside his pipe, "did you ever watch Harlow's hands? I'll bet you never did. Well, try it sometime. The fellow who said she had comedy at her finger-tips was talking sense."

"I don't think they should stop making a baby vamp out of Harlow, even though she is complaining about it," explained Director Number Three. "Because she makes such a good baby vamp. But I would give her great variety in dress, and let her be funny. And I wouldn't be so generous with her 'glamour,' either. I never did like the idea of Harlow being the great American peep show.

"In my honest opinion, Harlow hasn't half the problem Sten has; nor a fourth the problem. Anna is the one who has the worries. She is, to the average man, the personification of passionate beauty—a woman who could do things to his inhibitions. And doing things to inhibitions isn't allowed any more."

Anna Has Her Chance Now

IN these days, to have the ultimate in lure for the other sex is a decided liability. And that, it seems, is what Anna ain't got nothing else but. The American public has not yet learned how good an actress Sten really is—though after it sees "We Live Again," in which she plays a tortured peasant, it may find out. After "Nana," it only knows that she is a beautiful argument in favor of doing what maybe we shouldn't.

It is not Anna's fault that she is the last word in "come hither" lure; it was merely her good luck a few months ago and her hard luck now. One thing is certain, however: if she is going to capitalize her seductive charms, it will have to be in a legitimate, one-man event, with honorable intentions plainly proclaimed.

Norma Shearer has, perhaps, least of all the glamour ladies to fear from the clean-up. Her "seductiveness" was usually offered as spice only—and in an effort to attain ultra-sophistication and ultra-modernity. It had no important place in her film menu. Norma's work in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" will prove that she does not need "unconventional" situations to hold her fans.

Joan Crawford has worn abbreviated costumes and tight gowns pretty regularly—but she never did depend upon her lure for her popularity. If you will recall, she has been more the girl unhappily tempted than the girl deliberately a temptress. Joan has always been the shop-girls' pride—the feminine Horatio Alger, Jr., hero. She is the melodrama queen of Hollywood. As the poor victim of circumstances who rises to fame and fortune and eventually finds "true love," she wears her clothes beautifully and sends many a tired little shop-girl home to wonderful dreams.

With Marlene Dietrich, it is not a question of whether the new moral code will shackle her, but whether it might not in some way set her free. The American public has yet to see what Marlene can really do—for she is a far better actress than she has ever been allowed to be.

As for the other girls, they will merely have to prove that womanhood can be as fine and beautiful—and as entertaining—in resisting temptation as it can in surrendering.

Who Is the Mystery Man in Rochelle's Life?

(*Continued from page 39*)

With a saucy knitted hat atop her long bob, and with her mouth wearing its usual dentifrice smile, she walked into the Cafe de Paris one day last December. On her slim legs were her conventional slacks, above them was a woolly Angora sweater, on the third finger of her left hand was a gleaming square-cut, blue-white diamond on a slim platinum band.

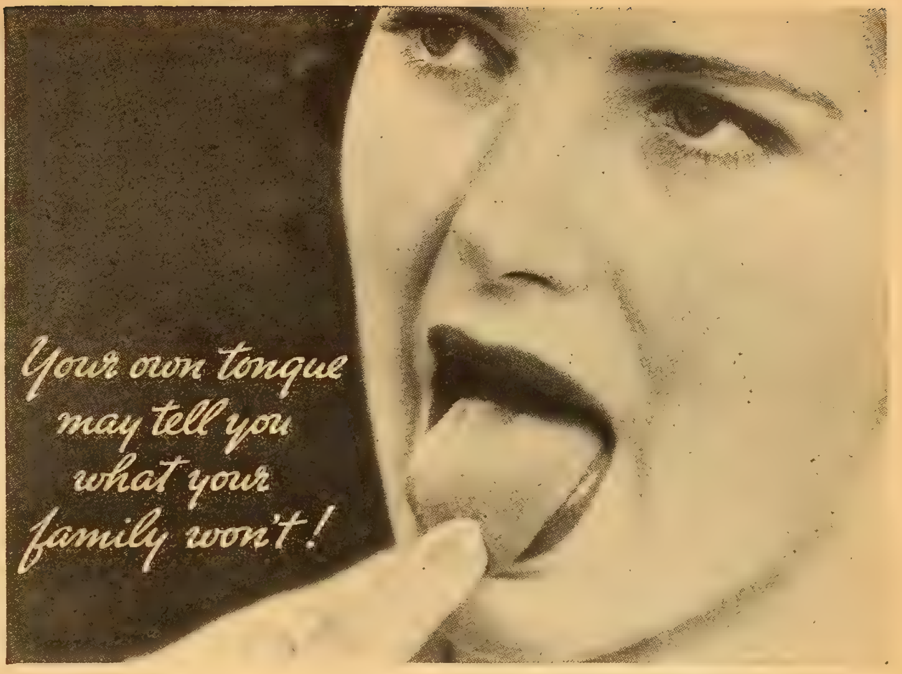
"It had been returned from the jewelers that very morning," explained Rochelle. "Mother had given the ring to me several weeks before, carrying out her theory that heirlooms should be enjoyed while the giver was still alive. It was a sweet ring, and when one of the columnists for a morning paper waved at me from across the room, of course I waved right back, with my left hand. You should have seen that diamond sparkle!

"It was no more than natural that she should stop on her way out of the restaurant and when she did, she exclaimed about my ring. 'It's an engagement ring, of course!' she said. 'It couldn't be anything but that, could it?' Well, I ask you, what could a girl say? You're right. I didn't say anything. But I must have looked. And in the look she interpreted a 'Yes.' That's entirely feminine, I think. A woman doesn't like to confine herself to a black-and-white 'Yes' and 'No.'

Found Herself "in a Spot"

"YOU can imagine how I felt the next morning when my engagement to a 'mysterious unknown' was announced. Of course, it was fun, but it put me in an awful spot. The phone began ringing. The press wanted to know about my engagement. So did the studio.

"At the studio I ran into the columnist



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WHY wait for others to suspect you of unpleasant breath? According to recent findings, the minute you see a grey or brownish coating on your tongue, you may be offending unknowingly.

Take this simple precaution. Gargle with Pepsodent Antiseptic. Rinse out your mouth with it. Pepsodent acts to remove tiny food particles from between the teeth. It helps to cleanse the mucous membrane lining of the mouth, to sweep away dead cells and particles from the tongue. It kills the germs it reaches, the germs often responsible for the giving off of unpleasant breath odors. Your whole mouth feels more refreshed—you are confident that your breath cannot offend.

We do not claim that "coated tongue" always means bad breath. But take no chances. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Goes 3 times as far . . . makes $1 equal $3

But in fighting "coated tongue" and halitosis, never forget the vital difference between leading kinds of mouth antiseptics. So many mouth antiseptics, you see, have to be used full strength to be effective. Pepsodent is safe when used full strength—yet it is powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and still *kill* germs in 10 seconds. Thus Pepsodent gives you 3 times as much for your money—offers added protection against unwholesome breath.

Look at your tongue TONIGHT. See what it tells about you. Then use Pepsodent Antiseptic to be sure your breath is above reproach. And always remember—a clean mouth and throat are your best defenses against colds.

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again. She wanted to know about my fiancé. 'Well . . .', I told her, slowly, thinking fast, 'he's a writer.'

"'A writer?' the columnist gasped. 'At what studio, Rochelle?' I was almost panicked. They say that punching doorbells and running away gives you the same feeling. At first, there's a tremendous nervous reaction. Then it becomes a habit and you begin to enjoy it. That's the way it was with me.

"'Well . . .', I answered, fending for time, 'he's not at any *studio* out here. He . . . he's in New York. He's a writer in New York.' So the next morning's paper said that I was engaged to marry Barry Trivers, a writer then in New York. That made it pretty embarrassing. After all, Barry *was* engaged to Claudia Morgan, and I had never been out alone with him in my life. I knew him, all right, and had been at parties where he was, but the poor man had some terrific explaining to do.

"You see, I hadn't counted on the ingenuity of the papers. And I should have. No sooner had I declared myself engaged to a writer in New York, than the press checked on my acquaintances. The only New York writer I knew, they figured, was Barry Trivers, so telegraph wires sizzled and telephones began ringing, and in New York Barry was deluged by reporters asking about his forthcoming marriage.

Had to Figure a Way Out

"HERE I had innocently created a nice little *Frankenstein* monster and the darned thing was trying to swallow me. But it was rather a lot of fun to have the columnists speculating about my matrimonial plans. There's one thing I didn't do, however, and that was to send myself gifts like candy and flowers. I was honest enough not to do that. The beginning of the romance story was certainly innocent enough. Just a silent smile taken to mean 'Yes.' But how to extricate Barry Trivers from the plot? That was what had to be figured out next."

It was at this point in Rochelle Hudson's Phantom Romance that she issued her famous Ultimatum, entitled "Rochelle Fears Hollywood Gossip," certain phrases of which brought the light of suspicion to these hardened old reportorial eyes.

". . . From the day I first started wearing an engagement ring," averred Rochelle's Ultimatum, "I've been hounded by everyone. When I told them nothing, they immediately began guessing—and some of the guesses were so far wrong that they hurt and embarrassed people." The Ultimatum, couched in forceful language, went on at length. But the seed of doubt had been hatched. Barry Trivers' name had been vindicated, and in doing it Rochelle had betrayed her hand.

"No one caught on, really, until you asked me to-day," she said with a giggle, and five minutes later was in a Duse mood talking about Life and Endeavor.

"Once Barry Trivers' name was out of the way," continued Rochelle, "I felt fairly decent about the whole thing. Reporters kept hounding me to reveal the name of my Phantom Lover. Columnists kept on surmising about the mystery man. The worst part of it was that the boys I had been barging around with stopped telephoning. That was what really brought my hoax to a climax.

"So I broke off my Phantom Engagement and went from diamonds to wooden rings. And, as luck would have it, the day I first wore the wooden ring on my engagement finger, one of the columnists visited the studio and saw it, and you know the answer."

More Serious Than You'd Think

SKITTISH and juvenile as this hokum engagement plot may sound, Rochelle would have you know that she is not the type to take advantage of this romantic comedy of errors. On the contrary, since the last time I interviewed her, she has developed into a mature young person whose mind continually veers toward Higher Things. As I entered her Fox dressing-room, for example, and she greeted me in her monkish blue cassock, designed by herself, it was apparent that I had interrupted some rigorous mental convolutions. Tossed carefully upon her couch, and thumbed from reading (she was two-thirds through the volume), lay "Merchants of Death," a weighty tome dealing not only with the horrors of warfare, but containing statistics (dull stuff!) upon the cost of war.

Casually, and with the poise of a duchess, Rochelle recommended the book as well worth reading. She liked, she testified, that sort of book. And a short two years before she had bewailed to me her lack of girl-friends, because their boy-friends always found her too, too attractive.

"It doesn't pay to be too enthusiastic about anything or about people," she was saying to-day, smoking the cigarette she had refused as a non-indulger in our previous chat. "I live now from day to day, never counting on anything, never hoping, never planning. My only thought, now, is to do a good job of everything I undertake. And I don't want to undertake too much. I want to learn to be a good actress, first. That's important to me. The time I have for my own, outside of my professional duties, I will apply to learning to do several other things well. In the end, I hope not to know a smattering of a lot of things, but to be proficient in several that mean something to me."

How She Has Changed

DESPITE the youthful fatalism, Rochelle has a grasp on life that many of her older sisters could envy. She has learned the value of singleness of purpose. In two years she has grown from a precocious youngster, bumping about the country in her blue roadster with its "moo" horn, wise to what she thought were the "ways of the world," flippant, flirtatious and talented, into a young actress whose sincerity and ability were evidenced in Warner Baxter's "Such Women Are Dangerous," in which she played the tragically wrought poetess, *Vern Little*.

She was off to a flying start as a movie actress three years ago in "Laugh and Get Rich," then "Fanny Foley, Herself," which she followed, successfully, with "Are These Our Children?" an opus of strong moral suasion. Then, suddenly, the bottom dropped out of the little Hudson's picture career. In that unfathomable Hollywood way, she found no parts open to her. It was a small rôle in the "Doctor Bull" of Will Rogers (who, like Rochelle, hails from Claremore, Oklahoma) that re-established her in Hollywood and re-established Rochelle's confidence in herself as a film actress. That was in August, 1933. Since then she has been seen, variously, with Hal LeRoy in "Harold Teen," again with Will Rogers in "Mr. Skitch" and "Judge Priest," and is now on loan to Universal to play Claudette Colbert's daughter in "Imitation of Life."

If she is a fatalist, taking a hand in her own life only to engineer a Phantom Engagement with a Phantom Lover, she is not entirely disillusioned by life. She still likes to sleep nine out of the twenty-four hours, prefers Bellogia perfume because it "smells clean," and is particularly responsive to the husky tones of Crosby singing "Love Thy Neighbor." Life and Endeavor may mean more to her at the moment than *tête-à-tête* dining and dancing, but, nevertheless, there are two dinner dresses ("only two," she says in proof of her earnest piety) hanging in her clothes closet, in case—just in case—she accepts an invitation offered in one of those many telephone calls.

New Chances For Old Favorites

(*Continued from page 55*)

greater ability, with box-office receipts proving that she can still draw crowds. She now is at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, under a long-term contract. Her first rôle under this agreement was a secondary one to Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee," but so pleased were the executives with her performance that parts of greater importance are being planned for her in the future. She has just been on loan to Universal, playing opposite Roger Pryor in "Romance in the Rain," in which Clara Kimball Young has a supporting part.

Monte Blue, long a mainstay at Warner Brothers, was another big-time star of the silent pictures who suffered by the introduction of sound. Overnight it cut his career short. Except for occasional rôles in small, independent productions, he could not get a job in a Hollywood studio for nearly four years. A short time ago he accepted a minor rôle in a Zane Grey Western, "The Last Round-Up," at Paramount. This led to another job at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in "Treasure Island." Paramount has signed him for two pictures, "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Wagon Wheels." He definitely is back in pictures, if not as a star, as one of the finest character actors.

Ten-Thousand-Dollar "Bits"

PARAMOUNT has been especially kind in giving stars of an earlier day a chance to make a comeback. William Farnum, who once earned ten thousand dollars a week, and who collected yachts as a hobby, appeared recently in the small rôle of a judge in Sylvia Sidney's picture, "Good Dame." And if you were watching closely, you saw him as a Roman senator in "Cleopatra."

Charles Ray has just made his first reappearance and his talkie début in "Ladies Should Listen," in which he played a hotel doorman. Cary Grant and Frances Drake were starred, with Ray's name at the bottom of the cast-list. This seems almost incredible. In the Motion Picture Hall of Fame, Ray's name is written along with those of Mary Pickford, Greta Garbo, Charles Chaplin and Marie Dressler. He, too, commanded a ten-thousand-dollar weekly salary. Now, Ray says, he is not making a comeback—merely a living. But perhaps the chance to attain the heights he reached in "The Girl I Love" will come again. Charles Ray is a great actor—a born actor. He gave a memorable, poignant performance in that classic, and critics asserted that he ran off with the acting honors in "Ladies Should Listen," in which only a few scenes were allotted to him.

Mae Marsh, next to Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish, once was considered an outstanding symbol of young girlhood on the screen. But no longer is she the heroine of those spectacular D. W. Griffith epics. She definitely has become a character actress. In "Little Man, What Now?" she was seen in a few brief scenes, but even in that fragment of a rôle the wistfulness that made her famous was apparent.

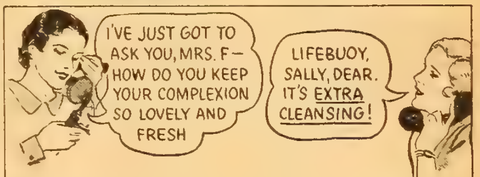
Mae Busch, lauded by the press of pre-talkie days as one of the greatest dramatic actresses in Hollywood, now works steadily in "bit" parts. Occasionally, she appears with Laurel and Hardy in their comedies. Here is one actress who, given the right character rôles, can steal the honors from almost any of our present-day celebrities.

Madge Bellamy, of the starry eyes, who thrilled critics with her magnificent performance in "Mother Knows Best," and then slowly sank into oblivion, now is back

(*Continued on page 73*)

WE NEED ANOTHER MAN, SIR, TO HANDLE ALL THIS NEW BUSINESS. I'D LIKE TO TAKE F— ON AGAIN
O.K., JIM. BUT WAIT... HE'S THE CHAP WHO HAD "B.O."_THAT WAS WHY I PICKED HIM TO GO WHEN WE HAD TO CUT DOWN
IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT ONE FAULT, I'M SURE THE BOSS WOULD TAKE F— BACK. HE'S A FINE WORKER AND AS "REGULAR" AS THEY COME
HE NEEDS THE JOB, TOO. HAS A WIFE AND CHILD_ AND NO MONEY COMING IN FOR 10 MONTHS! I'M GOING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS....
NEXT DAY_ a frank talk with F-
OF COURSE THIS IS STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL, F-, AND I CAN'T PROMISE YOU A JOB. BUT IF YOU'LL FIX UP THAT LITTLE MATTER AND DROP IN AND SEE THE BOSS....
JIM, YOU'RE A CORKER! BELIEVE ME I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O." AGAIN
THAT'S THE SPIRIT, OLD FELLOW. CHANGE TO MY SOAP_ LIFEBUOY. IT'LL KEEP YOU SAFE
WHAT A CLEAN SCENT! WHAT RICH LATHER! "B.O." HASN'T A CHANCE AFTER A LIFEBUOY BATH

"B.O." GONE_ bad times over for the F-'s
SAW THE BIG BOSS TODAY, SWEETHEART, AND I'M STARTING MONDAY
OH, THAT'S GREAT, DARLING. YOU'LL GET AHEAD FAST NOW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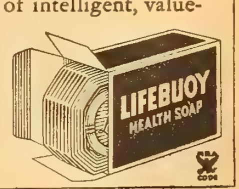

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● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of Maybelline mascara. Its magic touch will instantly reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Women the world over have learned that Maybelline is the perfect mascara because it is absolutely harmless, positively non-smarting, and perfectly tear-proof. A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline to your lashes make them appear long, dark, and curling. Beauty-wise women appreciate, too, the fact that Maybelline is backed by the approval of Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its purity and effectiveness.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown and the new Blue. Accept only genuine Maybelline to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness. Try it today!

Their Greatest Fear

(*Continued from page 41*)

tiny infection break out on their faces, and there is pandemonium. They may forget, in the fine glamour of reckless sports, the danger to their looks, but a tiny blotch or spot brings the menace "home."

A star may have one doctor for a broken ankle, but she'll have two, and a specialist besides, for the slightest scratch on her face. And can you blame her, when her face really is her fortune? As Mae West so aptly put it, when she was telling of that jewel robbery of which she was a victim several months ago: "There was the robber, waving his gun in my face, and asking me to turn over my jewels to him. I said. 'Listen, big boy, you can have the jewels, but do you mind lowering that gun a bit? I can always get more jewels, but I've got to have my face to do it with!'"

Mae may actually have been able to wisecrack under such conditions, but since receiving threats of having acid thrown in her face (because of testifying against that same robber) she must have spent many sleepless nights, thinking of the danger that haunts her. The tip-off is: she has become almost as exclusive as Garbo!

Joan Would Start a Search

I ASKED Joan Crawford what she would do, if Fate should mar or disfigure her face beyond all hope of continuing in her screen career. It was a cruel question, I admit, but I knew that it was a question that she must have asked herself many times. Joan was defiant in her answer.

"Nothing will ever stop me from being an actress!" she said. "I would have my face patched up, somehow! I would search to the ends of the world for a doctor who could give me a new face. I would never give up. I would go from one hospital to another. I would even finance doctors and hospitals to discover how it *could* be done, if they didn't know how. Their discoveries would be of benefit to others, as well as to myself. It would *have* to be done!"

Nothing yet has stopped Joan Crawford from attaining any ambition. If her face were ever disfigured, the chances are that Joan would do exactly what she says she would.

When I asked Norma Shearer what she would do and how she would face it, if her beauty were marred for life, her first reaction was to hide her face in her hands. Then she laughed.

"You meanie! And I was having such a nice morning, too! Yet I can't blame you for voicing the possibilities; I, myself, have thought of them many times. I've always thought that if that happened to me, I'd say to myself, 'I still have my husband and my son—and, after all, what else matters?' I'm not the sort who *needs* ovations and the admiration of the world. I am not dependent on personal glory—I'm too much of an introvert for that.

"Yes, I think I could be entirely happy, devoting myself to my family. I'd have more time then to be of help to my husband, and producing is so much more vital to the picture industry than acting, anyway. I would hate having people feel sorry for me, of course. And I wouldn't have friends around me who were sorry, for they would suffer from their sympathy just as much as I would. I think I would have *new* friends—friends who had never seen me as I was before."

That—from the woman who is more fastidious about her looks than any other person in Hollywood—is real mental bravery.

Miriam's Vanished Fear

MIRIAM HOPKINS answered my question in still another vein—with a light-hearted anecdote. "When I was a little girl," she said, "there was a certain 'grown-up' book that was very popular, and I remember I hid under the bed while reading it. It was called 'The Woman with a Fan' and it was about a married woman who fell in love with another man. She used to take long, secret drives with him, and one day they had a gruesome accident. One side of the woman's face was disfigured forever, while the other side remained as beautiful as before. For years, every time I rode in a car, I thought of that book and dreaded such a thing ever happening to me.

"The fear grew more constant, more worrisome, after I became an actress; but a year ago a light-hearted remark from one of my friends, strangely enough, burst the bubble of my fear. I was telling about the ill-fated heroine of 'The Woman with a Fan' and commented on how horrible it would be to have one side of your face beautiful, the other revolting. My friend laughed and said, 'Why, that shouldn't be so bad! If a strange man, seeing only the good side of your face, started to flirt with you and thrust unwanted attentions on you, all you would have to do would be to turn the other cheek!' A facetious remark, of course, and not a true sentiment, but the fact that someone had dared to kid about my most haunting fear completely relieved me of it!"

Otto Kruger is the only person I talked to who showed no squeamishness whatsoever when I brought up the subject. He went on smoking that ever-present pipe of his without so much as losing a puff. His blue-gray eyes thought over the situation with obvious interest.

Then he said, enthusiastically, "Why, I'd become the second Lon Chaney of the screen! I'd see that I got 'horror' parts, and I'd never allow it to be known that anything *had* happened to my looks. People would just think that my face was Lon Chaney make-up. Clever? It's an intriguing idea. . . .

Otto Toys with the Idea

"SUPPOSE I were in an automobile accident. The papers would get hold of it, somehow, and tell how badly my face had been mangled. But then, when I got well enough to take charge of things, myself, I'd get my press-agent to send out a release of this sort: 'Screen star's auto smash-up was just a publicity stunt! Otto Kruger is to don a putty nose, to wear false, protruding teeth, to look hollow-cheeked and mad-eyed in his next picture, in which he plays the most horrible horror-man of all time. An exclusive interview with Mr. Kruger to-day revealed that he has always wanted to be a bogie-man, that suave, sophisticated, drawing-room parts do not interest him.' Do you get it? And I'd come and go in a shaded limousine, and never go to parties, which I hate anyway, and the public would never know what had really happened to me. Is that an idea, or is that an idea!"

Otto Kruger *would* do something like that, and with his nonchalance and his facile mind, he'd probably get away with it, too!

Shirley Temple, who does not have to wear make-up, is still immune from one fear of adult stars—make-up poisoning. Blondes, because of their fair and sensitive skin, are particularly subject to it. It may quickly be dissipated, if treated in time, but it is painful and unsightly while it lasts; and if a star ever contracts it, she is forever in dread of a recurrence of it. Actors have come to fear make-up that distorts their faces. For months after "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Fredric March still showed the effects of his make-up as *Mr. Hyde*. Nasal plugs had distended his nostrils; tape under his eyes had left sacs there. He considers himself lucky to-day that those tangible memories of a Chaney-like make-up have vanished.

Like the sword of Damocles, the constant danger of their faces being marred hangs over the heads of movie stars. For long years, they strive and struggle until at last Fate gives them a hand; then, in a moment, all their struggling and striving may be undone. They would have need of courage, if Fate—in the guise of an automobile accident, a fire or a falling arc-lamp—should suddenly try to blot their faces from the screen forever.

Yet, there are those who would "give in" —and who admit it. And, somehow, I cannot but think that their reactions are the truest of all. Alice White, for example. She had her hand badly burned on the Fourth of July.

"I just forgot to let go of a sky-rocket, that's all," she told me. "It's a wonder my face wasn't badly burned, too!" (You see, her first thought was for her face.)

"And if it had been," I asked, "what would you have done?"

There was no hesitation in her answer, "I don't know for sure," she said, "but I think I'd probably have taken poison!"

New Chances For Old Favorites

(*Continued from page 71*)

at Fox under a long-term contract. But how different this contract from her last one! The former designated her position as a star. The new one states that she must accept any rôle assigned her—which can mean even "extra" work.

Anna Makes a Gallant Fight

ANNA Q. NILSSON, having seen her star descend, is about to see it rise again. An unfortunate accident, when her horse threw her, cost Anna her high position in Hollywood and the loss of a half-million dollars in salaries she would have collected, had she been able to work. For months she had to lie on her back in a hospital, while her fortune ebbed away and others played the rôles that had been assigned to her.

After one of the bravest, most courageous fights Hollywood ever has witnessed, she finally recovered completely, only to learn that producers no longer were interested in her. Fan letters continued to come in by the thousands, from people all over the world, rejoicing in her recovery, awaiting her return to the screen. But Hollywood could not find even one job for her. Finally, she resorted to making the rounds of studios, in an effort to obtain a living. Several studios tested her for important parts but, in the end, gave the opportunity to some player imported from New York.

Then Mervyn LeRoy, of First National, used her in a "bit" in "The World Changes." On this lot, where once she had been a highly-paid star, she went back to a "bit" part at a pittance salary. Then came another long siege of idleness, followed by a road tour—and a return to Hollywood to wait and hope . . . Now Independent producers are beginning to use her more frequently, and perhaps soon one of the major companies will give her a big break.

So, one by one, forgotten faces flash again upon the screen. Stars of yesterday once more are shining—and millions, who remember, applaud.

☐ COARSE PORES
☐ BLACKHEADS
☐ DRY SKIN
☐ OILY SKIN
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We use creams which do not penetrate, but which have to be rubbed in and which only pack the dirt in tighter. Continuing the stuffing, the pores become enlarged and stretched to the point where they lose all power to open and close—in other words, "paralyzed".

When pores become paralyzed they become enlarged and conspicuous. Blackheads and whiteheads appear. The whole breathing and functioning of the skin is impaired and it becomes lifeless and drab and either too dry or oily. It is simply impossible to have a beautiful skin with "Paralyzed Pores".

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Lady Esther Face Cream is unique for the fact that it *penetrates*. It does not stay on the surface. It does not have to be rubbed in or massaged in, which only stretches and widens the pores. You just smooth it on. Almost instantly, and of its own accord, this face cream finds its way into the pores. Penetrating the little openings to their depths, it dissolves the accumulated grime and waste matter and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that does away with dryness, harshness and scaliness and makes the skin soft and smooth and flexible. For this reason face powder does not flake or streak on a skin that is cleansed with Lady Esther Face Cream.

At My Expense!

I want you to try Lady Esther Face Cream at my expense. I want you to see the difference just one cleansing will make in your skin. I want you to see how much cleaner, clearer and more radiant your skin is and how much smoother and softer. Write today for the 7-day supply I offer free and postpaid. Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard, and by return mail you'll get a generous 7-day supply of Lady Esther Face Cream.

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Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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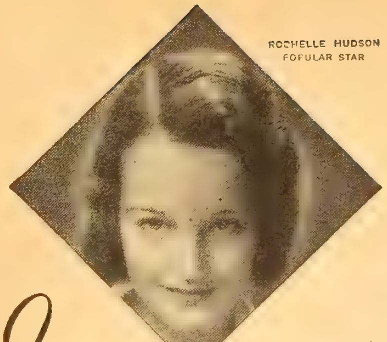

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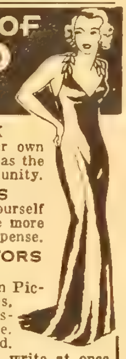

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Is "Hollywood's Most Popular Girl" Marrying?

(*Continued from page 42*)

"Just a Home for the Old Folks"

"YES, I'm building a new house—because my parents are coming out for the Winter and I have planned to have it ready for *them*. Mary assisted me with the plans; yes. But that indicates nothing; I haven't the slightest intention of marrying!" So runs his present press line. However, only a few months ago, he was saying, "The thing that prevents me from marrying is lack of money. I haven't enough saved for the future yet."

Recently, his salary was tilted and his studio is allowing him to make the transition into straight acting rôles, so that if musicals go into another eclipse, he will linger on. Also, he *has* a top-notch radio contract. His tomorrows are now secure. *To friends not connected with the inquisitive press, he has confessed his love for Mary and declared that they will marry shortly!*

Perhaps if Dick's caution has not already been the factor holding up the wedding, it is Mary's own ambition that has caused them to deliberate. Glenda Farrell, who knows Mary like a book, told me: "She's extraordinarily keen on becoming a truly great artist!" In the past year, the lovely Brian has certainly been going through an evolutionary stage. Suddenly, she has blossomed into poised womanhood. Yesterday's retiring ingénue is a polished, beguiling sophisticate. Even the contour of her face has changed, thinned to a new glamour.

"Will I retire when I marry? I haven't thought about it," she insists. A Broadway theatrical producer wants to feature her in one of the leading revues; she has painstakingly studied tap-dancing so that she can perform the fanciest routines. There are big personal appearance offers awaiting a friendly nod from her. And there is always Hollywood and the chance of clicking soundly if given the opportunity in a memorable part. "I've dreamed that I could love a man enough to give up acting, but it all will depend on my husband's wishes," she says.

Doesn't Want "a Working Wife"

WHICH augurs a fadeout. Dick has said to me, "When I marry again, I don't want a working wife; I'm old-fashioned. A wife in this business wouldn't suit me; I'd be too selfish to want to share her. Professional jealousy is another trouble with such marriages. My wife will have to be willing to stay home and raise little Powells!"

Twenty-nine now, Dick was married once before. That youthful venture went haywire because his wife, a non-professional, didn't fancy theatrical life.

"I have nothing against actors!" Mary exclaims. "I've grown up with them; I'm used to 'em. They have to be self-interested to progress. I don't let the trait bother me!"

Consider, briefly, those who have courted her. The list includes Buddy Rogers, Richard Dix, Phillips Holmes, Russell Gleason, Rudy Vallee, Fred Waring, Jack Oakie, Randolph Scott, Ken Murray, Donald Cook, Gene Raymond, and—Dick Powell.

Why has Mary never married? Haven't any of her admirers suited her? Buddy Rogers was her first beau. Cast opposite each other, the epitome of "niceness," they had everyone's blessing. At the time Buddy was Hollywood's A-1 catch. He was "the darling of the debs"; he received more ardent fan mail than any actor on the screen; he was almost too handsome and agreeable to be real. And he adored Mary.

Somehow, they remained just fine friends, although those closest to Buddy proclaim that, like *Barkis*, he's still "willin'." He has left Hollywood for orchestra-leading, but whenever he returns for a visit, the first person he calls up is Mary. And when she happens to pass through a city where he's conducting his dance orchestra, she promptly 'phones him.

Rudy's Time Was Her Time, Too

RICHARD DIX was at his peak when he dated Mary. She smiled upon him and that proved to be all there was to that. Phillips Holmes thought her simply grand and Mary reciprocated his—friendship. Russell Gleason? "Oh, we merely went around together for laughs!" Mary explains. Rudy Vallee, however, was no laughing date. When he arrived for his initial fling at pictures, he lost no time in wangling an introduction to Mary.

She eventually decided that she wasn't fated to be the girl of his vagabond dreams. It may have been because Fred Waring popped up about then. His love songs were in vain, too. In fact, she had had so many June moons sung at her that she rebelled, temporarily, and swore off melody masters.

Which was where Jack Oakie came into focus. He valiantly soft-pedaled his clowning and wooed her for all he was worth. Unluckily for Jack, he struck her simply as an excellent pal. Tall, blond 'n' aristocratic Randolph Scott subsequently knocked often at her door. He wound up by weeping on Cary Grant's shoulder and learning to like two other girls, instead.

About this time, Mary went personal-appearancing. Naturally, doing five shows a day with her was too much for Ken Murray. He optimistically followed her back to Hollywood. She went to work in "Blessed Event" and Ken will never forget that picture. It was the one that introduced Dick Powell to the screen. Now, Mary's principles are those of moderation; she doesn't, for instance, have dates when she's working. But within a week Dick had persuaded her to go dancing, in spite of an early call the next morning. Like all smart gals, Mary knows when a rule should be winked at!

Soon after that, Donald Cook was observed by the columnists with Mary. Then, just to keep Dick Powell on the anxious seat, Gene Raymond began inviting her places. Had Dick been less persistent—who knows?

There have been a lot of non-professional admirers, also. Mary declines to discuss them. "I've grown used to being rumored fond of actors and they don't mind," she explains. "Actually, it's a running gag. The boys kid me and each other. They 'phone, 'Well, I read *I'm* head man this week!' With men out of the business it isn't so simple; they're unaccustomed to Hollywood chatter."

Four months ago, a prominent New York business man, believed by some to be Dick Powell's main rival, was killed in an airplane crash while flying to see Mary. Stunned by the tragedy, she merely states, "He was just a close friend."

How She Fascinates Them

NO doubt you've been wondering what the secret of Mary's success in fascinating men is. I know the answer: *she understands men* and she is delightfully feminine without being feline. Thoroughly modern, she is never an extremist. In lieu of dazzling, she is the perfect complement to them. Pretty, smartly gowned, she is not conspicuous. An intelligent conversationalist, she doesn't flaunt her knowledge. Independently wealthy through her own efforts, she lives in modest good taste.

At sports, for example, Mary Brian plays an average game of tennis, swims adequately, and can cheerfully walk around a golf course. In other words, she's swell fun and doesn't overshadow the boy-friends. Oddly, the men who have been in love with her agree that her chief charm is her *common sense.* They can depend on her; she is honest and unaffected.

Her keen wit is the finishing touch. "Although," Mary admits, "I have had to learn when to keep it under cover!" Instinctively a man's woman, she said to me, "I try to please men, not women." She carries this even to clothes, choosing her wardrobe to suit men and not to impress her own sex.

She isn't fickle. "After all, I began in pictures at fifteen. Obviously, I was too young to be serious about love. Then I was too busy, grinding out one picture after another. In love? Yes, I was—once. And no, I shan't talk about the episode. Men detest that sort of woman! It seemed tragic at the time, as most 'first loves' do. . . . Lately—well, I've had more of an opportunity to think things out. Now I'm beginning to be convinced that it will be kind of thrilling to —*marry!*"

With the film "clean-up" reviving the vogue of ingénues, Mary could go on as she has in the past. Her ambition tempts her to try evolving into genuine characterizations. And what does her heart tell her? Working in pictures has intrigued her, and being the social princess in Hollywood has been swell; but Mary has concluded that there is more to life. She has an idea there may be something in this domestic racket, too!

"I've Lived, I've Loved"—

(*Continued from page 35*)

"Let's make her a human being," we used to argue.

She's Tired of It All

BUT the answer was always the same: a big loud NO. Gaynor had made millions as she was and, therefore, the public wanted to keep the illusion.

Janet—who can't smoke a cigarette in public—bemoans the condition. "I've grown up," she has told me, time after time. "I'm no longer a little innocent darling. I'm a worldly woman. I'm tired of playing the sweet little thing. I'm no Norma Shearer, but I sincerely believe I could portray a few rôles that have some guts in them—and still make money for my studio."

Janet moans, and, feeling sorry for herself, goes to the "front office" to moan in no uncertain terms. The executives point to her four thousand dollars a week, her long contract, her guaranteed future, and she comes away from the conference looking exactly like the meek little thing she is on the screen. Then, realizing she has been licked again, she——

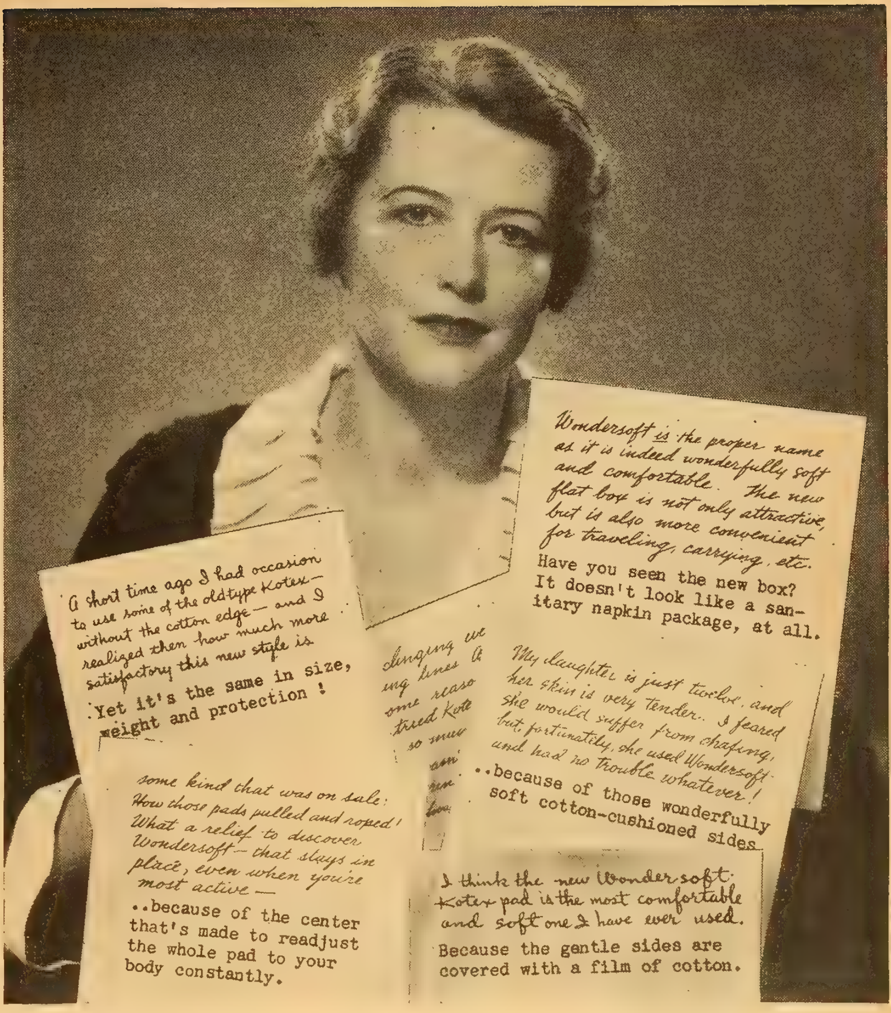
(I can't tell you.)

Janet hates playing her screen self in real life. She detests it. Often, she wonders if it is worth the price. Frequently, she contemplates thumbing her nose at Hollywood and going somewhere else, to live her own life, as she wants to live it, without hiding in dark corners. I frankly predict that, sooner or later, she'll tear up her contract, drive up to Lookout Mountain, and, with her tongue in her cheek and her thumb on her freckled nose, yell to Hollywood through a loudspeaker:

"Are you listenin'? Then kindly go to Hades."

And then scram!

(*Continued on page 81*)



A short time ago I had occasion to use some of the oldtype Kotex—without the cotton edge—and I realized then how much more satisfactory this new style is.
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some kind that was on sale: How those pads pulled and roped! What a relief to discover Wondersoft—that stays in place, even when you're most active—
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Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

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Mary Pauline Callender discusses personal letters about women's oldest problem . . .

NATURALLY, women don't want to discuss such an intimate thing as sanitary napkins with men. But they do talk such things over with women. There are so many little difficulties that arise when one uses the wrong pad. Chafing, pulling, roping—to name just a few.

A milliner, who sits at her work all day, writes to tell me that Wondersoft Kotex has relieved her entirely of the chafing that used to make her "perfectly miserable." That's because Wondersoft Kotex is filmed in tender cotton at the sides, where the pad touches, but the surface is free to take up moisture.

No roping or twisting

A housewife, on her feet from morning till night, says pads always used to rope and pull and twist but "Wondersoft seems to adjust itself perfectly to the body." And you can wear Kotex on either side—which is a comfort, isn't it?

Mary K. writes me: "the best thing about Wondersoft is that the sides are always dry and next best I like those smooth, flat ends. One can wear any sort of dress and not feel a trace of self-consciousness." Yes, Mary K., this new Kotex gives greater security against soiled lingerie, too.

Notice what some of the users say about Wondersoft Kotex. Then, try it yourself and I am sure you will agree with them.

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"

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"There Is Nothing to Find Out About Me"—Anna Sten

(*Continued from page 44*)

his heart, with all of his artistic perception and with a lavish share of his bank-roll. Hollywood knew that Sten could not speak English when she came, two years ago, and knew that she must spend a long preparatory period with an English tutor. Hollywood knew that she was married to Dr. Eugen Frenke, a producer, had a young stepdaughter, and had built a house, mostly of glass and designed by her husband, beside the sea. Hollywood knew that she never went to parties, never gave them. And that was all that Hollywood knew.

Silence Followed Sensation

THEN "Nana" flashed before us and the silent interest in Sten and the restrained curiosity about Sten rose to a conflagration. The night of the preview, Anna Sten, herself, was sleeping at home and had to be awakened and told of her triumph. She was called much more beautiful than Garbo and Dietrich rolled into one. The Press rose up and bayed to the moon and to Mr. Goldwyn that they wanted to see her, talk to her, know her. Mr. Goldwyn shook his wise head. One did not "know" Anna Sten, he said. It would be no good. Anna had nothing to say. She was, off the screen, a housewife, a plain woman, who did not try to be glamourous, say smart things or do the sensational. She was, he told us, a movie miracle and only before the camera does that sumptuous beauty, that vivid personality stand revealed. *And* so forth.

Anna, herself, was reported as saying that she reads all of the screen magazines and all of the so-clever interviews with other stars and that they say such fine things and use such long words, she is discouraged. She couldn't talk like that, she had said, and so it was perhaps better that she talk not at all. And she didn't talk. For months after the preview of "Nana," Sten retired to her glass house by the sea.

Then, one eventful day, for reasons best known perhaps to Mr. Goldwyn, the Sten barrier was dropped. Some few of us were informed that we could meet and talk to Anna Sten.

Not Absorbed with "Glamour"

MY turn came among the first. I went to the Sten bungalow on the United Artists lot. She opened the door to me, herself; no maid was present. She wore slacks of some blue-gray tweed mixture, a shirt open at the throat, and a tweed coat that didn't even pretend to match the slacks. She wore tan suède sport shoes that didn't match anything and she carried a new navy-blue leather bag and gloves that didn't dream of matching anything. Her hair, a longish bob of golden brown, had not known a hairdresser's hands since "Nana." It simply hung about her face, with Anna obviously making no attempt to do anything with it other than to shake it out of her eyes now and again.

She was as guiltless of make-up as a child. She wore horn-rimmed glasses. She was tanned, on arms and throat and face. She was not too slender. (She doesn't know what you mean by "diet.") She had very obviously reached forth a hand at home and helped herself to whatever garments were handiest. She had completely omitted a glance in the mirror and she managed to be about the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, during a lifetime galleried with such toasts of Any Town as Shearer, Garbo, Colbert and all of the others.

I thought then: "She is beautiful. *Really* beautiful. What do they mean by calling her a 'plain woman'? With those broad, strong cheek-bones; with those deep-socketed gray eyes that have looked upon the earth and upon the sea and have found them good, that have looked upon blood and revolution and death, the blood and the death of her own father; with that chiseled, full mouth; with those square, white teeth; with that heavy, luxuriant hair—here is a woman who is not a paper doll, who is vibrantly human, of the earth earthy. Vital and healthy and warm-tinted and magnificent—that is Anna Sten."

Her bungalow dressing-room, done in ivory white wood and upholstered in beige corduroy, was flower-filled. Anna said, "They are flowers from my garden. I bring them here. Yes, of course, all of these kinds grow by the sea. I have had soil brought there so that they will grow."

The Woman Who Rides Alone

HER press-agent said, "Anna drives her own car. Alone. Always alone. She will go home from the studio, late at night, and never has anyone with her. But what I started to say is that there are about fifty cars like hers on this lot and I can always tell Anna's because it is always filled with flowers."

Anna said no more on the subject. She stood by a white bowl of water-lilies and looked at them. One felt in her silence a disdain of further words. She would not burble on about her love of lovely flowers. Not at first meeting would Anna Sten bring forth and exhibit her brooding and passionate love of flowers. But there it was, nevertheless, in the air between us, brooding and passionate.

She speaks English perfectly, understands it almost perfectly. She said, "I laugh—people who talk to me shout at me as though I were deaf. They raise their voices and scream at me, 'Do you *on*derstand what I am saying?'—like that. Very slow and loud."

We got into a studio car and set out for the Brown Derby in Beverly Hills. The ride took a half-hour. Fifteen minutes of that half-hour were spent in silence while Anna looked out of one window and I looked out of the other.

I remarked, "You do hate going to public places, don't you, to lunch and dine?"

Anna said, "I am not a monkey; I am a human being. I do not like being stared at and nudged about as a monkey is. So, I do not go."

Silence.

At lunch, Anna ordered fish salad with sour cream dressing. She peremptorily commanded the waiter to bring her the ingredients and she would mix her own salad dressing. She did, with complete absorption. She is a good cook, herself, she told me. She does her own ordering, her own housekeeping.

Her Advice to Stepdaughter

I MENTIONED her small stepdaughter. I asked her what she wanted her to be—an actress? Anna said, "I do not know yet. We have talked of that together. But I tell her that she must develop first as a human being and then the rest will follow. That is the important thing, to develop first as a human being.

"I think it is so important to have riches *inside of you*. For if you have riches within, nothing else really matters and nothing can ever happen to you. They can take away your house, your fame, your money, your people—but if you are rich within yourself, you are still untouched.

"It is like this: if you have riches within, you can sit in a third-class railway carriage among all kinds of people and your eyes will be on the beauties of the world and you will be unconscious of what is around you. If you have not these riches, you can sit in the first-class railway cars and you will still be very poor. You can sit on a park bench and be hungry and yet you will be fed if you are rich within yourself.

"Still, we cannot judge. There are those of us who are born with riches within, and those of us who are not and who have to acquire them slowly and painfully, on our way through this life. Souls differ . . ."

"Do you believe, then," I asked, "in reincarnation, in transmigration of soul, or whatever name you give it?"

"It is funny that you should say that," smiled Anna Sten. "I was thinking of talking about that, but I was afraid—I think it is too important to talk about, really, now, here. Yes, I believe that."

Silence again. Anna ate. I ate.

I said, "Would you like to have children of your own, perhaps?"

"I would like to have a child, yes. But right now, my work is my child. I think about the characters I play as if they were my children. I worry over them. I plan about them. I try to discipline them and to bring out the best in them. I lie awake at night and think about them, what I could have done with *Nana* here or what I could have done with another character there. It is the same feeling: I have given birth to these character-children. I must have the wisdom and the strength and the patience to bring them to maturity."

Silence again.

Eager to Face "the Real Test"

I SAID, "It seems curious to me—that you care so little for dress. I'm sorry, in one way, that you are doing 'Resurrection'—or, rather, 'We Live Again.' Because I think you should wear sumptuous clothes, be exquisitely appointed and back-grounded and everything, as you were in 'Nana.'"

Anna shook her head. "No," she said, "no, now we will see what Sten really looks like. Now, we will see whether people call her beautiful or not. It is easy to be beautiful when you wear such beautiful clothes and have such beautiful things all around you. But when you wear a black shawl and travel against a bleak and barren background—then there comes the real test. There is nothing to blind the people, nothing to dazzle them into saying, 'She is beautiful—she is giving a tremendous performance.' It is good to have it this way.

"No, I do not care so very much about clothes. I cannot be bothered to powder my nose and do all those things to my face. There is not time. It is silly. Sometimes, but of course. I am a woman. I am a woman and, being a woman, I have times when I want to wear my beautiful dresses and put on my pearls and have myself admired. But not very many times . . .

"When I am not working—but I am always working—I go to my Nature."

She smiled, then, a sudden, flashing smile of child-delight. "I call it '*my* Nature,' because I love it so very much. I like to go and walk in the woods and talk to the birds and be near the trees and flowers and touch it and breathe it and smell it all, all of it."

Silence.

Anna Sten does not embroider her deep feelings with eloquent sentiments, you see. She expresses simply what she feels, when necessary, and that is an end to it.

She said, "I am not very interesting. There is nothing to 'find out' about me. I am happily married. I love to be at home. I work in my garden. I read many books. I talk things with my husband. I eat, I sleep. I work. I always work. That is all there is to me to know about."

I said, "Is that why you prefer not to talk very much to the Press?"

Anna smiled and said, "*Skeep it!*"

The Comfort I declined so long

"I don't know why I refused so long to believe that Midol might help me, unless it was because I had tried so many things that never did. But I'm thankful I *did* try it, about two years ago, and haven't had a severe time since I learned to rely on this form of relief."

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Untold Stories of Loves That Have *Lasted*—in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 51*)

"Sure, she could," agreed Al. "For instance, she might get somebody that wasn't in the big dough. Somebody, maybe, that could just afford to buy a cup of Java, and not go fifty-fifty on a sinker."

But this reference to the fact that their combined assets of fifteen cents had been able to buy only two cups of coffee and one doughnut for the two of them was lost on Jimmy. His eyes were on the window, watching the girl who had turned at their corner and was crossing the street, toward the theatre.

His Promise to Himself

"I'LL bet I'll be buying that girl something a lot better than coffee and doughnuts before the week is out," he muttered, half to himself.

"Yeah," glumly added Al, "you and me both. Only, I probably won't be along to help eat it."

But Al was along many other times—even if he didn't accompany Jimmy Cagney and Frances Vernon on their first after-the-show supper, in a little rotisserie on Eighth Avenue, just around the corner from the Longacre Theatre, where the three of them were in the chorus of "Pitter Patter."

"She was a typical home girl," Al explained to me, "tiny and quiet and shy—with long, brown curls—but," and he brightened at the memory, "she could dance like the devil!

"It was a Saturday morning that Jimmy and I saw her pass the restaurant, and we had a twelve o'clock rehearsal. So we followed her over. As usual she was seated off in a corner by herself, as though she were afraid of the rest of us, because she thought we were so sophisticated and worldly-wise. Jimmy grinned and sat down beside her, real friendly and confidential. She was a little leery of him at first, but it wasn't long before they were talking about the show and then about themselves, and—well, that was the beginning of it.

"You see, Jimmy always had had to take life seriously, helping to support his family, and I guess a quiet, sensible girl just naturally looked good to him."

To which Jimmy subscribes freely.

He Knew What He Wanted

"YEAH," he began, in his quick, jerky manner, "she was different. I knew that the first time I saw her. So I watched her during our rehearsals, and learned quite a little about her habits before I ever talked to her at all.

"Then we began to get chummy—going out to supper after the show and exploring new towns together, and all that sort of thing. We got to be awfully good friends, but we didn't realize how good until 'Pitter Patter' closed and we went out in different vaudeville acts. Then we decided that being apart was ridiculous, and we were married.

"We went into vaudeville acts together as a dance team, and later into Lew Fields' 'Snap Shots,' and then into his 'Ritz Girls.' But about that time the show business began to go into a decline. Shows were suffering from the well-known box-office complaint, and vaudeville was weakening. Soon we couldn't get into shows together, or in vaudeville acts together, and had to work separately.

"Times got still harder, and I began doing anything I could, song-and-dance acts, patter acts, anything. Our very toughest period came right after I played my first Broadway dramatic show, 'Outside Looking In,' in which Charlie Bickford had the lead. Vaudeville was just about done, and I wanted to develop into a dramatic player. So we took the cheapest little apartment we could find, and I started haunting booking offices, agents and producers. Six months I had of pacing up and down Broadway, with our little savings steadily dwindling—such work as I found here and there only delaying our steady march toward our last dollar.

Playing a Sure Thing

"EVERY night 'Bill'" (Jimmy's nickname for his wife) "would talk things over with me, and cheer me up with her faith and encouragement, and every morning she would start me out with my chin up.

"When I bet Al Jenkins she would make somebody a grand wife, I didn't know I was playing a sure thing. But I certainly found it out during this session. If it hadn't been for her courage and cheerfulness and unshakable confidence in my ability to hit sooner or later, I'd have given up then. In fact, the time did come when I told her that I had a chance to take a job outside of the show business, and that I thought I should do it.

"But she only shook her head. 'No,' she said, 'you can't quit now. You have your heart set on being a dramatic actor, and we aren't going to give up. We can stick it out. If you take a job outside the profession, you'll never get back in. So you keep right on looking, and take anything you can get in vaudeville to tide us over.'"

And so Jimmy Cagney stuck it out, bucked up by the spirit of the quiet little girl he had always thought was a little afraid of the show game, never dreaming she possessed the courage and iron will she displayed in urging him steadily on.

When the opportunity came, she would step into acts with him, or just stay at home and create an atmosphere of cheer and comfort and confidence that would keep up his spirits.

Dollars Were Few, Dreams Many

"THEN I began to get a little work here, and a little work there," explained Jimmy, "and the world looked a lot brighter. We got a little place down in the Village—and there, after the show, our own particular group of friends would come to get some good solid laughs and a bite to eat. They were mostly newspaper men, and friends from the theatre. They all liked 'Bill,' and we had a great time.

"Money wasn't very plentiful then, and often as not our supper would be mostly cinnamon toast, which was 'Bill's' special temptation for Al Jenkins. But we had a good time—as good as we've ever known. Because we were sharing things together, and because we were going some place, and looking eagerly forward. Success looked mighty rosy then, and just planning for it was fun.

"That's what life is made up of, largely—looking forward, and seeing things the way you would like them best. We mighty soon found out that it wasn't having things that counted; it was the getting them. That's what youth is, I guess, having everything ahead of you, and nothing to worry greatly about. Anyhow, we were mighty happy, skimping and planning, and dreaming and sharing. Funny thing about sharing things: sharing doubles happiness and cuts trouble and worry in half.

"When things began to get better for us, and I found work with dramatic productions, we spent most of our time on the road. We missed our little home in the

Village, but we were mighty happy in our work.

Had Fun Being Hill-Billies

"THEN I bought a little place up in the Orange Mountains, back from Plainfield, New Jersey. From the day we put our furniture into that, we used to live through the winter by planning what we would do there in the three or four months I wasn't working. We would go through the season, talking about our little place. And I guess everybody with whom we came in contact knew about it.

"During the Summer, friends we had made on the road would come out to see us. We had a little tennis court, and our community had a baseball team. We used to tramp in the woods a lot, and we rode bicycles some, and we used to fool around with archery.

"But my biggest thrill was when I moved my house back into the woods, because the neighbors were getting too close. I cut my own timber and built my own cribs for moving the house. Outside of some help from a friendly neighbor, I did all the work, myself—and I loved it.

"Then came the time when Warner Brothers bought the show, 'Penny Arcade,' that I was playing in, and brought us out here to make it into the picture, 'Sinners' Holiday.' I was guaranteed three weeks' work in the making of that, and when we took an apartment here, it was with the intention of returning to New York and the stage. Neither 'Bill' nor I liked it out here, and we were anxious to get back East.

"But I was put in another picture, and then another—and then a contract was offered me for more money than I had ever seen before. 'Bill' has always been the manager in our family, and she said we should stay on here and get a nest egg. So I stayed—and things kept getting better, and we had comforts and conveniences we had never known before. Soon we had a score of nice friends and a home we were proud of. Also, many of our old theatrical associates were getting into pictures.

"Would Be Happy Anywhere"

"PICTURES have been mighty good to us, but, somehow, our hearts are still back with the stage, and the country we were raised in. We've everything here we could possibly want—but old memories still tempt us.

"Naturally, we are happy. We would be anywhere, so long as we were sharing things together. But we're no happier than we were back in the first years of our marriage, when we didn't have any money, and the whole world was ahead, to plan and dream about. Right down at the bottom, things haven't changed much for us. We still like to do the things we did when we first met. 'Bill' still is the manager and handles the bankroll, and we still have our best times when we are together.

"We're still planning, and painting the future a rosy hue. We've found that with every dollar we accumulate we get a special headache, and that the added responsibilities that accompany success are just as likely to keep us awake as was the problem of finding the wherewithal to pay the rent in the old days.

"We've certainly no complaint about the way the world is treating us, but we wouldn't be afraid to step back into our old Greenwich Village apartment and go on from there, either. We've been happy broke and we've been happy flush, and so we're willing to string along with anything old Dame Fortune has in store for us. As long as we're together, we'll get a kick out of life, no matter what comes our way."

To which the little girl whom Jimmy bet on, that day in the restaurant, merely smiled—and reached for his hand.

Let a Colgate Smile get you out of it*
*Remember — your smile is no brighter than your teeth

OUT COMES YOUR LOVELIEST SMILE

when your teeth lose the 7 stains

A MAN just isn't human if he doesn't respond to a lovely smile . . .

And a great big part of the loveliness of any smile is—white, sparkling teeth.

"I know that," you may say, "but my teeth are naturally dull."

Listen closely—here's grand news.

Dull teeth *aren't* "naturally dull." They're merely *stained*—and tests show that Colgate's Dental Cream, with its two cleansing actions, removes all stains and leaves teeth beautifully white and gleaming!

How teeth become stained

Science now knows that everything you eat and drink and smoke stains your teeth! Seven different kinds of stains, in all.

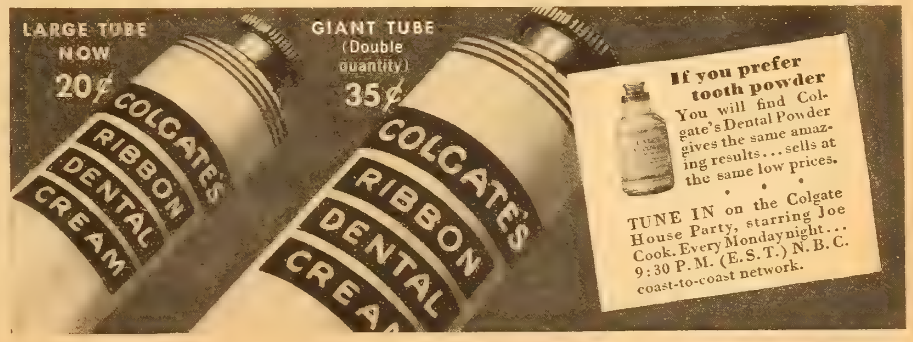
At first, these stains are no more than tiny deposits, invisible to the naked eye. But if not removed completely, they gradually "build up" into a definite dullness—hiding the real beauty of your teeth!

Why Colgate's can succeed where others fail

The trouble with many toothpastes is that they leave some stains behind. But try Colgate's—the toothpaste that's especially made to remove all 7. Unlike most toothpastes, Colgate's has two distinct actions—not just one. First, a penetrating foam washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, and in addition, polishes teeth to a brilliant lustre.

Double Your Money Back If—

Try one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. If, when it's gone, it hasn't made your teeth whiter, your smile brighter than any toothpaste you've ever used . . . send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and *twice what you paid for the toothpaste*, plus postage, will be mailed to you.

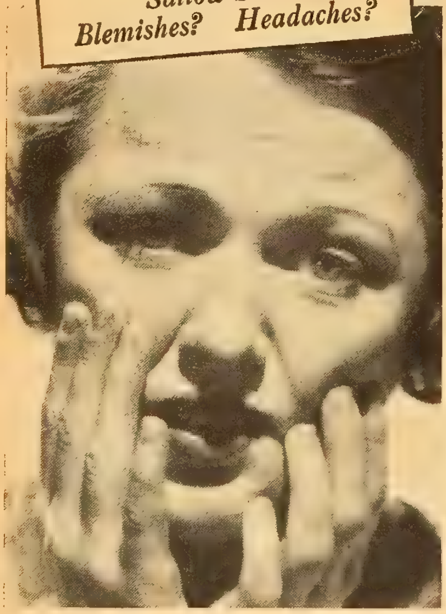

LARGE TUBE NOW 20¢
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
GIANT TUBE (Double quantity) 35¢
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

If you prefer tooth powder
You will find Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results . . . sells at the same low prices.

• • •

TUNE IN on the Colgate House Party, starring Joe Cook. Every Monday night . . . 9:30 P. M. (E.S.T.) N.B.C. coast-to-coast network.

Ashamed of your looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?



STOP CONSTIPATION

THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

DULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is insufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, a shortage of vitamin B is probably the true cause of your trouble. Supply enough of this factor and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves and muscles. Thus they promote regular elimination naturally, healthfully. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live!

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and check your constipation this simple, drugless way!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. *MP-11*
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name________________________________
Address______________________________
City____________________State________
THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA

The Secrets of the Dressing-Table

(*Continued from page 53*)

brings creases to your forehead, don't raise them. If looking at someone out of the corners of your eyes gives your face a strained expression, look directly at them. If your eyelashes show off to advantage when your eyes are lowered, make the most of it. Try analyzing your expressions. It's fun, and it's important. A triple mirror will be the best aid to your experiments.

The way you wear your hair should depend not only on the shape of your face, but on the size of your head in relation to your body. For example, I have very broad shoulders, almost like those of a boy, and they look unusually broad in contrast to my slim hips. And my head is rather small. So, to make it appear more suited to my shoulders, I usually wear my hair in a fluffy, loose coiffure. Girls whose heads are large in proportion to their bodies should wear their hair very sleek and close to the head. Another thing—if you're going out, and expect to be wearing your hat most of the day and evening, arrange your hair to suit your hat. Some hats call for more hair showing, some for less. I often do my hair around my face *after* my hat is on. Sounds silly, but it works.

And now for the body—I probably have more reason than most girls to be interested in it. Imagine my outlook, at the age of five, when doctors told me that I never would be able to walk correctly again. I would grow up, with a cane or a crutch my constant companion. And, in addition to the trouble with my legs, I could expect always to have weak lungs. Even at that very tender age I realized that I never could do the things which young people always love to do. My spirit as well as my body was crushed.

Miracles Do Happen

AND then one doctor, as a last resort, suggested that I be sent regularly to dancing-school. I couldn't learn to dance, of course, but the exercise would strengthen my muscles and teach me how to use them. He also suggested that I be encouraged to take singing lessons—not that I had a promising voice, but the training would be good for my lungs.

I was five then . . . By the time I was thirteen, I was dancing at Grauman's Egyptian Theatre! I was singing, too, in that revue! It sounds like a miracle—and it was, in a way—the miracle that almost always happens when a person devotes himself or herself to proper exercise and the intelligent pursuit of health and beauty. Not only was it responsible for my present well-being, but it has been responsible for my career, as well. Is it any wonder that I'm enthusiastic about the things that can be done for the body, and for beauty?

I'm proud of being lithe and graceful, of having so much energy and pep. And I'm a perfect nuisance when it comes to trying to convert my friends. I must admit I meet with many objections. So many women say: *"Oh, I used to want to dance and do those things when I was a kid, but I'm too old now!"* No one is too old to learn to use the body gracefully. Of course, it's nice to have started when you were young, but, if you haven't, then it's much more important to begin now.

When I was in New York, almost a year ago, appearing at the Paramount Theatre, I used to stop in at any one of the big dancing-schools there and rent a room where I could limber up and practise the new steps. And I saw dozens of older women, fat women and skinny women, many of them taking ballet-dancing, and did they thrive on it! From day to day I could see a change for the better, mentally as well as physically.

From Stick-in-the-Mud to Belle-of-the-Ball

I WATCHED and listened to what went on in the locker-rooms. One woman, at least thirty-five and the mother of three children, had taken a new lease on life. Not only was she losing weight and getting back her school-girl figure, but she had found a new interest in dressing. Clothes again meant something to her. And now that she looked well in her clothes, she liked to go places with her husband, do the things they used to do together, and enjoy them. She had changed from a stick-in-the-mud to the belle-of-the-ball—and her husband was just as grateful as she was!

Of course, you can take all kinds of dancing, but if you're not going in for it professionally, the best thing to do is to stop in at a dancing-school regularly once a week, just as you would for a manicure at a beauty salon, and take limbering, stretching and kicking exercises, which will keep you in the best of condition and form. It isn't expensive. You can get a lesson for a dollar. Sometimes, buying a course of lessons, you can get them for even less than that.

I know that practically one out of every three women is interested in losing weight. So, in addition to urging you to dance, maybe I can give you a tip or two on dieting. I don't have to worry much about that, except when I'm working at a long stretch and have little chance for exercise. And I always can tell if my waistline is on the up and up by the way my clothes fit. If I do begin to fill my clothes too much, I go on a diet for a few days and soon I'm all right again.

A Diet System That Works

HERE'S my system: For breakfast, fruit and coffee. For lunch, cooked or raw vegetables, with a baked potato or a lamb chop. For dinner, more cooked or raw vegetables. Between meals, if I'm hungry, I drink milk. It's a good diet, and it works. Most people, when they're dieting, go easy on lunch and breakfast, and then eat a normal dinner. Now, as any doctor will tell you, the time when you put on weight is at night, while you sleep. So the important thing to remember is to eat lightly in the evening. Go to bed with as empty a stomach as you can stand. And while you're dieting, get as much sleep as you can, to make up for the lag in energy that you are bound to feel when you are not eating as much as usual.

I suppose you know that lots of sleep is the first and foremost of beauty rules. A lot of people never do learn how to sleep properly. In the first place, if you want to keep your chin from doubling up on you, sleep without a pillow. It helps keep the neck muscles from getting flabby. And then, don't pile on a lot of heavy covering. Use few blankets, and woolly ones—warm but lightweight, so that your body can move freely, and so that air can get at it. And have lots of fresh air in your bedroom. Then, when you wake up in the morning, *get up—get right up!* It's lying in a warm bed in the morning that makes your body sleepy all over again. A few good stretches in front of the window, and then a lukewarm tub or shower, and you've really started the day off right.

Thus saith June, preaching again—but I told you I was nuts on the subject!

"I've Lived, I've Loved"—

(*Continued from page 75*)

Janet's hatred of living her screen life in public is, without a doubt, the reason for her intense hatred of all newspaper and magazine writers.

Why She Hates Interviewers

FOR a year I directed Janet's publicity. During those twelve months, my position was not that of a press counselor, seeking to keep her name before the public, but, rather, I was a diplomat—a buffer—standing between Janet and the interviewers. My real job was to PREVENT interviews, not to arrange them! I cannot tell you what Janet says about interviewers, but I can call your attention to a photograph (a very exclusive portrait) on Page 35, that shows exactly what Janet thinks about interviewers. (I'd hate to tell you the name of the gent at whose back she was gritting those teeth.)

But she's a grand trouper in public. I've seen her grit her molars, and heard her mutter under her breath, when I informed her, out of the blue, that she had an imperative interview; and then, four seconds later, I've seen her greet the gent who was to interview her as though he were a long-lost sweetheart.

The reason for this hatred of interviewers is that, living this constant pretense, she loathes going through her act. She'd do a thousand interviews in a week, and love every one of them, if, one day, Winfield Sheehan should call her bungalow and say: "Shoot the works."

Then, she'd begin: "Listen, you guys, I'm a woman. I've lived, loved——"

But that will never happen.

Janet Gaynor is a very, very human being. She isn't an illusion—she's a fact. She's pretty; she's charming. Ernst Lubitsch, THE bedroom director, told me recently that, for sex appeal, Janet rates among the FIRST THREE.

Let me give you a little insight into what a really human individual this illusion really is.

The Great "Debunking" Dream

WE used to sit in camp chairs on sets, and exchange ideas on headlines for mythical stories we would some day write for a discerning public. Included in such captions were "My Unknown Love Life" and "Gaynor Tells All."

Here's another little insight. In the Summer of 1933 she slipped away and, as "Miss Jones" had a grand time at a lake resort in Wisconsin, and, with her mother, "did" the Chicago Exposition without being recognized, except once. That was at a booth that displayed Italian foods—spaghetti, ravioli, etc. She HAD to admit her identity.

Then, on my birthday, October 2, 1933, I received a telegram from Fort Madison, Iowa, that read: "Arriving on Chief Wednesday afternoon. Will you meet us with car Pasadena. Regards. J."

I did. It was as hot as you know what. Janet demanded that I remove my coat. I did. We drove to her home. In the living room was a huge package; it was from the Italian food booth at the Fair and it contained every kind of Italian food that can be put into cans and packages. She rushed to the 'phone to send a sweet telegram, to the Italian proprietor of the booth.

"I wish I could always be Gaynor this easily," she said.

Deep, down under, she hates it all, but—even as Mary Pickford bore the burden of her curls until her fortieth year was near enough to grin at her, so, I suppose, Janet Gaynor will continue to carry the burden of the great illusion. She will continue to carry it, until the year of the Gaynor rebellion!

ARE YOU ONE OF THE UNLUCKY 13?

By Lady Esther

Think of the many times a day you powder your face. And all the time you may be only succeeding in making yourself look years older than you really are!

It's an actual fact, as you can readily demonstrate, that the wrong shade of face powder can add years to your looks. Just as the wrong color hat or dress can make you look dowdy and years older than your age, so can the wrong shade of face powder make you look worn and faded, and, apparently, years older.

It's a shame, the women who are innocent victims of the wrong choice of face powder shades! Otherwise pretty, young and fresh-looking, they actually, if unknowingly, make themselves look years older than is their age.

Are You Being Fooled?

Is the shade of face powder you are using making you look your youngest and freshest or is it making you look years older than you really are? It all depends on how you choose your shade. It's a "snare and delusion" to choose a face powder shade simply on the basis of type.

A brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a very dark one. Moreover, to try to match any tone of skin is practically impossible, for there are endless variations of white, ivory and olive skin.

A face powder shade should be chosen, *not* to match any particular type, but to *flatter* one. What would be the most flattering to one shade of brunette skin might be utterly devastating to another. Therefore, the thing to do, regardless of your coloring, is to try *all* the five fundamental shades which color experts agree meet the demands of all skins.

Your Shade Is One of These Five

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to *you!* One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1934

13 Out of 20 Women

Use the Wrong Shade of Face Powder and as a Result, Look Years Older Than They Really Are!

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours—Ends Shiny Nose

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note too how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write Today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

FREE

Lady Esther (8)
2014 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*______________________________

*Address*______________________________

City ____________________ *State*__________

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)

How BLONDES
hold their sweethearts

MEN STAY in love with the blonde who makes the most of her hair. She does it with Blondex, the powdery shampoo that sets light hair aglow with new lustrous beauty—keeps it golden-bright and radiantly gleaming. Brings back real blonde gleam to stringy, faded light hair—without injurious chemicals. Blondex bubbles into a foam that routs out every bit of scalp dust—stimulates hair roots. Leaves hair soft and silky. Let Blondex make your hair unforgettably alluring. Blondex comes in two sizes—the NEW, inexpensive 25c package and the economical $1.00 bottle. Try it today and see the difference. At all good drug and department stores.

Remove that **FAT**

"So happy & grateful!" J. A.

● Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my **famous Slimcream** treatment, which reduced my bust 4½ inches and weight 28 lbs. **in 28 days!** I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my **Slimcream** treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, $1.00, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. **FREE!** Send $1.00 for my **Slimcream** treatment **NOW**, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, regular $1.00 **Beauty** Treatment, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets. Limited Offer—SEND TODAY! Add 25c for foreign countries.

Daisy Stebbing, Dept. MP11, Forest Hills, N. Y.

DENISON'S **PLAYS** 57 YEARS OF HITS Musical Comedies, Operettas, Vaudeville Acts, Minstrels, Comedy Songs, Make-up Goods. **Catalog Free**

T. S. Denison & Co. 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 35. Chicago

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. **American School of Photography, Dept. 2378 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.**

UNIVERSITY RELEASES FORMULAS *for Beautiful Hair*

Public can now obtain products offered for three years to select group of scalp sufferers. Success brought thousands of unsolicited orders by mail. One formula known as HAIRMORE is scientifically compounded and produces gratifying results in cases of falling hair, dandruff, dry scalp and premature baldness. The other formula, GLO-MORE, is an antiseptic shampoo It rejuvenates dry, lifeless hair and produces a clean scalp Many cases of baldness successfully treated Verification on request. Now at Drug and Department stores. Write for free treatise "Care of the Hair." **Gilmore & Burke, Inc., Dept. 249, Seattle, Washington**

Wanted **ORIGINAL POEMS • SONGS** *for immediate consideration . . .*

M. M. M. PUBLISHERS, Dept. MP,
Studio Bldg., Portland, Ore.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!

Learn easy Koehne Method of coloring photos and miniatures in oil. New! No art talent needed. Big demand. Send for free booklet, *Make Money At Home.*
NATIONAL ART SCHOOL
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 2378 Chicago

INSIDE NEWS FLASHES FROM FILMLAND

(Continued from page 10)

family trade—with each kind loudly labeled . . .

THE Bureau of Research of MOTION PICTURE rates a slap on the wrist. They missed up twice on a statement in the September issue—a statement that said that Cecil B. DeMille directed "Ben Hur." Maybe the error was pardonable, since C. B. has directed most of the Biblical pictures. But Fred Niblo gets—and deserves—all the credit for the direction of "Ben Hur," one of the best-selling pictures of all time. . . . DeMille has been touring the country, enlarging on the theme on which he spoke in the September MOTION PICTURE. At a luncheon in his honor at the National Press Club in Washington, where any Congressman with his ear to the ground might hear, he said, "The public doesn't want censorship. It wants clean pictures. . . . Any subject in the world can be filmed, provided it is made in good taste. The greatest harm we can do, however, is to lie about the truth. That would be a crime against the first principles of art."

HENRY HULL, "Broadway's best actor" (see the critics' poll of 1934—and see the portrait of him on page 20), motored West to start his movie chores in "Great Expectations." And then Hollywood went after James Barton, who took his place on Broadway in "Tobacco Road" and made a hit, himself. . . . Four more Broadway stars who couldn't hold out any longer are Jimmy Savo (pantomime comic), Queenie Smith (musical comedienne), Pauline Lord (dramatic actress) and Helen Menken (ditto). And perhaps the last shall be first, when the shouting is all over. She gets the rôle of the wife in "The Good Earth"—a rôle that producer Irving Thalberg thought no one in Hollywood could play . . .

BUT if Broadway is being drained of its stars, one by one, so is radio. Rudy Vallee signed a truce with his estranged wife so that he could return to California to make "Sweet Music"; Ben Bernie is due back to make "One Night Stand"; Lanny Ross is back, in "College Rhythm," which marks the screen debut of Joe ("Wanna buy a duck?") Penner; Jack Benny, absent since "The Hollywood Revue," returned for "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round," in which Frank Parker, from radio, sings; Phil Baker is in "Gift of Gab"; Joe Cook's radio pranks put him in movie demand again and he is going to make "Fun in the Air"; Phil Regan, the former "Singing Cop" of radio, is giving a good accounting of himself in films; and Jessica Dragonette will be in "The Big Broadcast of 1935," as will various other radio names; and the same applies to "Radio City Revels," which is in the offing . . .

CLARK GABLE, the Hollywood marine who comes to the rescue of lady stars who want good strong support, will ogle Gloria Swanson in her first M-G-M picture, which *won't* be Madame Glyn's "Three Weeks," but Frances Marion's "Riff-Raff" (which will probably get a new title). First, however, Gloria is making "Music in the Air" at Fox with John Boles, whom she brought to films in "The Loves of Sunya." . . . Did you know that after all these years, Gloria still does her make-up and hair-fixing, herself, declining the services of the studio experts? Her co-workers are going into raves about her singing voice, which will have its greatest opportunity in this operetta . . .

BEFORE Margaret Sullavan returned from the East to start "Within This Present," to acquire a swimming pool and to exchange her faded slacks for skirts, she was guest star for a week at the Westchester playhouse where her ex-husband, Henry Fonda, was a member of the Summer stock company. . . . Now he is in Hollywood, also under contract to the Laemmles, and he and Peggy are seen lunching together often in the studio commissary. . . . If he clicks and won't run the risk of being known as "Mr. Margaret Sullavan"—don't be surprised if they remarry . . .

NOW, Johnny Weissmuller announces that Lupe Velez is planning a three-month personal appearance tour in South America. Is that serving notice on reporters to get those "separation" headlines ready again, or isn't it?

STEFAN LE VRIENDT, Belgian sculptor, made a death mask of the late Alec B. Francis. Which gives rise to an idea for a Hollywood Hall of Fame, which would be more satisfying than those footprints in the concrete of the fore-court of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Why couldn't there be a gallery where *life* masks of all the movie stars who matter would be on exhibit? It would be a mecca for disappointed tourists who can't seem to spot any stars in the flesh. And with a dime or a quarter as an admission fee, it would be a way of accumulating relief funds for unemployed actors—who need them . . .

HAL ROSSON, who had his estranged wife, Jean Harlow, worried when he fell a victim to infantile paralysis (in his shoulders and arms), is now recovered. And he is as far from Jean as they both are from reconciliation. He is in England, turning the crank of the camera on Leslie Howard's newest picture, "The Scarlet Pimpernel" . . .

AFTER seventeen years, Ann Dvorak and her father have been reunited. . . . When she was a small child, her mother (who was Ann Lehr, well-known actress of early films) and her father (who was Edward McKim, director at the old Biograph Studio) separated. The husband remained in the East, eventually leaving film work; the wife took the little girl and went to the Coast, where studios were beginning to be transplanted. The years passed; they lost track of each other. . . . The little girl grew up and entered films, changing her name, for screen purposes, to Ann Dvorak; success came, and with it came the longing to share it with her father. . . . Quietly, she instituted a search for him, without result; finally, she appealed to the newspapers to help her. And, at last, after looking through dozens of spurious letters, most of them asking for money, she came across one with an enclosure of a strip of film; it was an old film, of a little girl. The little girl was Ann. The search was ended. . . . Edward McKim is now with his daughter, who is Mrs. Leslie Fenton in private life, and has an invitation to remain at their San Fernando Valley ranch the rest of his days.

HERE and there: That soft-spoken young Irishman, George Nolan, who went to City Hall to apply for American citizenship is known to you-all as George Brent. . . . Gary Cooper's bride, Sandra Shaw, is a "location widow" for a month. Gary is off in the desert, working on "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and only one woman is allowed in the all-male camp — Katherine DeMille, who drives back to Hollywood after each day's scenes. . . . Loretta Young and her sister, Polly Ann Young, are to appear together on the screen for the first time in "White Parade." . . .

(*Continued on page 89*)

Have you ever really tried *a true film-removing tooth paste?*

IF you really want whiter, more attractive-looking teeth, REMOVE FILM, say leading dental authorities. Film is that dull, dingy coating that constantly forms on teeth. It catches bits of food. Harbors stains from smoking. Combines with substances in the saliva to form hard deposits. And worse still, film is laden with millions of tiny germs that are often the forerunner of tooth decay. Film unremoved invites dental disorders. Thus film must be removed—kept off teeth.

Brushing alone cannot remove film satisfactorily. Ordinary tooth pastes or powders may be ineffective in removing film. There is now a dentifrice you can *depend on* regularly—a dentifrice thousands of dentists use in their own homes and millions of people have used successfully. This dentifrice is Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste.

The safe way to cleaner teeth

No other equally safe way removes film as thoroughly as Pepsodent. Pepsodent is different in formula, hence different in the way it works. It contains no grit, pumice, or soap. The basis of this definitely modern tooth paste is a new and revolutionary cleansing and polishing material—recently developed. This cleansing agent is far softer than the polishing material used in other leading tooth pastes or tooth powders. Yet it removes film and polishes teeth to new gleaming lustre as more abrasive kinds can never do.

So why take chances with "bargain" dentifrices or questionable ways? Remember that this unique film-removing agent is contained in Pepsodent exclusively. Thus no other tooth paste can assure you of true Pepsodent results. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.

If you have one single
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Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. The couple pictured at the top of page 14 are Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teasdale, who are now Mr. and Mrs. The picture was taken on August 25, immediately following the wedding ceremony—no wonder they're all smiles. Their wedding was a very quiet affair and the only persons present were the judge who performed the ceremony, Menjou's mother and his brother. Menjou's divorce from Katherine Carver became final on August 5.

2. George Raft, whose real name is Ranft, recently petitioned the Superior Court to permit him to change his name to Raft. He will hereafter be known legally as well as on the screen as George Raft.

3. Merle Oberon, the British film beauty, who appeared in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Exit Don Juan" is expected to arrive in Hollywood shortly to become the bride of producer Joseph M. Schenck, to whom she announced her engagement recently. There have been, however, some unconfirmed reports that the wedding took place when Schenck was in Europe. Schenck is the former husband of Norma Talmadge, who is now Mrs. George Jessel.

4. Heather Angel, the beautiful English star who came to Hollywood less than two years ago, to appear in pictures, and Ralph Forbes, also of the screen and the former husband of Ruth Chatterton, eloped to Yuma, Arizona, on August 9 and were married, following a six weeks' courtship.

5. Ann Dvorak's parents separated when she was a baby and Ann had not seen her father for seventeen years. She decided to look him up and broadcast an appeal through the newspapers in an effort to locate him. When he finally got in touch with her they had to be introduced, as father and daughter did not recognize one another after all those years. Ann's father's name is Edward McKim and he did not know that the screen's Ann Dvorak was his baby daughter grown up into a star, Ann having changed her name for the screen. Her father was a movie director back in 1916.

6. Mary Brian has been called "the most popular girl in Hollywood" because all the young swains vied with each other to take her out. Mary never has had to worry about an escort, there have always been plenty on hand. However, of late Dick Powell seems to have successfully become head man with Mary and, because Dick's plans for his new home have been expanded, their friends are looking for an early wedding. The only thing Powell would admit was that Mary would do the interior decorating. Be sure to read the story about Mary and Dick on page 42.

7. The chances that Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland, her ex-husband, may marry again are very good, according to rumors. They were divorced on June 26, 1931, after which Nancy married Bolton Mallory, from whom she has since separated, and Kirkland's marriage to June Shattuck lasted only about a week. The fact that Nancy and Jack had been married for seven years and that they have a daughter makes the possibility of their getting together again, after they are both divorced from their present mates, sound promising.

8. Natacha Rambova, the former wife of the late Rudolph Valentino, and Don Alvaro de Urzaiz, a Spanish nobleman, were married at Palma Mallorca, recently. Natacha, who, for professional reasons, changed her name from Winifred Hudnut, has been living on the Mediterranean island of Palma Mallorca, where she has made a fortune in real estate.

9. Marion Nixon, screen star, and William Seiter, film director, were married on August 16, in Yuma, Arizona, by Earl A. Freeman, Yuma's "marrying judge." Three days before Marion married Seiter, her decree from Edward Hillman, wealthy playboy of Beverly Hills, Cal., became final. Laura La Plante, the former Mrs. Seiter, divorced the director in Riga, Latvia, after which she married Irving Asher, who is producing pictures in Great Britain for Warner Brothers.

10. The girl pictured on page 14 is the former juvenile screen and stage player, Mitzi Green. Mitzi is playing her first grown-up rôle in "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round." She has grown up to be quite an attractive young lady. Remember when Mitzi wore pig-tails in the picture "Honey"?

11. George Raft's eyes have been bothering him because he has had to make them up to look Oriental for his picture, "Limehouse Nights," in which he plays a half-caste Chinese. Even after the adhesive tape which is put on to give his eyes that slant-eyed look is removed, Raft must endure a lot of suffering. He sees double, gets dizzy and is unable to sleep at nights. However, the studio has taken every precaution and has eye specialists at all times on the set.

12. For a number of years, Richard Arlen has threatened to leave Paramount, the company for which he has made pictures for eleven years, but when option time came, he always signed on the dotted line, but this year Dick obtained his release. Paramount was anxious to sign him up again and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer made him an offer, but Arlen wants to free lance for a while at least.

13. After fifteen years of marriage, the Conrad Nagels have separated via the divorce courts. Except for the fact that there was a trial separation about a year ago, the divorce came as somewhat of a surprise to many as the Nagels were always considered an "ideal couple." Mrs. Nagel has been given the custody of their eight-year-old daughter.

14. Lili Damita, whose name has been romantically linked, at different times, with that of Prince Louis Ferdinand, Prince George of England, William K. Vanderbilt, 3rd, Gilbert Roland, screen actor, and Sidney Smith, New York broker, is said to be engaged to marry Hugo Brassey, an Englishman, who has an immense farm in Australia. Lili expects to return to Hollywood shortly and Brassey will follow her later and they will probably be married in California.

15. The return of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., to Hollywood, and his meetings with his estranged wife, Mary Pickford, have again focused the interest of the entire nation on them. For more than a year, Fairbanks has been in England where he has been the constant companion of Lady Sylvia Ashley.

16. The names of James Cagney, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio and Ramon Novarro were lined with communistic activity in California. Their names were found among the effects of Caroline Decker, an organizer and leader of several of the Pacific Coast's recent agricultural strikes, when she was jailed. Cagney and the other stars denied all the charges.

"He Pays His Way —I Pay My Way!"

(*Continued from page 30*)

eighteen months that I've talked about it."

Perhaps the anniversary brought on one of those sentimental moods, for she talked, now, with amazing frankness.

"Let us get the financial side of it straightened out first. I don't support my husband. He had a well-balanced savings account when we married, and as an orchestra leader he makes a darned good salary now, even though it is small in comparison to a movie star's earnings.

"We both hand our checks over to a business manager, who gives us each a proportionate allowance. Out of mine I pay for all the things necessary to Bette Davis as a star—my clothes, my car, my maid, and so forth. Out of his, which is drawn from his own salary, he pays for such personal things as his own clothes, his own car, et cetera. Our household expenses, we share. This might lead to squabbles regarding an equal division of each bill except for the business manager, who handles the details for us and sees to it that we both pay our fair share.

"It is really," she elaborated, "as if two entirely self-supporting people sort of merged and still maintained their economic independence. We even go Dutch on checks when we go out in the evenings. We never go to expensive places, and we usually ride in Ham's car—a second-hand Model 'T' Ford, which cost nineteen dollars.

"I am *me* during the day," she went on, with a sweep of her hand to include all the luxuries of stardom, "but at night I am Mrs. Nelson. We have a small house and two servants. We don't entertain elaborately. Both of us, incidentally, are building up savings accounts."

Hollywood may find something unusual in these domestic arrangements, but they are perfectly natural in Bette's opinion. She is genuinely amazed at a suggestion that she might feel less respect for her husband because he makes less than she. "Why, Ham would leave me in a minute if he thought I had such an idea. He is the kind of guy who would still be independent if I had millions and he had three cents!

"We both realize that this movie money is a freak thing. It may not last long. Hollywood pays its biggest salaries to youth, with a few exceptions. Anyway, I feel that there's always something temporary about a woman's working. I know I always have my husband to fall back on if anything goes wrong. A working woman's career, even if she is not in pictures, is apt to be shorter than a man's.

"Ham, on the other hand, will be gradually working up and making his best salary after I'm through. There isn't much future for a musician here on the Coast, and at first he planned to work in New York where he is better known. Then after trying it for six months, he said, 'What's the use in my building up something back here when you'll be in Hollywood indefinitely?' So now he is planning to go into the production end of motion pictures." (Mr. Nelson is not giving up his career for love, or anything like that. Apparently, he wasn't so very crazy to be a musician, anyway.)

Ham Makes His Own Way

"I DIDN'T even give him a letter of introduction," Bette continued. "I don't believe in that sort of thing and we didn't want people to have a chance to say I got him his job. He met a man connected with 20th Century Pictures and has been promised a position as an executive's secretary. This would be a swell chance to learn the business, so he has been studying at a secretarial school, daytimes, while working with his orchestra in a club at night.

"He has a terrific sense of independence and our real friends know it. The others don't matter, though I can't help burning when I read some of the comments about us. People are always wondering how long my 'unusual' marriage will last.

"They wonder, too, if I don't regret giving up all the fanfare of stardom, especially since 'Of Human Bondage,' to live in a little house as Mrs. Nelson. That's simply ridiculous. I don't enjoy splashy things and I think that one of the real joys of marriage is for a young couple to be with each other when they are both struggling.

"By comparison I look at Ham's parents, who were married when his father was earning something like fifteen dollars a week. They have a real down-to-earth background and they've been happy for years. I'm not going to miss all that just because I'm earning a movie star's salary.

"People have also wondered if it humiliates Ham to have a wife who is well-known; they've wondered if he has the 'Mr. Davis' complex. My answer to that is: Outside of the studio, I forget I'm a movie star. I haven't let Hollywood publicity go to my head.

"The only time he complained about my work was while I was making 'Of Human Bondage.' The rôle of *Mildred*, incidentally, was easier than many I've played in Hollywood, but keeping that Cockney accent the same, day after day, was extremely difficult. For weeks I went around the house, talking like *Mildred*. After the preview Ham said, 'Thank God, the bondage is over. And if I ever hear another word of Cockney again—!'

Marriage Proved Her Theory

"I'M particularly glad my marriage is working well because I've always believed two people who love each other could live on a plan like this, and it's good to be proved right. My own mother and father were divorced when I was ten years old, and ever since then I've made rather a study of marriage. I have definite theories about it.

"I can't understand, for instance, why some men object to their wives having careers. It keeps a woman busy and gives her something to think about. How tragic for a woman to be too dependent on her husband! Strangely enough, I've seen cases of this in Hollywood. It is an unbearable situation for a man to be tied down to a woman because of his decency, and her dependence on him.

"Whether my marriage will continue to be a success, I can't say. We're happy now—that's enough. It would be silly for me to promise that we'll be happy a year from now. Why, he might even get tired of me!"

At this she laughed uproariously—nothing "coy" or "cute" about this star. The celebrity-chasers thrilled at this—they were seeing *Mildred*, the Cockney waitress, in the flesh. With regard to this rôle, she told me, "Ham warned me after the preview that interviewers would ask what had happened to me in the last two years to make me able to play it so convincingly. The first one asked just that! It's absurd—if I'd had a chance at such a part when I first came to Hollywood, I'd have done it justice."

She is constantly repeating things her husband has said. They live in a small house "because he likes small houses." They do other things because he prefers them. You gather that—stardom or no stardom—he is very much the master in his own house. Bette Davis may have become one of Hollywood's most important figures, but at home, as Mrs. Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., she is having a perfectly swell time being a wife.

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"What Fame Has Given to Me"

(*Continued from page 33*)

sweeping curtsy accorded to Royalty—" Miss Moore rose to illustrate—"I bent my legs like this—I swept a deep and swan-like bow and I fell—flat on my tummy at his side!

"You may imagine my sensations! I knew that if I appeared to be embarrassed, he would be embarrassed, too, and so I simply lay there and laughed and said, 'Here I am, King, how are you?' or words to that general effect. It ended by our both laughing helplessly and immoderately and breathlessly for a good many minutes. A few years later, I was formally introduced to the King at the American Embassy in Madrid. I just had time—and temerity enough—to whisper to him in passing him, 'Congratulate me, I kept my feet this time.' And the formality of *that* occasion was nearly ruined by the King's desire to burst out laughing again!

"Fame gave me the privilege of meeting Duse, when she was here in America. I had heard so much about her, read d'Annunzio's writings about her. She was gracious and charming, but a little shadowy. We talked of Venice, beloved of us both. I told her that I knew her house there so well. She said that she hoped she might hear me sing when I should be in Italy again. When I went to Italy again, Duse was gone. . . .

"It has been fascinating, singing for the Presidents of my time. I sang last Winter for President and Mrs. Roosevelt and I was so impressed by the change that has come over the White House. The rigidity is gone; the formality has become eased and gracious; the pomp and the ceremony have given way to the pleasant ease of friends, being drawn together by a gracious and delightful family.

"I had a most interesting talk with Mrs. Roosevelt after I had sung arias from 'Madame Butterfly' and 'Louise' and one or two other things. I remember saying to her that now we have charming, cosmopolitan, artistic people in the White House, and that I hoped something might be done for the American arts—and artists. I hoped that they might be encouraged, helped. And Mrs. Roosevelt agreed with me, seemingly, and said that once the present pressing and economic problems were solved she, too, hoped that something of real benefit might be done for the artists of our country.

"And there was the night in Paris, when I was singing 'Louise' and word was brought back to me that Charpentier was in the house and was going to conduct the third act of 'Louise,' his own opera, himself. It was well for me that the third act is hysterical—it was well for me that I could show abandon and excitement to keep pace with the excitement in my own heart.

"These are among the things that Fame has given me—and do you realize that they are imperishable gifts? No one can take them away from me, nothing can destroy them. They are mine for as long as memory persists. . . .

"And there is one other great gift of Fame—freedom. Freedom to do as I choose, how I choose, where I choose. I am free to speak as I wish to speak. I live without fear of what people may say about me. I have escaped from the restrictions of self-consciousness, the fear of petty criticisms."

And then, in her dim drawing-room, walled with her fine old etchings, proud with its autographed photographs of two Presidents, its autographed pictures of Mary Pickford (for whom Grace Moore has a profound admiration) and Ruth Chatterton and Kay Francis and Maurice Chevalier—there I learned more of Grace Moore's childhood than I had known before. It is amazing, the long and arduous trail her feet have blazed from Jellico, Tennessee, to the world-acclaim that is hers to-day.

She had a super-strict upbringing. She was not allowed to dance or to be present where others were dancing. She was not allowed to play cards. She was not allowed to go to the theatre. She went to church twice every Sunday and innumerable times during the week, singing in the choir. She taught Sunday School classes. She dreamed, not of a movie hero or even of a Spanish bridegroom (she is married to Valentin Parera, Spanish actor), but of life as a foreign missionary in some jungle outpost. Between the eager, developed young girl and the normal pleasaunces of life was a rigid barrier. She had to escape.

It was while she was at boarding school that she first heard Mary Garden sing and knew that her own means of escape lay in the sounding board of her own throat. You may know of that first glimpse of Garden. But you do not know, I think, that for years Grace Moore wrote daily letters to Mary Garden—hundreds of letters into which she poured all of her eager and rebellious heart, her fiercely burning ambition, her problems and perplexities. Those letters took the place of the romances she might otherwise have been dreaming of. They took the place of confidences to girlfriends who might have deflected her to their more prosaic ambitions. They were the actual rope by which she pulled herself out of her right little, tight little cage, after years of untiring work—work such as she dramatizes in "One Night of Love"—until at last she was the first great American prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera.

Years later, Grace Moore and Mary Garden met, in Paris. They were immediately congenial. Mary Garden believed in the beautiful young woman and her voice. She told her that she liked her, that they had a great deal in common, that they were akin. And Grace Moore replied that they had, indeed, a great deal in common and confessed that she was the writer of those hundreds of letters, through months and years. She said to me, "Mary Garden almost fell over. She screamed at me, 'Not you! Not *you!* You aren't the one who wrote me those unending diaries for *years!*' I admitted it.

"But I believe, really, that even if I had not had a voice, I would have escaped some other way. I was not born with a great voice, you know. It was clear and sweet. It had a quality. But it was work and determination, it was the doing-without and the going-without that finally brought me to the successes I have had. I feel with Calvé, who once said that when she heard a high and clear and perfectly sustained note welling out of her throat, she would ask herself, 'Where does it come from?' I ask myself the same question at times, and I answer my own question by saying, 'From God.'

"And so I feel that Freedom is the other great gift that Fame has given me. I feel that I have the right to speak as I choose, to live where I please, to be myself and unafraid. When I was last in Hollywood, I was in a chaotic state. I had done so much, worked so hard,—and life was undigested. Now I know that I have shaped my life into proportions that I can handle. I feel that I have life here, in my hands. I feel that I can evoke from it pretty much what I will. I can beckon a lovely hour to me and know how to use it. I can summon a lovely experience and know how to live it. I can see lovely hours depart and lovely experiences go, without regret . . .

"I am married and I am happy and at peace. I've got what I want. Not only materially. Money has given me extravagances and luxuries—but I value it more because it has given me the ability to collect delightful things on my way through life. I am sometimes amazed at the people of Hollywood. They seem to be *afraid*. They do not seem to know how to receive the gifts that might be theirs. They are the wealthiest group of people in the world to-day, the women as well as the men. If I were in their places I would not be content to stay here, indefinitely, all of the time. I would not be satisfied with sumptuous homes and de luxe swimming pools and glittering cars.

"I would have, with their power and their money, the great symphony orchestras in to play for me; I would search out the interesting people there are out here, if you take the trouble to look for them. The world passes through Hollywood and most of the people here *let it pass*. I would do things for my own art and for the other arts and for the stifled artists, so many of them, in this country. I would live and be *unafraid*.

"I have received these gifts from Fame—the keys to the doors of the world and freedom to live in the world, gloriously. I have no quarrel with such gifts as these."

As Modern as Tomorrow—Dolores Del Rio's Home

(*Continued from page 48*)

sense of great space and air, and at the same time afford spots of privacy.

The floors are waxed and highly polished black linoleum, which reflects the furniture and the window vista. On these floors, rugs of beige wool and great, black-striped zebra skins are startlingly effective. The background color of the walls is a dull off-white, rather of the oyster shade; the cushions on the divans—which practically line the walls—are of the same tint, and are made of rough, hand-woven material.

A House Full of Surprises

NOTHING in this original and fascinating house is made of conventional material. The chairs are of chromium steel; the dining-room table is of iridescent glass; metal ornaments and glass shelves catch the floods of sunshine everywhere. Nor are the shapes of things conventional. The eye is bewildered, trying to identify the new aspects of familiar materials.

One entire wall of the upper foyer is a great mirror, doubling the already huge spaces. Severe simplicity of design—in which cubes, squares, triangles, circles and all of the plane and solid geometry books come alive—meets the eye on every hand. Parallel planes of narrow steel turn out to be a radiator. It is oddly astonishing to discover, above and behind the divans of the living room on the upper floor, endless book cases filled with perfectly normal and well-thumbed books in red and blue and green bindings!

But do not think that so much black and white and shining steel make a chilly effect. Color is everywhere—strange, subtle colors hard to name. At the right of the front door, as one enters, the partition is of dull plum. Over the mantel a picture of vivid, tropical greens is repeated by a jar containing a mottled spray of some jungle plant. Beyond, against the wall, in a silver frame with three surfaces, is a great painting of a jar of orchids. Upstairs, the couches that line the walls and surround the alcoves are a dull

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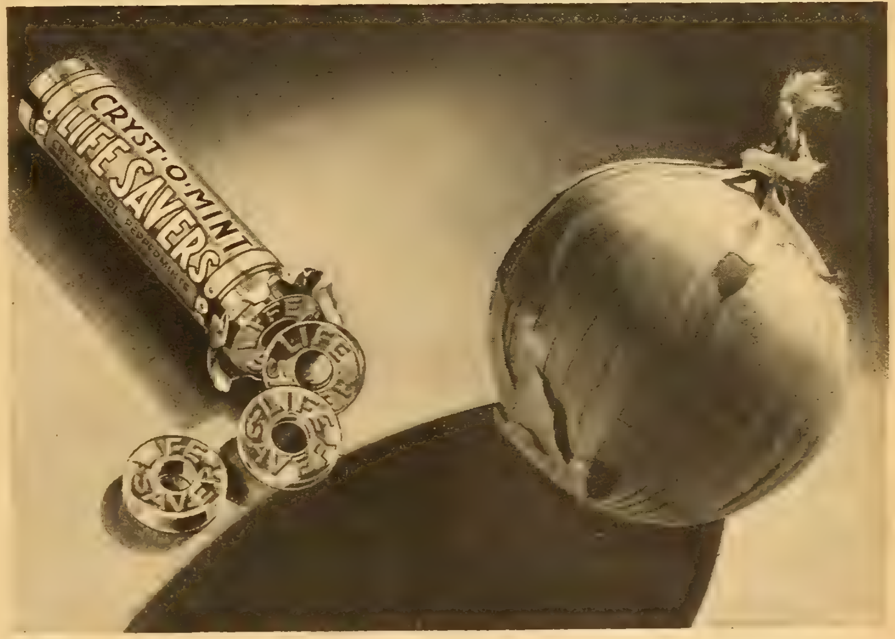

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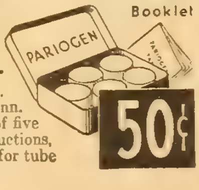

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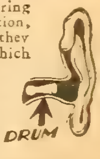

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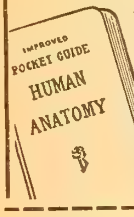

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red. But it is the out-of-doors that Cedric Gibbons has invited into his rooms that furnishes the greatest color—a symphony in shades of green, from the olive-green of the eucalyptus to the brilliant green of palms.

Dolores' Own Apartment

ON either side of the main body of the house is a wing. Upstairs, one of these wings is given over to Dolores Del Rio's apartment, which consists of a dressing-room in dull silver and black, with glass shelves holding perfumes and a row of silver lamps on the ceiling that throw the light upward; a bath of black marble and silver; and a bedroom so tiny and simple that it might be the cell of a princess who is playing at being a nun.

A single chair, of silver with white cushions, is the only movable object in the bedroom. The white-satin-covered bed, built into the paneling, and the long glass dressing-table, resting on crystal columns, are the only other pieces of furniture in the room. On the table is a vase of strange, brilliant blooms. They are incredible, artificial—yet they are actual flowers of the orchid family, imported from the far places where they grow.

Beneath this room is the workshop-apartment of Mr. Gibbons—modernistic, but still a practical artist's studio, light and airy, with the tools of the artist's craft here, there and everywhere. It looks like a place where an artist could concentrate and accomplish his ambitions.

The dining room lies beyond the great entrance foyer, but it is not like any other dining room in the world. One and a half sides are huge windows, looking out on clipped turf and the bright blue of the swimming pool. The ceiling is in several heights, with mirrors set in each surface. A small room, originally, it is enlarged to huge dimensions by the windows. The long table is of heavy pebbled rainbow glass; the furniture is painted in dull reds and blues, with gold velvet cushions on the chairs. The only orthodox furnishings are the old Sheffield tureens and goblets on the built-in buffet.

In a small room at one side is the bar, which is still unfinished, though the house has been occupied for five years. Deduce what you will from that fact! At least, it does not mean lack of hospitality, for in the garden behind the house is a play pavilion, a tennis court, dressing-rooms and a swimming pool, all showing evidences of daily use.

Not So Big as It Looks

ENORMOUS as the Gibbons-Del Rio home seems, it is really not a big house. It was planned and built to be lived in by two people, and only two. Its look of ample spaces is a cunning illusion, fostered by the use of great stretches of blank wall, half-partitions, mirrors and, above all, windows.

A prospective home-builder could find much food for thought in the tiniest architectural details. The lighting, for example, is scientifically correct for every purpose, and yet decorative. Glass ornaments and shelves on the walls burst into a soft glow. The most utilitarian objects are unrecognized. Heating arrangements and door locks, and even fireplaces, are hidden. Swinging screens of metal mesh hang in front of the fireplaces.

The house is a perfect setting for the woman for whom it was dreamed and built. It looks exotic—but it is gracious and hospitable in every detail. It looks modern, even futuristic; yet it has all the old-fashioned virtues of home. It is self-conscious, as all artistic things must be, and yet severely simple, so that no detail obtrudes. It holds the world out with great walls, steel gates and heavy doors, but once you are within, it is the friendliest place imaginable, with soft deep divans, books at every hand, fires and sunshine.

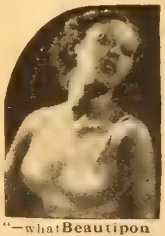
Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite
Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

HAVE FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES



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Is your form flat, undersized, sagging? You can add 3 to 6 inches with **Beautipon** Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful womanly form. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form is not increased after applying **Beautipon** Cream treatment for **14 days!** Full 30 days' Treatment, **$1.00,** sent in plain wrapper. The easy, *certain* way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

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The world-famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness," for which thousands have paid $1.00, will be sent FREE if you send $1.00 for **Beautipon** Cream treatment NOW. OFFER LIMITED. SEND $1.00 TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

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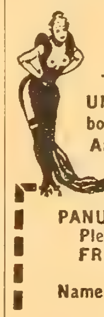

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Inside News Flashes From Filmland

(Continued from page 83)

Madge Kennedy, popular star in silent days and a recent visitor in Hollywood, was married on the way back East—to William B. Hanley, Jr., dramatic director for the National Broadcasting Company. . . . Betty Compson, another former favorite, has gone to China to direct Chinese pictures—in Chinese. (She didn't know when she sailed just how it was to be done, but she intended to find a way.) . . . Wynne Gibson is seeing a twelve-year-old dream come true—playing opposite George M. Cohan in his new picture, "Gambling," being filmed in the East. A dozen years ago, she tried out for a song-and-dance rôle in one of his stage productions, was complimented on her ability (she was only a youngster), and was remembered by the Broadway maestro. . . . Anna Sten, whose gowns in "Nana" had women oh-ing and ah-ing, now has this to say on the clothes question: "I think designers should not spend their time thinking up creations that do nothing but expose a girl's figure. . . . If she is a charming woman, the fact will be known even though she is clothed in a burlap sack." . . . Gloria Stuart, who now has a writer, Arthur Sheekman, for a hubby, is developing writing as a hobby. She is coming out with a book of poems, "Worm Behind the Leaf." . . . Elissa Landi is going to do a Grace Moore and sing opera in "Enter Madame." . . . Cecil B. DeMille is trying to get Helen Hayes to play opposite his big new find, Henry Wilcoxon, in "The Crusades." . . .

No, Jimmy Cagney isn't pushing anything in the little girl's face. He's just giving Patricia Ellis a quaff from the cooler. She's helpless from the heat

Men Avoided Me

I WAS TOO FAT!

I just love to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over.

It sounded so easy I just couldn't believe my ears! But I took Marmola exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and imagine my astonishment to find myself actually getting thin! Without exercising, dieting, or draining my system with drastic purgatives!

Now I'm slender—feel fine.

* * *

If the thousands of women who have reduced the Marmola way were to take you into their confidence, you would probably be amazed how many would tell you experiences similar to that related above. Everything they ate "seemed to go to fat." Do you know why?

Physicians will tell women that abnormal obesity is caused by the lack of an important element which the body normally supplies. Marmola provides one such element in a perfectly natural way. Day by day it assists the body to function in the reduction of excess fat. As they get rid of excess fat they feel lighter, more alert, more energetic. **The excess fat simply slips away, revealing the trim and slender figure underneath.**

Since 1907, more than **20 million** packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? And it is put up by one of the leading medical laboratories of America.

Start today! You will soon experience Marmola's benefits. When you have gone far enough, stop taking Marmola. And you will bless the day when you first discovered this marvelous reducing agent!

Marmola is on sale by all dealers.

4 MARMOLA A DAY TAKES FAT AWAY

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS . . .

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REDUCE FAT! AMAZING NEW WAY!

No teas, dope, chemicals, dangerous drugs, strenuous exercises or starvation diet. Made from a secret herbal plant extract. Tried and tested by untold numbers with miraculous, amazing results. Praised by thousands. Designed to make you lose as much as 5 pounds a week by taking our new pleasant double action Anti-Fat tablets 3 times a day. Fat is dangerous to the heart and general health. **Guaranteed** to reduce if directions are followed. Quick, safe and harmless. The fat just disappears. Also used to prevent fat. Try these magic tablets at our risk. Just mail $1.00 for 1 month's supply. REDUCE NOW. Trial Supply 25c. Don't delay.

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CORRECT DOUBLE CHIN "JOWLS" NOSE TO MOUTH LINES or WRINKLED, CREPY THROAT! Specially woven BANDAGE creates passive massage action and supports heavy muscles. 100% improvement over high priced uncomfortable unsanitary old fashioned and unbecoming Chin Straps and Plasters. SEND ONLY $1.00 M. O. or check for BANDAGE and an effective 5 minute daily Beauty Regimen. FREE An interesting booklet containing a wealth of information about modern Rejuvenation Methods.

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Moles

HOW TO REMOVE THEM

A simple, home treatment—25 years success in my practice. Moles dry up and drop off. Write for free Booklet.

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DOES YOUR MIRROR REFLECT CROWS' FEET — WRINKLES ? PUFFY EYES ? FLABBY SKIN ?

My latest discovery, a recently perfected formula is creating a veritable sensation and promises to be the answer to our modern woman's prayer. One application magically "erases" "lines" and tightens sagging muscles. Furthermore, this amazing preparation stimulates lazy gland action, thereby correcting oily or dry skin conditions. Skeptical? Send ONLY 25c in stamps to cover cost of packing and mailing a generous trial package.

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to use. Passion, Love & Friendship Perfumes. Rare Secrets Revealed, Advice. Perfumes & Feminine Appeal. Marriage, Love, Beauty, Perpetual Youth & Personality Secrets. Magnetic Attraction. Book of 43 lessons, de luxe illustrated $1.00. A cheaper edition 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed. Why pay several dollars? (Agents, No Free Samples.)

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Blonde Hair must be EVEN and LUSTROUS to be Really Beautiful

Be Sure of Lovely EVEN tints...Use MARCHAND'S

UNEVEN or dull blonde hair is so unattractive and so unnecessary—really unnecessary when MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH is being used so successfully to EVEN-UP and to brighten blonde hair.

No matter what you've tried or how you've tried before—if you want lovely natural-looking blonde hair use MARCHAND'S. MARCHAND'S is not a dye or a powder. It comes to you prepared, in liquid form. That's one reason why it is easier to get even, uniform results with Marchand's. It has a lasting effect on the hair, it will not wash out or come off. Thousands of blondes have found there is one fine reliable product that can be depended upon to produce clear EVEN tints—and that is MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

Marchand's is used to keep blonde hair from darkening—and to restore the youthful golden sheen to faded hair. Easy to use at home. No skill is required, yet beautiful results are assured.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no fear of regrowths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive, even thru the sheerest of stockings.

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45c enclosed (send coin or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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The SAFE way to relieve periodic pain
No narcotics—No unpleasant after-effects

Chocolate Coated

Take these Tablets in time and you can probably escape the usual pain altogether because this medicine treats the cause of your trouble. Clinical tests prove that persistent use brings permanent relief.

Small Size . . . 50 cents

Intimate News and Gossip From Hollywood

(*Continued from page 38*)

courting couple. It's a bit bewildering to be a bride here and a bachelor maid there, but Anita seems blissfully happy.

Wedding to Be at Pickfair

NORMA TALMADGE JESSEL was at the station in New York when her ex-husband, Joseph Schenck, left for Hollywood after a return from Europe, waving goodbye and wishing him joy in his coming marriage to Merle Oberon, sensational young English star who is in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "The Private Life of Don Juan." Mary Pickford has offered him Pickfair for the wedding and Schenck has accepted. He seems radiant, though his telegram to Sam Goldwyn may have seemed lacking in ardor at first. "The Riviera got me. I've gone and done it." In addition to playing Romeo, Mr. Schenck has also been acting as Cupid in the Mary-and-Doug reconciliation.

A Tip to the Parsons

THE engagement isn't announced yet, but all Hollywood expects to hear any day that June Knight and Paul Ames will be looking for a parson in the near future. Paul—brother of Stephen Ames, millionaire husband of Raquel Torres—is supervising her portraits and there is a rumor that he won't allow June to take any of those stills with "Mmmm" to them hereafter!

What! No Glamour?

WORD has gone forth that there is to be no more Peace Propaganda for the volcanic and romantic Francis Lederer (who has no intention, however, of giving up his anti-war crusading). Evidently, it is impossible to have glamour and ideas at the same time. At the same time, the Powers That Be frowned on a magazine story of William Powell as a father. Fathers aren't romantic either, apparently.

Puzzling Suicide

GEORGE HILL'S suicide is still puzzling Hollywood. No one can understand what it was that made a young and successful man, on the eve of starting his biggest picture, coolly and deliberately set his affairs in order, make his will and, after a practice shot to make sure that his pistol was working, put a bullet through his brain. Some think it was melancholia resulting from a blow to the head several months ago when he drove his car into a telephone pole to avoid striking a group of children. Another theory is that George had been deeply affected by the sadness and futility of "The Good Earth," which he was planning to direct. Still another—and the most generally accepted—theory is that he had never got over his divorce from Frances Marion, to whom he willed much of his estate.

A Hit for Twenty Years

CHRISTY CABANNE, the director, was filming a sequence in "A Girl of the Limberlost" at Chatsworth public school the other day. As the various characters of the story appeared from the studio bus, the youngsters gathered about the camera identified the different personages of the story without hesitation. Gene Stratton Porter's classic was written over twenty years ago, yet apparently it is still one of the best-sellers and a favorite among young people!

"It went with me on my honeymoon in '73

"And I remember placing a cake among my trousseau things. It is so fragrant and delightful! I think Cashmere Bouquet is the finest soap that was ever made."

MOST FRAGRANT..MOST PRIZED OF SOAPS

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*

MANY have bought it as a "guest soap"... as a soap for rare and special occasions . . . often to put among the linens to make them sweet and fragrant.

Generations of women have entrusted the loveliness of their complexions to its gentle care ... And to all these women the name Cashmere Bouquet has always meant something exquisite... the daintiest and finest of all fine soaps.

Soap experts know why this is so. They know how pure its choice ingredients are. How rare and costly its perfume. How hard-milled and long-lasting each creamy cake is.

And now—*every* woman can enjoy the delightful fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet . . . the complexion benefits that only a soap so fine can give!

For today Cashmere Bouquet—the same size cake, the same supremely high quality soap that has sold for generations at 25 cents a cake—actually costs no more than many soaps of ordinary quality.

At only 10 cents a cake, you will surely want to buy at least three cakes. Make a note to get them—today!

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
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Cashmere Bouquet
THE ARISTOCRAT OF FINE SOAPS SINCE 1872

TOO TIRED TO GO ON—
—and then she smoked a CAMEL!

SHE HAS SCALED 90 MAJOR PEAKS! Slender, but a marvel of endurance and energy, Miss Georgia Engelhard says: "When people tell me of being tired out, or lacking 'pep,' I don't know of better advice to give than, 'Get a lift with a Camel.'"

YOU'LL ENJOY

this thrilling response in your flow of energy!

Miss Georgia Engelhard, champion woman mountain climber, knows what it is to need energy... quickly. In light of the recent scientific confirmation of the "energizing effect" in Camels, note what Miss Engelhard says:

"Mountain climbing is great sport, but it taxes your stamina to the limit. Plenty of times up there above the timber line, within a short climb of the goal, I have thought, 'I can't go another step.' Then I call a halt and smoke a Camel.

"It has been proved true over and over that a Camel picks me up in just a few minutes and gives me the energy to push on."

There is a thrilling sense of well-being in smoking a Camel and feeling a quick, delightful increase in your flow of energy.

You'll *like* Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Mild—but never flat or "sweetish"—never tiresome in taste. You'll feel like smoking more. And with Camels, you will find that steady smoking does not jangle the nerves.

CAMEL'S

Costlier Tobaccos

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December

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**ON'T GET
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...MAE WEST**

NRA

CONSTANCE BENNETT
by
MARLAND STONE

"That was the *worst* headache...

... what a relief! A few minutes ago, I could have screamed when I thought of playing bridge tonight. Now, I feel fine! *If I'd only known before that Bromo-Seltzer was as quick as that!"*

"Lucky for us it is *so quick. We've just time to make the party. Dad's used Bromo-Seltzer ever since I can remember. Calls it 'the old reliable.'"*

Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

Overwork or fatigue headache.

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Headache due to lowered blood alkali.

Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.

Headache of the common cold.

Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.

Headache at trying time of month.

Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.

WHAT BROMO-SELTZER'S 5 MEDICINAL INGREDIENTS DO

Suppose you have never taken a Bromo-Seltzer before. Naturally you want to know exactly what it does. Let's make one and see.

You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

Notice the difference now between single-ingredient remedies that merely kill pain and Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced relief containing five medicinal ingredients.

Each ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer has a special purpose.

Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stomach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the *after-effects.*

For over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby in the home. Reliable ... pleasant ... and prompt, it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. Five convenient sizes. Or you can get a dose at any soda-fountain. Remember to look for the *complete* name ... Bromo-Seltzer.

Listen to The Bromo-Seltzer Revue, WJZ and NBC Network, Friday, 8:30—9 P. M., E. S. T.—9:30-10:00 P. C. Time

BROMO-SELTZER

Isn't it a SHAME!

THE RHYTHMS SHE COAXES FROM A BABY-GRAND—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

If Judy isn't a genius, it isn't because she doesn't create rhythms that bring the young crowd "ganging" 'round! But—there's a "but" about Judy!

And Judy is dazzling in a costume play! She's clever—she's pretty—and she's a grand little actress! But the "but" about Judy spoils many a big moment.

Men like Judy's music—and the whole town turns out when Judy's in a play! But nobody ever proposes to Judy. For the "but" about Judy is her teeth.

Judy sometimes wonders why her teeth look so grayish—so dingy and ugly. She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" is often the root of this trouble!

If Judy will ask her dentist, he'll advise her to clean her teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste—and, each time, to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.

By the time Ipana and massage have brought brilliancy back to Judy's teeth and smile—she'll find that romance was just hiding behind the piano—all this while!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IF you have been a "Judy"—and have let "pink tooth brush" go on and on—and if your teeth have grown more and more dingy and ugly—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste (before another day goes by!)

Clean your teeth with Ipana. It is a splendid, modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth, but deep into every little crevice—gently, thoroughly. Your entire mouth feels refreshed!

But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana plus massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Modern foods, so soft, so creamy, fail to exercise the gums. For this reason, your gums tend to lose their vigor. Sometimes they bleed a little. "Pink tooth brush" may dull your teeth—it may even endanger your teeth! It may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis or Vincent's disease. But Ipana and massage will help keep your gums firm, and your teeth sparkling!

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"THE PAINTED VEIL"

with HERBERT MARSHALL · GEORGE BRENT

Warner Oland • Jean Hersholt • Katharine Alexander

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • *Produced by* HUNT STROMBERG

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! *This* is the STAR who enthralls love-hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smouldering love, of high adventure, of tenderness that yields tears. *This* is *your* Garbo, the Star of exquisite mystery and provocative romance!

Based on the novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

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Golden Screen

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVIII, No. 5

DECEMBER
1934

LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*

It's Time You Met *the Real* MAE WEST!

Moviegoers are constantly confusing actors and actresses with the parts they play. They think that comics must be clowns off-screen, that tragediennes must have secret sorrows, that dramatic stars must lead dramatic lives. But few stars have ever had themselves so confused with their screen rôles as Mae West has.

A woman talented enough to write her own stories, dialogue and songs (as Mae West does) should also be talented enough to play imaginary characters, not herself. Doesn't that stand to reason?

A few pages farther on, you will find the complete answer—you will meet the real Mae West!

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BY JERRY HOFFMAN

THE HUMAN SIDE OF HOLLYWOOD

Lyda Roberti teams with Joe Penner . . .

BY this time many stories have been told in connection with the accidental death of Russ Columbo. None, however, is so weird, so scalp-tingling as this true one, which has yet to be told anywhere. Poe might have written it.

The night before the now-pathetic and inconsolable Lansing Brown, his closest friend, accidentally flicked a match against the seventy-year-old dueling pistol that discharged the fatal bullet, Russ had been going all over Hollywood, seeking Carole Lombard. He happened into the Beverly Brown Derby, and for a few minutes sat with Nat Dyches, local press-agent, and his lady-friend, Helen Black, a dancer.

The three took out cigarettes. Russ reached for a match, struck it, and offered Nat and Helen lights. As they puffed, he brought the match to his own cigarette and began lighting it. Helen grabbed his arm.

"Three on a match," she gasped. "Aren't you superstitious?"

Russ smiled. "No," he answered. "Not with friends—and not with matches!"

The next day Russ Columbo was killed—by a match! . . .

. . . . . **Russ**—Hollywood can't keep from talking about him, any more than I can—was planning to build a house for his family. Two days before his death, he spent the afternoon looking up a site for it. He felt that at last his future was assured. He had just signed a splendid radio contract,

(Continued on page 8)

Florine McKinney gets an Olympian opportunity in "Night Life of the Gods" . . .

Grand FUN .. Beautiful GIRLS .. Dazzling SCENES in EDDIE CANTOR'S New Hit "KID MILLIONS"

Pardon my (Ann) Sothern accent!

It's Eddie! Going harem-scarem in the harem!

Eddie gets a heart Merman for Ethel!

Eddie sings a look-at-hymn to Block and Sully

The gorgeous Goldwyn Girls in a scene from the all-Technicolor ice-cream fantasy!

Is Eddie's face black! As he goes-to-town with "Mandy" . . . Irving Berlin's melody masterpiece!

Just a big dame hunter! Out for bigger and bedouins!

EDDIE CANTOR *in Samuel Goldwyn's production of* "KID MILLIONS"

with ANN SOTHERN · ETHEL MERMAN

BLOCK and SULLY · THE GOLDWYN GIRLS

Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

The human side of Hollywood

Eight beauties from eight different cities get dancing-acting contracts . . .

(*Continued from page 6*)

had made the first of a projected series of phonograph records, and his first starring picture, "Wake Up and Dream," was a success. And, to Russ, success meant—his family: He had always thought of his own people first. Every day he had visited the hospital to stroke the hair of his mother, who was ill with a heart ailment—and couldn't be told why Russ didn't come after that certain Sunday. A gentle, serious, kind boy. . . .

. . . . . **Carole Lombard,** the woman who mourns his passing most sincerely, has been away from Hollywood for a while to try to forget the shock of the tragedy. It was Russ who coached her in her singing for the picture with his supposed rival, Bing Crosby, "We're Not Dressing." (Russ and Bing were not particular pals but contrary to all rumors, they WERE friends.) And it was Carole who coached Russ in his acting for his first big picture. And together with Lansing Brown, she was encouraging Russ to go on with his voice training—with grand opera in mind. (The whole poignant story is told in detail on page 47.—Ed.) . . .

. . . . . **Frances Marion,** famous scenarist (who has just completed the screen story of "The Good Earth"), is still in the hospital with the injuries she suffered when her sedan swerved after a blow-out and crashed into another car on the Ridge Route. More than her own injuries, she is fretting over the hurts of the Mexican family in the other car. . . .

. . . . . **The new** English import, Robert Donat, made a great hit at a professional preview of "The Count of Monte Cristo." But his name stumped Hollywood. In the month of his stay in Hollywood, he apparently met only a few of the English colony, and the meager information that Hollywood has of him merely says that he is happily married, a favorite in London, and an extremely quiet chap. . . .

. . . . . **Since so many girls,** once dancers, have become movie stars (there's a story on this very subject on page 28.—Ed.), the studios are talent-searching among their dancers. And since Warner Brothers employ more dancers than any other studio, their studio is doing the most detective work in this regard. The other day, Bobby Connolly, the dance director, picked eight beauties from eight different cities to be specialty dancers in "Sweet Adeline"—and in the contract of each one was inserted a clause that she would not be restricted to dance work, but would be given opportunities to win acting contracts. The girls were: Elizabeth Cook, of Oklahoma City; Mildred Unger, of Los Angeles; Melba Snowden, of Modesto; Virginia Carroll, of Spokane; Emily Renard, of Chicago; Margaret Fitzpatrick, of New York; Louise Allen, of Boston; and Jean Ashton, of San Francisco. . . .

. . . . . **Fred Keating,** formerly a stage magician (one of the best), saw Grace Moore's "One Night of Love" for the first time the other night. Fred—who makes his screen début in "The Captain Hates the Sea"—came into the studio the next morning still in a daze. "Mary," he said to the publicity girl, "Mary, she's wonderful. She is positively the most wonderful woman I ever saw in my life. She's—she's absolutely *wonderful.*" He wandered out to return in a moment. "Mary," said he, "when Grace Moore comes back to Hollywood, will you do something for me? Will you introduce me to her?" Assured that he would have a chance to meet his new ideal, Fred departed again, only to return once more.

(*Continued on page 13*)

Baby Le Roy—now a young man-about-town . . .

CARL LAEMMLE Presents

"NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS"

For the Love of Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stampeding the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

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New wage scales point definitely to higher prices. Machines on hand make possible the present unbelievably low cash price on this machine. We don't believe we can maintain the present 25% price reduction for long.

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The Movies Abound in Contrast of Personality, Plot and Technique,

Says MOTION PICTURE Reader

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

CONTRAST is one of the most refreshing and delightful things in the world. Here is where the movies excel. They abound in contrast, of personality, plot, and technique. Consider these:

Women like Garbo and May Robson share honors for box-office receipts—one being the incarnation of beauty, mystery, and romance; the other a commonplace, middle-aged woman with a plain, humorous face and a flair for realism. Men like Chevalier and Gary Cooper gain equal popularity—a playboy and a cowboy; one tailor-made, the other homespun.

Stories offer even a sharper contrast. On one night we are stirred by the thought-provoking "House of Rothschild"; on the next night we enjoy the suave sophistication of "Nana."

Finally, the very technique by which movies are made depends for effectiveness on the use of light and shadow. The art of photography consists in the skilful modelling of black and white, opaqueness against translucence: sombreness against brilliance.

No wonder the movies are fascinating. They offer the sparkling variety without which life would indeed be dull and prosaic.

GWENNIE JAMES,
Grinnell, Ia.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

Wants Marlene to Be the Dominating Force

"THE Scarlet Empress!" Frankly, a picture whose main features are indefinite and enigmatical to a degree.

Galloping Cossacks—mostly heads, legs, and tall fur-hats—plus close-ups of clanging bells—insides and all—with a background so filled with noise and confusion—so cluttered with old symbols—horrible paintings—and grotesque figures, that the star, Miss Dietrich, makes no impression whatever—beyond her exquisite beauty. She moves through the action of the picture like a puppet in the hands of an expert; her personality so subdued that its fire is but a feeble flame.

Of the whole cast, only Louise Dresser rises above the thunder of galloping horses, and her iron determination carried over to her death-bed.

At this time, a picture in which Miss Dietrich is the dominating force—not her surroundings—might not be a bad idea.

(Mrs.) JANE B. CLAPP, *Los Angeles, Cal.*

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

"The Barretts" Sets a High Standard

DEFENDERS of stage drama have deprecated the talkies as being stilted and inflexible, an entirely inadequate medium for genuine life-like performance. . . . They pointed with pride to Besier's success, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and claimed no one could approximate Katherine Cornell in the rôle of the repressed *Elizabeth Barrett* —

Until Norma Shearer *did* it!

Gentle, introspective, wise, Elizabeth Barrett lives again through Miss Shearer's artistry. In fact, the whole picture is moviedom's best claim to equal rank with the stage. It conclusively shows the world that a movie does not have to depend on *double entente*, risque situations, and chorus girls for success, as early box office figures indicate the public has taken to heart this charming picture.

As the dashing *Robert Browning* who brings color into *Elizabeth's* pallid unhappy life, Fredric March deserves a palm for his *Croix de Cinema*.

Thanks, Hollywood, for giving us as fine a picture as "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"! It sets a high-water mark—there's been nothing like it or half so good before, so let's have a repeat in double-quick time. . . .

STANLEY S. JACOBS, *Columbia, Mo.*

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

Fed Up With the "Trailers"

I'M glad for your invitation to write what I think about the movies.

For years I've wanted to tell someone in authority how disgusting it is to be compelled to sit through a showing of "Trailers" of coming attractions.

This practice forces customers to view something which they did not pay to see. What's more they don't want to see it.

Who cares about the stupendous, dazzling and magnificent display which will be shown beginning next Friday.

When one is ready to attend a movie he will refer to a movie magazine or a newspaper to select the house where he will spend his money.

When the theatres limit these advertisements to simple announcements or reminders, then they will not be insulting their customers as they are doing today. I have often left the theatre before seeing the complete program because I didn't want to read all the adjectives that I knew would be forced upon me.

Leslie M. Pinney, *Oil City, Pa.*

Hollywood Has Redeemed Itself

At last a great book has been transferred to the screen intact, with characterization, dialog, and setting just as effective in the picture as in the book.

"Of Human Bondage" should be a mark for producers to shoot at—it is *drama*, and proves beyond doubt that the screen is no longer eclipsed by the stage when it comes to realism.

Bette Davis, as the Cockney harpy, is living proof that study beforehand will enable a sincere actress to give a finished, long-remembered performance. Her striking Cockney mannerisms—and dialog were perfect.

Leslie Howard is the one man who could portray the sensitive *Phillip*.

Remember Dreiser's lament a few years ago, when he alleged that Hollywood had "mutilated" his opus? Well, I'd like to know Somerset Maugham's verdict of the film "Of Human Bondage"—a more faithful transcription could not have been made! Hollywood has redeemed itself: it has shown the literary world and movie-goers that it has respected a great literary labor by presenting that work in a photodrama with fidelity in every detail.

S. J. Stanley, *Kansas City, Mo.*

Wanted: More Pictures Like "The Thin Man"

Ask Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer if they have another "Thin Man" up their sleeve. It's to their interest, for more pictures like "The Thin Man" mean more laughs; and more laughs echo cheerily in the till. I saw it on a record hot night and it was like thinly-shaved ice—so refreshing! Is there no limit to what this Powell-Loy team can accomplish?

And who knows? Myrna may have been including me when she said, "Serve the nuts, please," but as long as she serves another "Thin Man" she may call me what she likes—who cares?

Jessie Farnham, *Cincinnati, O.*

No One Can Take Her Place

The nation and the world mourn the passing of Marie Dressler. Her untimely death, coming after a courageous fight that was typical of her long career in the movies, leaves a vacant spot in filmdom that cannot be filled.

Marie was one of my favorite actresses. Her portrayals on the screen carried an appealing naturalness that made her inimitable. Especially do I remember what I consider her two best performances—as *Min* in "Min and Bill," and *Annie* in "Tugboat Annie." In both, she played opposite Wallace Beery, and the two made up a team whose pictures were awaited anxiously by all movie-goers.

In the last days of her illness, Miss Dressler carried on her battle with death with the same fortitude that marked her long fight for recognition as an actress so many years ago. Her movie career was unusual in that she gained stardom after she was fifty years of age. That fact, perhaps, made her all the more lovable and appealing on the screen.

I will miss Marie Dressler. I will always remember her human characterizations. For me—and for millions of others—she can never be replaced.

Harry W. Mayo, *Sedalia, Mo.*

Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax — spelled E-X-L-A-X — to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

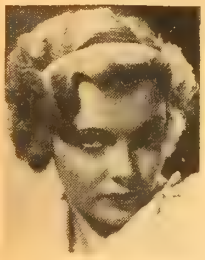
Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!



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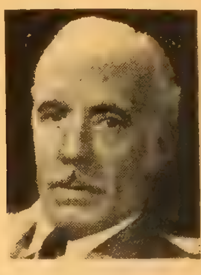

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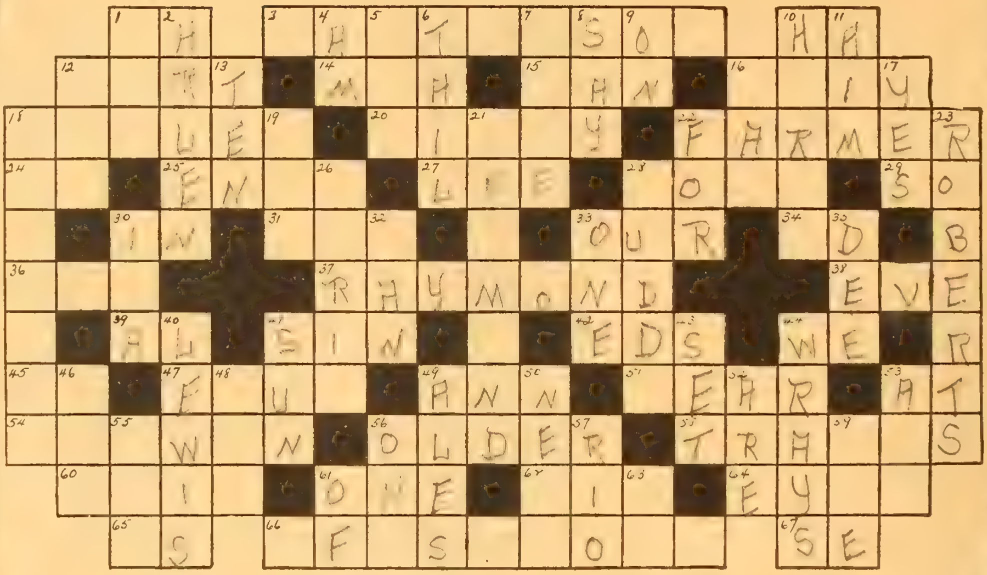

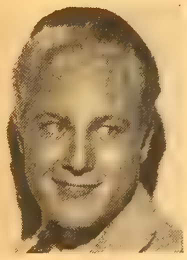

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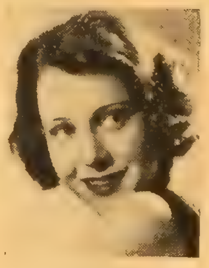


No. 35

By L. R. R.

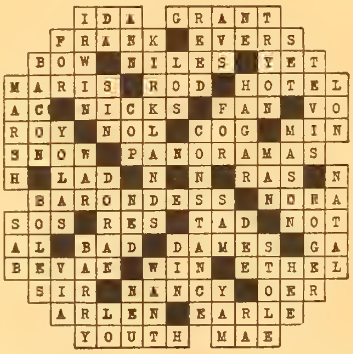
HORIZONTAL

1. Lionel Barrymore's home state (abbr.)
3. *Ma Miller* in "Hide-Out"
10. Recently married to Ralph Forbes (init.)
12. Retired star of Western pictures
14. Her last name is Marvin
15. *Octavian* in "Cleopatra"
16. *Julian de Lussac* in "Ladies Should Listen"
18. A famous female stage and screen dancer
20. A student at Annapolis is called this (colloq.)
22. Gloria Swanson's husband
24. *Hap Stanley* in "You Belong to Me" (init.)
25. She plays motherly rôles
27. See illustration
28. *Carlotta* in "Affairs of a Gentleman"
29. "— This is Africa"
30. "The Richest Girl — the World"
31. One of the Moore brothers
33. "—— Betters"
34. Yola's initials
36. *Capt. Dan Roberts* in "Down to Their Last Yacht"
37. See illustration
38. Her last name is Sothern
39. He's married to Ruby Keeler
41. "It Ain't No ——"
42. Shortening of Lowe's first name (poss.)
44. "Are —— Civilized"
45. Robert's initials
47. A large ostrich-like bird (pl.)
49. *Julie* in "The Fountain"
51. "One —— Later"
53. "Success —— Any Price"
54. Author and Director of "Turn Back the Clock"
56. Norma is the —— of the Talmadge sisters
58. *Bud Hannigan* in "You Belong to Me" (poss.)
60. *Bob Hartwell* in "Blind Date"
61. "The Better ——"
62. "—— Hostess"
64. "The —— of the World"
65. Director Sedgwick's initials
66. He played *Dan Collins* in "The Hell Cat"
67. She's Mrs. Harry Joe Brown (init.)

VERTICAL

1. "My ——, the King"
2. He's married to Jobyna Ralston
4. "I —— Suzanne"
5. A Western actor
6. An appendage on animals
7. What gangsters take each other for
8. "She Couldn't —— No"
9. "Death —— the Diamond"
10. *Pogey* in "I Give My Love"
11. "—— of the Law"
12. "——s, ——s, Hooray"
13. "—— Cents a Dance"
16. Norma Shearer is a native of this country (abbr.)
17. "She Had to Say——"
18. His first name is David
19. Rip or cut (Scot.)
21. A William and a Florence in the movies have this last name
22. "—— the Defense"
23. *Larry* in "Death on the Diamond" (poss.)
26. *Vera Sheldon* in "The Human Side"
28. His last name is Rogers
30. *Esther Cabot* in "Come On, Marines"
32. "Dancing ——"
33. "—— Night of Love"
35. See illustration
40. See illustration
41. This is a Heavenly body
43. A movie scene is usually shot on a——
44. She played the rôle of *Sylvia* in "The Richest Girl in the World" (poss.)
46. He was *Captain Thompson* in "The Notorious Sophie Lang"
48. Myrialiter (abbr.)
49. Malt beverages
50. "—— the Trail's End"
52. "Such Women —— Dangerous"
53. Affirmative votes
55. Virginia's middle name
56. Director Marin's initials
57. "Flying Down to ——"
59. First letter of Gable's first name
61. "For Love —— Money"
63. This star played the rôle of *Victor* in "The Cat and the Fiddle" (init.)

Solution to Last Puzzle



THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

The human side of Hollywood

(Continued from page 8)

"Mary," said he, "will you do something else for me? Will you write Grace Moore and tell her something for me? You know my best magic trick was called The Bird Cage. I never told the secret of that trick to anybody; even my own family didn't know how it was done. But, Mary, tell Miss Moore that I'll tell her how I did The Bird Cage!" . . .

. . . . . And is Columbia—the first studio to produce a serious singing picture that was a hit—hugging itself to read of all the high-society people who flocked in evening dress to see Grace Moore, till the movie theatre resembled the Metropolitan's "diamond horseshoe" on opening night? And in New York, Grace Moore's picture broke all box-office records. (P. S. It was also Tullio Carminati's picture—as both the drama and music critics pointed out.) . . .

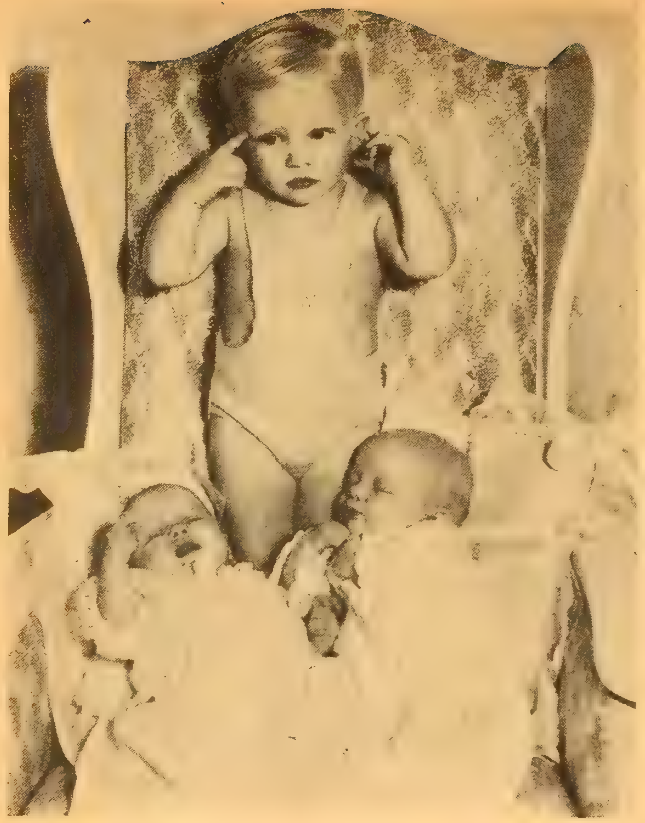
Like witness Eddie Cantor, Miriam Hopkins becomes a Samuel Goldwyn star . . .

. . . . . As for society, all Hollywood, Beverly Hills and Pasadena society trekked to the Hollywood Bowl on those moonlight nights to see Max Reinhardt's presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The boxes were filled with the most famous audience in the world, paying homage to their colleagues out under the great oak trees of Sherwood Forest (moved bodily to the Bowl). Walter Connolly, as *Bottom*, was the hit of the production, though Mickey Rooney, as *Puck*, was a close second. Hollywood has heard that both Eddie Cantor and Charlie Chaplin had begged to play the part. Evelyn Venable, who collaborated at seventeen with her college professor-father on a book about Shakespeare, is said to have disagreed with Mr. Reinhardt's direction of the Bard's fantasy. "Ah, please stay in the cast," Mr. Reinhardt is reported to have answered, suavely. "Play the rôle as you wish. All I ask is the honor of directing you." At the conclusion of the first performance, the cry of "Reinhardt! Reinhardt!" swept from one side of the huge amphitheatre to the other, with the near-by hills echoing the cry. . . .

Ginger Rogers has a new dance—*The Continental* . . .

. . . . . But now the only kind of stadium that you can get the movie crowd into is a college football stadium. As usual, the majority of the Hollywood rooting is for Southern California, whose campus is close to the movie bailiwick. But the other West Coast colleges all have their Hollywood followers. California, U. C. L. A. (the University of California at Los Angeles), St. Mary's, Santa Clara and—last, but not least—Stanford, all have adherents. Though all the Hollywoodians haven't yet forgiven Stanford for what happened last New Year's in the Stanford-Columbia game, when a smart team of little men beat a powerful team of big men. A good football game is like a good movie—you don't know what will happen next.

. . . . . The film colony has emerged from the depression doldrums, and has become a partying, night-clubbing, dancing ensemble. Not in Hollywood history have so many swank and extravagantly decorated night-clubs and cafés flourished. And parties! There have been housewarmings, anniversary parties, farewell tributes. No sooner, for example, had the Fredric Marches sailed for Tahiti for a vacation, after giving the neighbors a tour through their lovely new home in the hills of Beverly, than the gorgeous mansion of the newly-wed Mervyn Le Roys became the scene for pleasant afternoons and evenings.



Acme

Who Is the Proud Papa of the Youngsters Pictured Here?

And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly? Give Yourself This

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By **MARION MARTONE**

2. A motion picture company purchased forty screen stories for which one of its stars?

---

3. How did the two screen beauties, Mae West and Marlene Dietrich, put at rest the rumor that they were not on friendly terms?

---

4. Which two very popular motion picture stars have turned novelists?

---

5. Can you name the motion picture comedienne who has always played the ugly duckling rôle and is about to blossom out as a beautiful and streamline-model chorus girl?

---

6. Do you know the famous stars of stage and screen who are Mr. and Mrs. in private life and are about to be co-starred on the screen?

---

7. Who is the popular motion picture player who fell heir to a $250,000 estate recently?

---

8. What well-known stage and screen dancer was recently married?

9. Which screen star has been making tests in make-up for the rôle of *Wang Lung* in "The Good Earth"?

---

10. Do you know the handsome screen leading man who became the father of a boy on September 7?

---

11. Can you name the star of motion pictures who is about to make her début in grand opera?

---

12. What relation to each other are Spencer Tracy and Lee Tracy?

---

13. Where was the screen beauty, Myrna Loy, born?

---

14. Why does ZaSu Pitts write her first name with a capital S in the middle?

---

15. What Broadway musical comedy genius will be introduced to the screen when "Two for Tonight" is made into a movie?

---

16. A well-known crooner's accidental death was a terrible shock to what blonde screen beauty?

17. How did Nils Asther show he was displeased with the fact that his child was appearing on the stage?

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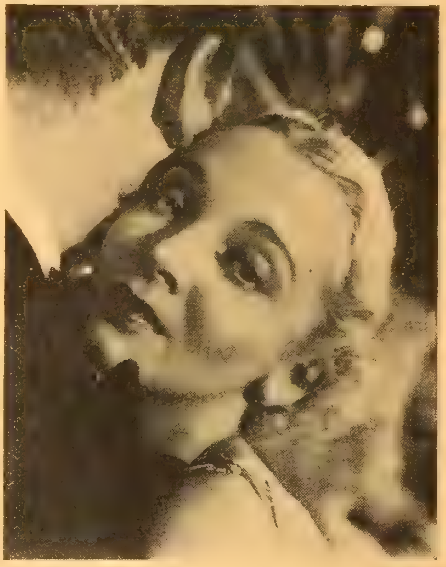
18. What blonde screen star and her cameraman husband are expecting the arrival of a baby any day?



19. Who is the man who seems to be "lending an ear" to Virginia Bruce, in this scene from "Dangerous Corner"?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 84)

3 trying moments conquered!

How WONDERSOFT KOTEX gives women freedom never before dreamed of

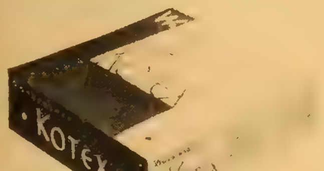
Ice-skating is Vigorous!

● But the modern girl can enjoy sports without discomfort. Wondersoft Kotex never ropes or pulls; it keeps readjusting itself because of the special center—unlike other pads.

Bridge takes concentration

● At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on *those* days. But Wondersoft Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing because sides are covered with filmy cotton.

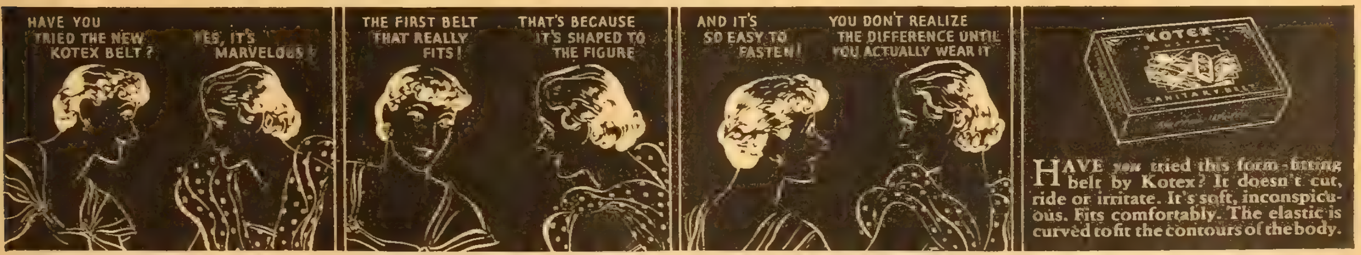
A filmy, daring frock



● The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday; so sheer, so light in color. But she is sure of absolute protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Wondersoft Kotex. The special center absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.

● Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Wondersoft Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course. Buy it in that smart new box that doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. All stores have it—and you pay the same price for either Super or regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' restrooms.

One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort


HAVE YOU TRIED THE NEW KOTEX BELT?
YES, IT'S MARVELOUS!
THE FIRST BELT THAT REALLY FITS!
THAT'S BECAUSE IT'S SHAPED TO THE FIGURE
AND IT'S SO EASY TO FASTEN!
YOU DON'T REALIZE THE DIFFERENCE UNTIL YOU ACTUALLY WEAR IT
KOTEX
SANITARY BELT

HAVE *you* tried this form-fitting belt by Kotex? It doesn't cut, ride or irritate. It's soft, inconspicuous. Fits comfortably. The elastic is curved to fit the contours of the body.

MOVIE NAMES IN THE NEWS

BY
LEE
HUNTER

●*Still the wealthiest...*

IN the 1934 records of the Los Angeles tax collector, newshawks search for Hollywood's wealthiest citizen, discover that **Charles Spencer Chaplin** still holds the title, with property valued at $3,279,230—financial proof not only of his popularity, but of the astuteness of his investments. Meanwhile, the king of comics and pantomimists makes elaborate preparations for his new picture, written by himself, untitled as yet, and reported to be a satire of this industrial age. Perhaps taking a cue from to-day's "social planning," he is equipped, for the first time, with a complete scenario before starting work. Will it—or will it not—be a talkie? The only remaining silent star lets the world wonder.

●*Going East of the Rockies...*

MYRNA LOY, glamourous screen sophisticate and one of the most widely traveled of stars—in films, reveals that in real life she has never been East of her home state, Montana, but adds: "I've earned a vacation by years of hard work. Now I'm going to have a trip to Broadway, London, Paris and from there on around the world. I'm going to leave as soon as I have completed two or three more pictures and I'm going to stay at least six months."

●*Buys American...*

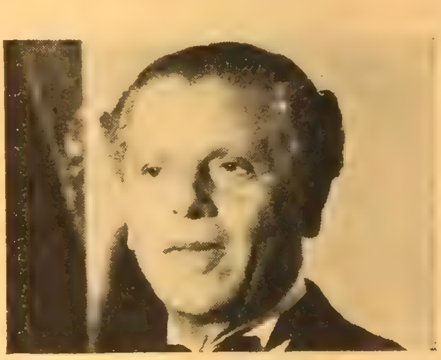
MARION DAVIES, returning from vacation of several weeks in England and on the Continent, ready to begin work on new picture, "Movie Queen," reveals she did little shopping while abroad, explains why: "I've tried bringing clothes home before—only to find them on Fifth Avenue when I arrived. I will do all my shopping in New York."

●*Mussolini likes his work...*

ROBERT J. FLAHERTY, white-haired American producer-idealist, famed for his silent pictures, "Nanook of the North" and "Moana of the South Seas," wins a new triumph at the Second International Motion Picture Exposition, held in Italy. To his latest picture, "Man of Aran," goes the chief prize of the Exposition, the Mussolini Cup, for "the best foreign film." . . . Other awards of the Exposition of interest to Americans: Voted the most entertaining film—"It Happened One Night," co-starring **Claudette Colbert** and **Clark Gable,** directed by **Frank Capra.** Voted to have had the best world première—"The Private Life of Don Juan," made in England, starring **Douglas Fairbanks.** Voted the world's best players—**Katharine Hepburn** and **Wallace Beery. Mickey Mouse** also wins a gold medal.

●*The Lindbergh's host returns...*

WILL ROGERS returns to America from world tour, tells New York reporters that he was unable to collect the war debts, and is pleased to hear that police have captured the alleged kidnaper of the first-born son of Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh, who were staying at Rogers' Beverly Hills home when Bruno Richard Hauptmann was apprehended in New York. En route to Hollywood to start work on "The County Chairman," he stops in Detroit, sits beside Henry Ford at opening game of World Series.



●*Can't decline this time...*

MAX REINHARDT, most famous living stage producer and recent German exile, comes to Hollywood to present Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl, with a cast of screen players, is fêted by a dazzled film colony, and is besieged with film offers. No stranger to such offers, which he has always declined previously, he finds them harder to resist when actually on the Hollywood scene, and accepts the proffered contract of elated **Warner Brothers.** His first picture will be the selfsame Shakespearean fantasy—something new in film fare.

Ⓧ Marks two spots most important to every lamp user

HOW MUCH CURRENT GOES Ⓧ IN HERE?
Ⓧ
HOW MUCH LIGHT COMES OUT HERE?
THE MARK OF GOOD LIGHT AT LOW COST
MAZDA
GE
100 WATTS

Poor lamps are current wasters, just as poor carburetors are "gas hogs." In addition, they may add to your true cost of light by blackening prematurely or by burning out too soon. All three, or any one of these inefficient lamp characteristics, add nothing to the initial cost of your lamps but they all add to the COST OF YOUR LIGHT.

The best way to be sure of getting low cost light is to look for the mark of a manufacturer you can trust. The General Electric monogram GE is such a mark. When you buy a lamp bearing this mark, you can be sure not only of a lamp that is reasonable to buy, but one that is economical to use . . . a lamp that can be relied upon to give you ALL the light you pay for. *Long nights are ahead. Fill every socket with fresh lamps and, as an added precaution, keep a carton of spares on the kitchen shelf.* General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL GE ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

The Natives of Spitzbergen

PERSPIRE *on* ICE . . . *yet* *Seldom Catch Cold*

UP from the mine pits, dripping with perspiration after a day of the hardest kind of labor, the men of Spitzbergen travel miles over icy glaciers, arriving home with their shirts frozen to their backs. Yet they seldom catch cold. Only when the supply ship arrives in the spring does this malady attack them. Then hundreds are stricken.

A review of such cold epidemics led scientific men eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts on the neck, although these may be contributing causes. But only recently have they come close to the truth as to the source of this common affliction. They now declare it to be a virus.

Of all the germs known to Science, none is more mysterious, more baffling, and elusive. No one has ever seen the filtrable virus. No filter yet devised has been able to trap it. It can neither be weighed nor measured. Yet it exists and causes damage estimated at $450,000,000 annually. Only by such destructive results can its presence be established.

Our leading scientists, using this virus withdrawn from the nose of a cold sufferer and made into a serum, have been able to produce the sufferer's cold in many other men. Apes, too, have responded in precisely the same way.

Under every-day conditions, the virus enters the mouth, nose, and throat. Unless overcome by natural or mechanistic forces, it is likely to cause a cold. The "secondary invaders" such as the pneumococcus, streptococcus, and influenza germs which so often accompany the virus, frequently complicate and aggravate the original cold.

Fight germs with Listerine

Clearly, the places to fight both invisible virus and visible germs are the mouth and throat, warm fertile breeding grounds that welcome all bacteria. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep them, the less chance germs and infection have of developing, leading authorities declare.

Many go so far as to say that the daily use of an antiseptic mouth wash, provided it is safe, will prevent much of the sickness so common in the mouth, nose, and throat, and urge the instruction of children from their earliest years in the disinfection of these cavities.

For this purpose, Listerine has been considered ideal for more than 50 years, by the medical profession and the laity. Non-poisonous and possessing adequate power to kill germs, Listerine is so safe that *it will not harm the most delicate tissue.* At the same time its taste is delightful.

Numerous tests conducted by our staff of bacteriologists, chemists, and doctors, and checked by independent laboratory technicians, reveal Listerine's power against the common cold. Twice-a-day users of Listerine, it was shown, caught *fewer* colds and *less severe* colds than those who did not use it. Enthusiastic users have testified to similar results in unsolicited letters to this company. Why not make a habit of gargling with Listerine every morning and every night? LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

For Colds and Sore Throat . . LISTERINE . . The Safe Antiseptic

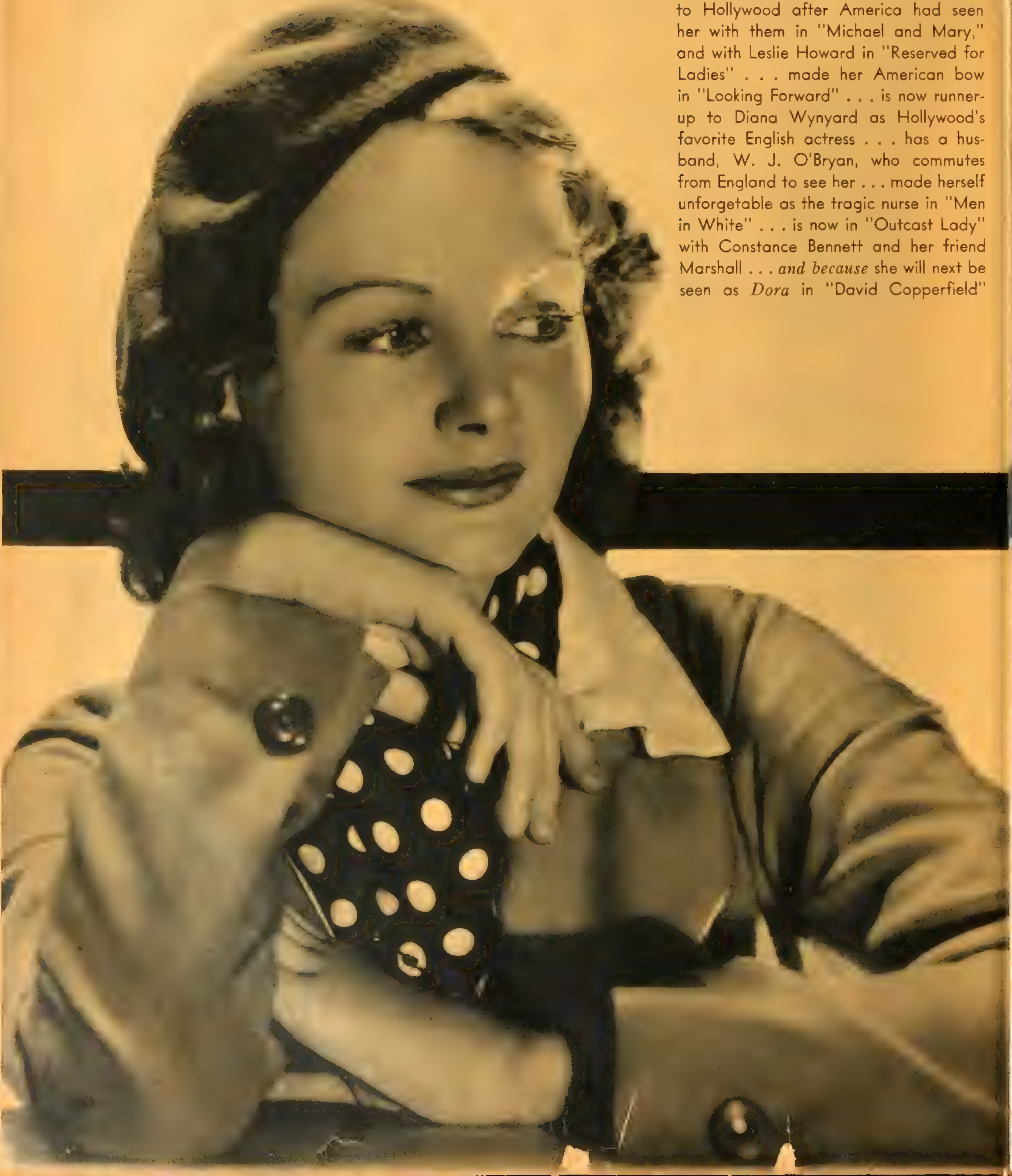
N OUR HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHT

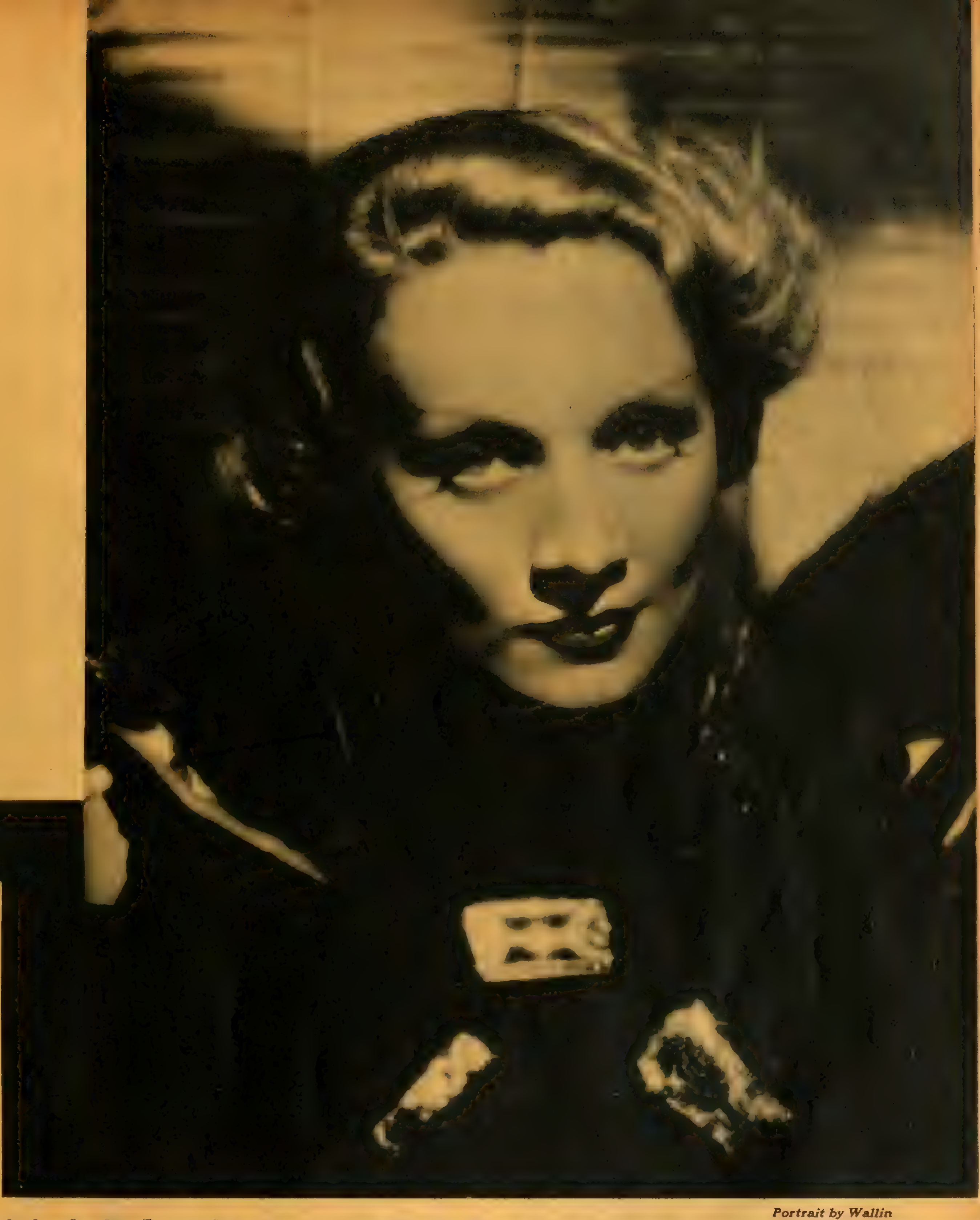
Because She: . . . is an aristocrat in four arts—beauty, acting, poetry and singing . . . has just scored another triumph —as the wife-who-wins in "The Human Side" . . . *and because* she is about to make her appearance in grand opera

DORIS KENYON

ELIZABETH ALLAN

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . is as young and unspoiled as she seems . . . was persuaded to enter films by her good friends, Edna Best and Herbert Marshall . . . was summoned to Hollywood after America had seen her with them in "Michael and Mary," and with Leslie Howard in "Reserved for Ladies" . . . made her American bow in "Looking Forward" . . . is now runner-up to Diana Wynyard as Hollywood's favorite English actress . . . has a husband, W. J. O'Bryan, who commutes from England to see her . . . made herself unforgetable as the tragic nurse in "Men in White" . . . is now in "Outcast Lady" with Constance Bennett and her friend Marshall . . . *and because* she will next be seen as *Dora* in "David Copperfield"





Portrait by Wallin

MARLENE DIETRICH

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . has gracefully declined fabulous offers from her native Germany—to remain in American films . . . is the only actress, at first likened to Garbo, who has made good on her own . . . is as famous off-screen, for her trousered nonchalance as Garbo is for her silence . . . is reticent about herself, talkative about her little girl—who made her acting début in "Scarlet Empress" . . . has been the beneficiary, more than any other star, of unusual photography—thanks to her director-discoverer, Josef von Sternberg . . . *and because* she is doing "something different" in "Caprice Espagnole"

LYLE TALBOT (below) is the busiest actor in seven California counties. As soon as he finishes one rôle, another—entirely different—is waiting for him. With "Murder in the Clouds" successfully behind him, he's now busy starting "Racing Luck"

NORMAN FOSTER (above) acts for a living, writes for a hobby, lives by himself, is happily married. In fact, he's a husband in "Elinor Norton" . . . WARNER BAXTER (below) is taking to adventure again—as an aviator—in "Hell in the Heavens." And then: "One More Spring"

ROBERT YOUNG (right) doesn't have to look around for opportunities; they look around for him. He has been summoned back from vacation for "Backfield"

LEE TRACY (below), clever actor, nimble wit and speedy talker, isn't content to be just fast and funny. So he's varying his rôles. A wistful clown in "You Belong to Me," he will next be seen in Damon Runyon's "Lemon-Drop Kid"

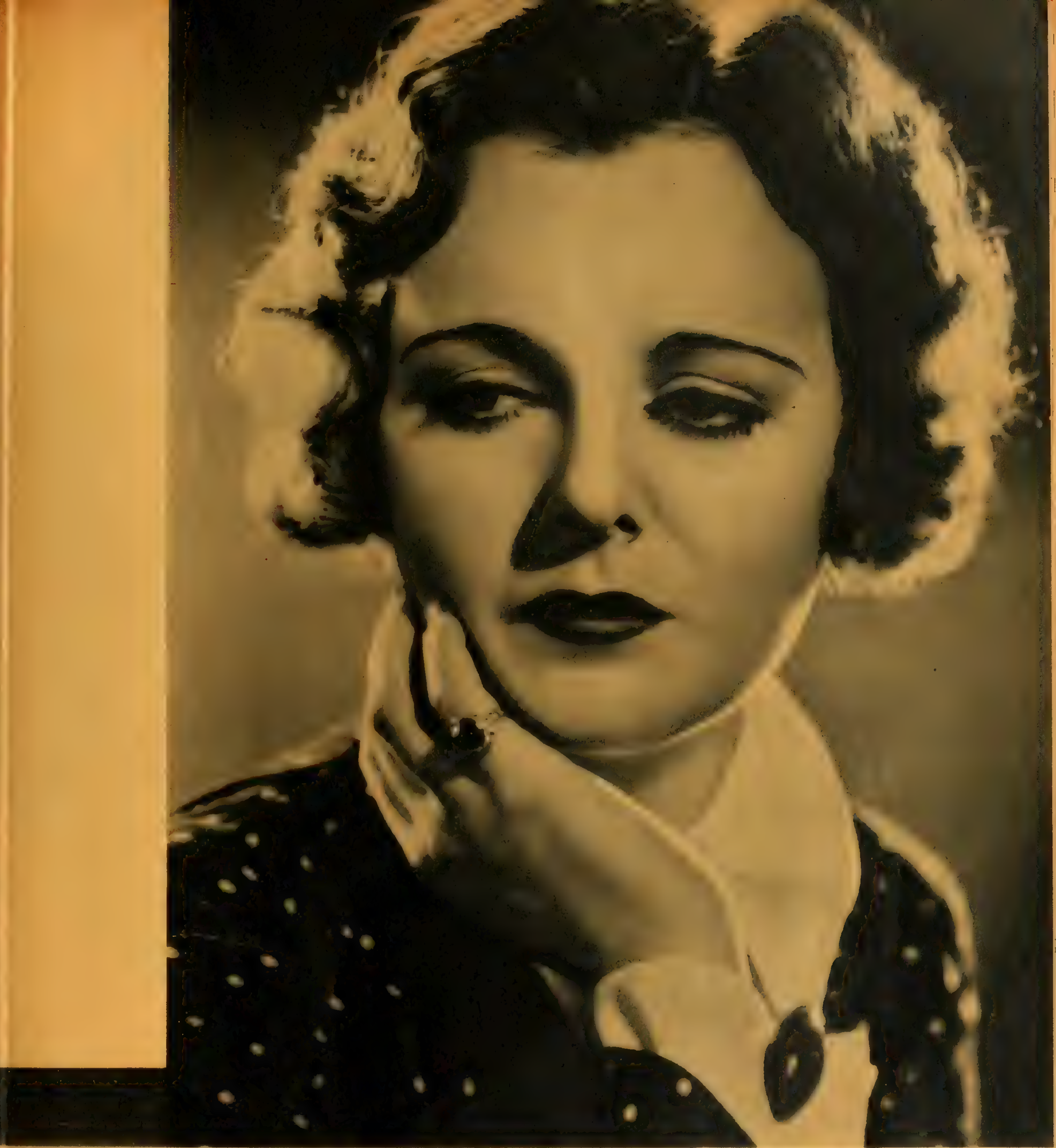
JAMES DUNN (above) is the lad who has made the biggest hit of any adult playing with Shirley Temple. So he and the wonder baby are about to take another bow in "Bright Eyes" . . .

CARY GRANT (above), the Englishman with the Latin look, used to do a bit of singing on the stage. And in "Enter Madame," he plays hero to Elissa Landi, the English girl with the Latin name, who sings opera . . . FRANCHOT TONE (below), blonder than he photographs, is the white-haired boy of Hollywood these days—in constant demand as co-star. He teams with Dolores Del Rio for "In Caliente"

Portrait by Bachrach

VIRGINIA BRUCE

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . is the youngest Ziegfeld alumna to win the spotlight as a dramatic actress . . . had the courage to abandon her promising career when she married John Gilbert . . . regretfully admitted, after two years, that their marriage was unhappy—reluctantly sought a divorce—and still prefers to be called "Mrs. Gilbert" . . . has made a successful return to the screen to the title rôle of "Jane Eyre" and in "Dangerous Corner". . . *and because* she is temperamental *Jenny Lind* in "The Mighty Barnum"



Portrait by Fryer

MARY ASTOR

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . is one ingenue who has successfully outgrown it—and yet has retained all the beauty that first won her a screen chance . . . was once the epitome of the wistful heroine, is now a model for the alert young moderns . . . was missing from the screen for a year, desperately ill . . . is happily married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, who was responsible for her recovery . . . *and because* she is playing opposite Ricardo Cortez in "I Am a Thief"

JANET GAYNOR

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . has been getting chances, of late, to show her contagious sense of humor . . . has never made a picture that was not a hit —and has never gone upstage about it . . . won her first fame as the feminine half of a love team, and has held her popularity intact since the friendly break-up of that love team . . . still wins all the popularity contests, and is Box Office Favorite Number Two—crowding Will Rogers for the first place . . . went abroad, after "Servants' Entrance," for a vacation . . . *and because* she, Will Rogers and Warner Baxter co-star in "One More Spring"

Printed in U.S.A.

Why GARBO Is a Genius

She is an amazing dual personality. One Garbo is gay, laughter-loving, happy with friends; the other is a seeker of solitude . . . One is Garbo, the woman; the other is Garbo, the artist . . . And her changes from one personality to the other are not self-dictated. They are as inevitable as day and night . . .

By SONIA LEE

THERE are two Greta Garbos. Distinct. Separate. As sharply defined as day and night. The personality that is identified in her own mind with herself is the laughter-loving, gay girl, as simple as the peasants of her own country. That is the phase of her character she understands best—but that is the phase of which the world knows least.

To the world, the Garbo who is tangible is the Garbo who emerges in her work, during which she is as much a stranger to herself, as incomprehensible, as she is to those who have deified her. She is living then in a compelling and mysterious mood, which is the product of her complete immersion in a rôle.

A baffling change comes over Garbo as soon as the plans for a picture of hers begin crystallizing. There is then a curious division in her personality. She no longer seeks the happy-go-lucky outlets of the happy-go-lucky person. Even those who are closest to her—the small company of intellectuals of which she is an integral part—cannot understand this extraordinary metamorphosis. She no longer finds delight in the informal group that gathers at her bidding. Her laughter is stilled, her eyes are opaque with things that she alone sees.

It is as if another Greta Garbo has entered her flesh. It is as if the spirit of the girl whose lips curl ever upward when she romps with the children of her friends is displaced by another being—by a curiously lonely, self-questioning spirit.

This is the Garbo of legend—"the woman who walks alone" through the rain with head down, hands in pockets, shoulders hunched forward. But she cannot find release from her soul-searching moodiness, nor can she walk fast enough to overtake that other self that is happy and content. But if this division in personality results in inner strife, yet it is this very circumstance that ignites in her the flame of genius.

She is a recluse, a devotee of one interest, only when she is at work. Then nothing else interests her, nothing else occupies her. From the moment a script is in her hands, the strange transition begins. It is as if she went into another world, where nothing existed except the character that she must portray and interpret. She loans her body and her pliant features to a word-etched, word-conjured phantom, which becomes real and material when it permeates her being.

There is a religious frenzy in her devotion to her work during the making of a picture. She experiences the emotional ecstasy of the inspired idealist; she is oblivious of her real self, and of all else. She goes into seclusion during a picture for only one reason—because she is so sensitively constructed that she must. Her genius flames in solitude.

Garbo might be an inhabitant of another planet when she is at work. For weeks before a camera turns on her set, she locks herself in—away from all possible intrusions and distractions—with the intangible images drawn by a writer's pen, and creates for herself a world of her own, peopled by the characters in the drama. Her heroines are never surface impressions. They are always living characters. She has lived with them intimately; she knows their every characteristic; and she has, for the time, made each characteristic her own.

In these periods of transition, even her servants seldom see her, dare not interrupt her concentration. She eats only because she must, and she spends hours in bed to conserve every ounce of energy so that she may impart it to a make-believe being of her own composition.

And the intensity of her absorption in another world, in another being, never diminishes until a picture is finished. Audiences may always see it, but they always sense it. And here is the secret of her (*Continued on page 86*)

DANCE Your Way into the Movies!

The short-cut to stardom is across a dance floor. If you don't believe it, look over the ranks of the stars and count the light-footed ones. And listen to Fred Astaire and Seymour Felix, the dance director—who tell you what dancing does for the ambitious!

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

COUNT the names of Hollywood's successful ones who began as dancers, or who danced in the beginning, at least—and you'll begin to wonder if the short-cut to success isn't across a dance floor. And when you get through hearing what some of them have to say, you'll be looking through the telephone directory for a dancing instructor's number. Even if you haven't screen or stage ambitions, you'll be convinced that it's smart to know some rhythmic stepping.

I needn't remind you of the cases of Joan Crawford, with her Charleston, and Ruby Keeler with her tap. But how about Joan Blondell, who danced in musical comedy, and who still takes lessons, and whose favorite pastime is dancing at the Cocoanut Grove? Then there is Bette Davis, who studied Nature dancing in her early days, and Pat Paterson, who has danced since the age of five, as has June Knight. Barbara Stanwyck got her start as a night-club terpsichorean, Marion Davies danced in the "Follies," and Ginger Rogers got her start as Charleston champ of Texas. And even Shirley Temple was first discovered in a dancing school!

And did you know that Ann Dvorak's first movie job was in a chorus—and that in a few months she became dancing instructress at a studio? Frances Drake first attracted attention when she was dancing at Ciro's, the famous London night-club. Miriam Hopkins almost broke her heart when she broke an ankle and had to give up a dancing career. Alice Faye, Virginia Bruce and Claire Dodd all tripped the light fantastic on Broadway. Patricia Ellis studied dancing before tackling the stage, and—well, the list is too long to do it justice.

And as for the men! James Cagney got his start on the stage as a chorus boy, believe it or not. And other ex-"men of the chorus," who are he-men on the screen today, are Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins and Noah Beery, to mention only a few. George Raft, according to Fred Astaire (and he should know), was the fastest and finest Charleston-er in the world. Jesse Lasky discovered Ricardo Cortez, when Cortez was doing exhibition ballroom-dancing. The late lamented Rudolph Valentino once danced in the same New York café with Raft. Gene Raymond danced in musical comedy not so many years ago, and Maurice Chevalier was the dancing partner of Mlle. Mistinguette before he became a whole

Seymour Felix (top), who directed the Goldwyn Girls in "Kid Millions" (above), says, "If you learn the lessons that dancing has to teach, you will be ready for anything" show by himself. Charles Sabin, promising newcomer, was a protégé of the late Maurice, one of the most famous ballroom dancers of all time, and has danced in all the capitals of Europe. And then there is Fred Astaire.

He'll Continue to Dance

UNLIKE the others who attracted attention as dancers, but who were brought into the movies to act, Fred was given a contract to *dance* in the movies. And he did, in "Dancing Lady," with Joan Crawford. Then in his next picture, "Flying Down to Rio," Fred not only danced his way into the hearts of all of us, but he acted and laughed and sang his way in, with stardom in "The Gay Divorcée" his reward. Fred isn't going to give up dancing in the movies altogether, as so many of the other stars have; he'll go on dancing as long as the public wants to watch his nimble feet—and that, it seems, is going to be for a long time. So, since Fred is one example of a man who not only danced himself into the spotlight, but has continued dancing his way up the ladder of fame, his advice on the subject should be worth something to you.

He told me, "If I were a young girl or a young boy, and thought I could dance, and wanted to crash the movies—here's how I would go about it: I'd study the regulation things first. I'd learn to do a little tap, condition myself with ballet exercises, and see all the dancers of the modern school that I could. Then, after six months of this, I'd stop and reconnoiter. And if I couldn't add something original to what I knew by that time, I'd give up!" Freddy laughed. "I'll tell you why I say that," he added.

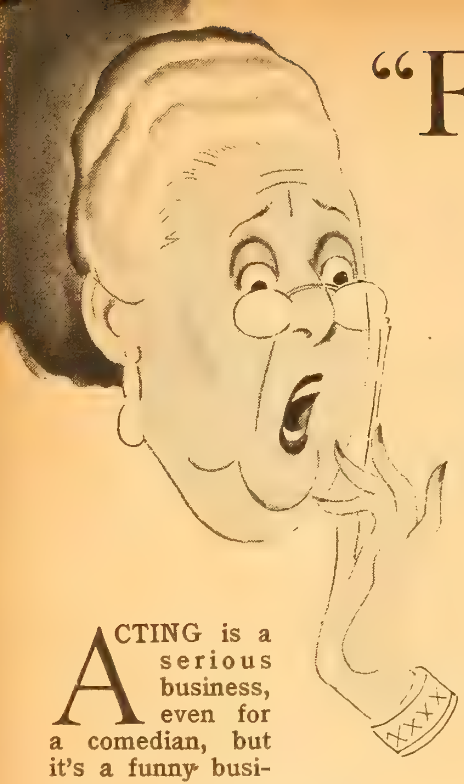
"In the first place, since I've been in Hollywood I've watched dozens of dancers. Some of them I've watched at work in front of the camera, and others I've watched trying to get a chance in front of the camera. And some of these kids have amazed me. Many of them were excellent dancers—they knew intricate steps, their technique was perfected—but how many of them lacked personality! And without personality, each of them was just another hoofer. It's really rather sad, for many of them had worked for years, spending their precious time and their money and their youth at dancing—and how few of them would ever really reach the top! A dance requires just as much personality to put it over as a song does, particularly in the movies. That's the thing that I want to impress on you.

Go to dancing schools, yes, of course—but be careful that you don't allow yourself to be

(*Continued on page 87*)

Bachrach

Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers (top), both become stars in "The Gay Divorcée." (P. S. They know their dancing)



"For Art's Sake" . . .

Off the screen, Fredric March may wear sideburns with a tux . . . Jeanette MacDonald may go to a dance in walking shoes . . . Joe E. Brown may get a "permanent" wave . . . and other stars may do the unexpected, and look the unexpected. But don't be aghast—until you hear about the rôles they're playing!

By Kay Osborn

ACTING is a serious business, even for a comedian, but it's a funny business, too. For the more serious you are about your work, the more you are willing to do for your art, the more amusing—and sometimes embarrassing—situations you encounter. You try to create certain new illusions on the screen, and meanwhile you discover that, off the screen, you are shattering the illusions of people who thought stars always looked their glamourous best. In the middle of a picture, you go to a party, because you like parties, and you even get accused of committing social errors . . .

Consider, for example, the recent case of Jeanette MacDonald. At a party, a native Hollywoodian edged up, with a visiting friend, to some palms, behind which the elegant Jeanette was sitting. The visitor wanted to be shown her favorite movie singer in a real-life close-up. Together, they surreptitiously peered through the palms. The eyes of the visitor, smiling with anticipation, swept her from head to feet; the smile vanished, and a look of disappointment replaced it. "Why," she whispered, "she's not at all like what I expected. . . . Imagine wearing heavy walking shoes with that black chiffon dress! Almost anybody would know better than to do such a thing!"

To which the native replied, "Don't get her wrong. The only reason why she's wearing those shoes is because she has been dancing all day long on high heels in 'The Merry Widow.' You just try dancing all day on your toes; you'd want to give your feet a rest at night, too. She knows better, all right, but she just can't help it. That's what they call art for art's sake. Now, smile as though you meant it, and I'll introduce you!"

That's a mild sample of the wrong—and ridiculous—private-life impressions that the uninitiated are forever getting of the glorified. Every day some star is raising unintentional havoc with his glamourous reputation by doing the unexpected—or looking the unexpected—for art's sake.

FreddyLooked Sheikish

ON the screen, for instance, Fredric March always looks neat and natty—a shining example of good taste in what men

should wear and do. But not long ago, Freddy made a speech at a première, wearing *sideburns*. Gaping admirers were shocked when he first stepped onto the stage. So their idol had gone in for sideburns, eh? Well, it would be padded shoulders and nipped-in waistlines next! But Freddy hastened to explain. The sideburns were part of his rôle in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" (then in production). The audience heaved a sigh of relief. For art's sake, you see, Freddy had gone so realistic that he hadn't pasted on sideburns. He had grown them.

Just recently, a photographer wanted to make some fashion pictures of Elizabeth Allan. Now, most feminine stars welcome the opportunity to dress up and look their beautiful best; but Elizabeth turned down this opportunity emphatically. She was in no condition to be photographed, she said. She was, it seems, letting her hair grow for her new rôle of *Dora* in "David Copperfield"—it was at that indescribable in-between stage of being neither long enough to wear up, or short enough to wear down, becomingly.

The usual person wouldn't mind. You and I have probably gone through that stage several times in our lives, and we didn't mind so much. But to an actress who is always expected to be a figure of fashion—well, it just hurts, that's all.

Not so very long ago, Maureen O'Sullivan appeared in a décolleté evening gown—and on her back and shoulders were about six recently-healed scars. She had tried to hide them with powder, but it hadn't worked. When Maureen, who hadn't been reported in any accident, saw people looking at her strangely, she was embarrassed, and we who knew the origin of those scars were embarrassed for her. They were autographs left on her skin by a none-too-friendly monkey—her constant companion (for art's sake) during the making of "Tarzan and His Mate"! The actual pain was nothing, compared to the stares of strangers. It was weeks before Maureen donned another evening dress. She went places, after that, literally swathed to the ears!

Illustrations by
D. B. Holcomb

The Long and Short of Hair

PROBABLY the most outstanding example of an actor who suffers all sorts of discomfort for his art is Johnny Weissmuller. He gets scratched, climbing jungle trees, for one thing. But that isn't all. I have watched him enter the Legion Stadium on Friday nights to see the fights. The gallery customers watch for him eagerly, and invariably shout the same unfeeling questions: "Johnny, why don't you get your hair cut? . . . Why don't you get a violin, Johnny? . . . Who's got a ribbon for Johnny?" It's a refrain—and they keep time to it with stamping and clapping. But he *can't* cut his hair . . . he has another "Tarzan" picture to do!

Johnny would gladly go under the clippers, if it weren't for his art. He might even relish going to the other extreme and having his hair clipped within a half-inch of his scalp, as Warren William had to do for his rôle of *Julius Caesar* in "Cleopatra." Warren's social life was practically at a stand-still for a few weeks, because of that clipped head of his.

Mischa Auer, a character actor, makes a specialty of the parts of long-haired, bearded artists and Bohemians—so he seems perpetually to be in some stage of shagginess. Mischa is also an orchestra leader, and not long ago he received an offer to appear at the swankiest hotel in Pasadena. Imagine, if you can,

(*Continued on page 73*)

“Don't Get Me

Wrong!”-Mae West

Her private life is her own best answer to her severest critics—the reformers!

By MARK DOWLING

Portrait by Marland Stone

MAE WEST knows human nature. That's why she always has characters in her pictures take too much for granted about her. Then she can tell them, “Don't get me wrong!” and set them emphatically right. Hollywood—and the rest of the world—have taken plenty for granted about Mae West and her private life. And that private life comes right back at them to say emphatically for her, “Don't get me wrong!”

She gave the screen something new when she introduced a seductive siren with a sense of humor and a penchant for frankness. Audiences, welcoming a change from somber, anemic sirens who based their appeal on mystery, took to her. They found her entertaining, if a bit daring, with her gestures provocative and some of her lines susceptible of double meaning. Then came the storm—the censorship cloudburst.

Mae was singled out for castigation by well-meaning reformers, thundering against the possible effect of her screen rôles on easily influenced audiences. Her very success made her a target. The impression got around that Mae West was a menace to the nation's morals, representative of all that was objectionable and censorable on the screen. You have never heard anything, however, about Mae West's private life being objectionable. That can't be censored—because there is nothing in it to censor.

She has been so “natural” and effortless in her movie make-believe that the gullible acquired the hallucination that she was playing herself. They didn't give her credit for being an actress—until an accumulation of eye-witness accounts pounded home the fact that the Mae West that moviegoers knew on the screen was not the Mae West that her intimates knew.

Baffles the Sensation-Seekers

ALMOST straight-laced in her rigid private-life devotion to the old-fashioned ideas of morality, she has astounded and dumfounded the headline-hunters and sensation-seekers. Interviewers have been amazed to discover a hard-working business woman, instead of the audacious glamour queen they expected; and publicity men have striven mightily to add glamour to her quiet off-screen life. All they could find that resembled the Mae West of the padded hips were the facts that she attends prize-fights, that she has a penchant for diamonds (the trouper's idea of an asset quickly convertible into cash), and that she regards frankness and honesty as the surest safeguards against an unhealthy curiosity about sex (a belief endorsed by progressive educators).

By her own admission, she has not been married or divorced. She has never been the subject of a really serious romance rumor, which is a record in itself. She goes to church every Sunday. And this is no hasty attempt to pacify her critics. She has been one of Hollywood's few really devoted churchgoers ever since her arrival almost three years ago. At first, press-agents were dubious about letting the public see this side of Mae West—for fear it would be disillusioned!

She doesn't smoke. She doesn't drink. She doesn't even particularly approve of men who drink. “I'd never marry a man who drinks to excess,” she once told me, “or one who cannot carry his liquor like a gentleman. For one reason, the man I marry has got to be interested, not in liquor, but in Mae West!”

Even her “come up 'n' see me sometime” smile, her devastating drawl, and her sexy swagger do not encourage familiarity on the part of either co-workers or chance acquaintances. Invariably, they address her as “Miss West,” never as “Mae.” They find her friendly, but they sense a barrier to intimacy. That barrier is a concentration on her work, a determination to let nothing interfere with it.

“I'll Keep My Promises”

SHE never goes to sensational parties, never gives them. She has neither the time for them nor the inclination. The same is true of flirtations, of romance rumors, which might provide reams of publicity, hinting that her allure is not confined to the screen. She raises her eyebrows questioningly at sudden romances, sudden marriages, sudden divorces. She doesn't encourage impulsiveness in her own emotions, doesn't toy with the emotions of others. “I'll always keep my promises to a man,” she has told me. “My motto is: Keep 'em guessing, but never lie to 'em!”

It may be almost unbelievable that the woman who reached fame by starring in plays and pictures that emphasized sex should live a life of which a New England matron might be proud, but undeniable proof can be offered. She says, herself, “I'll match my private life with any woman's.” And in three years, hundreds of Hollywood's best snoopers have been unable to unearth a single fact to challenge the statement.

She has said, “I'll never be dishonest about either love or life. You live and you love

(*Continued on page 68*)

Unseen, *But*

They're the boys who give you the real-life drama of the world, the heavens above and the seas beneath . . . who consider it all in the day's work to risk their lives for a picture . . . who cover the waterfronts, the battlefronts and the frontiers . . . who girdle the globe in twenty minutes—and take you along . . . in short, the newsreel men. And here's how they do it!

By CRUIKSHANK

Through the *Morro Castle's* twisted steel and smoking ashes, a man carried his camera—to show the world . . .

©1934 NEA Service, Inc

It took a newsreel man to get the first photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Dionne and the first living quintuplets . . .

At Ambridge, Pa. (above), strikers and sheriff's men clash—and newsreel men across the street film it from first to last. At Saylesville, R. I. (below) a battle in a graveyard . . .

COME fight or frolic, flood or famine, death or disaster, Hell or high water, the newsreel men, like the U. S. Mails, the U. S. Marines and the poor, are always with us. Whether the action occurs around the corner or six thousand miles away, the drama of the world, of the heavens above and of the seas beneath is camera-captured by the lens lads and re-enacted for the millions wherever motion picture screens are flung before their vision. And these same lens lads are the unsung heroes of the movies—always prepared for the unpredictable—unseen, but seeing all.

Shots of the flaming inferno that was the *Morro Castle* reached the screen before the last survivors were ashore. Theatres had newsreel clips of Bruno Richard Hauptmann while boys still screamed "Extras" in the streets out front. News of the mid-West droughts was actually anticipated by the all-seeing eyes of cameras focused on the scene by the alert pictorial reporters, sensing the coming tragedy.

How do they do it—and why?

Let the latter query be answered first. They do it for about a hundred bucks a week, and because they love the thrill of the job. How it is done makes another story. Let us, for instance, take the case of the *Morro Castle,* as seen through the eyes of Pathé News.

In that depressing darkness that precedes the dawn, word of the disaster came. In less time than it takes to tell, an insistent telephone aroused Joseph Drelling from the sound sleep of a guiltless conscience, and the New York-Philadelphia wires crackled with excitement. Like the proverbial fireman, Drelling slid down a figurative pole, pulling his pants into place as he did so. The Pathé News gang was in action!

Drelling got the assignment because the New York editors knew that in Philadelphia, where he is stationed, there is an aviator who will fly his crate anywhere in God's creation. It was still too dark to take pictures when Drelling and his pilot circled their land plane around and around the blazing ship off the New Jersey Coast. While they waited for the dawn of a tragic day, the pair throttled down their motor and glided close, desperately close, to the sea's troubled surface, and shouted encouragement to those in the water, still struggling for life.

Unsung—
Movie Heroes

You Saw What He Saw

THEY kept this up for two hours, circling, swooping, circling, and when the day came with sufficient strength to lend them light, the Pathé cameras ground and ground the first record of the horror. Now, and forever, the sights that met Drelling's eyes, registered through his camera, are imprisoned on film. He saw mad panic as men, and women, too, leapt from the raging flames into the foaming cauldron of the sea. He counted two score souls battling feebly toward shore, several miles away, often with others clinging desperately to them. And he saw as many more who had ceased to fight, and floated grotesquely, no longer human, whichever way the waves tossed them. With gas tank almost empty, he flew back with his film, and scored a scoop for Pathé News, whose pictures reached the screen three hours before the first of the competitors. A narrow margin—but a triumph!

However, if you think Drelling's daring flight constitutes complete coverage of a news event by the pictorial press, guess again. For while this plane hovered over the smoking wreck, two others took off from Floyd Bennett Field and the North Beach Airport, New York. Three boats set out for the scene of the disaster. Two camera crews were busy ashore along the coast. Three more met the *Monarch of Bermuda*, the *Andrea F. Luckenbach*, and the Coast Guard cutter, *Tampa*, bringing in survivors.

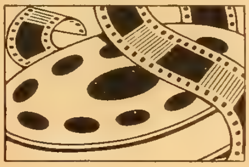
Of the three boats that dared an angry ocean, the first, a sea-going tug, had her engine room flooded by devastating seas, and, with her boilers threatening to burst, turned in defeat to a hard-won haven. A Coast Guard cutter, badly buffeted, declined further risk. But hardy mariners, manning the third, a fishing vessel, had what it takes to laugh in the very face of a gale, and brought their boat, with its cameramen aboard, to within shooting distance of the red-hot hull. And then, with every minute a touch-and-go with death, the ocean's swell was such that cameras could not film the scene!

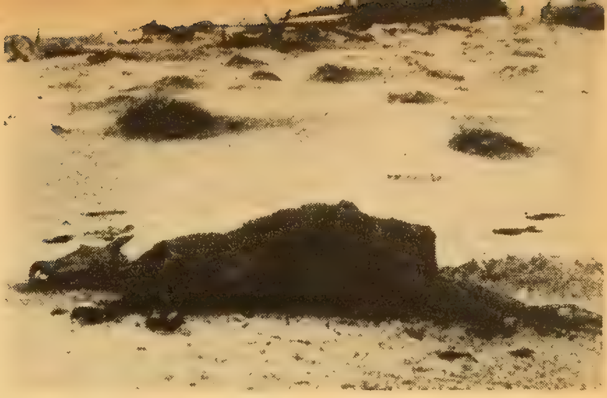
Elsewhere, at Elberon, Spring Lake, and Asbury Park, New Jersey, sound and camera crews combed the beach, helping the rescue work and filming both rescued and rescuers. Pathé got the first shots of the survivors. And Pathé got, too, the pictures of that lifeboat, designed for fifty-eight, that came ashore carrying four members of the crew—only these and nothing more.

Nor was it such a simple task to board the sorrow-freighted ships that steamed into port with those who had defeated a threatening fate. But the newsreel men had orders to get the story—in pictures—and orders is orders. They got aboard. And they were the only ones who did. That night those movie interviews were on the nation's screens!

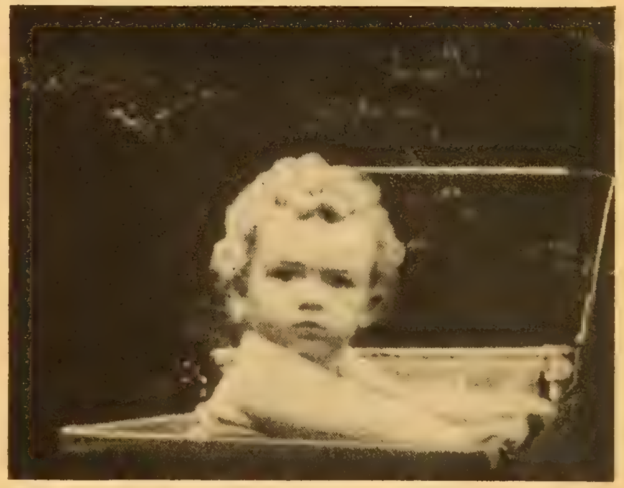
With the first sensation covered from every conceivable angle, Pathé assigned William Deeke to do the traditional follow-up story. And with fire still raging, Bill Deeke packed his camera and himself into a breeches-buoy, was transported on a line over the sea, and clambered aboard the ghastly pyre that had once been the luxury liner *Morro Castle*. Through twisted steel and smoking

(*Continued on page 66*)





Drought brings tragedy to the prairies—and, ahead of the newspapers, the newsreels tell of the gaunt disaster . . .



It was the newsreels that showed a searching world what Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., looked like . . .

From every angle, newsreel men cover the capture of Bruno Richard Hauptmann. Above, the prisoner; below, the tell-tale ransom bills found in his garage . . .

INTIMATE News and Gossip from Hollywood

News of the New Boys

BOYS have it this month. Sally Eilers' new son will be called "Harry Joe" Brown, Jr. Frances Dee's new son will be known as Joel Dee McCrea. . . . And speaking of babies, the fairly new twins of the Bing Crosbys are big boys now. In two months they have more than doubled their birth weights—Philip weighing nine pounds and three ounces, and Dennis, nine pounds even.

Pola Plans to Buy Falcon Lair

POLA NEGRI, back in Hollywood after a long absence, announces that she is going to buy Rudolph Valentino's house, Falcon Lair—a gesture that will make all romantics wistful, remembering that Pola and Rudy were planning to live there after their marriage, which was postponed till eternity by his sudden, tragic death. . . . The house has remained in the hands of the Valentino estate all these years; much of the time, his brother, Alberto, and family have been living there, acting as caretakers. . . . Pola is as magnetic and exciting as ever and is planning to do a picture with Ernst Lubitsch as director.

Joe Does It Up Brown

NOW that the football season is on again, Joe E. Brown is practically living on the U. C. L. A. campus. His protégé, Mike Frankovitch, is playing his last year of football (and tutoring the Brown boys between tackles). Joe's gift of a swanky water-wagon, the pride of the UCLAns, is very much in evidence at the games and Joe, himself, is on the sidelines to cheer his team. He's the first movie star who has ever adopted a football eleven!

A New Place to Dine and Dance

HOLLYWOOD celebrates this month the opening of a new rendezvous—the Trocadero (Full Dress Not Obligatory, But You Won't Be Conspicuous in the Best You Have). It has a French salon and a sidewalk café, too, all-white Venetian blinds and red window-boxes. It's closely related to the Vendome, where the waiter brings in your fish whole and presents it tenderly for your inspection before cutting off a slice.

Binnie Likes Hollywood

WHEN Binnie Barnes rushed back to England so precipitately, after completing her first American picture, "There's Always Tomorrow," it wasn't because she wanted to get away from Hollywood; it was because she wanted to be with her very grand husband until it was time to start her second picture. Binnie admits she is dazzled by Hollywood, by its efficiency, by its concentration on details. She was given make-up and lighting tests that assured her of looking her best, consequently increasing her self-confidence in a studio six thousand miles from home. And during her first week, a photographer, with a truck-load of lights and reflectors, stopped before her house and spent practically

Hollywood wants this girl—Anna Neagle, glamourous star of the English films, "Nell Gwyn" and "The Queen"

Two Britons far from home get together as co-stars in Hollywood—Elissa Landi and Cary Grant in "Enter Madame"

Alice Faye, the blues singer who became an actress, also becomes a fashion plate in "365 Nights in Hollywood"

Acme

Joseph Schenck (center) calls a directors' meeting of the United Artists, which brings together not only Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, but also (in rear) Charlie Chaplin, Darryl Zanuck and Samuel Goldwyn

the whole day, making portraits of her—hundreds of them. In England, Binnie says, the photographing would have been much more casual, would have consumed only an hour or two. "Which," she sums up, "explains why the faces of American stars are better known in England than England's own." (Note the story on Binnie on page 59.—Ed.)

It Must Be Love

ELIZABETH ALLAN, who went over to England a few months ago to see *her* husband, W. J. O'Bryan, London theatrical manager, stayed several weeks; and when she returned, he made the trip with her, just to keep her company. Now that she is starting work on "David Copperfield," he has gone back to London—completing the fourth round trip he has made across the Atlantic to see her. The steamship companies should encourage this international commuting!

That Sten Party

AT the Samuel Goldwyn party after the preview of Anna Sten's new picture, "We Live Again," Norma Shearer had all the women present gasping at her new hat—a sort of Rue de la Paix sombrero of brown felt, very wide-brimmed, with a peaked crown. . . . A full orchestra of Russian musicians and singers entertained the crowd, keeping the mood of the picture. Goldwyn's eulogy of Rouben Mamoulian so embarrassed the young directorial genius that he rose from his seat, made his way hurriedly through the crowd, and embraced the producer, cutting off his flow of praise. Acting with simple naturalness under the Mamoulian direction, Anna Sten has cemented, in her second picture, her ranking as a star, as a great beauty, and as a great actress. There is one memorable scene at the end in which her eyes, dulled by the blows of fate, suddenly light up again, live again. You won't forget that optical miracle. So pleased was her producer that he sent her off to New York to be present at the première, to be seen in person. (You'll find a vivid interview with her on page 40.—Ed.)

Wide World

Like everyone else in Hollywood, William Powell and Jean Harlow attended the Max Reinhardt presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl. And between acts they were kept busy, signing autographs

Acme

Queenie Smith, Broadway musical comedienne, arrives in Hollywood—to co-star with Bing Crosby in "Two for Tonight"

Another Kind of "Resurrection"

ANNA STEN'S husband, Dr. Eugen Frenke, well-known German director, has one of the most alert minds in Hollywood. Proud of his wife's fame, he is not content to bask in it. He, too, intends to be known to Americans for his pictures. Anna just made "We Live Again"; he is producing a picture called "Life Returns." He got the idea for it when Dr. Robert Cornish brought a dog back to life.

A Chip Off the Howard Block

LESLIE HOWARD, who has been in England making "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and, presumably, reading "Anthony Adverse" between scenes, has been enjoying life on his Surrey farm and enjoying the companionship of his two children, who remained in

It's not so warm for swimming, these autumn nights, but that doesn't keep the Malibu movie colony indoors. Raquel Torres (left) and Nancy Carroll, for example, get out and play leap frog—the kind where a slip means a soaking

International

Francis Lederer, one-time protégé of Max Reinhardt, takes his own protegée, Steffi Duna, to a fête in the famous producer's honor. Francis is now making "Romance in Manhattan"; Steffi has the title rôle in "Girl of the Islands"

England last year when he and Mrs. Howard sailed for Hollywood.

His son, Ronald (nicknamed "Wink"), returned from school in the early Summer with a pocket full of medals. Being shy and excruciatingly modest, however, he did not display them at once; he waited until that evening, and then, with an air of great unconcern, he drew one out and laid it down on the table before his father. "Oh, by the way," he said, carelessly, "here's a medal they gave me for riding." An hour later, he produced another, with the air of just having remembered it. "Oh, I forgot to tell you," he shrugged, "they gave me this medal for history." So, by degrees, he broke the news of the entire eight to his family!

Nothing Can Part Them

EVER since Leslie Howard and William Gargan played together on the stage in "The Animal Kingdom," and Bill made his screen début in the movie of the same name, they have been inseparable cronies. Wherever you found one, there you would also find the other. So when they both finished "British Agent" and Leslie was heading for England, he insisted that Mr. and Mrs. Gargan should go along with Mrs. Howard and himself. "But there won't be anything for me to do over there, Les," protested Bill. As soon as Great Britain laid eyes on Gargan, however, he was rushed into a picture in which he played the typical American, chewing gum and all. Now he's coming back to a big studio contract—at the same studio, incidentally, as Leslie.

Give House to Servants

BARBARA STANWYCK has many charities to her credit, but we have heard of one thing she does that seems to us the most thoughtful act of any star. On Christmas Eve, she and Frank Fay, her husband, take the baby and leave their home to their servants. While the Fays are holidaying at some near-by resort, their servants own the beach house, give their own parties, have their friends in and for two days are millionaires! . . . Speaking of things Yuletidey, Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, will be back from Tahiti in plenty of time to tip off Santa Claus about what to bring Penelope and Tony, their two adopted babies. When they built their new home, they included a special room over the garage in which to hide the Christmas presents!

Hands Across the Sea

LUPE VELEZ, listening to some English offers, went and got herself a passport (as did hubby Johnny Weissmuller), and set out for Blighty to make "Smiles" and "The Morals of Marcus." . . . Adrienne Ames has gone over to play the feminine lead in "Abdul Hammad," with hubby Bruce Cabot joining her. . . . John Barrymore is reported scheduled for an English picture. . . . Charles Farrell made such a hit in "Dream Ball" that he has remained to make a second . . . It's good pickings for Amurricans over there now—everybody loves them.

"*A Gent*—But Not Too Much So"

That's ROGER PRYOR—according to Mae West, whose eyes are as keen as her wit . . . And Mae wasn't wrong when she said that he has what it takes to quicken the female pulse—even if he doesn't take the gazes of the girls too seriously . . . This scion of the musical House of Pryor is heading for stardom fast—and meanwhile remaining natural, both on and off the screen . . .

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

As soon as you meet Roger Pryor, you know that Mae West was right. When she was casting her latest picture, "Belle of the Nineties," she picked Roger as her leading man. This move of hers created some surprise in cinemaland, for she could have had her choice of ten young men much better known at the time than Pryor. When they asked Mae why she did it, she answered that it was for the only possible reason: that he has all kinds of appeal. "A gent—but not too much so" is the way the hour-glass of our times summed him up in one of her breezy locutions. And Mae was smart enough to see that here was a young romantic who would go over in a big way as a tall, dark, handsome, fighting-man.

There's no use having a debate between Vassar and Wellesley about it—he has that certain dynamic something that quickens the female pulse. You catch it off the screen when you meet him for an interview, just as spontaneously as when you see him in a picture. When he shakes hands, there is a forearm like iron behind his restrained grip. It is easy to believe the studio gossip that he almost knocked out the veteran ringman, Billy MacGowan, in one of the fight scenes of the Mae West opus.

He offers you a cigarette and the best chair in the room. His dark eyes are alive with interest—the flattering kind—but there is a mocking something hidden there, too. Here is a movie star who doesn't take himself or his work or women too deadly in earnest. When you get out your copy-paper and pencil and start to buckle down to the business of questioning him, he groans with burlesque woe. But he talks easily, slouched in the deep chair.

Acquired Only a Mustache

WHAT have the movies been doing to him? you ask. You have heard that they have made his face over, that he is not getting the rôles he wanted, and that he is not happy.

Pryor laughs with a flash of even teeth. "I suppose you mean the mustache," he says, fingering the dark line of his upper lip. "That's about all they did to me, and that was as much my own idea as anyone else's. How do you like it?"

You confess that you can't see anything wrong with it.

"Some don't like it, you know," he says, "but most of them do. The postman always brings the deciding ballots about such things, and it looks as though the mustache will stay."

Then that was all that the film magnates had done to his profile? They hadn't lifted his face or filed an inch off his teeth.

(*Continued on page 83*)

Through

MIRIAM HOPKINS

The Georgia girl with the taffy-colored hair and the vivid talents is the first exception to a famous rule—Samuel Goldwyn's rule of developing players, not signing ready-made stars. The keen-eyed producer, who has never guessed wrong yet, believes that she has possibilities that the screen has failed to reveal thus far—and has signed her to be Anna Sten's one and only rival on his roster. Her first picture for him will be "Barbary Coast," the dramatic story of the old San Francisco waterfront. But first she has a date at RKO for "Becky Sharp," new version of satirical "Vanity Fair"

JOAN BENNETT . . . STARS AS WIFE, TOO

This celebrated member of a famous screen family turns down important parts to be near her children; phones from Europe to see if baby's bed needs an extra blanket; worries if milk bottles look "muggy," and, as young Mrs. Markey, isn't above hemming dish-towels or doing other domestic duties in her perfectly managed home or for her children

BY GLADYS HALL

■ Joan Bennett, coming into the Vendome to meet her husband, Gene Markey, and myself for lunch, told him: "We've been invited to spend the week-end on Joe Schenck's yacht—but I'm not going. Why, it would mean being away from the baby for three whole days. . . ."

Which gave me a new slant on Joan, the youngest and most baffling of the baffling Bennetts. Somehow, you always think of the Bennetts as Royal-Family-of-Broadwayish people, living exciting, glamourous lives. You don't think of them as homebodies. Or *do* you think of Joan that way?

Gene (who is one of the town's best scenario writers) laughed and said to me: "That's Joany! When we were in Europe last Spring—and what a time it took to get Joany to *go* to Europe!—she spent more on transatlantic telephone calls home than she did on the sights and shops and cafés of Europe. She'd call practically every night to be sure that the baby had an extra blanket on, to find out how many ounces she had gained in the past forty-eight hours, to be sure that her formula was being strengthened according to doctor's orders. There isn't a detail of the baby or house that Joany misses, from hemming dish-towels to supervising Adrienne's reading. . . ."

Turning to Joan, he said, "Take off your horn-rimmed specs, dear, so that Miss Hall can see how beautiful you are. . . ."

I said that it wasn't necessary. I could see how beautiful she is. Joan's beauty is a quieter beauty than that of Constance. It dawns on you; it doesn't hit you in the eye with a golden fist. She looks, she speaks, she moves, she thinks like a fair, old-fashioned Lady. . . . But she did not take off the specs. There is something very definite about Joany. Under that soft skin and gentle bearing, you feel an inflexible will, a set determination and an unmuddled knowledge of what she wants from life—and intends to have. And does have.

Gene continued, "I sound exactly like a 'stage husband,' going on like this—but it's almost impossible to get Joany to talk about herself. That's why she is the most baffling of the baffling Bennetts—she is the only one who isn't a showman, so to speak. The difference between Connie and Joan is this: When Constance enters a room everyone is conscious of her presence. It is natural for Connie to make a dramatic entrance. When Joan enters a room she does so by the back door, if possible. She edges in quietly. She finds a corner to sit in. Gradually you know she is there . . . and when you do. . . ." (Cont'd on page 80)

"I DON'T BELIEVE THAT I COULD FILL MY HEART JUST WITH THE PARTS I PLAY. . . ."

A NEW TITLE FOR THE COUNT DI BRAMBILLA

BY CRUIKSHANK

TULLIO CARMINATI, an hereditary nobleman and true cosmopolite, now, by popular acclaim, becomes Prince of the Screen. This dashing, romantic actor was once only a shower-bath singer, but to-day he knows all the notes . . . and how! He says he is ill at ease only when surrounded by persons of bad taste; that he will refuse to be "typed" on the screen; and that Garbo is the only constant star in the film firmament. No, ladies, the Count hasn't any romantic attachments or desires. Stop crowding, please!

■ Tullio Carminati is a man without a country. Not that he, like the fellow of fiction, is an exile from the home-land. But because he is a citizen of the world, easily accustomed to each metropolis, yet typical of none. He is known on the Roman Corso. Paris hails him to a Café de la Paix aperitif when he strolls the Boulevard de Capucines. The discreet belles of Barcelona smile upon him along La Rambla de los Flores. The Petrograd droshky drivers on the Nevsky Prospekt are grateful for his largesse. Indeed, whether you mention Rio's Venida Centrale, Berlin's Unter den Linden, the Calle Florida of Buenos Aires, the Strand, the Prado, Hollywood Boulevard or Broadway, the highways of the world are familiar, friendly lanes to Count Tullio Carminati di Brambilla.

He is a cosmopolite from the tips of his well-shod toes to the top of the smartly Continental hat perched on his brow like a jaunty crown. And from very birth, it would seem, he was cast for the international rôle, rather than the part of a provincial. The town of his birth, the romantically named Zara, in Dalmatia, has, at this time and that, owned allegiance to both the Austrian eagles and the cross of Savoy. But the Count di Brambilla is a born Italian, and derives his title from the little Milanese suburb from which his family stems.

His treading up and down the world began at an early age. For at fifteen he crossed the blue Adriatic to Ancona, risking—and receiving—disinheritance from an outraged father, who refused to recognize a scion of his race who sought a career as mere mummer in the theatre. But, as Tullio Carminati, the boy went his way. And it has led him from the humble boards of the Ancona stock company, through both defeat and triumph, to the heights of Hollywood, to the new title of Prince of Picturedom.

Those legions that have rallied to the Carminati colors since "Moulin Rouge," "Gallant Lady" and "One Night of Love" may not recall their idol as "The Bat" of those cinematically silent days of a decade ago. But he was the star of that production, and known, too, in "The Duchess of Buffalo," "Stage Madness" and "Honeymoon Hate"; and in "Three Sinners," Warner Baxter, Paul Lukas and Tullio Carminati had the leading rôles.

If those near days seem a far cry, further yet are the young man's earlier triumphs on both Continental and American stages. With the single exception of *Hamlet*, he has played every suitable Shakespearian rôle, excelling as *Shylock*, and finding *Iago* his favorite part. He played with the immortal Duse, scored a great triumph in the play, "Wings," written by that Sam Benelli who gave the world, the stage and the Barrymores that masterpiece, "The Jest." And before he came to star in Hollywood, he was both head man and principal (Continued on page 76)

"I AM AT HOME IN ANY CITY, ANY COUNTRY"

A temperamental prima donna, angry at her lover, shows an interest in a handsome Bavarian youth —and what happens? The boy becomes bashful, and "Music in the Air" becomes a merry, mad, romantic comedy. Meanwhile, Gloria Swanson—returning after almost two years—looks glorious, sings gloriously. And Douglass Montgomery asks himself anew, "Little Man, What Now?" Then—

. . . Her soldier-lover, who has turned from her to a shy Bavarian beauty and has likewise had a baffling, amusing time of it, decides that no one can sing a duet with him like the prima donna . . . Whereupon Gloria and John Boles join voices, heads and hands, and Jerome Kern's music fills the air. It's the first time they've been together since she brought him to films in "The Loves of Sunya"

FRIENDS-

RUSS: "There isn't anything I can't ask of him . . ."

LANSING: "I want people to realize the awful loss I have . . ."

This is the dramatic and tragic story of the Damon and Pythias attachment of Russ Columbo and Lansing Brown. Seldom in real life does one come upon such mutual admiration and liking. Imagine the shock, then, when Brown, the photographer, was cruelly picked by fate as the unwitting instrument in the accidental killing of the actor

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

This is one of the most dramatic stories ever published. It is the story, given by Russ Columbo, of his friendship for the man who was to cause his death, accidentally, six days later. It is, also, the story of Lansing Brown, the friend, telling of his grief. It almost seems to one, reading Columbo's words, as though he wanted them to be of comfort to his friend in his tragic hour. We hope that they will be.—**Editor.**

■ "Lansing Brown is my best friend, the best friend a man could have. He has been my confidant, my adviser for ten years. I never make a move without first consulting Lansing," Russ Columbo told me. "He has always thought of me, not of himself. We start out in a car for a party and he gets to planning my future! We forget everything until hours later we find ourselves down at the beach or out in the country—too late for the party."

I had gone to interview Russ on Hollywood Friendships, with an idea, I must confess, of leading him to talk of Carole Lombard. But with a curious persistence he kept bringing the talk back to photographer Lansing Brown, almost as though in some strange way he knew that his words would later bring comfort to his friend in the hour of his Gethsemane.

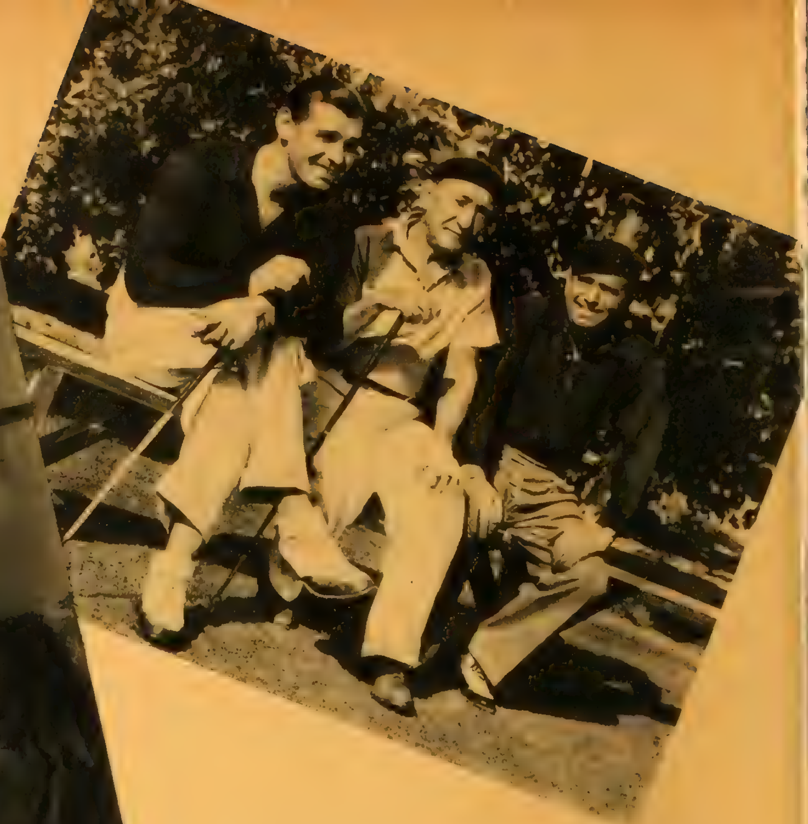
"You know, a person can count himself lucky if he can claim one real friend," I said. "By 'friend' I mean a person who would lay down his life for you if necessary. One who would say—no matter what you did—'He must have been justified.' One who asks nothing and gives everything."

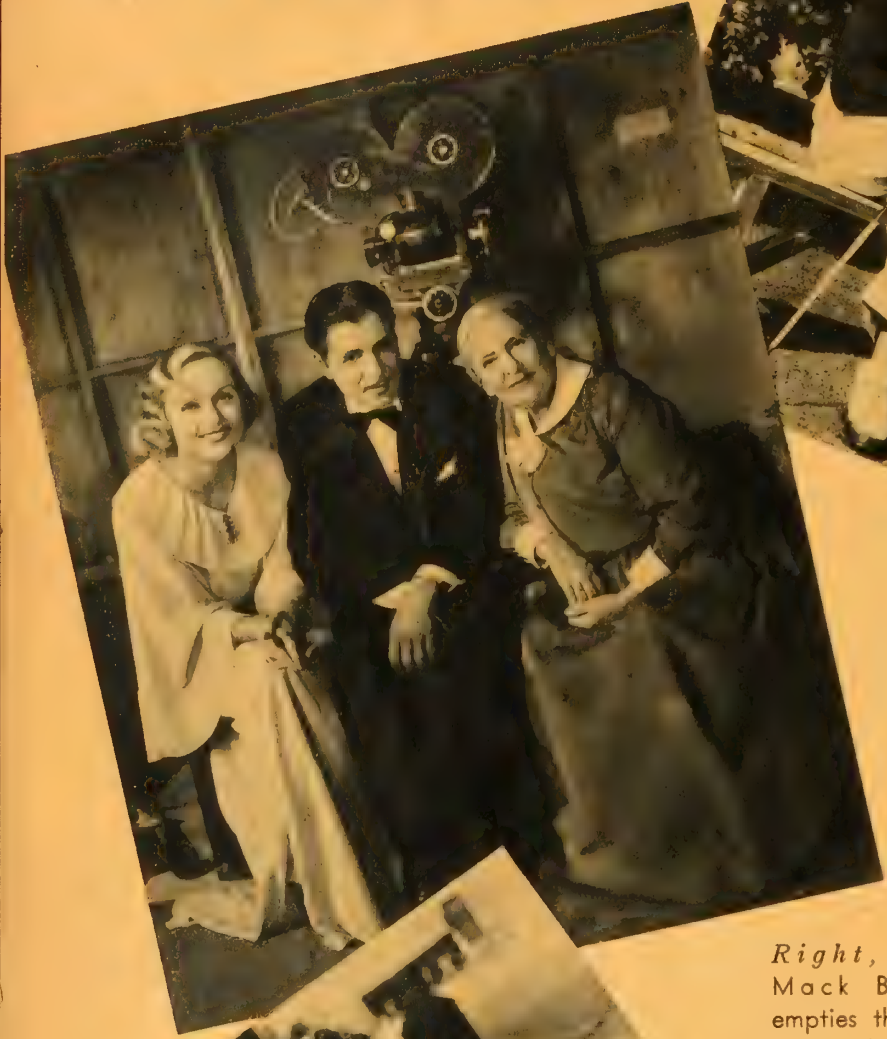
"I have such a friend," said Russ Columbo. "No matter what sort of jam I got into, no matter what I asked of him, Lansing would never fail me. And I, too—I would never fail him. *No matter what he did, it would be all right with me.*"

Six days later newsboys on the street were calling, "Russ Columbo Accidentally Killed by Closest Friend." That friend was Lansing Brown.

"I want you to meet Lansa," Russ said to me on that day of our interview. That's my (Continued on page 74)

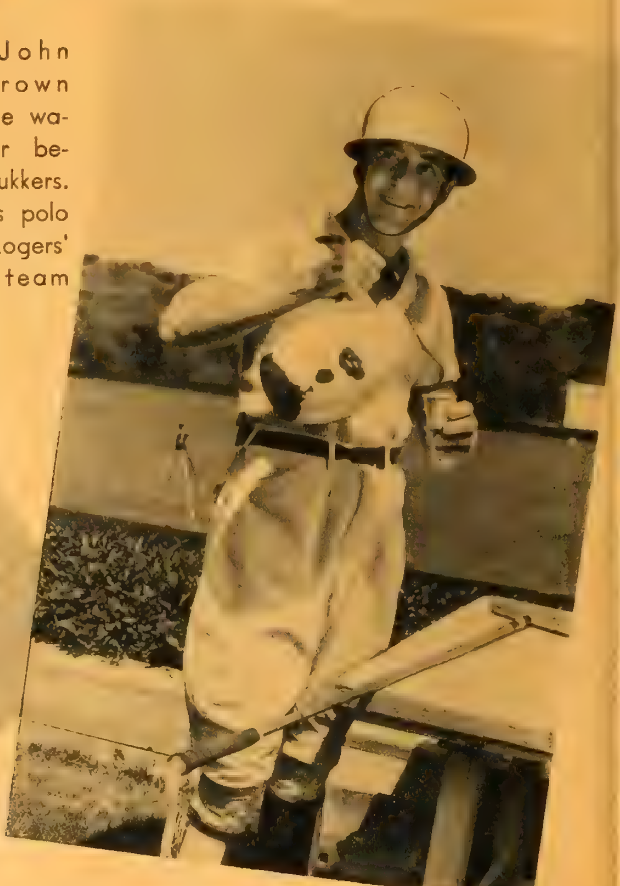
INFORMAL INTERLUDES . . .

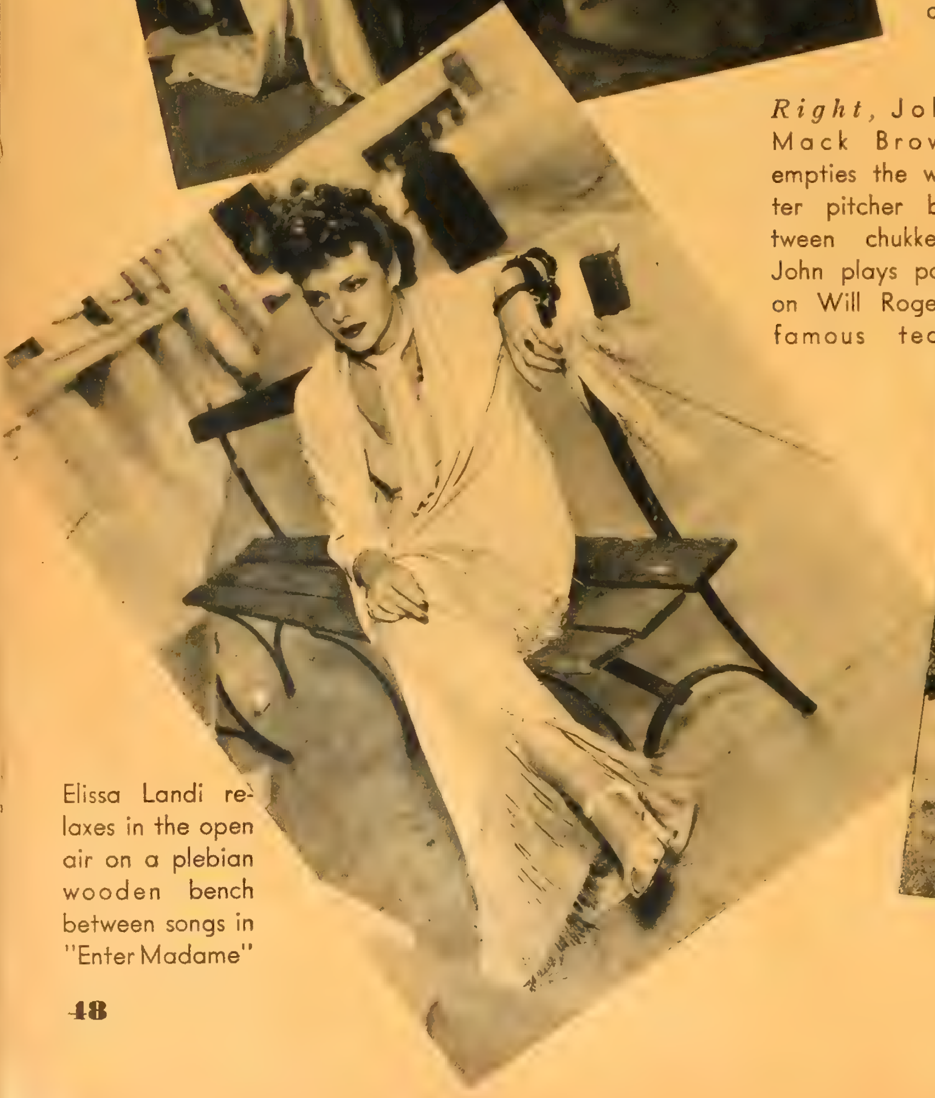




Above, Clark Gable, producer Joseph Schenck and Douglas Fairbanks wait to start a golf threesome. Schenck, credited with bringing Doug and Mary Pickford together again, will soon marry Merle Oberon at Pickfair. *Left,* Carole Lombard, Warner Baxter and May Robson talk shop between scenes—

Right, John Mack Brown empties the water pitcher between chukkers. John plays polo on Will Rogers' famous team





Elissa Landi relaxes in the open air on a plebian wooden bench between songs in "Enter Madame"

Above, Claudette Colbert is still pretending it's Summer. In a moment, she'll step in front of that big light for a scene in "Imitation of Life"

Right, Wynne Gibson learns the ropes—of the good ship, *Ruth Alexander,* which is no yacht, but an old sailing vessel. She is off the Southern California coast, making "The Captain Hates the Sea"

Above, Joel McCrea, Dietrich's new leading man, and Director William Seiter, Marian Nixon's new husband, swap congratulations. *Left,* Patricia Ellis tells our photographer how many romance rumors she has to-day

Left, Joe ("Wanna buy a duck?") Penner sights a potential customer on the Paramount lot, where he, "Lyda" (the duck), Lyda Roberti and Lanny Ross are making "College Rhythm." *Below,* Shirley Temple responds to an admirer's inspired invitation, "Baby, take a bow-wow"

Left, Madge Evans — voted the 1934 film favorite of the college boys—is as informal in real life as a sorority girl. For one thing, she likes simple clothes. She is in "What Every Woman Knows"

Right, six comrades-in-arms meet outside their respective sets and march off to lunch—namely, Ida Lupino, Julian Madison, Joan Bennett, Francis Lederer, Evelyn Venable and Cary Grant. Just a little camaraderie!

HOW TO PREPARE 'EM FOR THE KISS

. . . A RECIPE FOR STEPPING UP FEMININE EMOTIONS AS PRACTISED BY OTTO KRUGER

BY KATHARINE HARTLEY

■ "There are two conditions under which it is most difficult to make love," says Otto Kruger, whose love scenes, like his initials, are O.K. "One is in the glaring sunlight, where women are almost always self-conscious, because they know how unflattering the sun can be; and the other is in front of an obtrusive piece of mechanism known as a camera.

"Now, the first situation is easily remedied—you can always step over into the shade; or better yet, you can wait till the moon comes up. But as for the second—well, that's another story. Even if you could forget the camera, it's difficult to forget that you scarcely know the lady star who is to be the recipient of your affections. Then there are those dozen or more spectators, members of the cast, the lady herself, and the director and the electricians, who, you can be certain, will be *very* critical of your technique.

"Imagine, if you can, how embarrassing it is to be in the midst of a heavy love scene, and then to hear some second-assistant prop-boy titter! There is no blacker moment. Or imagine the lady star saying 'Ouch!' at the realism of an embrace. That is an even blacker moment. And it has happened, my friends, to the best of us. And the more important the star, and the more beautiful she is, the more agonizing for me. For, you see, I'm really a most circumspect fellow.

"Now, on the stage it is different—so very different, and so relatively simple. In the theatre, I never worried about a love scene, for with the audience such a good, safe distance away, a kiss could be faked very easily. I could take the heroine in my arms, hug her close, and turn my shoulders to the audience, and nobody but those near-sighted souls who sat in the first right-hand box, could tell that the kiss wasn't real. On the stage, I didn't even have to grope for the exact center of the adored one's lips. If I landed on the sides of the chin or the cheek, very few people were the wiser.

"But in front of the camera—which knows all, sees all and tells all—well, a man might just as well throw all reticence to the winds. To make a movie love scene look real, you've got to look convincing from any angle. For if the front 'take' of a (Continued on page 82)

"Now I Have a Surefire System, if the Lady Is the Friendly Kind . . ."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S HOME HAS THAT COLONIAL CHARM

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

Bob lives on a hilltop, in Millionaires' Row, Beverly Hills, in a house built and owned by John Mack Brown. And it is his idea of what his own Colonial home, back East, will some day be like. The famous landlord and the famous tenant have cooperated to make it a classic example of an Early American mansion. Above, you see the entrance hall, with its stately winding staircase; below, left, a corner of the small, intimate drawing-room; below, right, the circular, book-lined library—Bob's own favorite room

ROBERT MONTGOMERY

■ As long as Robert Montgomery has been making movies in Hollywood, he has never bought a piece of California property. About fifteen months ago, Bob bought a Colonial home in Pawling, New York, where he and Betty and their baby daughter will go to live when, as Bob expresses it, "the movies are through with me." But the Montgomerys are enthusiastic and fastidious renters—and at present their home enthusiasm is centered in the nine-gabled English residence built and owned by John Mack Brown, who put it on one of the four most exclusive hilltops in Beverly Hills!

On neighboring sites that command a breath-taking panoramic view of the entire valley of Los Angeles are Bob's exclusive neighbors, Edward L. Doheny, the oil magnate, and E. L. Cord, the automobile and aviation king.

Never were renters more enthusiastic about a place than are Bob and Betty—the first tenants to occupy John's home. 'Tis said the rental is a very pretty figure, indeed, for the Brown home is not just another house, but an abode more replete in Early American atmosphere than any of its kind West of the Mississippi.

"Which makes it swell for the plans Betty and I have for our home back East," Bob explained the night I paid them an after-dinner call in their new home. "We can go along acquiring pieces for our own Early American place, and yet they will fit in here beautifully in the meantime."

It is a thrill in itself just to approach the many-gabled house at night, for no sooner do you turn into the curving driveway that winds past the tennis courts than you are met with that breath-taking view of the valley lights. The first glimpse of the house reveals it as impressive—but hospitable. It is not more than two years old, yet it has an air of permanence and "rooting." There is nothing flashily new about it; the rambling house looks as though it might have stood there in all its pride for years.

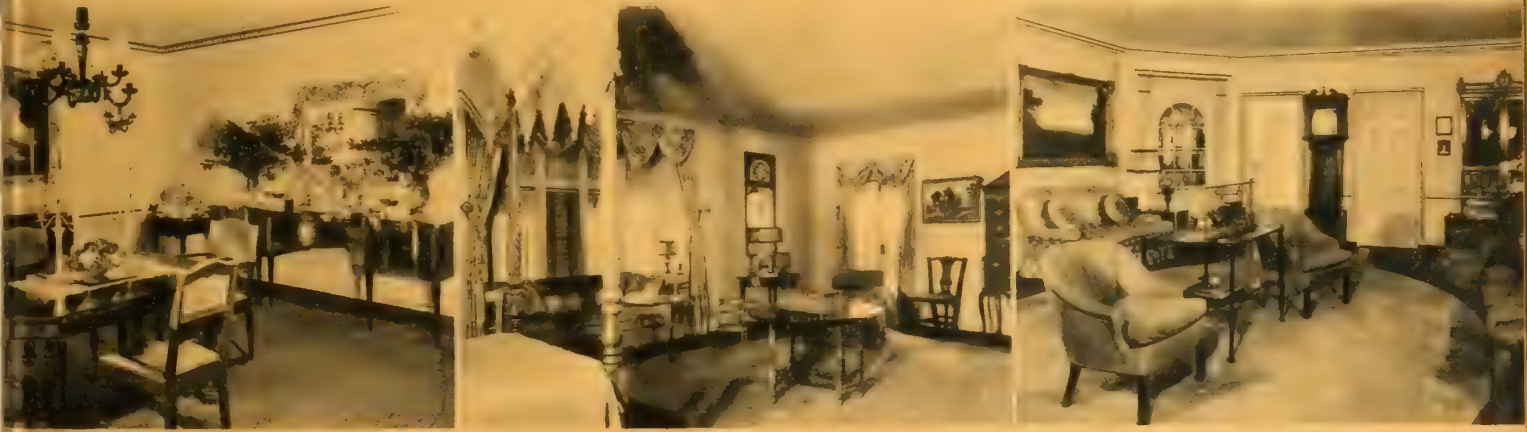
Bob had explained in advance that the decorative motif was Early American, but if that brings to your mind a picture of quaint little spinning wheels and inexpensively fluted curtains, prepare for the same shock I felt, as Bob and Betty greeted me at the door and led me into the entrance hall. "Early American," it may be—but I am sure that some of our earliest Americans would be amazed and impressed by the elaborate quality of the furnishing theme they introduced.

The wallpaper in the entrance hall is probably one of the most effective features of the house. It gives the effect of a mural painting with its classic panorama, depicting Roman scenes. Hand-blocked in France in 1825, it was imported by the Browns for this especial purpose, and the colorful figures of the pattern against the vivid blue-and-green background give an amazing degree of "aliveness" to the spacious hall, with its circular mahogany-and-white staircase. At one side is a large, built-in, glass-faced cupboard, holding small Dresden figures. Small tables along the wall hold classic alabaster figures. The whole salon gives you a "first impression" of beauty and dignity.

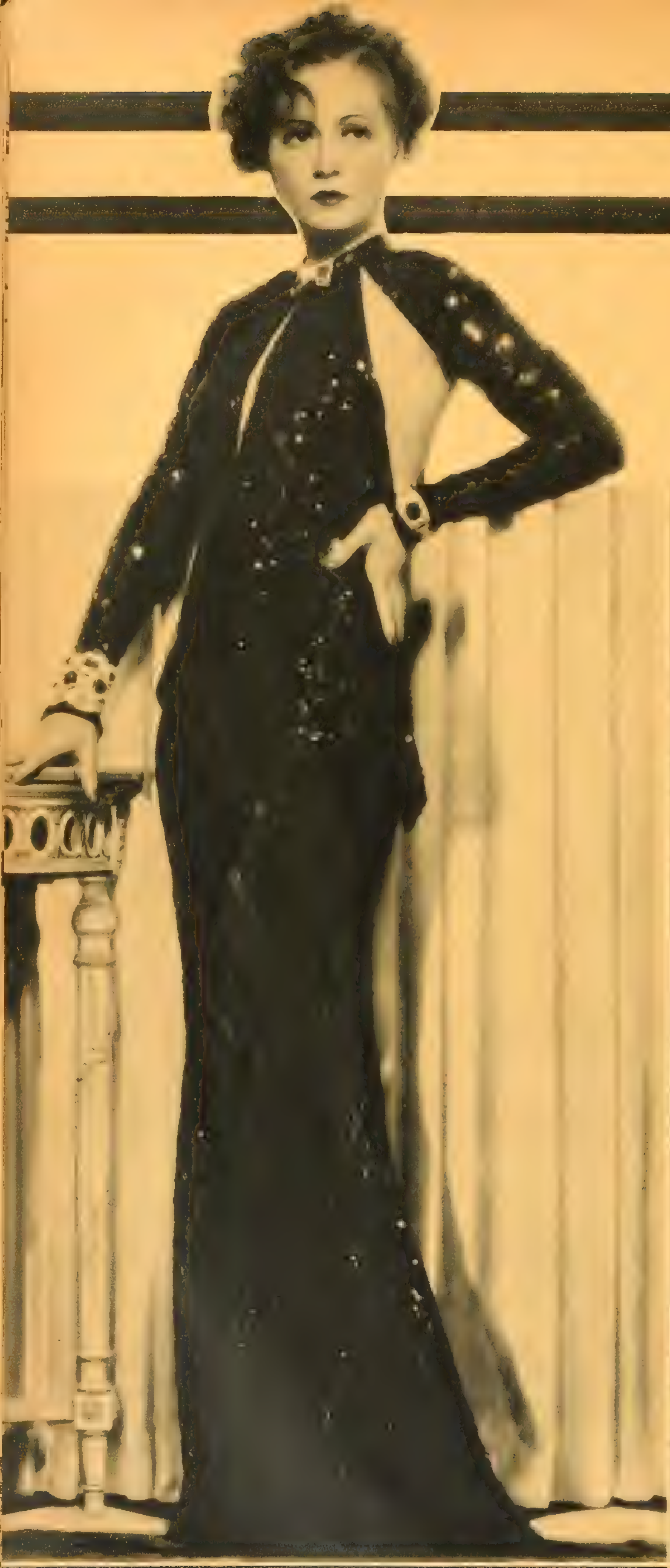
"So many people are casual about entrance halls," explained Bob later, as we started on a tour of inspection. "They permit them to be too cold and formal. But the minute you step through the door, I think you get the spirit of this house. In a way, it is the key-room of the entire place for coloring, as its aquamarine and jade tones, which predominate in the carpeting and walls, blend perfectly into the rich colors of the rooms that adjoin."

Now prepare yourself for a color shock that could be achieved only by the cleverest of matching and planning—for the much-used sittina-room, which is approached from the greenish entrance hall through a short hallway, is a combination of deep rose and old-fashioned Helen pink!

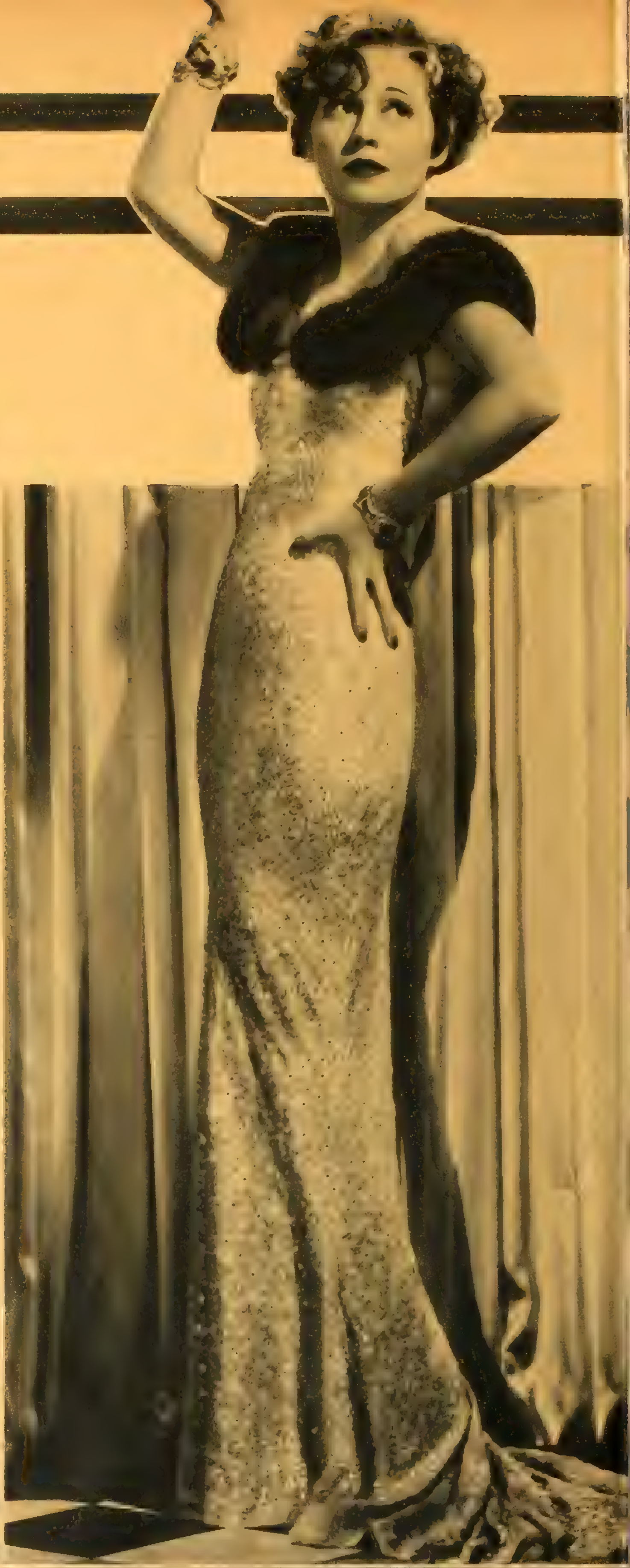
"That will probably sound terrific on paper," laughed Betty Montgomery, who is pretty enough to take up a film career of her own, "but it is (Continued on page 78)



● Perhaps the Montgomerys' hilltop home is more luxurious than most Early American mansions. But the luxury has Colonial simplicity. Above, left, the dining-room; center, the master bedroom, which is on the ground floor; right, the large, but cozy sitting room—all described in detail in this article



This long-sleeved dinner gown, designed and worn by Peggy Fears, is as new as tomorrow's headlines. It is of black satin, brilliant with black sequins, is backless, and has unusual décolleté



Peggy Fears adapts the intriguing princess mode to her glittering personality with a cream-colored satin gown, literally covered with hand-sewn crystal beads and featuring a fur outline of the décolletage

"KNOW CLOTHES, AND YOU'LL KNOW SUCCESS" — PEGGY FEARS

And Peggy, sensational newcomer to films, isn't just a theorist. She is speaking from practical experience. She is so successful that she is the first woman in screen history to hold a contract as an actress, writer, director and designer! She credits it largely to dress

"Study yourself. Experiment with styles and colors. Find out your peculiar and particular individualities. Express them in your clothes." This is the wise advice of piquant, alert Peggy Fears, who practises just what she preaches

"What happens to a woman is sixty-five per cent due to her clothes. In my own case," calmly added Peggy Fears, Fox player who enters pictures with a contract like no other ever written, and who is already famous as a writer, producer and star of stage plays, "I should say about eighty-five per cent. And I could name many well-known women, several of them in pictures, who owe more than that to their dress.

"I was going to say that sixty-five per cent of a woman's success is due to her clothes. But that would be only a half-truth, for just as large a percentage of failures are due to clothing as are successes. And especially is this true in pictures—because nowhere on earth are clothes so important as on the screen.

"There are two dominant reasons why the smartly dressed woman in pictures has a strong box-office attraction. First, because almost every woman is constantly searching for clothes style, and invariably goes to see the star who, she believes, will give her the best ideas of what to wear and how to wear it. Second, because the woman who is groomed to her best advantage has a far greater appeal to men—and brings them into the theatre, also.

"That is why the actress with real clothes-sense will have twice the following of her sister of equal acting ability who does not understand the art of dressing. Norma Shearer, for example. Though she is a fine actress, no one can deny that at least half her appeal is due to the manner in which she wears her clothes. And that is equally true of every other well-dressed star in pictures."

Peggy Fears has brought a new kind of clothes philosophy to Hollywood—one developed in a far different background from that possessed by any of filmdom's famous designers. Yet this philosophy is as practical as the experience of any of them. Rene Hubert, Fox's ace designer, who has worked with Peggy in creating the styles and individual gowns for her first picture, "Lottery Lover" (which will be released around Christmastime), predicts that she will set Spring styles, as what she wears will be absolutely original and practical for copying.

The most interesting part of Peggy's pre-screen career began when she was attending an exclusive New York school for girls—and

By RITA JEAN D'ARCY

Peggy Fears originates something new in flowered canton crêpe for evening wear, with the flowers of the brilliant design worked in self-color sequins

dances, first nights, house parties, and what-nots and why-nots.

"I had a swell allowance," she explains, "and a growing curiosity. One night I met some of the girls that Florenz Ziegfeld had glorified, and they assured me that I was just the type and couldn't miss. So next day I went with them to an audition where the great Florenz was casting his production, 'Louis the XIVth.' Before I realized what had happened, I was cast into the production and out of all my allowance—for the family did not take kindly to the idea of my becoming a chorus-girl, even a Ziegfeld chorus girl."

But she was not *just* a chorus girl. For Peggy had ideas that didn't belong in a chorine's head, and soon she had many other interests including such things as writing, producing plays, and operating an exclusive modiste shop—at each of which she made a success. In addition, she had become the wife of millionaire A. C. Blumenthal, close friend of James J. ("Jimmy") Walker, then Mayor of New York, and was one of Park Avenue's most popular hostesses.

To her gown shop (next door to which she also had a hat shop) came the élite of New York—and the élite of the stage and screen. The late Lilyan Tashman, the Bennett girls, Lupe Velez, Mary Pickford—these were her best clothes customers from Hollywood, while almost every stage star in New York visited her shop. And it was quite the place for the socialites of the big town to drop off to pick up a sophisticated little frock or two.

Not that Peggy was there very much of the time. She was too busy writing or producing such plays as "Music in the Air," "Child of Manhattan" and "Nona," and in playing the leading rôle in "Divine Moment." But Peggy directed all the activities at her shops because, to use her own words, "it was terrifically interesting as well as profitable.

"To me," she explained, "clothing is more than just a covering for our bodies. It is a medium of expression for personality and talent. It is an index to character and a barometer of limitations . . . Oh, this is a subject you shouldn't get me started on," she laughed, "as I'm just full of theories—and an urge to prove them.

"I've designed clothes for all types—for Jean Harlow and Joan and Constance Bennett and Lupe Velez—and that covers a lot of territory. I've dressed little showgirls who had never before worn what they should wear, and society women who were accustomed to making special trips to Paris for outfits for certain occasions, and also some of the most beautiful women in New York. And as I designed, I studied and analyzed—and experimented. I experimented on both willing and unwilling subjects, and on both conscious and unconscious subjects.

"As a matter of fact, I have even acted as my own test-tube. In a Ziegfeld show I appeared eleven times, each time in the same identical costume, but in a different color. The result of that was that (though I was doing only a 'walk on and walk off,' so to speak) every review of the show in every paper in New York mentioned its effectiveness.

"I experimented with two girls in my show, 'Music In the Air,' one of whom was a willing subject and the other a decidedly unwilling one. They both had had some degree of success in the show business. One thought she knew all that there was to know about clothes; but the other came to me and said: 'Miss Fears, I want to leave everything to you. I feel that there is something wrong with the way I dress, but I don't know what it is.'

"I didn't know, either, but I had an idea. I took off her girdle and gave her looser gowns. That was the beginning. I felt that she was entirely too bound up in clothes. Somehow she looked like a mummy—she was so wrapped up. I took the bindings off her and gave her a new sense of ease and a new femininity. Within a month she was absolutely the sensation of New York, and her self-confidence and acting ability seemed to double before the season was over.

"The other girl, who (Continued on page 77)

FRED ASTAIRE

He's the paragon of gay and graceful nonchalance . . . the top-hatted stepper-outer who can banish dull care in any company with a flip of his feet . . . It doesn't matter to him if he's alone, with a partner or with a chorus—just so long as he's dancing, he's jubilant . . . But it took some powerful persuading to get him to leave the stages of New York and London and shuffle off to Hollywood. He didn't think he was "the movie type." And he wasn't like anyone ever seen on the screen before. That's just why Hollywood wanted him—and is starring him now in "The Gay Divorcée," along with Ginger Rogers. . . . And back on page 28, he tells you how to dance into films

GINGER ROGERS

Ginger never needed dancing lessons; she was born with lilting feet . . . and old Mother Nature, lavish on Ginger's natal day, also gave her beauty, a peppy personality, a singing voice and an aptitude for acting . . . So that, when she grew up, she'd save so many pictures that, finally, she'd be starred . . . And starred she is in "The Gay Divorcée," which started as just "The Gay Divorce" . . . Next she and Fred do "Roberta"

Portraits by Bachrach

ANN SOTHERN

Take three looks, and then three guesses—what kind of part is Ann playing now? It must have sparkle, for rôles—like clothes—are tailored to their players. She must play an entertainer—a pert singer or a sprightly dancer or maybe both. And it must be amusing. (Note her smiles.) In fact, it *will* be most amusing. For Ann is the girl opposite Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions" . . .

Printed in U.S.A.

Pardon Her Southern Accent ...SHE'S BRITISH

Maybe BINNIE BARNES' Texas drawl wouldn't fool the natives of the Panhandle. But it fooled the Britons—and it made this one-time dairymaid a hit in English music-halls. Fame followed. Then came American movie offers. And here she is—talking the most like an American of any English actress that ever came out to Hollywood to be a sensation.

By SONIA LEE

BINNIE BARNES is an English lass with an American accent and attitude. She came auspiciously to Hollywood on the wings of her achievements as *Katheryn Howard,* in the prize-winning English-made film, "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," and immediately became part and parcel of the Hollywood scene.

For basically, no matter what her birth certificate says, Binnie Barnes has all the hearty American attributes—that alert, clear vision, that desire for success, that indifference to struggle that characterize all the famous ones of the cinema who have come from chorus and counter to scintillate on the screen. She is the only English actress to invade Hollywood without the standard props of wealth and family—the only star who admits her Cinderella background, her poverty, and the fact that her desire for fame was the offspring of necessity.

Her life has been kaleidoscopic. It ranged from the music-halls of London to South Africa, where she intrigued audiences with her assumed Texas (U.S.A.) drawl, and a strictly made-in-America facility for rope-twirling. It brought her from the Caledonia Market, in London—her birthplace—to the enviable position of stardom to-day. Whatever she is, whatever she has become, is definitely of her own fashioning, of her own ambition to rise by her achievements.

(*Continued on page 88*)

Lippman

THE *Secrets* OF THE DRESSING-TABLE

By FAY WRAY

Who Reveals Her Own Aids to Attractiveness

Fay Wray, herself, tells—exclusively for MOTION PICTURE—just what she does to keep her complexion clear, her skin soft, her eyes bright and her nerves unruffled; in short, just how she manages to look her best at all times. She is delightfully frank, and refreshingly generous with her secrets. Next month, and each month, another star will write her "Secrets of the Dressing-Table" for MOTION PICTURE—and you.—Editor.

THE other day a friend of mine asked me, "What are you working on now, Fay?" And I said, "A new kind of hand mirror—two mirrors really, on one handle, so you can see both sides of your face, or both sides of the back of your hair, as you like. You see, it works like this—"

My friend laughed. "I don't mean what new beauty gadget—I mean what new picture—are you working on?"

So you can see where many of my thoughts are. I really believe that I spent more time and care on the planning of dressing-room and bathroom than on any other part of my house. And I dabble in ordinary powder and lipstick and rouge much more than I do in grease-paint. Not because I'm vain, but because I think it's important to every woman, and an actress particularly.

It's true, I am inventing a new kind of hand mirror—though, perhaps, I should say "developing," not "inventing," because I did see one once that gave me the idea. It will have two mirrors that swing from side to side on a handle; and they can be adjusted at any desired

"I have had a small ice-box built right into my dressing-room. I not only use plenty of ice for invigorating skin massages—I keep all my lotions in it"

angle, so that all parts of the head and face can be seen at once. Tricky? I should say so . . . and it practically does away with triple vanity mirrors.

Then, another thing that I'm proud of is a small ice-box that I have had built right into my dressing-room. I not only use plenty of ice for invigorating skin massages—but I keep all my lotions and astringents in it. Both of these things are twice as effective, if they're cold when you use them. Stands to reason, doesn't it?

An astringent is supposed to close the pores, and so is ice; therefore, if you use a cold astringent, it should be doubly effective. I keep a few of my creams in there, too—my "fruit" creams especially, my strawberry cream, and my lemon bleaching cream—for these things, if allowed to get too warm, are apt to turn rancid. Don't make the mistake of putting a cleansing cream in the ice-box, though—for the pores should be open when you apply it, so that the cream can get down into them and get the dirt out. A cold cleansing cream would close up the pores immediately.

And here's another reason why my baby refrigerator comes in handy. Every evening my maid puts a pint of fresh orange juice in the box for me. I drink one glass at night just before I tumble into bed, and the other I have the first thing in the morning. Of course, everybody knows that orange juice is good for your system, and if it's good for your system, it's good for your skin, too.

Hurrell

Gadgets and Creams for the Bath

ANOTHER bit of "equipment" that is a perfect delight to me, is my bathtub. It's black, set in a "niche" of mirrors, and when it was built in, I was very explicit about having a space for bottles and jars and boxes along one side—a sort of shelf. And if you haven't such a shelf near your bathtub, the next best thing is to have a low table right alongside it. For the right kind of bath serves two purposes. It not only cleanses; it beautifies.

And you should have all sorts of things to put in the bath, or to put on yourself when you get into it, or when you get out of it. And these should be within arms' reach. Do you know, for example, that there is a solvent cream that you can rub all over your body—so that when you get into the tub, it melts away into the water, leaving your skin as soft and smooth as a baby's? And it doesn't make the water oily, either. It does wonders for rough, "sandpaper" knees and elbows and heels, which probably got "that way," tumbling around on the beach in the summer!

Lippman

Another thing that I'm crazy about is these little perfumed tablets that effervesce and start the water fizzing all around you. Then there are the perfumed oils, which are really very fragrant and softening. My favorite odors are pine and lavender. I have pine in the morning to wake me up, and lavender in the evening when I bathe before going out. I use plenty of soap, too, but occasionally, when I feel as grimy as a street urchin, I use those tricky little cleansing bags that fit over the hand, and have an almond-scented soap inside. You actually *scour* yourself with them, and then just throw them away.

To some people, a bath is just a bath—but it should be more. Stimulating perfumes inspire people to be beautiful. A fragrant, luxurious bath puts you in a beautiful state of mind; it encourages you to take more time with the rest of your beauty practices. It wakens your senses of smelling and feeling—and makes you tingle with vitality! And I've always found that while I'm in the tub is the best time to use creams on my face. Gobs and gobs of nourishing cream . . . just put it on and let it soak in at the same time that you soak your body. Occasionally I use a cream-mask while I'm bathing. The heat from the tub seems to help the creams to do their work.

"I'm developing a new kind of hand mirror. It will have two mirrors—adjusted so that all parts of the head and face can be seen at once . . . To turn from a tired working girl into a veritable Cinderella, I find that five or ten minutes of relaxation on the *floor* are the thing. None of this sinking into a soft chair . . . "

Once you get out of the tub, get dry quickly, especially in these early Winter months, when your skin becomes chapped and rough so easily. A brisk rub-down with a big towel—that's the thing; and only when the last drop of water is absorbed, should you *(Continued on page 79)*

Who Are the New Radio Stars?...Movie Stars!

Screen stars suddenly discover that their experience before movie microphones makes them sure radio bets . . . The radio rajahs suddenly discover that they need Hollywood's acting talent . . . And you will suddenly discover that they're getting together in a big way!

By LOUIS REID

Radio Editor of the *New York American*

RADIO and the movies, which will have to admit that they are blood-brothers when television comes around that well-known corner, are now exchanging good-will ambassadors in earnest. When radio christens a new sensation, the movies want to play godfather. And the program sponsors, more spendthrift than ever since pre-depression days, are signing screen stars as the super-salesmen of their wares.

There was trepidation within the broadcasting gates for a time this Fall, lest the talent should all be heading in one direction—toward Hollywood. There was fear that the high priests and priestesses of the cinema might continue to resist the blandishments of the radio rajahs. The rajahs might be spectacularly triumphant in leading the monarchs of Europe to the microphone, but when it came to the kings and queens of the screen, there was something else to be said.

The something else had all the sound of a movie director's resolute and irrevocable "No." In the first place there was work to be done before the camera. Secondly, and more important, there was the box office angle to consider. And radio seemed at a casual glance to be a forthright menace to the box office.

As the weeks have passed, what seemed to have been a resolute and irrevocable "No" has given way to an eager and enthusiastic "Yes." At any event, the movie directors, the movie magnates, and the movie stars have given unanimous—well, almost unanimous—consent to the teeming plans of the broadcasters for some special, some novel dramatic didoes on the air waves.

Mae West has said "Yes" and "No" . . .

The new and potent alliance of screen and radio was given its greatest force with the recent induction of Mary Pickford into the throne room of the air castles. The news was as sudden as it was startling. It had been assumed that, because of Miss Pickford's allegiance to the screen, she would never sign on the radio dotted line. Also, in making a brief radio speech for the NRA last year, she was palpably nervous and ill at ease.

How They Won Mary

THE broadcasters, apparently, were not disheartened. They realized there was a vast difference between a hastily prepared talk on a subject more or less unfamiliar to the actress and dramatic impersonations in a series of plays. In the latter she was experienced and at home.

Eventually, the radio rajahs sought her out as they seek out everybody who might, conceivably have a message for the ever-restless armchairs. Obviously, they were guided by the constant pressure upon them from the listeners for something new, something different. If, perchance, last season found them up to their alert ears in classic musical competitions, corralling this famous band and that celebrated singer in their mad chase of the nation's listeners, this year presents them looking avidly to the drama as the particular prize hope of their programs.

Drama, indeed, is the broadcasters' bait for catching the wary sofas of the land, but lest the wary sofas may still be heeding the crooners and the torch-singers and the jazz bands—mainsprings of the radio mechanism—they are taking

Acme

Mary Pickford (center) takes to the air waves—with James Eagles, Crauford Kent, Jeanette Nolan and Theodore Osborn

no chances in their casting. They're placing their reliance upon names—the great, the glamorous names of Hollywood.

Thus it was they won Mary Pickford to a contract by the terms of which she is being heard on Wednesday nights over the N. B. C. in a series of noted plays, with a cast of supporting artists recruited chiefly from the film colony, and including Gale Gordon, Crauford Kent, Jeanette Nolan, Theodore Osborn; James Eagles.

The M. Gordon, be it noted, was chosen from an application list of hundreds of names for the rôle of leading man. And for the important post as musical director, this newest of radio stars has assigned Lou Silvers, who, you may or may not recall, wrote the score for the first talking picture, "The Jazz Singer." Not only is maestro Silvers the musical conductor of Columbia Pictures in Hollywood, in which capacity he was responsible for the musical direction of "One Night of Love," but he wrote the scores for such screen hits as "Sonny Boy," "It Happened One Night" and "Dancing Lady" and served on Massa Jolson's payroll for a period of nine years.

How does Mary Pickford regard her current activity? She looks upon it as a new career. Her face, she says, is known to millions. Now her voice will be known to millions more. The same credo that has guided her on the screen is guiding her now—namely, the presentation of only the most wholesome and constructive type of play. She, of course, is endeavoring to select only those dramas that seem to her and her sponsors as especially suited to the microphone. She may become—her radio destiny is still in the laps of the gods—the outstanding new broadcast star of the present season, as Joe Penner, from vaudeville, and Ed Wynn, from musical comedy, became last year and the year before.

Hard on the news of Mary Pickford's capitulation to the microphone is the announcement that the soap men—grocery merchants are Miss Pickford's sponsors—have also turned to drama and Hollywood for their armchair appeal. Scooping up plays that have established box office records, such as "Seventh Heaven," and "The First Year"—they have swooped down on the cinema capital and have snared such actors as Helen Hayes, Miriam Hopkins, John Boles and others to interpret them. Miss Hayes was a fairly regular performer at the microphones last year, and demonstrated an aptitude for reading lines so naturally, so sympathetically, that it resulted in a general hush-hush in the sittin'-rooms.

Not so long ago, Adolphe Menjou (*Continued on page 71*)

The Picture Parade

THE MERRY WIDOW

Gorgeous Picture—Finely Done All The Way

THROUGH a series of breathtakingly beautiful sets and scenes Lubitsch leads the latest *Merry Widow* and her susceptible *Prince* with little left of the old sentimental story except hauntingly familiar tunes. Jeanette MacDonald is arch, bewitching and radiant as she masquerades as one of the light ladies of the night at Maxims to test the quality of her lover. Chevalier is—Chevalier. Lubitsch manages his scenes, intrigues and improprieties with a touch of timidity, due no doubt to the present morals agitation. Therefore the *Prince's* affair with the queen is funny, but not quite so funny as it should be, and the serious touches encroach on the fantastic at times. A rather draggy court-room sequence is followed by a prison scene filled with delightful whimsicalities. Dances, sets, costumes are dreams of loveliness. It's a picture not to be missed even though you may be disappointed in not finding something of its erstwhile romance.

Highlights: The white and black bedroom of the Widow. Jeanette's singing of songs familiar and new. Chevalier among the Maxim girls. Una Merkel's Queen. The gorgeous dance sequences. The staging. The glamour of the settings. The direction, which is sparkling. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

PICTURES YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

THE MERRY WIDOW
THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO
GIFT OF GAB
THE AGE OF INNOCENCE
CHU CHIN CHOW
CRIME WITHOUT PASSION
CARAVAN
WE LIVE AGAIN
THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Whimsical, Amusing, Lederer Shines

A FRESH and welcome departure from hackneyed picture plots, this charming comedy of Revolutionary days is an almost perfect medium for the unique abilities of Francis Lederer. As the peace loving Hessian soldier sent to fight the colonists, he is appealing, eager, boyish in his constant amazement at the strange customs of the country. One of these customs, that of "bundling" (courting under blankets to save firewood), is the excuse for the story, and everything leads to the ticklish scene near the end when the demure colonial miss (Joan Bennett) hops into bed with the bewildered young soldier, both fully dressed, and pulls down the center board between them. Handled without a trace of the offensive, it is hilarious and disarming.

Highlights: Lederer and the two jolly sinners in the stocks. Walter Kingsford as an early blue-nose. Lederer's love scene when he comes "sparking." (Paramount)

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

Colorful and Quaint—Neatly Acted

FAITHFUL to the Wharton novel and to the 1880 period when New York's Four Hundred had naïve ideas of respectability, this picture succeeds in the difficult task of making men and women of the past as lifelike as those of to-day. Beginning at the present with John Boles incredibly bewhiskered as a grandfather remonstrating with his grandson for his plans to marry a divorceè, the story returns to New York of fifty years ago and his own romance with a beautiful, bewildering grass widow who had shocked her family by leaving her dissolute husband. The shocks and shudders of the Eighties are as quaint as the costumes of the characters. With Irene Dunne charming as the slightly declassèe stranger and John Boles romantic as always, it is Helen Westley who carries off first honors.

Highlights: The anxious family conclaves. Settings and atmosphere. Helen Westley's battle with the Italian maid. (RKO-Radio)

WE LIVE AGAIN

Triumph for Sten

TRIUMPHANTLY Anna Sten's second picture answers the fears of the critics that she could not survive the handicaps of this rather heavy old-fashioned story of Czarist Russia, remade for the fourth time on the screen. Without the benefit of gorgeous costumes, weighted down with social doctrines, it proves the sheer artistry of this star as she runs the gamut of innocent love, hardened shamelessness, defiance, despair and finally—resurrection. Fredric March also reaches the heights as the prince, who lightheartedly seduces the peasant girl, only to find that wealth, position, nothing matters except the love that he has betrayed.

Highlights: The Easter service in the provincial church with its gorgeous music. The meeting of the prince and his childhood sweetheart in the grayness of the prison. Sten's beauty in the hideous prison garb. Freddie March's face as he prays to "live again." (Goldwyn-United Artists)

ONE EXCITING ADVENTURE

Fairly Interesting Though Lacking Punch

THERE are plenty of adventures, with some of them interesting but none of them particularly exciting. This story of the love affair of a glamourous kleptomaniac and a handsome jewel thief might have been sophisticated comedy had it been handled more deftly. You could call the piece a musical comedy without the music. Binnie Barnes, that interesting new personality, who plays the part of the girl who steals for the pure pleasure of it, is ingratiating and should go far in Hollywood. Neil Hamilton is capable, though a trifle bewildered as the young perfume salesman. Paul Cavanaugh, handsome, worldly, suave, makes one wonder why we don't see more of him on the screen. Grant Mitchell, as the browbeaten detective, is superb.

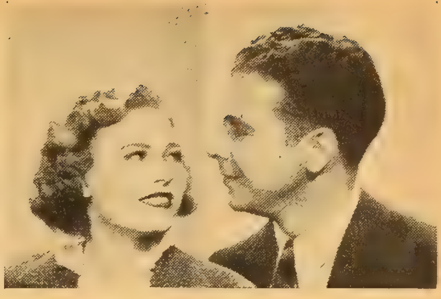
High Lights: Ferdinand Gottschalk and the dicks. Binnie and Grant Mitchell singing a duet. The three jewel-seekers disguised as hotel employees. (Universal)

THE LEMON DROP KID

No Great Shakes—Just Average Film

WITH a plot as old-fashioned as a ten, twent, thirt, Lee Tracy struggles manfully to make false emotions real. His acting is not always in key, as when he utters a cry of amazement when told that he is to become a father, but, all told, he does a pretty good job. It starts off showing a race-track tout who has a habit of popping lemon drops into his mouth. He becomes regenerated by the love of a simple small town girl, marries, and goes to work. She dies in childbirth and Tracy goes to jail for stealing the money to save her life. Baby Le Roy is dragged in at the last to provide a display of parental emotion and a hastily devised happy ending. The direction is heavy-handed. It is all quite "teary" and filled with the old heart-throbs.

High Lights: The scene where Tracy as an amateur clerk sells a dress pattern to a lady looking for sheeting. William Frawley as his side kick. (Paramount)



HAPPINESS AHEAD

Fair Enough If You Don't Want Too Much

HERE we have another pampered heiress determined to see Life as it is lived—in this case—among the window washers. The familiar Cinderella theme serves to introduce a new and interesting personality in Josephine Hutchinson. Not beautiful in any conventional sense, this young actress has quality and charm, and any photographic problems she presents have been skilfully solved. Without any heavy dramatic effort required by the plot of the heroine in disguise who falls in love with the warbling window massager, she is so natural and fresh that the triteness of the plot is forgotten—or at least forgiven. A slightly new twist is introduced when Dick Powell, as the poor but honest lad, mistakes the millionaire father for a lover.

High Lights: Miss Hutchinson's fascinating and unusual personality. Dick Powell's pleasing rendition of songs as he washes his windows. (Warner)

PERFORMANCES YOU SHOULD NOT MISS THIS MONTH

Robert Donat in "THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO"
Francis Lederer in "THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS"
Anna Sten in "WE LIVE AGAIN"
Jeanette MacDonald in "THE MERRY WIDOW"
Irene Dunne in "THE AGE OF INNOCENCE"
Nils Asther in "LOVE TIME"

LOVE TIME

Quality Picture All the Way

UNEXPECTEDLY charming and poetic for such a banal title, this is the simple tale of two lovers separated by rank and wealth. Laid in the last century in Vienna the lovely costumes of the characters and the swooningly beautiful Schubert music which threads the scenes together create the atmosphere for the pure romance which Nils Asther as the undiscovered composer, Franz Schubert, and Pat Paterson as *Valerie*, daughter of a great name, furnish. Asther is undoubtedly the most romantic figure on the screen, and one wonders why he is not seen oftener. The luminous loveliness of Miss Paterson is admirable for her rather formal part of a lovesick girl who runs away from a future of dazzling court life to seek her lover in his garret. A charming picture, lovely to listen to, beautiful to see.

High Lights: The fairy tale told in the woodland cottage. The scene between Asther and Walthall. The music. (Fox)

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

Grand Picture Has Everything—See It

THE only shadow over an evening of pure delight was the dread of having this picture come to an end! Duels at dawn, secret treasure hordes, unnels beneath prison cells, vengeance, pride, honor—these are all wrapped up in fine words and splendid gestures. Robert Donat, as the luckless prisoner of Chateau d'If, and later the grimly vengeful *Count of Monte Cristo*, is the find of the year, perhaps of several years, and all America is going to clamor for more of him in similar rôles. He is handsome, romantic, forceful. Louis Calhern, in one of his silken, treacherous characterizations, would have stolen the picture from anyone less splendid. Elissa Landi, as the heroine who didn't wait for her vanished lover's return, is poignant.

High Lights: The death scene of the old Prisoner (O. P. Heggie). Donat's "The World Is Mine." The sword duel. The atmosphere and settings. (United Artists)

GIFT OF GAB

Worth Going a Long Way to See

UNIVERSAL simply called the roll of its players in casting this radio revue. If names mean box office, this should be one of the biggest hits of the year with Eddie Lowe and Gloria Stuart to carry the dramatic story, and some twenty-five radio stars and movie celebrities to do their stuff in the broadcasting scenes. The comedy is a bit insane, the music catchy and the lines great. The locale—that of a radio studio—ties together all the personalities and stunts into a fairly coherent story. As the high-powered broadcaster, Lowe does a neat bit of acting. He takes to drink after pulling a boner in a fake interview with a flyer who had just been killed, and Gloria saves him from going haywire. But it's the various air acts that make the picture worth seeing.

High Lights: The scene in the doctor's office with Helen Vinson, Ruth Etting singing "Talking to Myself." The parody on murder mysteries. (Universal)

(Note! You will find more reviews on page 90!)

Unseen, Unsung—But Movie Heroes

(*Continued from page 35*)

ashes he carried his camera to film what he saw. Sun decks, where once laughter echoed, charred and smoking. Buckled lifeboats, hanging tragically askew. Staterooms deep in ashes that covered God knows what, where only iron bedsteads stood to hint at what had happened. Pathetic piles of clothing abandoned in a flight for life—a fan, a slipper oddly spared by the flames to tell a silent story. Deeke, with scorched shoes and gas-filled lungs, brought back these pictures. Brought 'em back alive with drama. You saw them as a Pathé "exclusive" on the screen.

First to Film the Quintuplets

IT'S all in the day's work. But, thank God, not every day is so fraught with tragedy. On another day, for another dollar, Pathé News men covered another story. From up in what we city slickers call "the wilds of Canada" came the flash that five daughters had been born at one time to the young wife of a French-Canadian farmer, Oliva Dionne. Here was a story with what the editors call "human interest," besides the added scientific interest in the fact that these five youngsters were, and are, the only quintuplets on record to live.

The story goes that Oliva Dionne, distressed Daddy of Yvonne, Marie, Cecile, Annette and Emelie, visited the office of the small-town newspaper nearest his farm, asking its editor what it would cost to print a little notice that his wife was a five-times mother. That was the tip-off to the world, and the newsreel men were Canada-bound.

However, don't think that the boys simply set up their camera and sound equipment and let 'em roll. There were complications. There always are. Not realizing that Yvonne, Marie, Cecile, etc., etc., belonged to the ages merely by virtue of having made their mundane début at one and the same time, Papa and Mama Dionne had signed some contracts that at first deprived the newsreels—and, through them, the world—of their right to acquaintance with the only quintuplets in existence. And this contract was so iron-clad that only when the Province of Ontario awoke to the importance of the strangers within its gates, could a cameraman get within forty feet of either Emelie, Annette, Cecile, Marie or Yvonne.

Even then there were difficulties, for a committee of guardians was appointed. It consisted of Dr. A. R. Dafoe, who had been kept running back and forth all of one eventful night; of the babies' Grand-dad, Oliver Dionne, a retired tiller of the soil; of the local storekeeper, G. K. Morrison, and W. H. Alderson, administrator of Red Cross relief in them thar parts. Before a single reel of the babies could be made, each of these had to give assent. And needless to say, each had a different set of reasons for objecting. As for the parents, they had the objections of the self-conscious and embarrassed. The result was what Jack Connolly and C. R. Collins, of Pathé News, refer to as a "headache."

But from the chaos, the newsreel men, cajoling, demanding, pleading, swiftly brought order—and a Pathé News "exclusive" that not only gave the world the first films of the Dionne family, but gives Pathé an indefinite "tie-up" with the quintuplets from now on. The first pictures showed the youngsters being carefully settled in the incubators that all inhabited. Photographing was difficult. The tiny infants could be kept out only for a few moments. Quarters were cramped. There was no electricity. One of the two upper rooms, fortunately connected by double-doors, was crammed with equipment—equipment that included a complete lighting plant, imported to give you shots of the five little strangers. Incidentally, all the money derived from the various "rights" to the Dionne babies is carefully guarded by the committee for the benefit of the youngsters, themselves. Mama and Papa may get the credit—but the youngsters get the cash!

They Cover the Battlefronts

THE life of a newsreel man, however, is not confined solely to a chronicle of births and deaths. It covers the turbulence of living, as well—and the things men do when, in their opinions, their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness is challenged. In the East, in the South, the smoldering spark of labor trouble burst into sudden, sullen fire. And to Georgia, the Carolinas, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, the camera crews departed to film the fight in all its white heat.

Tight-lipped men with loaded riot guns faced milling mobs that hurled stones and invectives indiscriminately. At any moment one side or the other might charge. At any moment the crowded streets might be crimson with blood. Yet, right in the middle of the fray, pointing now at this side, now at that, the newsreel cameras dispassionately registered the action reel by reel.

At Fall River, Massachusetts, cameraman Richard Sears and soundman Frank Zampino fell temporary victims to tear bombs. At Saylesville, Rhode Island, the boys got muddled-up in one of the oddest riot battles ever filmed. Opposing forces clashed in a graveyard, and from behind the stones that marked the sleeping dead, shotguns spit lead, and brawny arms responded with volleys of jagged rock. The Pathé men were caught between the fires. But they brought back pictures.

Thomas Baltzell and Allwyn Kalbfleisch were sent to Ambridge, Pennsylvania. Where there's a steel strike, there's bound to be action. Al was to get the pictures, Tom to imprison the roar of angry men on the sound track. On the scene, the boys watched and waited. Like alert news men they listened here and there. And, finally, they heard something that caused them to set up their apparatus at the intersection of two certain streets. They did it at night. Next day their vigilance was rewarded.

Down one street in full fight array marched some three hundred pickets, armed with clubs and every weapon of a mob. Down the other came a sheriff's army of equal numbers, each man loaded with rifle, revolver, machine-gun, or bombs. Slowly, they approached one another. Swiftly, the Pathé cameras began to grind. At the corner the two factions met—and the fireworks began. One man was killed, and the sound-track actually registered the dull thud of the club that split his skull. Baltzell and Kalbfleisch came through with what is, perhaps, the only complete record of a riot from beginning to end.

Told the Tragedy of Drought

THERE is nothing so dreadful as the dull death dealt by drought to every living thing. It is a grim, inexorable, static tragedy—but, somehow, defying the camera to catch its drama. When the parched mid-West was perishing, the newsreel men were there to record the filmable facts, and they caught the spirit of the gaunt disaster in amazing shots of starving cattle, mercifully shot; of dried-up wells; of blighted farms; of black-tongued humanity staggering to relief depots for life-giving food and water, water, water. And over all, the heaven-darkening cloud of the dust of once-fertile fields, blowing like a pall with every scorching breeze.

But even death can be dull. And a far more lively, vital story of the drought and the newsreel's part in telling the world of it centers around the news desk of Pathé News. To this desk comes daily, hourly, a compilation of clippings from all over the country, all over the world.

Things may be kind o' quiet for the newsreel men. But not for long. For, with the speed, the unexpectedness of a bomb, big news breaks. It broke on one Thursday not long ago, and from that afternoon until the Sunday following, there was no sleep for the sound and camera men, nor the organization behind them.

It was on that Thursday afternoon that the tip came—"they think they've got the Lindbergh kidnaper!" Any plans the editors may have had for baby parades, flagpole-sitters, beauty contests, and the boiler-plate stuff that occasionally must pad out a newsreel issue were cheerfully relegated, for here was a story for which the world had waited more than two years!

America Soon Saw the Suspect

BY that evening, before dinner time, theatres had newsreels of the prisoner, of the Police Commissioner of New York, of the Department of Justice man, and the New Jersey State Police chieftain. Not only that, but crews and equipment were covering, that very day and night, Will Rogers' California home, which sheltered Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh; Attorney-General Cummings in Washington; the Morrow homes in Englewood and Maine; the home of the prisoner's mother in Kamenz, Germany; the prisoner's Bronx (New York) home; the garage where the tell-tale ransom money was found, and from there to a half-dozen European cities, where fact and fiction said that there were clues. Complete coverage!

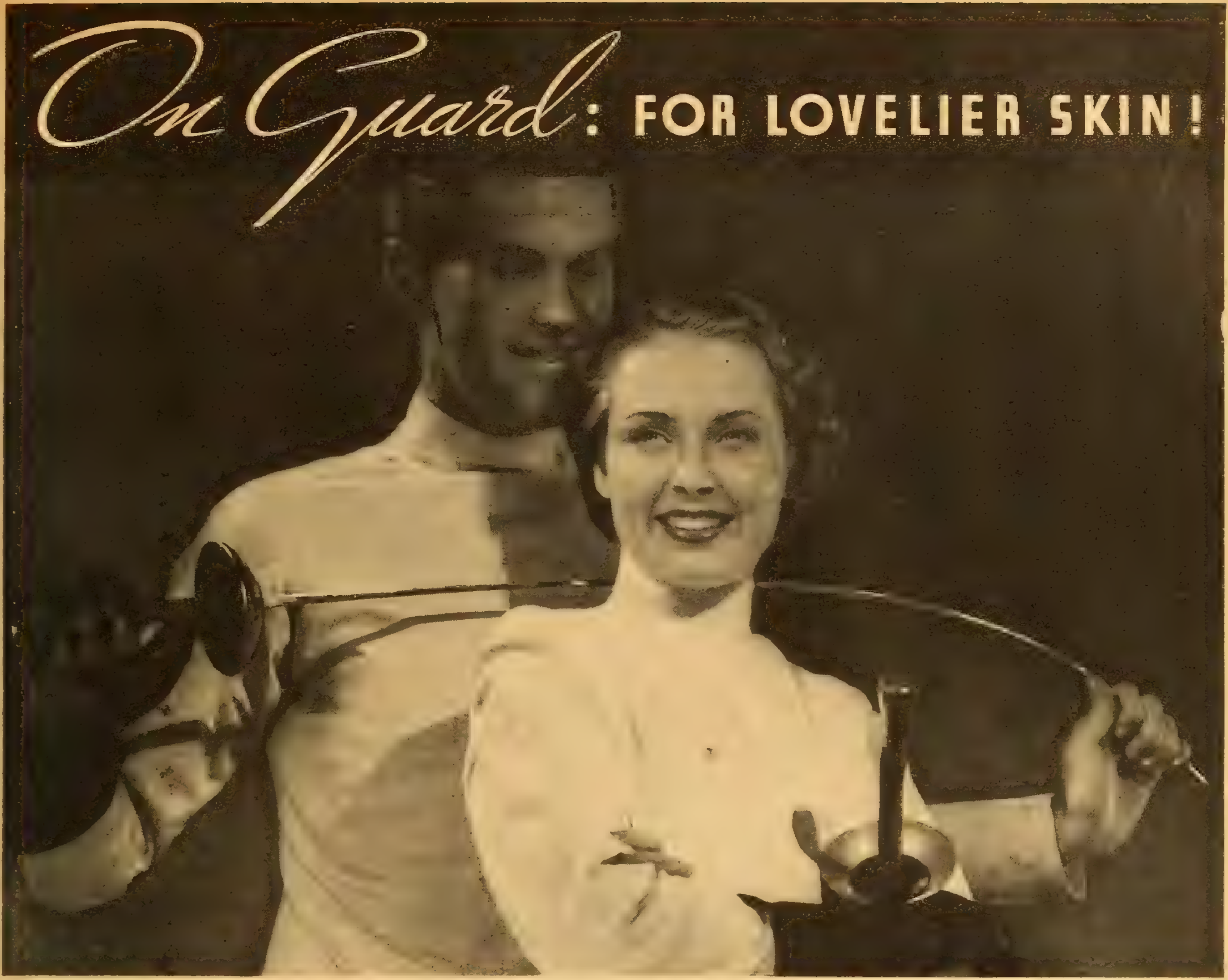
But Pathé wasn't satisfied with shots of the can that hid the guilty gold notes, or with shots of the notes themselves, or with any of the shots upon which "exclusives" were unobtainable. They wanted "scoops." And got 'em. For Pathé had interviews with Walter Lyle, and his pal, Lyons, the service-station sleuths, whose quick-wittedness in noting a motor license number resulted in the arrest of Bruno Richard Hauptmann, and the apparent solution of the world's most infamous crime.

As in a newspaper office, such dramatic days as these have routine spaces in between for the newsreel men. The 'phone rings, and a voice from the scene of action says that *Rainbow* has beaten *Endeavor* and that the America's Cup remains in America. "Have you got the pictures? Okay, fly 'em to Newport!" And that evening the race is re-sailed on motion picture theatre screens.

Word comes that William Beebe, at Bermuda waters, is diving once again in the bathysphere a half-mile below the surface of the ocean, and will crawl crab-like over the ocean floor in his strange undersea device. And the man at the desk says: "Okay, go along with him and get some 'exclusives'—we'll fix it from here!" So some adventurous Pathé News man will film sights never seen before by human eyes.

Professor Piccard, says a wire, is preparing to pierce the stratosphere again. And a wire sizzles back: "Stand by until date definite."

Whether the action is on earth, or the waters under the earth, or the heavens above it, the newsreel men will be there, grinding!


On Guard: FOR LOVELIER SKIN!

Woodbury's two new *Germ-free* Beauty Creams give your skin a new scientific protection

Skin blemishes commonly arise from tiny infections. When you protect your skin against these infections, it's bound to be lovelier, every way. Resistance built up, means finer, smoother texture; firmer, fresher, tone; more color.

And that's what happens when you use Woodbury's two new Germ-free Beauty Creams. They're pure and germ-free when you open them—they stay germ-free as long as you use them—as long as they last.

No other creams guard your skin in just this scientific way. Others are pure, yes—when they come to you. But in use, they accumulate germs which multiply rapidly. Woodbury's Creams are safe—scientifically sound, pure and free from germs.

109 of the nation's leading skin specialists have tested Woodbury's Creams. 93.5% of them agree that these new germ-free creams can safely be used on every type of skin—even those which are most sensitive.

Woodbury's Cold Cream prevents dry skin

—another unique advantage. It contains an exclusive element known as 576. This *stimulates* the oil glands which feed the skin the natural oils that keep it fresh, supple, young.

Woodbury's Facial Cream with its two-fold protection against infection and weather—cold, wind, dust—is an exquisite powder base which does not dry the skin or clog the pores.

Woodbury's two exquisite creams cost so little! Only 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes. Drug, Department, Variety and Five-and-Ten Cent Stores. Begin now to enjoy their benefits.

"BING CROSBY ENTERTAINS" Tuesday evenings, 9:00 p. m., E. S. T., Columbia Coast-to-coast Network. "Dangerous Paradise", Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, 7:45 p. m., E. S. T. National Broadcasting Company Network.

PROOF THAT THEY'RE GERM-FREE

Agar plates covered with infectious germs. In plate A, Woodbury's Cream has cleared the grey surface of germs as shown by the clear dark ring around the cream. In plate B, bearing an ordinary cream, the grey surface has not been cleared of germs. They are still alive.

GENEROUS TRIAL ASSORTMENT...10c

For the enclosed 10c send me attractive Loveliness Kit containing one tube of each of Woodbury's Germ-free Beauty Creams, *six samples* of Woodbury's Facial Powder—one of each of the six shades, together with a generous guest size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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KOOL

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[CORK-TIPPED]

Block those hot cigarettes that scorch your throat. Signal for KOOLS! They're as far ahead on throat comfort as a forward pass ahead of a fumbled ball! KOOLS are *mildly* mentholated. The mild menthol refreshingly cools the smoke, soothes your throat, while your tongue enjoys the hearty flavor of the fine Turkish-Domestic tobacco blend.

Cork-tipped; they don't stick to lips. Finally, each pack carries a B & W coupon good for attractive, nationally advertised premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

"Don't Get Me Wrong!"—Mae West

(*Continued from page 33*)

according to your own way of thinking—the way that's best for you, not the way somebody else believes is best. Each individual has to work out his or her own problems."

This may sound liberal and experienced, but as she interprets it in her own life, it provides a creed with which the most hidebound conservative could find no fault. The title of her latest book may be "How to Misbehave," but a better title for her own life would be "How to Be a Movie Star and a Perfect Lady." She always dresses in the best of taste, she speaks in a low, cultured voice, and some of her beliefs would sound less surprising if they came from the lips of a Commencement Day orator.

Her Philosophy of Success

"I'LL never believe it's useless to struggle against so-called fate," she told me. "You can overcome any obstacle if you try hard enough. When I was appearing in vaudeville, for instance, they gave me skits that were dull and ordinary, regular routine stuff. I complained that I'd be a flop in no time with such acts. I demanded something really original. They laughed at me. So I went home and wrote one of my own. That's how I happened to start writing."

If you simply refuse to believe in Mae West as one of Hollywood's foremost Puritans, run over a list of 1934's favorite vices and you won't find a single one of which she can be accused. Some tearer-downers have named husband-snatching as to-day's cardinal sin. Yet Mae has never so much as glanced toward another woman's husband!

"I'd never take another woman's man, whether he was a husband, fiancé, or boyfriend," she says. "I don't count husbands already divorced from their wives." (That's a big concession, believe it or not, from the highly conventional off-screen Mae.) "Even though all's fair in love and war, there are plenty of unattached men in the world. So why bother stealing another gal's property?"

Gossip is one of the favorite petty vices of this day and age. Even stars love nothing better than a nice long session of ladling out the lowdown about their charming rivals. In such gatherings, Mae is conspicuous by her absence.

"I'll never believe the worst about anyone without complete proof," she told me once. "I know, from personal experience, how unfair it can be. Plenty of the gossip printed about me since I've lived in Hollywood has been absolutely without fact. For one thing, they kept on saying I was married until I got tired of denying it. The rumor had no foundation whatever."

Hasn't Forgotten Old Friends

SEVERAL stars have been bitterly criticized for their disloyalty to old friends who "knew them when" and may have helped them reach their stardom. Mae says, "I'll never be disloyal to old friends," and proves it by supporting some dozen former stars of vaudeville and stage, among them a formerly well-known singer now residing in Hollywood.

Pose and pretense and cynical sophistication are other vices that Mae avoids. She is probably the most honest star in Hollywood. "I'll never do the smart thing because it is smart," is part of her creed. "For instance, I won't go to the opera. It's all right for people who honestly love it, but a certain percentage goes just to be seen. Personally, I'd rather watch prize-fights, and I do."

She also refuses to attend dinners and other social engagements that don't really interest her, even though business opportunities might result from them. She won't 'play politics." She will win—and keep—success on her acting and writing merits, or not at all.

She has never indulged in the exciting Hollywood amusement of staging salary battles with her employers. The sin of revolt just isn't in her. You can't even prove a minor vice like laziness against her. When she isn't working at the studio, she puts in her time writing books, plays and songs and practising her singing.

She never goes to night-clubs. She isn't a time-killer and she isn't a show-off. She never goes out, as some stars do, wearing fetchingly scanty attire. For that matter, she seldom appears in public at all without the constant "chaperonage" of her manager. She lives in an apartment, not a mansion, attended by her colored maid (whom you have seen with her on the screen).

Dared to Defy Threats

SHE could give most of us lessons in citizenship. She went to court to testify against men who assertedly robbed her of money and jewels, even though her life had been threatened if she appeared. Hundreds of Americans all over the country have let justice be defeated in such cases. The danger was so real that a police escort was assigned to Mae for days, and two detectives accompanied her everywhere. One of the city officials stated, "If more people were as brave as Miss West in coming forward against criminals, there would be less crime in this country!"

Can you understand why writers assigned to do stories drawing exciting parallels between her screen life and her personal life have all given up in despair?

She isn't preachy, however righteous her words and her acts may sound. "I'll never tell anyone else how to live," she says. "These happen to be my own rules, but they might not apply to someone else. If anyone tried them out and they didn't work happily, I'd feel responsible."

She is conscientious, you see. Hardworking and easy-to-get-along-with are other terms that might be applied to her. But don't get the idea that her goodness is the terribly virtuous "goody-goodiness" of the golden-haired ingénues. She has simply learned that certain rules of conduct are best for her, and she follows them. "I'll never be anything but myself, publicly or privately, except on stage or screen," she says. "That's where acting belongs."

Incidentally, she was the first actress to do something tangible to coöperate with the crusaders for "clean" films. She hired a former censor to sit on her set and see to it that every scene and every line conformed with the strictest censorship code.

The type of humor you think of as typical of Mae West comes from her most spontaneously when she is in the mood of her screen rôles. "I have to get in the mood," she told me once when I asked her to "gag" an interview. She saves for her "public" life all the fire and passion that other stars burn up in their personal romances. When she's acting, jokes and wisecracks of her own peculiar brand come spontaneously to her lips.

"I'll never write a story that is unsophisticated," she told me once, "for I believe that innocence is as innocence *doesn't!*" She added, "I'll never play sad parts, dumb parts or 'wronged' heroines. I feel sorry for weak women, but I cannot like them."

And Mae West, off the screen, has chosen to be strong in goodness—saying to those who see her on the screen, "Don't get me wrong!"

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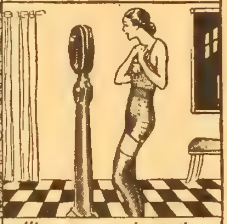

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Through Terror to Stardom

(*Continued from page 41*)

out of Soviet Russia. Her marriage to director Eugene Frenke, a German, made her a citizen of Germany. He came with her to Hollywood and is now making a picture called "Life Returns," inspired by a scientist's recently bringing a dog back to life. He has a daughter by a previous marriage who is very close to Anna.

Russia No Longer "Home"

The blood of vagabondia flows in Anna's veins. Her father, killed in the World War, was a jolly, strolling Russian dancer, pastmaster of the Ukrainian folk dances; her mother was the daughter of a Swedish immigrant, who married a Russian. At the age of four, Anna was selected by Isadora Duncan to attend the Duncan school of dancing in Paris. As the train pulled into the Kief station, Mama Sten decided against the trip to Paris, which decision probably changed the whole course of Anna's life.

"But I was selected to attend a Russian school of dancing," said Anna, "and until I reached the age of twelve, my only world was the school of dancing. I had entered upon a fifteen-year course. Then came the accident. I was always climbing trees. That was all right in summer, but one day, in the winter, I climbed a huge tree. I was hanging on a limb, like a monkey; the limb was ice-coated, and I fell. For months I was totally paralyzed.

Picture Cured Her Fear

"THEN, slowly, I began to learn to walk again. I never climbed another tree until recently. I was deathly afraid of trees, and of getting my feet off the ground. Then, in 'We Live Again,' I had to play one of the two big love scenes with Fredric March, perched in the top of a big elm tree. I climbed that tree, and managed to get rid of a phobia. . . .

"My early recollections," Anna confided, "are more or less confused, nightmarish. Things that ordinarily do not happen in the lifetime of the average, normal person happened to us Russians in a matter of days. My first impression of the revolution was of a bomb, exploding in our kitchen. A steel fragment burned my left ear. Then, for four years, we lived in terror. Father had not come home from the War and it was a long time before we learned he was dead. We had not a kopek; our inheritance was a list of debts, but the revolution canceled these. The burden of finding food was first on Mother's shoulders, then mine.

"Passing as sixteen, I got a job as a dancer, but the pay was so small that I went to work in a restaurant, serving as a waitress and dishwasher in return for my meals—and scraps of food to take home with me. Then I got another job with the branch of the Moscow Art Theatre in Kief, and was given food tickets in return for being janitress—and art critic—for a newspaper. I did that work in my spare time.

"Next I had nothing. For weeks we lived on barley, and water. During the winter that followed, I became a trader, making trips to the villages, trading knives, vases, anything I could find in Kief, for foodstuffs.

How She Got to Moscow

"THEN, eventually, came another opportunity in a theatre, which was also a university. I won a scholarship, which entitled me to free tickets to a restaurant for myself and family, and lodging for all. Soon I was offered a course in film-acting, under the great Inkijinoff, who, you may remember, played the leading rôle in 'Storm Over Asia.' I had twelve months of training—then I was flat again, without a penny. All the while I was dreaming of Moscow, for Moscow, to a Russian girl, is what New York or Hollywood is to an American girl.

"An uncle worked at the Kief railroad station. He had the right to travel without money and once a year could send a member of his family on a trip. He told me that he would send me to Moscow as his daughter. I went to work in another restaurant, and after weeks of work, saved two rubles and, with this little money in my purse, I began my big adventure. I did not know a soul in Moscow.

"I had taken another step—another little step—but it seemed to me, each little step was a step forward. And luck was with me. I went to a theatre where one girl was needed. Twenty-odd applied for examination, but I got the job and was assigned to a communal house, and to a room with three other girls. Food and lodging and a very little money went with the job. For a year I appeared in the plays of Pirandello, Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Wedekind.

"But I had been bitten by the movie bug. I took tests to join the Sovkino companies. Tests, tests, tests! To this day I hate them; they frighten me. But nothing happened. There were hopes, and disappointments—but there was always tomorrow, and a fresh start. So I quit the theatre to devote my efforts to trying to get into the films.

How She Won Her Chance

"DAYS of hunger followed, but they were days that were rich in experience. Then, one night, it happened. I was told that Victor Turin, the director of a Wufku company, working in the Crimea, wanted to see me at his hotel.

"I knocked. Someone said 'Come in.' I entered. It was a beautiful room, and a beautiful woman, armed with beautiful photographs, and dressed in beautiful furs, was talking to the director. 'Wait over there,' he said to me, indicating a tiny alcove. Then, finally, he turned to me and demanded: 'What do you want?'

"'You sent for me,' I whispered.

"'I did NOT,' he cried, 'WHO are you?'

"'Anna Sten.'

"'Anna Sten? There has been a mistake. You are too fat! Get out of here!'

"'But I'm not fat,' I pleaded. Help me off with some of my things and see for yourself.'

"Turin helped me out of my wrappings."

When the process was finished, I stood before him, a slim, boyish figure.

"Then," she confessed, "he began to laugh. 'You are slim,' he said, 'and beautiful. I thought you were fat, ugly and common. What did you mean by calling on a director in such clothing, wrapped up like a sore thumb?'

"'It was cold, and it was the best I could borrow,' I admitted.

"I got the part—a star part."

Very soon she crashed the gates of the great Meschapron studio; very soon a number of pictures were flashed upon the screens of Soviet Russia. Then came "The Yellow Ticket" and Sten, overnight, became the highest-salaried woman in all Russia. Then, too, came Frenke, the German director, and marriage.

Soon thereafter Anna was sent to Berlin to make a picture. She was expected to return to Moscow; but she didn't; Sam Goldwyn saw her before she could return. Now Hollywood is her home.

"I am very, very happy. My one hope is that the vagabond blood will remain dormant, and never whisper to me. For, if the good Maker pleases, I would live always here in this land of sunshine."

He leaned forward with a start. It seemed there was a flash of realization of the tragedy that had descended upon him.

"Good God!" he exclaimed raising his hand to his head. His eyes filled with horror.

Felt As If Russ Were With Him

"THERE is one thing I want to say," he went on. "Yet I hesitate. It sounds so theatrical. It is about the way I felt at the inquest. If Russ ever was with me, he was with me there—seeing me through. Just as sure as you are sitting here, he was with me.

"Sunday morning, Russ was sitting in this chair. I was sitting where you are. We were talking about his first starring picture, 'Wake Up and Dream,' which had just been previewed on Friday night.

"I was fooling with one of the pistols from my collection. When I bought them seven years ago, the antique dealer assured me that they weren't loaded. We had all looked down the barrels of them dozens of times—Russ, Jinny, myself and others. We had even run a pencil down to dig out cobwebs. But the expert who examined them Monday said they had been loaded not less than seventy-five years.

"I had picked up a match to light a cigarette. Absent-mindedly, I stuck it in front of the hammer. I had the gun pointed down toward the desk as I was idly snapping the trigger. All of a sudden, there was a deafening explosion. You have no idea how terrific it was. Russ slumped in his chair.

"Russ and I used to do a pantomime when we heard an automobile backfire. We'd clutch our chests and exclaim, 'Ach! They got me.' I looked at Russ, expecting him to say it. Then I saw blood gushing from his eye. I screamed for Mother. You know the rest," he said wearily.

He leaned over and pushed back the blotter on the desk. The edge near him was torn where the bullet had plowed through.

The Tragic "If's"

"IF all of the powder had exploded," he said, "the slug would have pierced the desk and not glanced off here and struck Russ. If the bullet had struck Russ only a fraction of an inch higher, instead of penetrating the opening in his eye, it would have not been fatal. And why couldn't I have picked up the other pistol? It had no slug."

"Everything seems to point to the fact that it just had to be," said Miss Brissac. "There is a thread running all through this that we cannot understand. But some day, we will know why this had to be."

"I shall never understand," said Lansing.

"His folks want me to come up to the house," Lansing said. "I don't know how I can go up there. . . . Tomorrow I am leaving for Santa Fe, New Mexico, for a few weeks. I want to get hold of myself. When I return, I am going up to Russ's house. . . .

"Russ got everything he ever wanted. As he reached each goal he had set for himself, he immediately commenced to plan for another. He always had to have something to strive for. How could a person with so many plans be gone—at twenty-six?"

As I got up to go, Lansing said, "I want people to realize the awful loss I have and not think of how much I am going to suffer."

Miss Brissac went with me to my car. "If we only could get him to eat something," she said. "He has had nothing but fruit juice and coffee since Sunday. We are worried."

When Lansing Brown recovers from the shock that has mercifully drawn a veil over the awful reality, he is going to suffer. But with all of Russ's friends standing by him, he will be given strength. And Russ Columbo's family will do as Russ would have done, when he said to me that day, "No matter what Lansing did, I would never fail him. It would be all right with me."

MARIAN, YOUR LETTER SCARED ME STIFF. WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SAYING YOU'RE IN LOVE WITH THE WRONG MAN?
IT'S THIS WAY, SIS. TWO PERFECTLY CHARMING MEN HAVE PROPOSED TO ME. BUT WAIT... LET ME SHOW YOU THEIR PICTURES
MEET GENTLEMAN A. STRAIGHTFORWARD, DEPENDABLE CHAP— PROBABLY MAKE AN EXCELLENT HUSBAND. ONLY I GUESS I LOVE SOMEONE ELSE
THIS IS GENTLEMAN B. ISN'T HE A DARLING? SOME GIRL IS SURE TO SNAP HIM UP IF I DON'T DECIDE QUICK. BUT KATHIE, AT TIMES HE'S... CARELESS
DOES THAT MEAN HE'LL BE INCONSIDERATE IN OTHER WAYS, TOO?
NOT AT ALL, MARIAN! "B.O." OFFENDERS NEVER DREAM THEY'RE GUILTY. TELL HIM YES. AFTER YOU'VE BEEN ENGAGED FOR A WHILE YOU CAN DROP A GENTLE HINT
LATER
FUNNY HOW MARIAN AND I GOT TALKING ABOUT THOSE "B.O." ADS. SHE REALLY THINKS ONE MAY OFFEND AND NOT KNOW IT. MAKES ME WONDER IF I EVER....
GLAD I DECIDED TO TRY LIFEBUOY. SUCH REFRESHING LATHER! NO SENSE IN RISKING "B.O." WHEN IT'S SO PLEASANT TO PLAY SAFE

NO "B.O." NOW—
a perfect love match!
AND DEAREST, I WANT KATHIE FOR MAID OF HONOR. I CAN'T TELL YOU ALL WE OWE HER

I'M GLAD YOU LIKE MY COMPLEXION, DEAR. YOURS IS MUCH CLEARER, TOO
THAT'S BECAUSE I'M USING YOUR SOAP —LIFEBUOY

LIFEBUOY brings to complexions just the care they need! Its gentle, pore-penetrating lather searches out dirt and clogged wastes. Clears and freshens dull skins to glowing health. Every night massage Lifebuoy lather well into pores; then rinse. See new beauty soon!

"B.O." danger ever-present

Even on bitter cold days, pores give off a quart of odor-causing waste. Play safe with "B.O."—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Abundant in hot, cold, hard or soft water—its lather *deodorizes* pores. Stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Lifebuoy's clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

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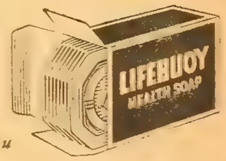

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New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Do not stick to stocking. Worn invisibly.

Waterproof. Do not come off in the bath.

Flesh color. Hide blemishes on the feet.

Velvety-soft, flexible Skintex covering.

You never tried anything so wonderful for your feet as the New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! The way they instantly relieve pain and quickly loosen and remove corns and callouses; the protection they give from shoe friction and pressure that *cause* corns, callouses, bunions, sore toes and blisters — will delight you. But that isn't all!

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

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—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. **Psychology Press, Dept. 12-M, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.**

A New Title For The Count di Brambilla

(Continued from page 45)

player in Carminati Productions, with studios in Rome.

As the celebrated Italian thespian, Ermete Novelli, "discovered" Carminati for the Continental theatre, so Joseph M. Schenck played Columbus for his American talkie career. But it was not until Tullio sought rest and respite, following a strenuous tour of seventy-five Italian cities in a hundred days, that he listened to the importunities and opportunities of Hollywood.

The record of his achievements evidences the fact that his career as an American motion picture star was progressing smoothly, when, overnight, the Saracens of sound swept down on the fold of silent films. And with sound came panic, and even that portion of Hollywood that could talk English was struck dumb with fear. Carminati, the man of many languages, had an accent —he still has—so, in the brutality of the talkie pogrom, he was sacrificed. It is amusing to note that since then the slight strangeness of his enunciation has been deemed among his charms.

Without losing much time in repining, Tullio accepted Basil Rathbone's urgent offer to play "The Command to Love" before American audiences. A brief trial proved his English highly acceptable. Then came "Strictly Dishonorable," in which he produced the surprise of a fine singing voice. After that came "Music in the Air," another hit, and another display of vocal virtuosity by Carminati.

This, then, is the Count's career up to now. Presently, upon his return from Rome and a starring venture in a Henri Battaille story, he will choose between Broadway and Hollywood. In New York, at least two plays are his for the acceptance. From Hollywood come calls for his services from many companies. But the Count says:

"The trouble is, they all talk of contracts. I am interested in parts. I want to know what I am to do for the money they offer. For, after all, no sum is sufficient compensation to play a poor rôle in a mediocre picture, or even to be miscast in a good picture. Nor shall I surrender without titanic struggle to being 'typed' in certain rôles. The only limitation in the selection of rôles for me is that I have something of an accent, which seems to require that I play the part of a foreigner. The accent, I am told, is almost indistinguishable. Thus, aside from portraying an American, I can do rather nicely as a citizen of any nation.

"I think a glance at the record is sufficient proof of my versatility as an actor. Aside from the various theatrical rôles, and the parts essayed in earlier pictures, there are basic differences in the characterizations offered by me, and, I am thankful to say, approved by the public."

By all of which it may be seen that the Count also shares the terror of being "typed." Not only is it detrimental to the art of the player, but the time may come when a particular variety of rôle is passé. And the public has not always been sufficiently flexible mentally to dissociate the player from his part. He, too, may find himself considered passé at the zenith of his career. Still, Carminati likes the movies. He says:

"My first interest is my work, which is acting. And the screen shares at least equally with the theatre in my affections. I believe that it is necessary to a player's best work that he have some interchange between the stage and pictures. The cameras control any tendency toward exaggeration. One cannot over-act in the movies; every scene must be under-played. If one is too long behind the footlights, there is liable to be evidence of that over-acting which is known as 'mugging.'

"The keynote of playing on either stage or screen is that simplicity that carries sincerity. Picture work helps in its attainment, while, of course, a return to the theatre is a return to a tradition that is spiritually beneficial. Every stage actor has to learn that the screen magnifies every gesture.

"Perhaps it is because I am so enamoured of my work that I like to get away from it. This may sound paradoxical. But I believe one is fitted to give his best when he comes fresh to his work. I do not like to confine my conversation to movies, nor do I wish to confine my social contacts to my fellow-players. It is necessary to secure food for the mind, as well as for the body. Outside interests act as a stimulant.

"I never sang professionally before I hummed those tunes in 'Strictly Dishonorable.' Up until then I was a shower-bath singer. When I was gay, I sang. It is an old Italian custom. Truly, I never thought a person might sing unless feeling in top spirits. Since my voice helped me so with 'Strictly Dishonorable,' I have taken voice culture."

Of all the cities the Count has visited, he would, if given the choice, live in New York. That is, he adds hastily, for at least three months a year. He compliments Gotham by saying: "The city inspires me. There is something electric in the air. It appeals to my imagination; I abhor a place that doesn't. It may not be a beautiful city from downstairs—but from upstairs it is superb. Just look from my windows at that panorama. . . .!"

And Tullio agrees, too, that life itself looks better from "upstairs" than from "downstairs."

"I think the world's most impressive city is—no, not London, not Paris, but Rome. It is not only one world capital, but two—a double capital thronged with representatives of both Church and State, and attracting distinguished representatives of these different spheres throughout the world. It offers at once all that is mundane and all that is spiritual, in a combination that cannot be approached elsewhere.

"Personally, I find myself at home in any city, or any country. The only time I am ill at ease is when I am surrounded by persons of bad taste. Then I feel definitely out of place. Aside from this, I am comfortable anywhere. I am not conscious of any nationality. Although I am born an Italian, I thank God for America."

Carminati is not unique in his worship of a film favorite, for with millions more he signifies his preference in the one word: "Garbo!" He is, perhaps, different in that his idol has no rivals in his estimation. It is not Greta first, and some others second and third. Garbo, for Tullio, stands alone.

As for the men, he has this to say: "I find them disappointing, for when I am enthusiastic over the excellence of an actor in a certain rôle of a certain picture, I am almost certain to be let down by an indifferent portrayal in the one that follows. The same applies to the feminine contingent. Garbo seems to be the only constant star in the film firmament."

The Count likes the ladies—and the ladies like the Count. He is a dashing, polished, romantic sort of fellow, whose light blue eyes gleam with quick sparks of emotion. Through his suavity, the glint of a certain tense excitement is always visible. But while he may smile at the señoritas, ma'm-zelles, frauleins, and others, and they may smile back discreetly, he avoids entangling romantic alliances. This may be explained by his devotion to his career, which is certainly uppermost in his mind. Then, too, there are family responsibilities, which consume much of his financial strength. But then, perhaps it is just as well, for in marrying, the Count would, we hope, make one maiden happy, but think of the thousands who would be made sad!

So let's leave him swinging down the Corso, strolling in the Bois, pausing at a shop window along the Strand, admiring the beauties of the Rambla de los Flores, wandering the world from Venice to Hollywood and from Petrograd to Broadway, a man of the world, a citizen of all cities, an errant cavalier, returning always to give us something of his charm and talent on the screen.

"Know Clothes, and You'll Know Success" —Peggy Fears

(*Continued from page 56*)

also was wearing 'straitjacket styles,' fought me at every turn. But I was determined that she should wear what I knew was best for her, and best for the show, even though every suggestion I made had to be driven home with a threat. Finally, she came to me and wanted to buy all the clothes she had worn in the show, admitting that they had given her added assurance and satisfaction. As with the other girl, her appeal was greatly increased and her earning capacity enlarged—and in both cases clothes had been the direct and contributing cause.

"Another instance of proper dress furnishing added opportunity occurred in the case of a girl you all know. The motion picture people didn't credit Lupe Velez with the ability to play smart sophisticates. So she set out to show them. She came to me and we worked out some stunning outfits. Then she had photographs made, showing how beautifully she wore the clothes. Hollywood was amazed and Lupe fairly oozed self-confidence and success after that.

"No one can say that Lupe is a clothes-horse to-day. No well-dressed woman can possibly become a clothes-horse. Because to be a clothes-horse—in the real sense of the word—one would simply have to be a rack to display clothing. A well-dressed woman could never be that because her clothes express herself and reflect her personality.

"That is why no girl ever needs to worry about being over-dressed, if she is well-dressed. And that is also why every woman should insist that her clothes carry something of her personality.

"Even if I bought a three- or four-hundred-dollar Paris model, I wouldn't think of putting it on 'as is' and wearing it on the Boulevard, for fear of meeting myself coming back, so to speak. I would change that dress first, do something to it that reflected myself. Then if I met some other woman who had bought the same model, I would still have my own individual dress.

"That is why I say: *never* buy a dress that doesn't express your own personality—or one that you can't change a little here or a little there to show your own touch. Find out what individual touch suits you and make that your trade-mark. Then work it into your clothes.

"When you have your clothes tailored to order, this is very simple. When you cannot afford to do that, and must buy at bargains, make the little changes yourself. It is really very simple and Oh! how effective! Often it requires such a little change to make something your very own. But it must be your own. Do not just copy someone else.

"I sold many gowns to the late Lilyan Tashman. Lilyan was the perfect dresser. Her clothes were exquisite, but strictly her own. No one could possibly wear their duplicates.

"Claudette Colbert is a star that any woman could study with profit. Notice how effectively, and how unassumingly, she

(*Continued on page 79*)

A brighter smile makes Doris a winner

ACCORDING TO THIS AD, EVEN MY SMILE COULD BE LOVELY. IT SAYS TEETH AREN'T NATURALLY DULL — ONLY STAINED AND YOU CAN GET THESE STAINS OFF
THAT'S RIGHT. IF YOU DOUBT IT, JUST ASK DR. JUDD.
YES-FOOD AND DRINK AND TOBACCO LEAVE 7 KINDS OF STAINS ON TEETH. AND ONLY A TWO-ACTION TOOTH PASTE LIKE COLGATE'S CAN REMOVE THEM-COMPLETELY.
I'LL START USING COLGATE'S!

Doris was wrong in thinking her teeth were "naturally dull." For dull teeth are only stained teeth. Everything we eat and drink and smoke leaves 7 different kinds of stains on teeth. And unless all 7 stains are removed *completely*, our teeth finally become stained—discolored.

Most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action . . . can't remove all 7 stains. For two actions are needed—the *two* you get in Colgate's. First, a penetrating foam washes away many stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, while polishing teeth to a brilliant lustre.

after the first tube was gone
NOW LOOK AT DORIS WHEN SHE SMILES!
one tube of Colgate's did it!

Colgate's can give *you* a brighter smile, too. At 20c it's the most economical of all good toothpastes. It also leaves the mouth refreshed, the breath sweet. Start using Colgate's today and have whiter teeth . . . a brighter smile.

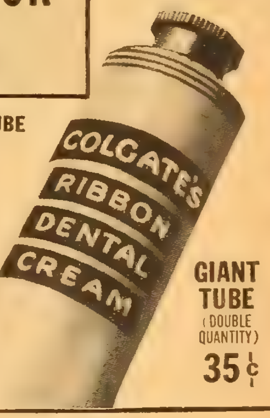
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

IF ONE TUBE OF COLGATE'S DOESN'T MAKE YOUR TEETH WHITER

If, after using one tube, you're not satisfied that Colgate's has made your teeth whiter, your smile brighter than any other toothpaste you've ever used . . . send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J. . . . and twice what you paid for the toothpaste, plus postage, will be returned to you.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results . . . sells at the same low prices.

LARGE TUBE NOW 20¢



GIANT TUBE (DOUBLE QUANTITY) 35¢

COUNT TO 100 FOR

Lovely lashes

JUDITH ALLEN, *beautiful movie star, knows the value of exquisite lashes.*

NO HEAT
NO COSMETICS
NO PRACTICING

THAT'S what one very prominent beauty does. Slips her lashes into Kurlash, presses the handles, and counts to a hundred. (Maybe you can do it in fifty.) Her lashes curl up so enchantingly that she's even been written up for her lovely eyes. Kurlash costs $1, and if your own drug or department store doesn't have it, we'll send it direct.

THE NEW, IMPROVED *Kurlash*

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, New York
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3

THIS BLONDE NOW CALLS 'BOY FRIEND' ..'HUBBY'

BLONDES have a lure that never fails—when they keep that ethereal golden shimmer in their hair. Don't, please, let blonde hair streak and darken. Be careful about shampooing. Use the shampoo that was made especially for blondes. Blondex keeps hair silken-soft. Not drying, not harmful in any way. Contains no dye or harmful chemicals. Marvelously cleansing—Blondex leaves hair clear and bright. Scalp feels simply wonderful. Costs only a few cents a shampoo! At any good drug or department store. Two sizes, the economical $1.00 bottle and inexpensive 25¢ package.

Robert Montgomery's Home Has That Colonial Charm

(Continued from page 53)

absolutely stunning to the eye, isn't it?"

"Stunning" is exactly the word. The two tones of deepest rose are so insistent that you have to remain there a moment to realize that they are perfectly relieved by the "touches" of the rich-wood secretary in the corner, the chiming grandfather's clock and the cream-colored end-tables that flank the rose divan against the windows. French doors, draped in imported chintz, run along one entire side of the room and open out upon the wide veranda, from which you get still another perspective of Los Angeles far below. In the center of the oval-shaped Helen-pink rug is a leather-topped table holding one of the Browns' many show pieces—an old coach and four horses in miniature in a glass case ("the original model of the first London-to-Plymouth mail coach," Bob told me). The table is flanked by two easy chairs. On either side of the door, facing the divan, are two polka-dotted reddish-rose love seats. A corner cupboard makes the room, itself, Early American.

Next to the sitting-room is the circular-shaped red library, with its built-in bookcases from the ceiling to the floor, its concave desk in front of the cathedral-like windows, and its beautifully carved *wood* drapes! This particular feature of the house is one of Bob's greatest joys—for so beautiful and natural is the carving of folds and swirls in the wood that many visitors do not realize what they are, and believe them to be some particularly heavy, rich cloth material!

It would be impossible in a brief space to list the impressive and historical volumes that line the walls of Bob's pet room, just as it is almost impossible to describe in detail the other many art treasures of this home. But Bob did point out, proudly, the framed serviette employed in the White House during Washington's term—a serviette that is an exact reproduction of the Declaration of Independence on a fine old linen napkin; the first silver pitcher made by Paul Revere, a bill of sale signed by that famous worker in metals; the cast of the bust of Washington by Houdon; a collection of black Wedgwood china; a Bible owned by George Washington; invaluable pieces of Chelsea, Porcelain, Bristol Glass, Sheraton and Hepplewaite.

Although the house is two-storied, the master bedroom adjoins the sitting room on the other side. It is an enormous room, appearing even more spacious, due to the fact that it is not overcrowded by furniture. The color scheme is blue-green, which is carried out in the rug, the easy chair and the simple drapes. Against the far wall is a large, canopied, four-poster bed of curly maple, hand-carved; facing it is a massive high-boy; in the bay window, with its Venetian blinds, is a built-in divan; a few "occasional" tables and chairs (including a child's chair) complete the furnishings. No frilly dressing-tables here and not until you step into the adjoining dressing-room does the feminine touch take hold. The impressive simplicity of the master bedroom is appropriate for downstairs sleeping quarters.

Just outside the large combination dressing-room and bath (done in rose-colored tile) is a walled-in suntan court—a small court which features a small outdoor plunge and a long table where Mr. or Mrs. Montgomery may go in for sunbathing and tanning in complete privacy!

Back in the vivid entrance hall again, we find that the drawing-room and the dining-room, respectively, are to the right and direct left of this "key color" hall. Oddly enough, the drawing-room is smaller than the sitting-room, but far more formal and elaborate in effect. Here is a beautiful combination of ivory wood paneling and shades of green, ranging from the pastel to the deepest jade, in the upholstery and the drapes (the curtains are yellow chiffon). Betty Montgomery was particularly enthusiastic about the clever architecture that had allowed for divans to be placed in the bay window.

"But allowing for a small divan in the window is a far more comfortable feature than the ordinary uncomfortable window-seat," explained Betty. "When we get back to our home in New York, I must find a spot somewhere that will permit me to copy this effect." Lovely built-in "display cabinets," holding invaluable treasures in porcelain, flank the fireplace, sided by its deep-cushioned green love seats. Above the fireplace is one of Galsworthy's rarest water colors. Near the windows is a hand-carved secretary of curly maple.

"The dining-room," grinned Bob, leading me across the entrance hall again, "is a half-and-half affair. That is, it is half the Browns' and half ours. The table and chairs are theirs, but the Chippendale buffet and serving-table and a great deal of the old silver service pieces are ours." The color scheme of the dining-room is almost exclusively confined to claret-red. The drapes and carpeting are of this color and the chairs are backed and seated with it. Just beyond is the breakfast room.

The "white guest room" is directly above the drawing-room and is exactly the same size. All the beds in this home are canopied four-posters. But those in the white room, with its large, old-fashioned woven-rug, are particularly interesting because of the hand-loomed bedspreads and canopies.

Mrs. Montgomery's mother, Mrs. Allen, occupies the more formal guest room, "the amethyst room"—whose colors range from pale old lavender to deepest purple. Rich brocading forms the canopy and the drapes at the windows. The paneling is ivory; the wood of the dressing-table, the bed and the night tables is mahogany; and the wallpaper is vividly figured. Venetian blinds take the place of frilly glass curtains at the windows that flank the dressing-table. It is a lovely and gracious and different room, so effective that you wonder that this color scheme of orchid and purple isn't more popularly utilized.

The entire right wing, upstairs, is given over to the nursery suite for Miss Montgomery. Because it was late for a girl little-more-than-a-year-old to be receiving visitors, we did not visit this wing, but Betty Montgomery explained that two guest rooms had been converted into the nursery and the nurse's bedroom.

"Now come on back downstairs," invited Bob, "and prepare to hold your breath." He led the way across the sitting-room onto the spacious "front porch," which is as comfortable, furnished with outdoor divans, comfortable chairs and tables, as the average living-room and looked off in the direction of the twinkling lights of the valley. The nocturnal beauty of this scene is impossible to describe. From this great distance, it looked as though the electric lights at our feet and the stars over our head were part of the same pattern. "This is certainly one effect we won't be able to duplicate in our home," he laughed.

In fact, Bob and Betty Montgomery are both so enthused about Johnny Mack Brown's glorious home that no one would be at all surprised if they eventually built one of their own out here. And I think the least surprised would be Betty and Bob!

"Know Clothes, and You'll Know Success" —Peggy Fears

(*Continued from page 77*)

wears her clothes. They are simple, but they are Colbert. Her taste is exquisite—and it expresses the girl. You can do the same—express the girl. And in doing it, you can increase your chances for success.

"Study yourself. Find out your peculiar and particular individualities. Express them in your clothes. Experiment—try different types of clothing and study the effect upon your friends. Remember, those clothes are to express you, not to hide you.

"They can be used not only to emphasize your good qualities and cover your weaknesses, but also to discover new qualities."

This advice is not from merely a modiste or fashion expert, but from a woman of great range of accomplishment—a woman who can speak with equal authority on success or dress. Peggy Fears has already made good in four lines of endeavor, and, for a fifth, is starting her picture contract that calls for her services as a writer-producer-director-actress and stylist.

This girl has blazed a new trail of accomplishment for women in America—as a successful writer, producer, actress and business woman. Her philosophy of dress is based on a study of the effect of clothes upon New York's leading society women, on famous actresses, on chorus girls—and on herself. And now she is translating what she has learned to the screen so that her styles can be copied by any of us.

The Secrets of the Dressing-Table

(*Continued from page 01*)

begin dusting on your bath powder. Too many people put on their body powder before they are dry, and then it forms a paste that only clogs the pores.

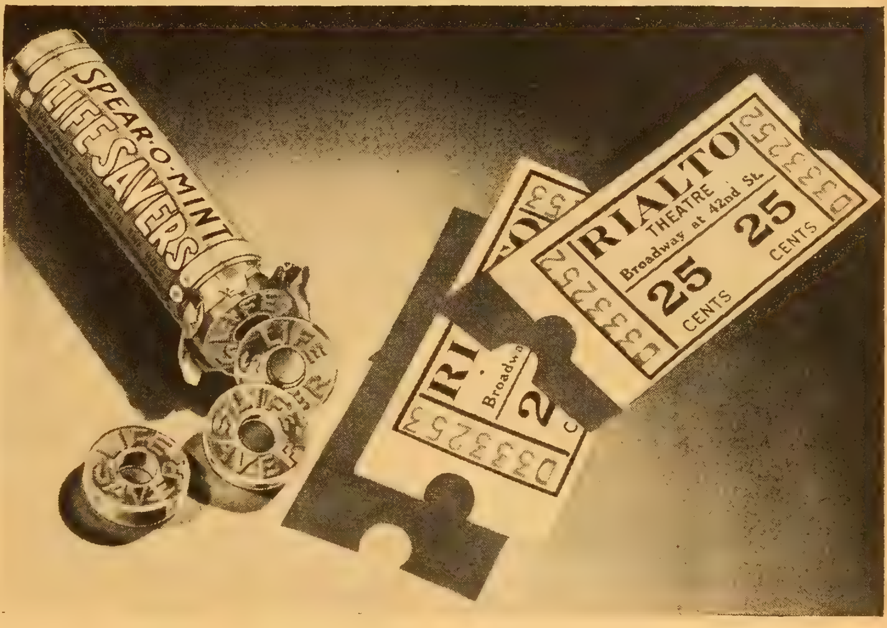
For obvious reasons, I can't tell you the names of the beauty creams and lotions that I use—but you'll find them all at your corner drugstore. I don't use one brand exclusively, because I find it's much more fun to select a nourishing cream of one brand, and an astringent of another. I know that some beauty experts disapprove of this; but I think it all depends on your own individual likes and dislikes, and also on what agrees best with your particular type of skin. My skin is apt to be dry, for example—covering it up with heavy, suffocating grease-paint for days at a time will do that for anyone—so I use just the richest, oiliest creams that I can find. A person with very oily skin should use greaseless creams, and astringents only.

And here are a few little tricks that I have learned during the past few years of trying not to show the strain of this business of movie-acting. You know how, when you're tired and nervous and about ready to scream from exhaustion, your agony all seems to center right in the back of your neck? My way to overcome this is to raise my head up high, as though I were trying to see who was sitting six rows ahead of me at a preview—and then, with my neck still stretched like that, I pivot my head around in a complete wide circle. This is really very helpful.

Then, for eyes, I've found that if I treat them right in the morning, they don't ache so much at night. I reach for a bowl of warm water, and some eye-pads, and I get back into bed, and lie there for five minutes, with eye-pads over my eyes.

(*Continued on page 83*)

THREE TICKETS ...TO "REEL" ENJOYMINT



Every show's a HIT if you take along Life Savers. They're your ticket to *reel* enjoy*mint*. Crisp, flavory rings of purest candy . . . in delicious mint or fruit flavors!

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER

USED at the first sign of nasal irritation—just a few drops up each nostril—Vicks Va-tro-nol aids in avoiding many colds.

Especially designed for the nose and upper throat . . . *where most colds start* . . . Va-tro-nol aids and gently stimulates the functions provided by Nature to prevent colds.

If irritation has led to stuffiness, Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes—clears away clogging mucus—enables you again to breathe freely. Welcome relief for the discomforts of head colds and nasal catarrh.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is *real medication*—yet is *perfectly safe*—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle always handy—at home and at work.

Note! For Your Protection

The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitations. The trade-mark "Va-tro-nol" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula.

Always ask for *Vicks Va-tro-nol.*

TWO GENEROUS SIZES—30¢ and 50¢

Joan Bennett . . . Stars as Wife, Too

(*Continued from page 44*)

Gene didn't need to say that *he* knows she is "there" and that it is still the thrill of a lifetime to him.

"In a town where ballyhoo is the first commandment," he went on, "Joany has no ballyhoo. She can't publicize herself. She can't exploit her own abilities. She doesn't try. She doesn't take Opportunity's hand and make it knock at her door as the others do. Did you know that Max Reinhardt wanted her for a part in his Hollywood Bowl production of 'Midsummer Night's Dream'? And she turned down the chance. . . ."

"But—" said Joan.

Her husband smiled at Joan and said, "It's often the same. Joany has turned down more good parts in more good pictures than any ambitious actress on stage or screen has ever dreamed of, I believe. She was wanted for 'By Candlelight,' for instance. She wouldn't do it. She had just finished a picture or the baby was too young or something of the sort and she wanted to be home. She has just finished 'The Pursuit of Happiness' with Francis Lederer and has had three or four very fine parts offered her—and the only one she would take was the lead opposite Claude Rains in 'The Man Who Reclaimed His Head,' which won't be starting for some time yet. She wanted to go down to Malibu with the children because down there she can be with the children more uninterruptedly than in town."

"Adrienne wanted to go to Malibu," Joan said. "I wasn't sure about it at first. You know, you have to take so many things with you for a small baby—and then, the water is funny down there and her bottles get sort of muggy when they are scoured . . . I wasn't sure. . . ."

Most people think of the Bennetts of Broadway as being theatrical, first, last and always. However, as Joan pointed out to me, all of the Bennetts have strong family feeling and a more-than-usual fondness for children. Barbara Bennett Downey adores her two boys. Constance Bennett de la Falaise must have adored children or she would never have done that most child-loving thing of all—adopted one. And Richard Bennett, his favorite daughter told me, always took the most intense and vital interest in his three girls.

The Whole Clan Assembled

JOAN said, "I remember one of the first times I was ever allowed to go to a movie with a boy. We stayed over for the second show. When I got home that night—well, you may imagine what happened, if you can imagine Father as a parent. . . . And as for Mother, she actually gave up her own very definite career as an actress in order to be a mother, you know. She was terribly against any one of us going on the stage. She is interested now and, I think, glad that we have done it, but when we were children, she was terrifically opposed to it. We have always been very *family* people—despite all of the theatrical influence and interest. When Melinda was born, my whole family and Gene's family arrived to await the birth. It was really funny. . . ."

"A few moments ago your husband called you 'the most baffling of the baffling Bennetts, because you don't dramatize your private-life self," I said. "What is the psychological explanation of that?"

"It traces back to my childhood, I suppose," Joan said thoughtfully. "I was the world's most self-conscious child. I didn't feel as if I belonged among 'the glamourous Bennetts.' If I had been born to any more normal, non-professional family, I think I might have felt, as a child, more at home. I would doubtless have grown up to be a sort of old-fashioned girl, who did tatting and minded the neighbors' babies until I had some of my own. It certainly never would have occurred to me to be an actress. I'm sure, if I hadn't been surrounded by the theatre and theatre-talk all of my life. And I was, of course. Can you imagine Father *not* bringing his profession home with him?"

"However, I'm an actress—if I am one—not because I was born of a theatrical family, really, but because I had to get to work to earn some money for my first baby, Adrienne. Because you are born of a theatrical family does not imply that you will just mechanically turn out to be an actress. But you are likely to turn to acting if you have to make money, simply because you know people who are in it and know the patter and your way about.

Felt Inferior—for Years

"THEY sort of frightened me, my family. I loved them, but I felt inferior with them—especially with Connie." Joan laughed gently. "Connie is responsible for my deep-seated inferiority complex. She was *too* beautiful. She is six years older than I, and when I was about thirteen or fourteen and she was nineteen or twenty, it was really tragic for me. I thought she was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. She was. And I was lanky and pipe-stemmy and plain—the plainest child imaginable. Connie knew how to dress. She had all sorts of beaux and flowers and flatteries. And I just didn't see how I could ever matter to anyone in a world that held Constance.

"Then, to make matters worse, Mother would delegate Constance to buy my clothes for me whenever she was away. Constance knew clothes. She knew how to dress. But the clothes that Constance bought for *me* when I was thirteen and fourteen were clothes suitable for a child of eight. Or I thought so. I hated them, but I didn't dare do anything about it. Constance was very firm and said that she knew what she was doing. I was sure she did. But having my clothes picked out by my sister made me feel like an awkward child . . . .

"I knew that I would never be able to compare with Connie. And so I didn't try. I took refuge in other worlds. Barbara often joined me. We would play paper dolls for hours at a time. And we took out all of our own frustrations and sense of inferiority on those paper dolls. We would give them gorgeous, fanciful names. We would put them through the paces of glamourous and exciting adventures. We cut out paper rooms and pictures of elegant houses and had them live richly and gloriously. When I wasn't playing with paper dolls, I was reading. That was another form of escape for me.

The Bashful Bennett

"I THINK I was always a little *bashful* about being Joan Bennett. I felt that I didn't 'belong.' I didn't belong in the same world with Constance and I didn't belong in the other-kind of world of other-kind of girls. I was always sent to the best schools, and I think that was something of a mistake. For even so short awhile ago as that, it was considered not quite 'the thing' to be an actor's daughter. It was always 'Oh, your father is an *actor?*' with a slightly rising, supercilious tone. That sort of thing. The other girls would more or less gang together. Our interests were not the same, our backgrounds were not the same. I was seldom invited to their homes. I knew better than to invite them to mine. Then, when my parents were divorced, I felt that keenly.

"Dad was always understanding with me.

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My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. Brings relief, happiness, comfort, freedom of mind. We teach Beauty Culture.
Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Booklet.
D. J. MAHLER CO. Dept. 19N Providence, R. I.

He was so vital that he made his own world—and mine. I remember one time he took me to Virginia Hot Springs for a week. Just the two of us. The first night we were there, I dressed for dinner—in one of the eight-year-old frocks Connie had bought for me. Dad saw right away how I felt about it. He went out for a bit and when he came back, he had bought some little bunches of artificial flowers and a bolt of ribbon. He sat down and sewed the flowers and the ribbon on my dress by himself. And when it was done, he said, 'There, now you look real grown up!' And then we went downstairs and had dinner together and after dinner we danced together. . . ."

Joan said, "It was the fault of that inferiority complex that I got married when I did—that first time—at fifteen. I met my first husband aboard ship when Connie and I were on our way to England to join Mother. I was so flattered when this boy began to pay attention to *me* and not to Constance that I was simply bowled off my feet. It was the first time. He was very attractive-looking, older than I, and I knew that he had taken lots of older and very charming girls out—Norma Shearer, among others. I just couldn't believe that he could really be interested in *me*. And that's why I married him—a while later—in England.

Wasn't Prepared for Career

"AND then, later on, when we separated and I had the baby to care for, I went on the stage because I *had* to make money for the baby; I was too proud to be dependent on anyone else. It was a mistake, I think, that first appearance of mine, with Father, as the ingénue lead in 'Jarnegan.' Despite my theatrical family, I had had no real training, no experience whatsoever. If *my* daughters find that they want to go on the stage or screen when they grow up—and Adrienne already shows every indication of doing so—then I shall certainly see to it that they are trained for it. I shall see that they have voice training and dancing, and I'd want them to have some experience in stock. Somehow, I don't believe that Melinda will ever want to act. It seems silly to say this, at her age, but I just have that feeling about her. . . ."

Gene Markey had moved away to visit at other tables while Joan and I went on talking together. I asked her "If you had the much-debated choice to make, Joan, between your career and your children, you wouldn't hesitate, would you?"

"No," Joan said with her soft, firm emphasis. "If you mean by 'choice' that I would have to spend the major part of my time away from the children in order to further my career—*no*. And I believe that you have to make a choice. You can't have both, not one hundred per cent. And my choice is to be with the children more than I am on the set.

"After all, it's all a question of being happy, I suppose. And I am happy when I am with the children. Not happy—happiest. I like to sing lullabies to the baby. That's part of having a baby. I don't see any sense to just having a baby and then turning it over to help to bring up for you. I want to do my own bringing-up. I bathe the baby and dress her and feed her. I like to read books and go swimming and play with Adrienne. I like to do things around my own home, manage the servants, order the meals, hem towels, count the laundry.

"I feel so sorry for some of the girls on the stage and screen—girls who have grown a bit older and have nothing—nothing but memories and scrap-books of the days when they were most famous. I should think those things pretty thin, cold comfort, compared to the feel of a baby in your arms. They must be very lonely—empty-handed and empty-hearted, too. I don't believe that I could fill my heart just with the parts I play."

I WAS TOO FAT!

Men Avoided Me

I JUST LOVE to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over.

It sounded so easy I just couldn't believe my ears! But I took Marmola exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and imagine my astonishment to find myself actually getting thin! Without exercising, dieting, or draining my system with drastic purgatives! Now I'm slender—feel fine.

. . . . If the thousands of women who have reduced the Marmola way were to take you into their confidence, you would probably be amazed how many would tell you experiences similar to that related above. Everything they ate "seemed to go to fat." Do you know why?

Physicians will tell women that abnormal obesity is caused by the lack of an important element which the body normally supplies. Marmola provides one such element in a perfectly natural way. Day by day it assists the body to function in the reduction of excess fat. As they get rid of excess fat they feel lighter, more alert, more energetic. **The excess fat simply slips away, revealing the trim and slender figure underneath.**

Since 1907, more than **20 million** packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? And it is put up by one of the leading medical laboratories of America.

Start today! You will soon experience Marmola's benefits. When you have gone far enough, stop taking Marmola. And you will bless the day when you first discovered this marvelous reducing agent!

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ALICE WHITE
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How to Prepare 'Em for the Kiss

(*Continued from page 51*)

kiss isn't convincing enough, they'll take it again from the side, then from above, and they'll even sneak up on you from the rear, just to make sure the audience isn't cheated!

"Now, we all know that two people who are really in love are completely oblivious to their surroundings. At that delirious moment when the eager girl says 'Yes' to the hopeful boy, it doesn't matter where they are; they kiss—forgetting any and all amused bystanders. Real love is like that. But fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, not every leading lady is in love with her leading man, or even *vice versa*. So how can we forget the amused bystanders who are watching *us?*

"However, I remember that when I first came to Hollywood, I tried to make myself *think* I was in love with the leading lady. I really worked at it awfully hard—self-hypnosis, you know.

"While they were arranging the lights and the camera, I would sit there on the set and look across at the star with whom I was to do the heavy love scene. More often than not, I had only just met her and knew little about her. But I would sit there, and try to think only of her. I would think of her most attractive qualities; I would count her charms; and I would think of how many male fans in the country would give anything to be in my shoes."

If you can imagine Otto Kruger, who has a sense of humor, doing this, you're gifted. However, let him continue:

"I would say to myself, 'Now, Otto, old man, you are simply mad about this young lady. Just look at her. She is young, she is talented, she is beautiful. Think of what thousands would do just to take her dancing some evening! And here you are, you fortunate fellow, about to take her in your arms!'

"Gradually, I would begin to get the mood of the scene . . . slowly, I would begin to feel like an ardent young lover . . .

A Farewell to Illusions

"STILL thinking these thoughts to myself, dimly, far off, as in a dream, I would hear the call for 'places.' The lady star and I would meet before the camera. Impatiently, I would wait for the signals for 'Lights' and 'Camera'—I would be that anxious to take her in my arms. And then, suddenly, she would say, 'Oh, dear, my hair isn't right—' and the script girl would say, 'Wait a minute, Mr. Kruger—you had on a different tie in the first part of this scene, don't you remember?'—and the star would rush away to her mirror, and I would be left standing there alone in front of the camera, while somebody fetched the right necktie. As though hair-dress or ties mattered at such a moment!

"Well, the mood would be gone. There would be nothing I could do but go back to my chair, and start working myself up all over again. I would begin, 'She is lovely. She is adorable. I am lucky . . . ' and so on. I would have just arrived at the point where I was convincing myself again that everyone was envious of me—and the star and the cameras and the lights would be all ready—everything and everybody would be ready, except me! Naturally, I could do only a half-baked love scene under those circumstances. A moment ago, I was in love with her; and now I wasn't. It was confusing to me, and also to the lady. . . .

"Now I ask you, how could anybody get anywhere that way? I soon discovered that it was 'no go' or 'bad take,' as they say out here, so I gave up this idea.

"And it's fortunate that I did, for now I have a much better system—a sure-fire system, if the lady is the friendly kind. It worked beautifully for a love scene with Madge Evans not long ago. First, I asked the director if he would get everything in readiness for the 'take' and then wait on a signal from me. I told him I had a little stage-setting of my own to do.

"Then I arranged with the string quartet to play for me, giving the leader a list of my favorite love songs. Then I arranged with a carpenter to transfer a few potted palms to the corner when he got the signal from me. Then I inveigled Madge to go over and sit in the corner with me. Oh, I didn't let her know what I was up to, you can be sure of that! I told her I wanted to go over my lines with her.

"We settled ourselves comfortably. 'Let's see,' said Madge, 'what page does this scene begin on?' I told her, 'Page thirty-two'—and across the set, a string quartet began playing soft old love songs, and a thoughtless carpenter dropped two beautiful palms right in front of us, completely blocking us off from the rest. 'Why, it's like being at a dance, and sitting out in the shadows!' I said naïvely. 'How can we rehearse lines with that lovely music?' Madge said.

"So we just began talking. I complimented her on how lovely her hair looked, and told her what a rare, beautiful face she had, and I watched her face closely, admiringly, as she talked. And one of her hands I took in mine. And then, with the soft music lulling us into a romantic mood, I told her how much I liked her perfume, her sweetness, her femininity, *her*. And how much easier it was to say these things to her, than just to *think* them from across the room!

And How About Mrs. Kruger?

"SO, for a while we just sat there, and I told her to try to think of me as much as I was thinking about her, and I begged her to forget, for the moment, that I was Otto Kruger, a happily married man with a most adoring and adored young daughter. She forgot, evidently, for suddenly I knew that the mood was upon us. Carefully, gently, lest I jar her, or myself, out of our mood, I led her over to the camera. I nodded to the director, and the camera turned over, and my heart did, too, as I took her in my arms. We went through the scene. I hardly heard the word 'Cut!' signaling the end. 'O.K. for camera!' shouted the cameraman. 'O.K. for sound!' shouted the sound engineer. 'O.K. for everything!' shouted the director."

All very well and good, Mr. Kruger. In fact, we get a kick out of it, ourselves. But there is just one little matter we'd like to clear up. How about Mrs. Kruger—is it O.K. by her, too?

Mr. Kruger chuckles. "Why shouldn't it be?" he asks. "She has no reason to be jealous. She knows I love her. Women do know, you know, when they are loved sincerely and deeply. It's—well, it's intuition, I suppose. They are much more sensitive to emotions than men are. If the least little doubt should ever creep into her mind, then she'd know she had cause to be jealous. But there aren't any doubts, there never have been, and I don't think there ever will be. But this is silly, my trying to convince a woman that another woman isn't jealous. Why don't you ask her, yourself?"

And that is precisely what I proceed to do. "Of course I'm not jealous," she says, and then chuckles.

They're a chuckling couple, those Krugers. And I suspect them of having a good chuckle over the tale Otto tells of how he is able to make love so convincingly on the screen.

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The Secrets of the Dressing-Table

(*Continued from page 79*)

And in the evening, when I'm hoping to turn from a tired working girl into a veritable Cinderella, I find that five or ten minutes of relaxation on the *floor* are the thing. None of this sinking into a soft-cushioned *chaise longue* (or even a chair) for me, because if I did that I'd probably go into a three hours' sleep—and there's nothing worse than being awakened before you are ready. Besides, it isn't usually sleep that I need, but relaxation. And the floor's the place . . . for when you're stretched out flat on the floor, your nerves and muscles fall into different positions from those that they've been cramped in all day. And here's the trick of it all. I lie flat, with my arms stretched high above my head. Then I begin to twist the middle of my torso, first to one side and then to the other. It's as good as having a masseuse work on you.

And again, when I feel weighed down with inertia, I just brush my hair. Ridiculous? No. Because I brush strenuously—I make my hair stand out on all sides. Then I massage my scalp firmly with my fingers. It begins to tingle, and I can feel ideas rushing back to my head, along with the increased circulation. I brush some more; and in ten or fifteen minutes I have literally and figuratively revived my sleepy head.

These are little things, but they're important . . . for the important clue to charm to-day is the sustaining of one's vitality. We all radiate vim and vigor in our early teens; but how quickly they wear off, if we don't do something to detain them! Too strenuous exercises, too violent massages—these things I don't believe in, because you're apt to wear yourself out, trying to keep yourself from *looking* worn out. It's the easy little tricks that count! Maybe some of these will help you!

"A Gent—But Not Too Much So"

(*Continued from page 39*)

"Do I look like the type that would be willing to pay that price for film fame?" he asks, with a puzzled grin. "Where do all these ridiculous rumors start, anyway—these rumors that no one can make good on the screen until his face is made over? Nearly everyone who comes to Hollywood can stand a little 'improvement'—but that's different from a complete overhauling. There's always something that looks funny to the camera. In my case, it was a long and bare upper lip."

He throws his cigarette away, and gives you a sly look. "As for women, they undergo more changes than the men. It makes no difference how beautiful the girls are—they have to be changed into screen types before they can reach the top rungs. Look at Margaret Sullavan, for instance. She was just as beautiful when she arrived as she is to-day, but experimenting with make-ups and hair waves got her beauty over to the camera more effectively. When Binnie Barnes came over from England, she was an international beauty. But it took a week with the make-up men and hairdressers before she was ready to go into 'There's Always Tomorrow.'

Calls Himself Lucky

"I KNOW they're always kidding the films for changing everything, but you don't know what that camera can do to you in the close-ups. I've seen Broadway matinée idols—marvelous-looking chaps—who had to plaster their ears back to play

(*Continued on page 85*)

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Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 14*)

1. Bing Crosby, your favorite screen and radio crooner, is the daddy of the three adorable boys pictured on page 14. The smaller two are the much publicized Crosby twins, and Dixie Lee, formerly of the screen, is the mother of the trio. Gary Evans, fifteen months of age, is all set to plug up his ears so that when his twin brothers start their own brand of crooning (crying to you) he will be spared. The twins are named Dennis Michael (left) and Philip Lang (right).

2. Wallace Beery is the star under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for whom the company has purchased forty of the Colin Glencannon stories by Guy Gilpatrick. The well-known Colin Glencannon rôle will take Beery on adventures in every port in the world.

3. Recently, when Mae West and Marlene Dietrich met face to face, by chance, on the Paramount lot, for the first time since the rumor was started that a feud existed between the two stars, they blasted the report that they were unfriendly. After Mae and Marlene exchanged greetings, they held a ten-minute friendly chat.

4. Mary Pickford and Jean Harlow are the two stars who have gone literary. Mary Pickford's short story, "Little Liar," was published in a recent issue of a woman's magazine, with more of her stories to follow shortly, and Jean is making final arrangements for the publishing of "Today Is Tonight," the novel she has just completed.

5. The fluttering hands of ZaSu Pitts will have to learn some new tricks now that ZaSu is about to be made over for her rôle of chorus girl for Metro's picture, "Repeal." ZaSu will emerge as a streamline model chorine and will discard that blank look of despair from her face. She has always played the ugly-duckling on the screen and it will be a revelation to her fans to see that ZaSu has her share of beauty, too.

6. Al Jolson and his wife, Ruby Keeler, will be co-starred in "Casino De Paree." Jolson will play the rôle of a musical comedy actor and Ruby will be his leading lady, the beautiful dancer in the picture. The story runs a good deal along the lines of the real life of the Jolsons. Al and Ruby, who have been married for more than six years, are very much in love, therefore, the director of this picture will have no trouble with the stars trying to steal scenes from one another.

7. When Grace Bradley recently came of age, she inherited an estate of $250,000, left in trust for her by her grandfather who died some time ago. The inheritance includes an estate in New England and a winter home in Florida. Grace will go right on with her movie career and you will see her next in the Fox picture, "East River."

8. Marilyn Miller, musical comedy star of stage and screen was married to Charles L. (Chet) O'Brien, former chorus boy, and assistant stage manager of "As Thousands Cheer," the musical show in which Marilyn was the dancing star. They were secretly married at Harrison, New York. This is Marilyn's third marriage and O'Brien's first.

9. Richard Barthelmess is the movie star who is being seriously considered for the rôle of *Wang Lung* in "The Good Earth." The outcome of the tests in Chinese make-up and costume will definitely decide whether Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will go through with the plan to star Barthelmess in the picture. This brings to mind the fact that Barthelmess made a great hit years ago in D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms," in which he played a Chinese rôle.

10. Joel McCrea, motion picture actor, was presented with a seven-pound baby boy on September 7, by his pretty wife, Frances Dee, also of the screen. Joel Dee McCrea is the name they have chosen for their son.

11. Doris Kenyon, the widow of the late screen star, Milton Sills, will make her début in grand opera when she sings with the two Metropolitan stars, Nelson Eddy and Louis D'Angelo, in "The Secret of Suzanne" this November.

12. Spencer Tracy and Lee Tracy are not related. The only relation that exists between the two Tracy boys is that they are in the same profession and both successful actors in their own rights. Spencer Tracy was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Lee Tracy was born in Atlanta, Georgia.

13. Because Myrna Loy played Oriental rôles so convincingly for so many years, it is hard to believe that she was born in this country. However, Myrna is a red-headed (freckles and all) girl from Helena, Montana, and her real name is Myrna Williams. Recently, Myrna has been featured in pictures where she does not have to play Oriental rôles and she has proved that she can handle the rôles of modern, sophisticated girls just as skilfully as she did the parts of the Oriental charmers.

14. ZaSu Pitts was named after her two aunts, Liza and Susan. Her parents coined the name ZaSu by combining parts of the names of the two aunts because they wanted to please them both and ZaSu has never shown disrespect to her aunt Susan by not writing her name with a capital S.

15. Queenie Smith, the popular Broadway musical comedy star, makes her screen début in "Two for Tonight," the Bing Crosby picture which also has Marian Mansfield, Jack Oakie and Roscoe Karns in the cast. Miss Mansfield is Crosby's protegee. With such a splendid cast, this looks like a very promising film.

16. The accidental shooting and death of Russ Columbo was a great shock to Carole Lombard. Before his death, Columbo was always seen in Carole's company and everybody was looking forward to an early trip to the altar. On September 2, Russ Columbo was visiting his friend, Lansing Brown, a Hollywood photographer, and while they were inspecting Brown's collection of old pistols, which they thought unloaded, one went off, killing Columbo. Read the story on page 47.

17. Nils Asther held back monthly alimony payments from his former wife, Vivian Duncan, of the famous Duncan Sisters team, because, according to his claims, Vivian was exploiting their three-year-old child, Evelyn Rosetta. The exploitation he objected to was that the child was making nightly appearances at a Chicago theater. Asther announced that he would resume the payments as soon as he was assured all exploitation of the child would stop and that he would also settle for all back payments.

18. Joan Blondell, beautiful blonde motion picture star and her husband, George Barnes, are happy because the long-legged bird is expected to pay them a visit almost any day now.

19. This was a hard one. The gentleman, who did his best to get into the picture, is Melvyn Douglas. The picture on page 14 is a scene from "Dangerous Corner," in which Virginia Bruce plays *Olwen Peel* and Douglas plays *Charles Stanton.*

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"A Gent—But Not Too Much So"

(Continued from page 83)

on the screen. That ol' debbil camera is like a microscope. I was lucky," he chuckled, as he ran his fingers through his wavy locks, "that they only added a mustache and took a bit of the curl out of my hair.

But wasn't he surprised when the Universal people put him into musical productions after he had played dramatic leads on Broadway for so many seasons?

"Why should I be?" he asks. "I came out here to act, and that's what I'm doing. It's all in the day's work and the other rôles are coming. Acting in a musical play is just like acting in any other play, if you can sing. I had a chance to turn down the rôles if I didn't want them, but I thought I'd like to have another crack at the song-and-dance game again after 'Moonlight and Pretzels.'

"Later on, I'm going to do some of the sort of parts I acted on the stage. I'm getting in shape for it little by little. You know, I had a six-week leave of absence from the studio to play in 'Men in White' on the stage for Henry Duffy when he put on the play at the El Capitan Theatre last March.

Looking Forward to Drama

"I WASN'T so tough"—he gives that infectiously boyish smile again—"and I know that some of them out here got the same idea, so I'm looking for a change back into straight drama pretty soon."

There is amusing irony in the fact that he should have made his movie name, originally, in musicals. He comes from the musical Pryors, who haven't been anything but actors and musicians for generations and generations. His father, Arthur Pryor, who was a trombone soloist with Sousa before he became an international sensation as leader of his own band, had a quixotic determination that neither of his two sons should be an actor or a musician. It amounted to an obsession, and he even went so far as to forbid them to cultivate their irrepressible musical talents. He wanted nothing but business men in the family.

Accordingly, Arthur, Jr., practised his cornet in the woods, and in the cellar (softly) on rainy days, until he was good enough to get a job in his father's own band. And fifteen-year-old Roger, lounging on the beach at Asbury Park, New York, as a vacation lifeguard, with not a single dramatic ambition in his carefree head, was offered a job as juvenile in the stock company of a friend of his father's—and a few short years later had worked up to the lead in New York's "Blessed Event."

Peggy Climbed with Him

THE play that brought him this starring job and also brought him into the limelight was "A Modern Virgin," which gave Margaret Sullavan, as well, her big Broadway break. Now they both are at Universal, and may yet be seen together on the screen, as they were on Broadway—back in 1932. After the long run of "Blessed Event," he made a tour with Violet Heming in "There's Always Juliet."

No publicity-seeker, he has no particular fads. He can play almost any musical instrument—piano, trombone, cornet, and all the strings—although he has never had a lesson. He sings well, although he pretends not to think so. (And, needless to say, his father is bursting with pride about it all.) He keeps in trim with golf, hunting and swimming.

He appeared, barren of lip, in "I Like It That Way," "I'll Tell the World" and "Belle of the Nineties." If you want to see the new Pryor, you must rush to "Romance in the Rain," "Wake Up and Dream" or "Lady by Choice." Send your votes to Mr. Pryor at Universal City.

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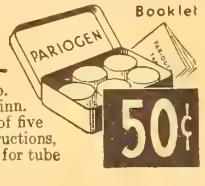

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Why Garbo Is a Genius

(*Continued from page 27*)

glamour. Sturdily constructed, with face strongly planed, she yet creates an impression of spirituality. She is intriguing because she is a paradox. For she is a combination of strength and fragility. She exerts a psychic influence because she gives us a sense of spiritual exploration, of a poignant mental conflict.

How She Lives When Working

GRETA GARBO recognizes the needs of that other self, of that self that is only a temporary tenant of her body. During the shooting of a picture, her program is unvarying. Work all day. Home. And supper in bed. While she eats, the script is propped up before her. She devours her lines for tomorrow. And even though sleep is long in the coming, she finds relaxation in that complete physical immobility.

Her light frequently burns far into the night, but the girl who keeps vigil is not the same person as the one who laughs the evenings away with friends during the between-picture periods. These hours of the working Garbo are spent in deep concentration. She wants to be sure each character is real and—like all sincere artists—she is never satisfied; she is humble as the great always are humble. With silence and seclusion, she pays toll to that thing within herself which she does not understand, but which she can only subsidize by devotion and complete vitality.

Definitely, these moods of hers are not consciously assumed. There are many with the predisposition for a detachment from others when they are under stress of sorrow or work. Many creative artists have that tendency, but their working moods generally are counterbalanced by social life after working hours, and by a multitude of interests. If they permit themselves the luxury of being different, they are branded "eccentric" or "exclusive."

The World Half-Understands . . .

BUT Garbo has not been tagged with these labels. The world seems to sense the need of this woman of great genius and glamour for solitude. The world does not resent her silence, her mystery. The world, without saying so in words, knows that her unforgettable characterizations are born of soul-searching moods.

Unquestionably, these moods have their effect on her life as a whole. She has never lost her shyness. Her vacations she takes in loneliness. In little unfrequented hotels, she finds relaxation. Yet she is human. She is a prankster who is as delighted as a shy child when her pranks come off. She has devotion and loyalty from those she knows well and is consistently skilful in extracting an ungrudging fidelity from those who come in contact with her. Never once has a single person who has been rewarded with her friendship violated her trust.

The few who have discussed her for publication have been, invariably, fellow-players in her pictures, and even those are in the minority. Partly, this is due to the fact that no one really knows Garbo, because it is difficult to correlate the girl she is with the girl she becomes when she is at work. She baffles analysis because she baffles herself.

Even if the world has placed her on a pedestal, Garbo, herself, has never been satisfied with her abilities and her art. As long as that is true, she will continue to grow. And as long as that is true, she will continue to have those moods that divide her personality and place her in a sphere apart.

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Dance Your Way into the Movies!

(*Continued from page 29*)

molded in an exact pattern, the same pattern that all the other pupils of the school are cut from. See that you stand out as an individual—not a puppet. Anyone, by pulling the right strings, can teach a person to dance after a certain pattern. But the movies don't want patterns . . . in dancing . . . in faces . . . in voices . . . in anything! Go after originality. And I don't mean originality of steps alone; I mean originality in yourself, in your mannerisms of dancing, in your expressions.

"You see, right there is the real reason why so many dancers have danced their way into the movies. It wasn't that they danced so well—the fact that few of them are dancers to-day proves that. But, by dancing, they created personalities for themselves. They learned poise and grace. They learned how to walk before an audience without self-consciousness. If they weren't good dancers, and knew it, they learned how to concentrate on audience's attention on their faces—and don't think that trick isn't used by many a dancer!

"Then, there is something else learned in dancing that will be of help to every actor or actress. Though a dancer may be panting for breath, though her legs may ache from tiredness, she goes through her routine, always smiling, her eyes shining, her whole being reflecting vitality—which is one of the most intriguing charms in the world. Did you ever see a dancer dancing with a scowl on her face? No, and if you did, you didn't like her. Did anyone ever make a success of dancing to sad music? No. Dancing is invaluable to every young would-be, because it teaches him or her to radiate the effervescence of youth.

It's the Way to Keep Fit

"Then, there is the important physical aspect—what it does for the body. It keeps a girl's figure trim and her waistline supple; it develops curves in the right places. And it keeps a man fit, too.

"As a career, dancing is a hard life—with its hours of practice, its hours spent in the striving for new effects. And few of us reach the top as dancers. But as training for the movies, dancing is one of the most worth-while efforts I know of. That it helps build success has been proved time and time again. I could go on and on—but those are the essentials!"

And those *are* the essentials, all right. But we can't leave the subject without also talking to one of Hollywood's ace dance directors—Seymour Felix, who has just finished working on Eddie Cantor's new picture, "Kid Millions," and who also staged the dances in "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

The Importance of Poise

"IN the first place," says Mr. Felix, "dancing in the movies is not done with the feet. Dancing is all done from the waist up. If a girl wants to join a movie chorus, she should first of all study ballet-dancing—for in ballet, as in nothing else, you learn to use your arms and your hands gracefully.

"The next thing to learn is how to regulate your energy. And the third is to learn how to relax. I used to be a dancer, myself, and I know that without learning these two things, you are very apt to wear yourself out. The funny thing is that I learned them—not from a doctor or a dancing teacher—but from a prizefighter, and none other than Maxie Baer, himself.

"I knew Maxie long before I coached him in 'The Prizefighter and the Lady.' I used to marvel that, early in the morning, Maxie could go into the practice ring, with everything under control. He started out with amazing energy, and he still had it at the end of the day. What was the secret? If a dancer could learn it, he'd have fatigue licked forever. Well, here is the secret as Maxie explained it:

"When you start the motor of your car, you don't start it in high, at full speed. You can't. You start slowly in first, you go into second, and finally you settle down to a smooth-sailing high. And that's exactly the way you should start your own motor in the morning. Begin walking around the block, or just around your room, slowly. Gradually increase your speed until you are walking rapidly—then gradually begin slowing down again, till you come to a normal pace. You will not be out of breath and you will have your system in running order.

The Way to Relax

"THEN, for learning how to recoup your energies in a short period of time—prizefighters find a minute enough for their rest period—you've got to practise it, just as you do everything else. Sit down with your head back, your eyes closed, your legs stretched out, your hands relaxed at your sides. Force yourself to stay that way for five minutes, trying to keep all disturbing thoughts out of your mind. Try it again the next day, and the next, soon it will be no effort at all to stay still, in perfect relaxation, renewing your energies.

"I think that the time will come when we shall be able to persuade all our dancers out here to go into training, just as a prizefighter would. This is necessary—for their looks, more than for their dancing. And we've got to have girls who are beautiful for our choruses. You may not believe it when I tell you that a girl who has been chosen for an Eddie Cantor picture chorus one year may not do at all the next year. The reasons? Figures, as well as faces, can change much in a year. And it's hard to prevent it, unless chorus girls, like fighters, go in for daily exercises, daily routines. It doesn't sound very pleasant—but I think it's necessary, especially in this movie world. One more line or two in a girl's face doesn't matter very much on the stage; but in front of a camera, it's suicide.

"Here's something else that may sound like bad news, but I never believe in kidding anyone. The age-limit for girls whom we choose for our movie choruses is usually twenty-one, and there are few exceptions to that rule. But often this is an opportunity, rather than a set-back, for when a girl feels that her picture chorus days are over, she will begin working harder than ever to attract attention to herself as a player, and not as a dancer.

Never Too Late to Learn

"I DO not want to give the impression that if you're over twenty, you should give up the idea of learning to dance. I only say that if dancing is to be your career, it's best to begin as early as possible. But many of the stars have taken up dancing as a subsequent talent, and have found that it has added much to their success. Ginger Rogers, for example, got her stage start as a dancer, but started on the screen as a comedienne—and had not danced much on the screen until she made a picture with Fred Astaire. Fred found her the easiest person in the world to teach, because she has a natural feeling for music and rhythm, and now they are co-stars. Carole Lombard is another who discovered suddenly that she could dance, and very successfully, too, as she proved in 'Bolero.'

"It takes persistence to get anywhere in this business, but if you learn the lessons that dancing has to teach, you will be ready for anything."

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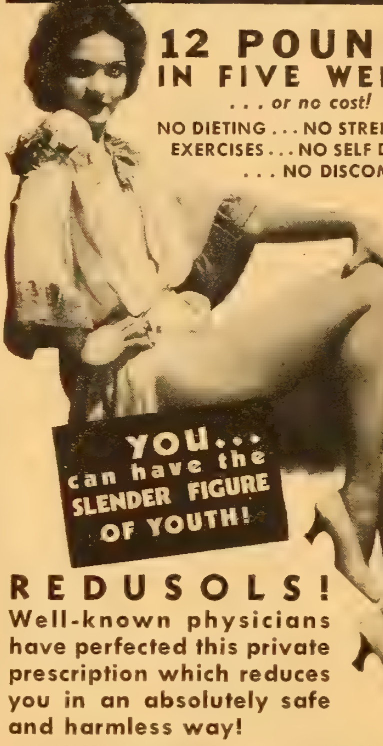
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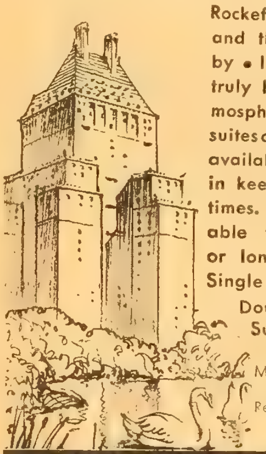

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Pardon Her Southern Accent . . . She's British

(Continued from page 59)

At fifteen she was living on a farm, driving a milk delivery cart, getting the equivalent of fifty cents a week for milking a herd of cows. The days were long. They began with the first promise of a rising sun and ended with darkness. Yet that back-breaking existence was mitigated by her dreams, her ambitions, her determination to bring glamour into her life.

Traveled to Fame on Foot

HER only recreations were the dances in the neighboring village hall, where she discovered her sense of grace and the rhythm that flowed through her body. That was her love—dancing! And through her love she has found all the things that she wanted so very much.

What dancing she knew, however, was the elementary kind—and she was afraid even to try for a position as a dancer. She knew no one in show business, had no friends of influence; she had to wait. But meanwhile, in a roundabout way, she worked toward her goal. She said goodbye to her milking stool. For a time she was kennel maid to a score of chow dogs . . . then a draper's assistant, a ribbon-counter clerk . . . a tobacconist's assistant . . . a student nurse at a big London hospital, where the hours were long and the pay short. She gave up the nursing, gulped down her timidity, and applied for the position as one of the dancing hostesses at a nightclub. She got it, but she was not satisfied with being "just another dancer," an anonymous partner of anonymous patrons of the club. The orchestra had a drummer who was also an expert dancer, and he taught her intricate steps, until finally they sold the management the idea of a specialty dance every evening.

She saved her money. Saving became a passion and a devotion with her. Not for the pretty clothes other girls craved, but for books, for new opportunities. Eventually, she had enough. And off to Paris she went, where she proceeded to supplement her education with an intensive course in history and the classics and languages.

Had Courage, Plus Ambition

ON her return to London she found a spot in the exclusive Cosmo Dancing Club—a gathering place for the aristocracy of Britain. Even the Prince of Wales went there frequently. The girls were chosen with great care. Not only were beauty of face and figure and a talent for dancing required; mental agility, a comprehension of world problems, an ability to speak with fluency and intelligence were also prime requisites. If the standards were rigid, the rewards, however, were far beyond the average. Frequently, Binnie made as much as fifty pounds a week—a good salary, any way you look at it.

But her eyes were on the stage as a profession. She abandoned the assurance of continued lucrative employment as a dancing partner for stray and lonely gentlemen to take a chance with a cabaret act of her own contrivance. It was so completely amateurish that her audiences had laugh convulsions.

That, however, did not discourage Binnie. She had learned to take it on the chin as a youngster and she continued to grin. One thing was certain—she had permanently forsaken her dancing-club days. She would never go back. And whether the stage wanted her at the moment or not, it would—it must—eventually recognize her. It was more than a hope, more than a prayer. It was second sight!

Tex McLeod, a rope-spinner and a weaver of yarns, after the fashion of Will Rogers,

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was looking for a vaudeville partner to tour South Africa. Binnie went after the job and got it. And she proceeded to acquire a Texan repertoire and a Texan accent on that long voyage to another continent.

When she split with McLeod some months later, she returned to England and billed herself as "Texas" Binnie Barnes, the American Cowgirl. And got away with it! If England was interested in American girls from the wide-open spaces, she would give audiences what they wanted.

Coping with her English accent was a bit more difficult, but she conquered that obstacle, too. Her Texas accent may not have been eighteen-carat, but it passed.

Fortune now began to smile on Binnie Barnes, to justify her implicit belief in her own capacities and her own destinies. She had as much work as she could handle. Cabarets and vaudeville circuits clamored for her. She was an authentic sensation.

But if she were a personality on the stage, at home she deferred to her mother's wishes. Her mother didn't approve of Binnie's ideas of marriage—marriage as a partnership, with both the husband and the wife continuing to pay homage to their own individual interests.

For Binnie was in love—and had been for many years. The man was Samuel Joseph, connoisseur of antiques and dealer in books—studious, quiet, philosophical. Binnie could not, would not marry, and settle down to the housewifely duties that her mother insisted were suitable for a girl with a husband. So these two, very much in love and sure that their love would last, waited in patience and in deference. It was eight years after Samuel Joseph and Binnie Barnes knew that they loved one another before family objections were finally overcome. They married in 1932—with the parental blessings for which they had waited.

But before 1932 ushered in the most dramatically important event in her life, she found new and greater fame—in "Charlot's Revue," singing the song "Deja" ("Tomorrow"), which swept the Continent.

It was Noel Coward, the author of "Cavalcade," who chose Binnie for the rôle of *Fanny*, the blues singer, who lost the man she loved in the War. She was the very incarnation of the girl he had in mind when he created that rôle—and Binnie found herself in a sensational success. "Cavalcade" played London for a year.

Binnie Barnes is tall and slender; her burnished copper hair is an index to her extraordinary vitality, to her avid reaction to life. She swims and rides and plays golf and tennis, and is a disciple of the sun.

She doesn't like parties and rarely goes to them, but is a divinely impressive figure in evening clothes. She can't understand pose. Her philosophy of life is simple: "Do the best you know how—be honest with everyone—but particularly with yourself!"

She is an astute business woman, as well as a very fine actress. There are three smart dress shops in London that she owns—and when she's there, she buys all the merchandise for the shops, herself. While in Hollywood, she receives daily reports on stocks, profits and progress.

All in all, she's a startling personality, vivid and fresh and intelligent. Universal introduces her in her first American-made picture, "There's Always Tomorrow." And when Douglas Fairbanks' English-made picture, "The Private Life of Don Juan," is shown in America, you will see her as one of his six leading ladies. She was working on that picture when she was offered the Universal contract by transatlantic telephone, and when she finished her last scene, she removed her grease-paint and dashed for the boat. In New York, a plane was waiting to take her to the Coast. Hollywood wasn't going to take another chance of losing her by giving her time to get homesick!

NOW EVERY WOMAN CAN AFFORD TO TRY THEM

It's foolish to deny yourself the comfort these tablets can give.

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25 cents
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS
For the prompt relief of periodic pain, backache and headache
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Lydia E. Pinkham's Products are endorsed by nearly a million women
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Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

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Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

SCREEN SCHOOL

Major picture companies are searching for new talent centering activities around their New York "testing" studios. Several students have received contracts. Auditions secured for tests. Chance to act in "theatre Stock Co." Send for free book "C2" telling "Where New Stars Are Found."

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"New York's Oldest Screen School." Steinway Hall, New York, N. Y.

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No longer need you be embarrassed by a thin, scrawny unwomanly form! No longer need you be ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit or clinging gown. Here at last is a safe, easy way to develop a stunning figure—to gain those fascinating, swelling curves—to firm and strengthen flabby, sagging tissues.

Just Give Me 10 Days

Let me prove I can give you the full, womanly development that is so smart and attractive. My wonderful method takes just a few minutes a day. See the marvelous things it does for your figure! Take advantage of bargain offer now: Send only $1.00 and I will mail you my delightful home treatment, including Instructions and special massaging Cream. Try it 10 days. Your dollar back if not delighted! Write today, enclosing $1.00.

JOAN MORGAN, Dept. K-12
6811 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, New York

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID

The Affairs of Cellini—Artificial amorous antics in the Middle Ages, rendered by Fredric March, Constance Bennett and Frank Morgan—with Morgan the most real and the most amusing (20th Century).

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Life and love in the Victorian days of repression, interpreted with great skill by Norma Shearer as the invalid Elizabeth Barrett, Fredric March as the forceful Robert Browning, and Charles Laughton as her subtly cruel father. Not to be missed (M-G-M).

Belle of the Nineties—Mae West returns to bustles and burlesque in a tale of a St. Louis duchess who becomes a New Orleans queen. It's amusing, if not actually hilarious, and Mae (who is the whole show) hasn't lost her verve (Par.).

Big-Hearted Herbert—Komical Kibbee—Guy is the first name—attains stardom as a hearthside dictator whose family can "take it" just so long. It's an entertaining comedy of home-life, with Aline MacMahon, as his wife, heading the rebellion (W. B.).

British Agent—Leslie Howard and Kay Francis both go adventurous as spies on opposite sides in post-revolution Russia. Though all spy stories have the same formula, this one sizzles with suspense (F. N.).

Caravan—In Hungary, a titled young lady (Loretta Young) impulsively marries a singing gipsy (Charles Boyer), which leads to musical comedy complications that also involve Phillips Holmes and Jean Parker. Beautifully mounted on a fragile foundation (Fox).

While Loretta Young yearns, Charles Boyer fiddles in "Caravan"—and Jean Parker pretends not to be jealous . . .

The Case of the Howling Dog—Warren William, as a lawyer-detective, solves a baffling, if weird mystery, with mingled chills and comedy (W. B.).

Chained—Joan Crawford, working girl, finds herself in a dilemma when she marries millionaire Otto Kruger and discovers that she should have married that South American rancher, Clark Gable. Well acted, but it doesn't mean much (M-G-M).

Charlie Chan in London—Warner Oland has to work fast this time—he has only three days in which to save an innocent man from the gallows. One of the best of the "Chan" mysteries (Fox).

Chu Chin Chow—A musical spectacle out of the "Arabian Nights," relating the misfortunes that befall the unjust master of a dancing girl (Anna May Wong). Slow, but eye-filling and ear-lulling (Gaumont-British).

Cleopatra—History's best-known triangle story, handled in a big—nay, a colossal—way by Cecil B. De Mille, with Claudette Colbert as the nymph of the Nile, Warren William as Caesar, and Henry Wilcoxon as Antony. It appeals more to the eyes than to the emotions (Par.).

Crime Without Passion—A "different" melodrama, revolving, ever faster, around Claude Rains, as a clever criminal lawyer caught in Fate's ironic meshes. You won't forget this one (Par.).

Dames—Glorifying the American chorus girl in the magnifisentimental manner—with added mirth this time. Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and Joan Blondell are the singing-dancing principals; Hugh Herbert, Zasu Pitts and Guy Kibbee, their comical cohorts (W. B.).

Miriam Hopkins has a gay time, trying to keep Joel McCrea from knowing she is "The Richest Girl in the World" . . .

Death on the Diamond—A mixture of mystery, mirth and romance, with three men murdered before pitcher Robert Young can detect the killer. A bit of a hodge-podge (M-G-M).

Desirable—A young-looking stage actress (Verree Teasdale) has a daughter (Jean Muir) who suddenly grows up and becomes her rival with George Brent. Witty and well acted (W. B.).

The Fountain—A sensitive, intelligent transcription of Charles Morgan's novel about three entangled lives, with Ann Harding, Brian Aherne and Paul Lukas as the trio. There may be more dialogue than action, but it's beautiful dialogue (RKO).

Girl of the Limberlost—The talkie version of Gene Stratton Porter's novel of a lovable mountain girl, unloved by her mother, has all the heart-throbs intact. Marian Marsh, Louise Dresser and Ralph Morgan are the principals (Monogram).

Hideout—A light salad on the movie menu—an amusing echo of gangster films, with Robert Montgomery dodging detectives by taking to the simple life and Maureen O'Sullivan (M-G-M).

The Human Side—A quiet, down-to-earth comedy of a playboy husband and a stay-at-home wife, boasting the services of Adolphe Menjou and Doris Kenyon (Univ.).

Judge Priest—Will Rogers' best picture. It has everything—comedy, pathos, exciting drama, romance. In an 1890 Kentucky setting, Will plays a small-town judge who knows human nature and knows how to help the innocent (Fox).

Kansas City Princess—Fast-moving farce, with Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as two manicurists who set out to lose their boredom. Hilarious, if not highbrow (W. B.).

The Last Gentleman—George Arliss adds another colorful portrait to his vivid gallery—playing a crotchety eccentric who isn't so crazy as his family tries to make out. (20th Century).

A Lost Lady—Sensitive drama of a May-and-December love, with Barbara Stanwyck as Willa Cather's heroine, Frank Morgan as her older husband, and Ricardo Cortez as the man whose youth calls to her own youth (W. B.).

Madame Du Barry—A new, lavish, and somewhat expurgated version of the always-dramatic story of the tempestuous little milliner who was the uncrowned Queen of France—with Dolores Del Rio a superb Du Barry (W. B.).

Now and Forever—Shirley Temple wrings the tears, as the child of Gary Cooper and the stepchild of Carole Lombard, innocently involved in their unfortunate designs for living (Par.).

One Night of Love—A simple, dramatic, colorful story of the rise of a singer, with Grace Moore bringing grand opera to the masses in a way to make them like it—and her. Tullio Carminati, as her voice teacher, shares the honors. It looks like the hit of the year (Col.).

Our Daily Bread—King Vidor, with commendable courage, becomes the first to dramatize "the forgotten man"—with a story of a colony of unemployed on an abandoned farm, battling for life. Tom Keene, late of Westerns, is his hero (U. A.).

Outcast Lady—Michael Arlen's "Green Hat," handled with kid gloves. Lacking the motivations of the original story, Constance Bennett and Herbert Marshall have a struggle, making their characterizations real (M-G-M).

Peck's Bad Boy—Jackie Cooper adds something new to the old story of a mischievous, misunderstood young boy. Thomas Meighan, returning to the screen after a long absence, is the principal adult (Fox).

Power—Lion Feuchtwanger's ironical novel of an ambitious man who lived to wield unseen power becomes great drama, with Conrad Veidt painting one of the screen's greatest character portraits. (Gaumont-British).

The Richest Girl in the World—Miriam Hopkins, who wants Joel McCrea to love her for herself, not her riches, goes in for a masquerade—and the result is one of the year's most delightful comedies (RKO).

Romance in the Rain—Victor Moore, harried publisher of lurid love stories, is persuaded by Roger Pryor to put on a Cinderella contest—which brings on amusing situations he doesn't expect. Both clean and comical, with music (Univ.).

Scarlet Empress—While Marlene Dietrich is both glorifying and debunking Catherine the Great, director Josef von Sternberg experiments with fantastic settings, unusual photography, startling sound effects. The result is something decidedly "different" (Par.).

The Scarlet Letter—Colleen Moore is the star of the newest screen version of Hawthorne's tale of an erring Puritan—but this version doesn't probe below the surface of emotions and the "comedy relief" doesn't add to the drama (Majestic).

Servants' Entrance—Janet Gaynor plays Cinderella in reverse. Wealthy, she goes into servant work in disguise and falls in love with a mechanic (Lew Ayres). It's whimsical and slight (Fox).

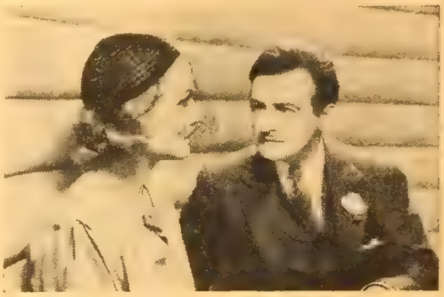
There's Always Tomorrow—Frank Morgan, unappreciated head of a family, seeks harmless solace from Binnie Barnes and horrifies the household. A skilful variation on a familiar theme (Univ.).

Wagon Wheels—Life in the covered-wagon days, complete with honest romance and Indian fighting, featuring Randolph Scott and Monte Blue (Par.).

Wake Up and Dream—Roger Pryor tries to promote a Hollywood career for Russ Columbo—and both fall in love with the same girl, June Knight. Entertaining light comedy, with the tragic-fated Columbo's singing outstanding (Univ.).

The World Moves On—A near-epic, crowded with drama. In the early 1800's, some brothers scatter to far countries; a century later, their offspring are fighting each other in the Great War. Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone, both playing dual rôles, are the chief characters (Fox).

You Belong to Me—Lee Tracy mixes comedy with pathos, as a clown whose heart aches for a young widow and her small son (David Holt). The youngster—newest of the child sensations—steals the picture (Par.).



Claude Rains, the ex-Invisible Man, is visibly agitated in "Crime Without Passion"—about Whitney Bourne . . .

Young and Beautiful—William Haines and the Wampas Baby Stars get together in a comedy about crashing Hollywood. A little above the average of such efforts (Mascot).

Beech-Nut steals the show!

Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen! . . . Beech-Nut presents . . . a *mouth-watering* performance . . that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors . . in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say . . *"Beech-Nut"*!

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TUNE IN ON "RED DAVIS" N.B.C. W.J.Z. NETWORK every Mon Wed and Friday Night
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MOTION PICTURE

COMBINED WITH

Golden Screen

15¢

January

GINGER ROGERS
by
MARLAND STONE

DDIE CANTOR TALKS ABOUT CHORUS GIRLS

BEAUTIFUL SCREEN STARS KNOW

. . . that sparkling eyes and round, tempting lips demand good facial circulation. Try one of their secrets — start up your circulation by enjoying **DOUBLE MINT GUM.** The beauty result is immediate. Buy a package. You'll like it.

A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)

"Pink Tooth Brush"—

Makes her avoid all close-ups...dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, *afraid* to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

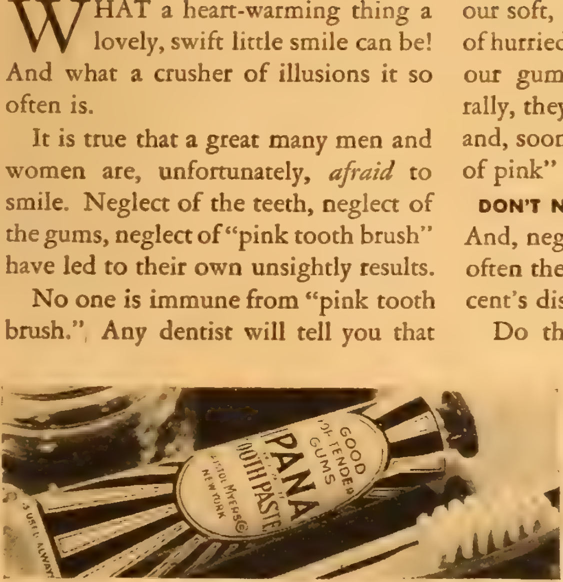
No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!



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ONE OF THE GREAT!

You have heard so much about it. The world's eagerness to see this beloved Charles Dickens novel on the screen will be amply repaid. The two years of waiting are at an end. Never before has any motion picture company undertaken the gigantic task of bringing an adored book to life with such thrilling realism. 65 great screen personalities are in this pageant of humanity, adapted to the screen by the famed Hugh Walpole. The original scenes, the vivid characters, the imperishable story . . . they live again!

METRO - Goldwyn - MAYER

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by DAVID O. SELZNICK

DEC -1 1934

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MOTION PICTURE

COMBINED WITH

Golden Screen

Twenty-Third Year
Volume XLVIII, No. 6

JANUARY
1935

LAURENCE REID, *Editor*

STANLEY V. GIBSON, *Publisher*

GINGER ROGERS
Wins the Award of Merit

On this month's cover, we pay homage to the girl who has progressed the farthest of the Wampas Baby Stars of 1932. Ginger, in fact, is the only one who has attained full stardom—the movie-going public's award of merit to players who make themselves irreplaceable.

Ginger Rogers has become a star for five reasons—her pert beauty, her piquant personality, her effortless dancing, her gay singing and her talents at light comedy. Today, she is the queen of Hollywood musical comedy—and likely to rule a long time. You'll see her next in "Roberta."

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Cover Design of Ginger Rogers Painted by MARLAND STONE

HERMAN SCHOPPE, *Art Director*

DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN, *Western Editor*

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BY JERRY HOFFMAN

THE HUMAN SIDE OF HOLLYWOOD

AFTER YEARS in Hollywood, I've discovered an almost infallible way of learning who is the host or guest-of-honor at a movie party. On arriving, look around carefully. Somewhere in a forsaken corner, forlorn and alone, is a bewildered-looking individual. If he isn't the host, he must be the person in whose honor the party is being given. It rarely fails. . . .

. . . . . **Hollywood** parties really don't require a host. All the film colony needs is the invitation, the time, and the place. Many don't even demand the first. The late Lew Cody discovered he didn't have to worry about his guests after receiving them. Invariably, he would disappear early in the evening and go to bed, while the party continued blithely, unaware of the absence of any guiding hand. . . .

In Swiss shorts, the Oriental star, Anna May Wong, back from London, rehearses a dance for "Limehouse Nights"

The Mae West style influence is spreading . . . Evelyn Venable goes Gay Nineties-ish, even to a muff, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"

. . . . . **Nelson Eddy** discovered that accidentally last month. Nelson made the Hollywood mistake of throwing a cocktail party on a Saturday. Now on ordinary week-days, cocktail parties begin at five and usually run until seven or eight. The M-G-M baritone invited his friends to meet at five. At nine, Nelson began fidgeting just a bit. Instead of the guests thinning down in numbers, they were increasing. At midnight he found people swarming all over the place and decided to give in. He went to bed. The party ended somewhere between four and five in the morning, while Nelson slept peacefully and blissfully through the night. It may interest some of those present to *(Continued on page 8)*

RKO-Radio's Christmas Gift to the World

Katharine
HEPBURN
in "THE LITTLE MINISTER"

by SIR JAMES M. BARRIE

With JOHN BEALE and ALAN HALE

An RKO-Radio Picture

Directed by Richard Wallace • A Pandro S. Berman Production

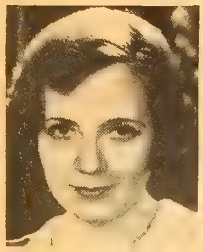
Another glorious Hepburn romance to share your treasured memories of "Little Women". Another beautiful RKO picture from one of the great love stories of the ages. Another radiant acting triumph by the year's outstanding star, as she brings you a role endearingly different—the fire and wistful tenderness of Barrie's immortal Gypsy "Babbie". Really something more than a motion picture—a Christmas gift for your heart!

All of life's gladness . . . all its pain . . . blended in love's old sweet song!

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

By L. R. R.



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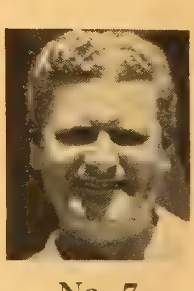

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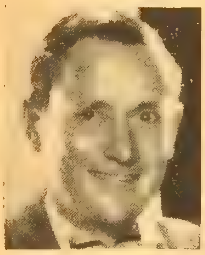

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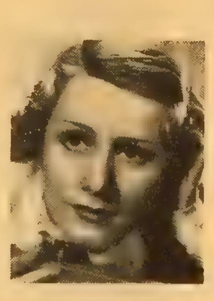

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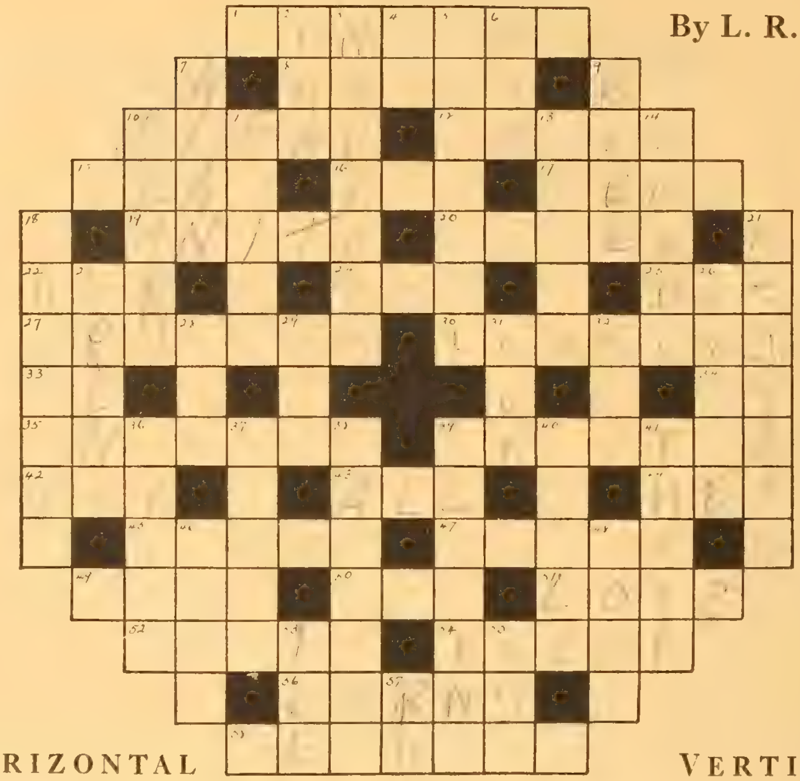


HORIZONTAL

1. A blonde star with the same last name as the Prince of Wales.
8. She used to be Imogene Wilson
10. "— All Wires"
12. Director of "Blind Date"
15. Gladys George's nickname
16. Grace Moore's operatic alma mater (abbr.)
17. A United States Naval Base in the Pacific Ocean
19. *Ellie May Gillespie* in "Judge Priest"
20. Genevieve Tobin's rôle in "By Your Leave"
22. "Cock of the ——"
24. The profits of poor pictures are ——
25. *Sally* in "Of Human Bondage"
27. His first name is Henry
30. "—— for Trouble"
33. A rubber-legged comedian (init.)
34. Director of "Side Streets" (init.)
35. He directed "Dames"
39. *Cellini* in "Wake Up and Dream"
42. "The Bitter —— of General Yen"
43. " – – of Me"
44. " – – Bodyguard"
45. *Julian* in "Ladies Should Listen" (poss.)
47. A city in Dorothy Wieck's native Switzerland
49. —— Uchi; a Japanese sea
50. A farming implement
51. See illustration above
52. What farmers wore in "Our Daily Bread"
54. Phyllis F—— is Ginger Rogers' cousin
56. See illustration above
58. His first name is Jack

VERTICAL

2. An ex-Mrs. John Gilbert
3. Claudette is —— wife
4. *Bob Gillis* in "Judge Priest" (init.)
5. Directed "The Life of Vergie Winters"
6. "—— More River"
7. See illustration above
9. *Murdock* in "Wagon Wheels"
10. She is expecting a little Bell
11. Boris Karloff has a pr—ction for horror rôles
13. The title of an Eskimo picture
14. *Mercedes* in "The Count of Monte Cristo"
18. Fast-talking, spectacled comic
21. "—— In Ermine"
23. See illustration above
26. Hollywood just voted on candidates for the S——
28. Seven (Roman)
29. A familiar word in school cheers
31. "—— Daily Bread"
32. "Sadie Mc——"
36. Lyle Talbot —— into "Racing Luck"
37. Her first name is Pauline
38. The late Mrs. Edmund Lowe
39. *Giovanni* in "One Night of Love"
40. Wraps, as a rope, with marline
41. "Down to —— Last Yacht"
46. A stuttering comedian
48. Her name is French for "Christmas"
53. Cliff Edwards is also known as "Ukulele ——"
55. American Society of Cinematographers (abbr.)
57. *Victor* in "The Cat and the Fiddle" (init.)

Solution to Last Puzzle

		P	A		P	A	T	T	E	R	S	O	N		H	A		
	H	A	R	T	■	M	I	A	■	I	A	N	■	C	A	R	Y	
M	I	L	L	E	R	■	M	I	D	D	Y	■	F	A	R	M	E	R
A	P	■	E	N	I	D	■	L	E	E	■	B	O	N	D	■	S	O
N	■	I	N	■	T	O	M	■	S	■	O	U	R	■	Y	D	■	B
N	E	D	■	■	■	R	A	Y	M	O	N	D	■	■	■	E	V	E
E	■	A	L	■	S	I	N	■	O	■	E	D	S	■	W	E	■	R
R	B	■	E	M	U	S	■	A	N	N	■	Y	E	A	R	■	A	T
S	E	L	W	Y	N	■	E	L	D	E	R	■	T	R	A	C	Y	S
	N	E	I	L	■	O	L	E	■	A	I	R	■	E	Y	E	S	
		E	S		A	R	M	S	T	R	O	N	G		S	E		

THERE'LL BE ANOTHER PUZZLE NEXT MONTH—WATCH FOR IT!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

For the Christmas Stockings of a Hundred Million Film Fans, We Give You Warner Bros.' Magnificent Picturization of the Stage Triumph That Made America Young Again—

IRENE DUNNE in "SWEET ADELINE"

Brought to the Screen After 63 Weeks — Count 'em, 63 — on Broadway, With Its Immortal Melodies and Romance That Take Us Happily Down Memory Lane, Dashingly Guided by Director MERVYN LEROY

Never has a story brought back so gloriously the good old days when flaming youth went to town on a bicycle-built-for-two—or more. That's Papa in the rumble-seat...but where's his shot-gun?

We'd like to take up the merrie olde custom of slipper-drinking ourselves—just to toast that grand trio of fun-makers—Hugh Herbert, Ned Sparks, Joe Cawthorn—and all the delicious dancing girls who are too numerous to name—but too sweet *not* to mention.

* * *

Ever whistle "Why Was I Born?", "Here Am I", and "Don't Ever Leave Me"? Well, this is the show that made them famous! Now you'll hear these and other great Jerome Kern hits sung and danced as never before—all because Warner Bros. finally lured dance-director Bobby Connolly of "Ziegfeld Follies" fame to Hollywood.

And while the orchids last, let's toss a load of them to irresistible Irene Dunne, and Donald Woods and Louis Calhern for their brilliant telling of a great love story; to Mervyn LeRoy for his superb direction; to Phil Regan for his delightful tenor; and to Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II for authoring December's grandest show!

The human side of Hollywood

(Continued from page 8)

her again atop o' the heap where such a fine actress belongs. . . .

. . . . . **Hollywood boasts** all sorts of athletic champions, but it remained for Buster Keaton to give the movies their first World Series star. Ernie Orsatti of the St. Louis Cardinals is the local boy who brought the new glory. Originally, he worked for Buster in the days when three hours were taken for lunch so that the entire Keaton production staff could play soft ball. Whether Ernie's ability as a ball player was acquired then, or whether his studio job was acquired because of his ball-playing ability, doesn't matter. Or does it? . . .

. . . . . **Speaking of sports** reminds me. Nothing in years has so aroused the indignation of the entire film colony as the recent wail of the student body at University of Southern California. It shouldn't be difficult to recall that the once-great Trojan Herd hit a pretty awful slump at the beginning of the football season. Just before the Pittsburgh game (results: Pittsburgh, 20; U. S. C., 6) the student publication at U. S. C. came out with the accusation that Hollywood was to blame for the team's poor showing and that the team had "gone Hollywood." Movie people had spoiled their football stars, wept the students. To which Hollywood merely replied: "Yeah? By patronizing U. S. C. heavily in ticket purchases? By being the Trojans' best rooters? By giving jobs in studios to the football players who were forgotten by the students and all others as soon as the season was over?" . . .

. . . . . **Now that three** of the Four Marx Brothers, Groucho, Chico and Harpo have reunited to make a picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, this may be told. Zeppo, the youngest of the former quartet, has become an agent, selling actors, writers and directors to the studios. While I can't vouch for the truth of this, the story is typical of Zeppo, who has one of the quickest of the Marxian wits. Immediately after the three Marxes were signed, Zeppo is reported to have accosted Irving Thalberg, production head at M-G-M. "You'd better buy my actors," he is quoted as saying, "or I'll rejoin my brothers!" . . .

. . . . . **Sneer all you like** at numerology, fortune-telling and the other branches of prognostication. Clara Lou Sheridan, the little Texas gal who came to Paramount with the "Search for Beauty" contestants, now believes in one of them. She hadn't played a part in almost six months and was on the verge of being dropped. Some inner urge told her to omit the Clara from her name. The

(Continued on page 86)

©Dorothy Wilding

ARE Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence romantic about each other? At least, they make a good job of pretending in the London stage play, "Moonlight Is Silver," and England is all thr-r-rills about them . . .

The Lovely Golden Hair You Had... When You Were A Little Girl...

Why Not Have it Again?

RESTORE LOST LOVELINESS TO DARKENED BLONDE HAIR WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

The shining blonde hair that captured hearts when you were a little girl -Why Not Have It Again—To Capture Hearts Again!

Remember —Nature gave you pretty blonde hair—you have every natural right to keep your hair as lovely as nature created it. Give blonde hair the special simple treatment it needs—and darkening will stop—lustrous golden tints will creep back into your hair.

The Marchand hair experts have spent a lifetime studying blonde hair—what causes it to darken and how to offset the effects of darkening, safely and successfully. The fruit of their long scientific labor is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Thousands of women now are using this fine product to protect light hair from darkening.

Some want striking blonde hair—others want only a tiny, high-light tint—without making a decided change. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will do either. Hair can be lightened a tiny shade at a time until you obtain the tint that pleases you most. New hair can easily be matched.

Marchand's is perfectly safe, not a dye or powder. Will not wash out or come off—has a lasting effect on the hair. Easy to do at home. No skill required. Get a bottle today.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

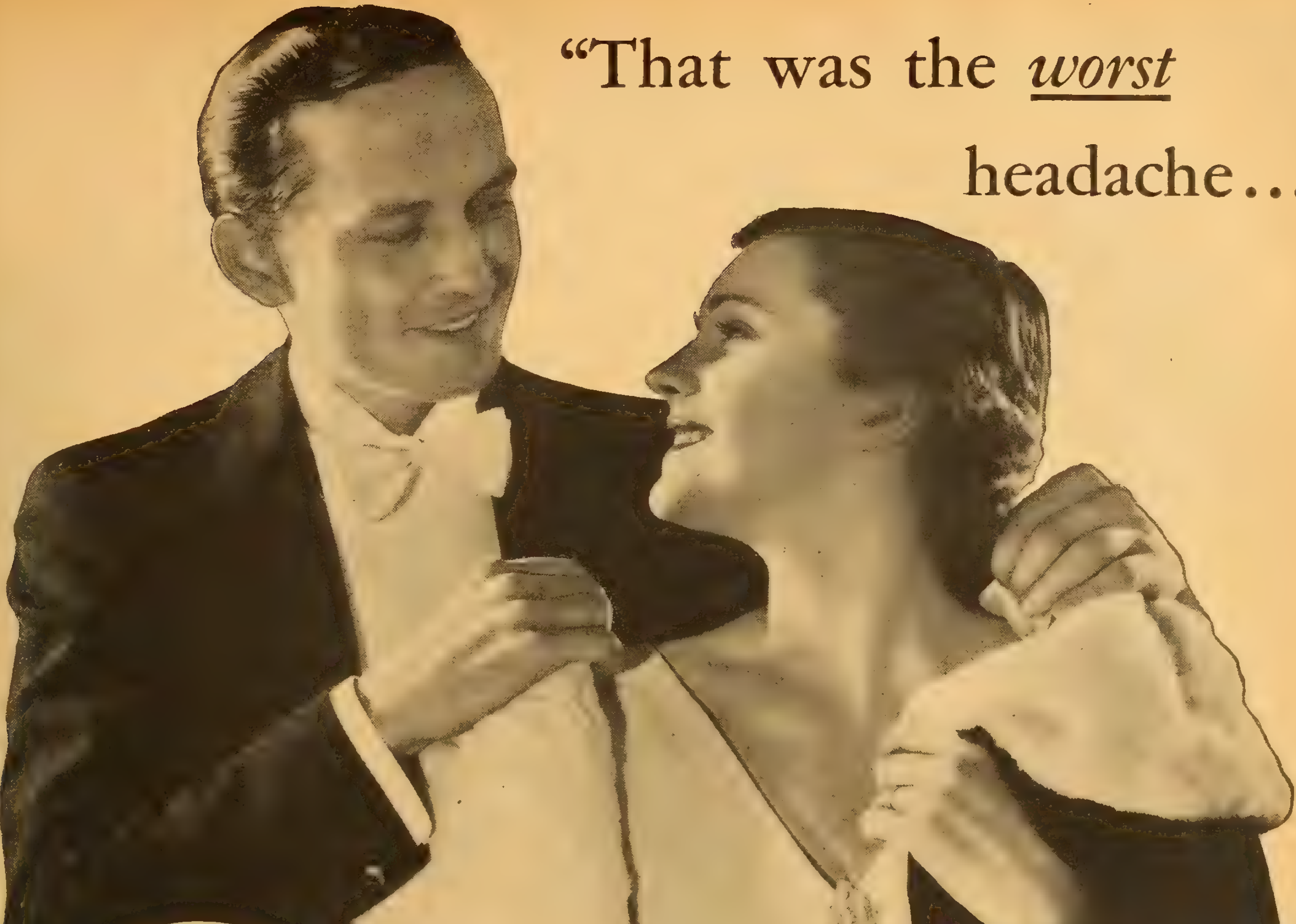
Marchand's also makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no re-growths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive thru the sheerest of stockings. Easy, inexpensive, satisfactory! Do it today!

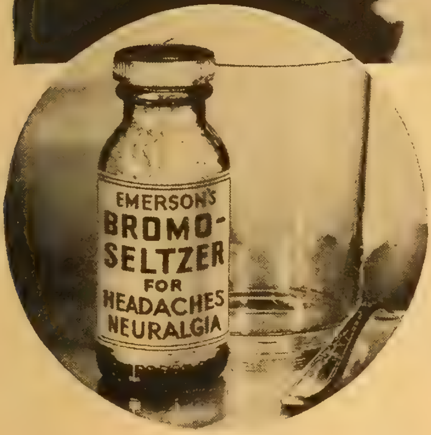
Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail. Use Coupon

Marchand's
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

C. MARCHAND CO., MP 135
251 W. 19th Street, N. Y. C.
45c enclosed (send coin or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.
Your Name..
Address..

"That was the *worst* headache...





... what a relief! A few minutes ago, I could have screamed when I thought of playing bridge tonight. Now, I feel fine! If I'd only known before that Bromo-Seltzer was as quick as that!"

"Lucky for us it is so quick. We've just time to make the party. Dad's used Bromo-Seltzer ever since I can remember. Calls it 'the old reliable.'"

WHAT BROMO-SELTZER'S 5 MEDICINAL INGREDIENTS DO

Suppose you have never taken a Bromo-Seltzer before. Naturally you want to know exactly what it does. Let's make one and see.

You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

Notice the difference now between single-ingredient remedies that merely kill pain and Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced relief containing five medicinal ingredients.

Each ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer has a special purpose.

Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stomach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the *after-effects*.

For over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby in the home. Reliable ... pleasant ... and prompt, it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. Five convenient sizes. Or you can get a dose at any soda-fountain. Remember to look for the *complete* name ... Bromo-Seltzer.

Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

Overwork or fatigue headache.

Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.

Headache due to lowered blood alkali.

Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.

Headache of the common cold.

Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.

Headache at trying time of month.

Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.

Listen to The Bromo-Seltzer Revue, WJZ and NBC Network, Friday, 8:30—9 P. M., E. S. T.—9:30-10:00 P. C. Time

BROMO-SELTZER

MOVIE NAMES *in the* NEWS

by LEE HUNTER

★

● *The winner's chief prize*

AS pilots C. W. A. Scott and Campbell Black win the England-to-Australia air derby, cutting the time from Mildenhall to Melbourne by nearly four days, **Florence Desmond,** English actress and impersonator (seen in America in **Will Rogers'** film, "Mr. Skitch"), reveals that Black won more than just half of the first prize. He also won a bride. A few hours before he left England, she promised to marry him, if he and Scott reached Melbourne ahead of the aerial pack. She says: "I knew the dangers of the flight, and although I felt he would win, I realized I might never see him again . . . When he asked me to marry him, I wanted to say 'yes' then."

● *"Life Returns" for him*

DR. EUGEN FRENKE, brilliant German director-husband of the Russian star, **Anna Sten,** discovers that Dr. Robert E. Cornish, scientist, who brought a dead dog ("Lazarus IV") back to life, made a camera-and-sound record of the successful experiment. Dr. Frenke conceives the idea for a picture built around this "modern miracle," produces it behind guarded doors, calls it "Life Returns." Meanwhile, Dr. Cornish—who is the star, supported by **Lois Wilson,** young **George Breakston** and other professional players—seeks permission of the governors of three states that execute murderers by lethal gas to try his experiment on an executed convict, is rebuffed by two governors, finds the governor of Colorado interested in the possibility of resuscitation of asphyxiated humans.

DOROTHY ARZNER, onetime script girl, film cutter and scenarist, who is to-day the only woman film director, now becomes an associate producer, as well—and finds herself alone in two fields uncrowded by women. Since her first effort, "Fashions for Women," she has quietly directed hit after hit, climaxing her achievements by her direction of **Anna Sten** in her American début in "Nana," which made Sten an overnight sensation. The first picture that Miss Arzner—good-looking, addicted to boyish bobs, tailored suits and artists' ties—will direct and produce is Columbia's "Maid of Honor."

● *He and Marlene part—friends*

JOSEF VON STERNBERG, American director-discoverer of **Marlene Dietrich,** announces that upon the completion of "Caprice Espagnole," they are ending their long professional association "in order to give Miss Dietrich the benefit of varied types of direction." With one exception, he has directed all of her pictures. . . A few days later both star and director narrowly escape injury when a battery of thousand-watt lights explodes on a studio set, an accident caused by undetected moisture on the quickly-heating bulbs.

MERLE OBERON, vivid English star, and **Joseph Schenck,** popular American producer, mutually cancel plans to marry at Pickfair, world-famous home of **Mary Pickford** and **Douglas Fairbanks.** She explains: "The engagement was only to give me an opportunity to think over the idea of leaving the films. I have decided not to leave pictures for the present." However, she may come to Hollywood to co-star with **Maurice Chevalier** in the Schenck-Zanuck production, "Folies Bergere de Paris."

● *Asked: "What's the matter, Toots?"*

DOUGLAS MACLEAN, former juvenile comedian-star, who has become a successful producer "with nary a regret," reveals in New York how he overcame Broadway-famous **Pauline Lord's** tension before the camera in her film début in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch": "I walked over, casually put my arm over her shoulder and said, 'What's the matter, Toots?' Before that, you see, it had been a case of 'Miss Lord' and 'Mr. MacLean.' That word Toots got her laughing and she was all right after that. It became a gag line. Every time things went wrong thereafter, someone would call her Toots. She liked it."

● *Career comes first*

KAY FRANCIS, smartly dressed star, who has been abroad for a long holiday, smilingly tells inquisitive reporters who greet her on her return: "I have no intention of getting married again while I have a career . . . It's difficult for a professional couple ever to be together . . . And what sort of man I am going to fancy fifty years from now, I don't know."

MISS VIRGINIA BRISSAC, secretary to the late actor-singer, **Russ Columbo,** reveals a poignant aftermath to his tragic, accidental death, when she discloses that his mother, Mrs. Julia Columbo, 72, who was in a hospital at the time with a heart ailment, has not

TWO BRILLIANT STARS IN A HEAVENLY PICTURE!

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" charmed you! "LADY FOR A DAY" won your acclaim! "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" gave you happiness! The same producers now give you the charm and joyousness of all in this grand and glorious romantic comedy!

WARNER BAXTER MYRNA LOY

IN

"Broadway Bill"

A FRANK CAPRA Production

By ROBERT RISKIN Based on the story by MARK HELLINGER

with WALTER CONNOLLY—HELEN VINSON

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ask at your favorite theatre when this picture will be shown

been told of his death and may never be told, lest the shock be fatal. She thinks he is abroad, making a film. Says Miss Brissac: "Relatives read to her letters supposed to be from Russ. She asks for them to be read over and over. Russ always wrote regularly and they keep up the heart-breaking make-believe."

MARILYN MILLER, musical comedy and screen star, elopes to Harrison, small New York suburb, with Chester O'Brien, former chorus boy in her latest stage hit, "As Thousands Cheer." They "crash" a barn dance to find the town clerk, costumed as a country constable, and obtain a marriage license; they are married by a justice of the peace. Thus proving that not only in backstage movies are there backstage romances . . . Their romance began when he chided a male star for colliding with her during a dance.

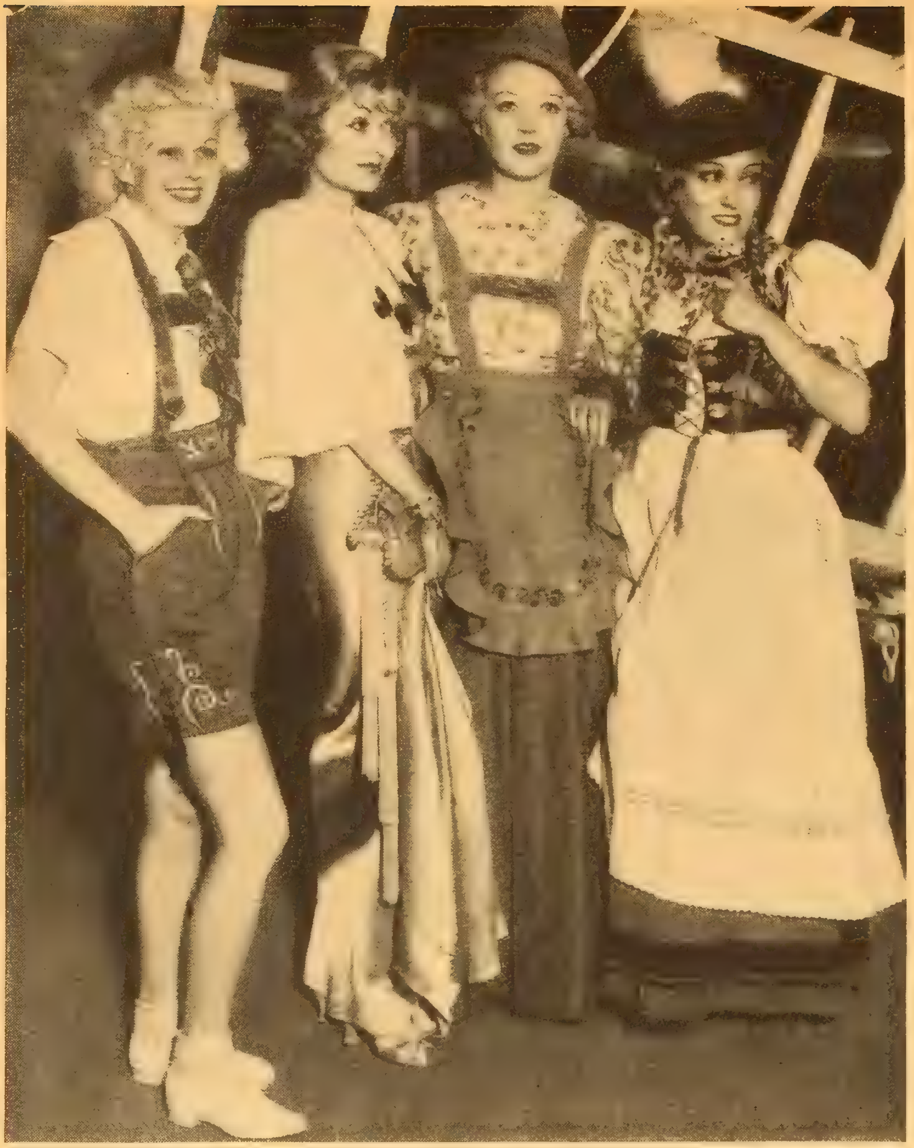
DORIS KENYON, widow of **Milton Sills,** mother of handsome young Kenyon Sills, and already renowned as a stage and screen actress, poet and concert singer, enters another corridor of the Hall of Fame. She is chosen by the Los Angeles Opera Company to sing the title rôle in the opera, "The Secret of Suzanne" . . . Other screen stars who may be future candidates for grand opera: Ramon Novarro, Gloria Swanson, John Boles.

BARBARA FRITCHIE, 20-year-old New York débutante, who gave up the Park Avenue life to try movie-acting (and made good at it), elopes a year later with J. Ross Clark, II, identified by reporters as "perhaps Los Angeles' wealthiest and most eligible bachelor." Society elopements are rare. It must have been the Hollywood influence.

SINCE Hollywood is approximately the half-way point between England, where French actress **Lili Damita** has recently been making pictures, and Australia, whence Hugo Brassie, her wealthy fiancé, 'phones her weekly (at $30 per call), they will meet in the film capital for their wedding. She sets the date as "sometime before January 1."

DAWN O'DAY, former child actress, now 16, who won the title rôle of "Anne of Green Gables" after several stars had been tested for the part, obtains court permission to be known hereafter as **Anne Shirley,** name of the character she plays in the picture . . .

FRANK X. SHIELDS, America's No. 1 tennis player, signs a seven-year film contract. He will act, not play tennis. His tests "turned out great."



Who Are These Four Beauties and What Brought Them Together?

And How Many of These Other Questions Can You Answer Correctly? Give Yourself This

MOVIE GOSSIP TEST

By MARION MARTONE

2. What famous movie director recently admitted he was not the world's best film director?

3. Can you name the well-known European stage producer and director who has been signed to a screen contract?

4. Which motion picture star was voted as the world's best-dressed woman?

5. Who is the film actress who promised to marry Campbell Black if he was a winner in the London-to-Melbourne air race?

6. Do you know the blonde screen player who is more in demand in Hollywood since she has appeared in British pictures than she previously was?

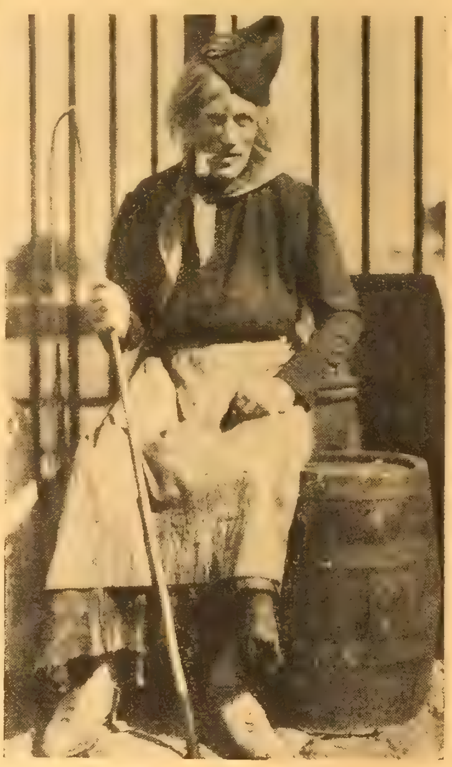
7. What actress has given herself two years to attain screen stardom—and, if she fails, will retire and raise a family?

8. Which popular screen beauty recently became a citizen of the United States?

9. What well-known star and director team, heretofore considered inseparable, have split?

10. Can you name the very popular screen star who startled everyone by using a lorgnette at a recent gathering?

11. Who has been escorting Mary Carlisle around and showing a romantic interest in her?



12. Do you recognize the features of the player (above) disguised behind the make-up of an old hag?

(You will find the answers to these questions on page 82)

THEY **LOVE** THEY **LAUGH** THEY **SING** THEY **QUARREL**

. . . but always there's

Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by
Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd

with *Gloria*
SWANSON
and
JOHN BOLES • DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY
JUNE LANG • REGINALD OWEN
AL SHEAN • JOSEPH CAWTHORN
An Erich Pommer Production
Directed by Joe May

A riot of laughter and romance set to music—lavishly produced for the screen from the great stage sensation that ran 11 months on Broadway.

FOX

NOAH WEBSTER

thought that COLDS were caused by COMETS

Master scholar, compiler of the great dictionary, Webster was among the first to inquire into the baffling causes of that private and public menace—the common cold.

His conclusion that colds were due to the fearful plunge of meteors through the sky was far from the truth, but no less distant than that of other savants who assigned colds to the bite of bedbugs, and to "sitting in cold, damp churches." (Dr. Thomas Haynes, 1789.)

For centuries, hundreds of absurd theories as to the cause of colds were advanced only to be sharply exploded. But now one has been presented that Science has generally accepted. This is the filtrable virus theory.

Research men say the bacteria of this virus are so small the microscope cannot see them, so tiny they cannot be trapped by the most selective filters. Only by their harmful effect on the human body can their existence be established. With such a virus, scientists have repeatedly inoculated others with one person's cold.

At the first sign of a cold

Granting that colds are due to a virus that enters the mouth, nose, and throat, is it not a wise precautionary measure to use a good antiseptic to fight such bacteria? Is it not wisdom to keep the oral cavity clean and healthy? Noted physicians tell us that it is. Millions of people find that it is.

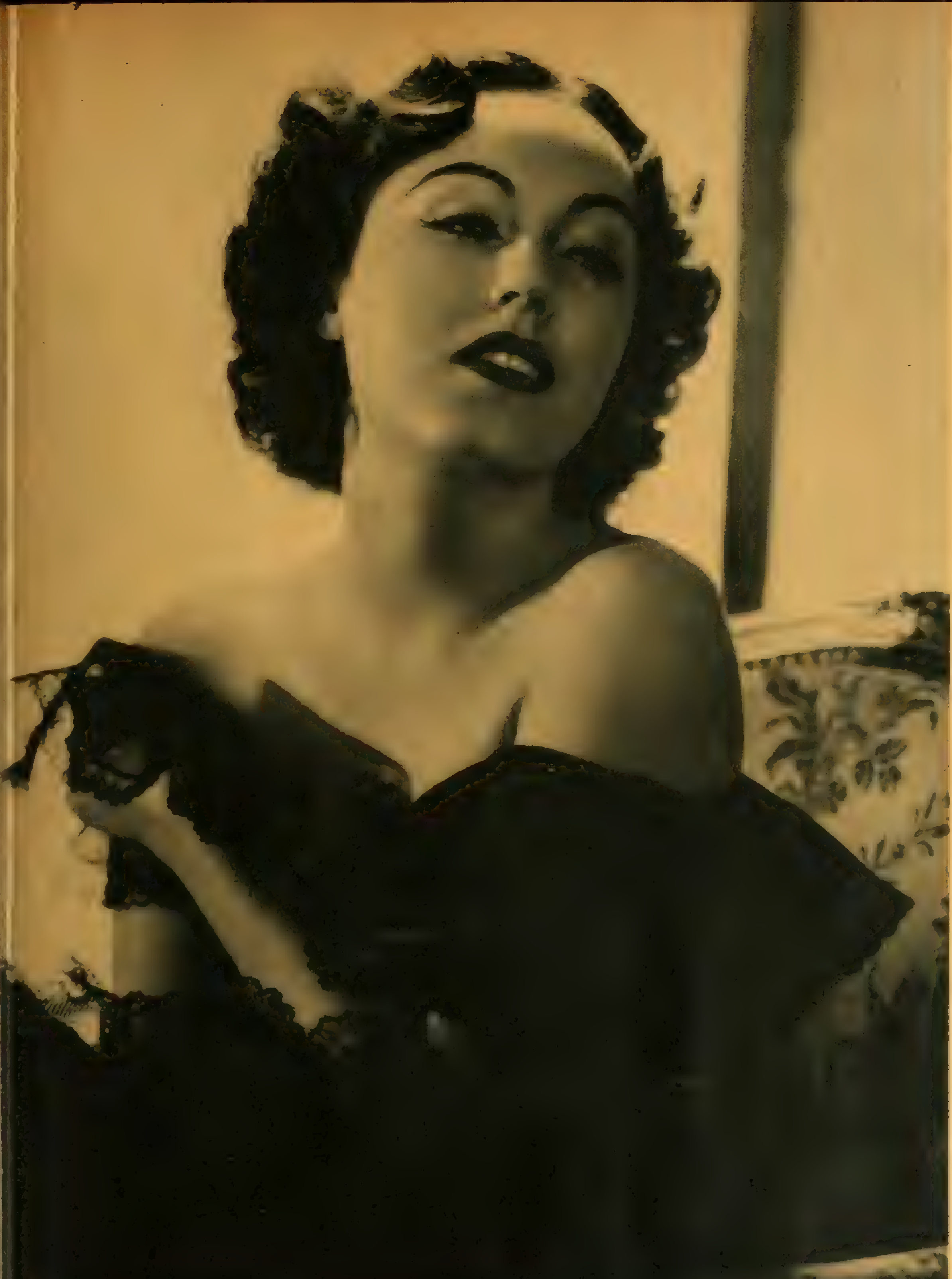
Numerous tests have shown that regular users of Listerine did not catch as many colds as non-users nor were their colds so severe. Moreover, countless letters this company has received testify to Listerine's remarkable ability to check colds, and to the almost immediate relief it gives in cases of ordinary sore throat.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth, it dislodges germ-bearing debris and kills literally millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces. Yet it is absolutely safe—does not irritate delicate membranes. That is a point of utmost importance in an antiseptic. Excessive strength in a mouthwash may prove to be a danger instead of a protection.

If you spend most of your time indoors, start using Listerine every morning and every night. Figures show that indoor people catch four times as many colds as outdoor workers.

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. MU-1, St. Louis, Missouri.

LISTERINE fights Colds and Sore Throat



FAY WRAY

Because She . . . became famous as the horrified heroine of terror tales, then refused to scream another scream . . . now has her fate always in her own fair hands . . . baffles pursuers in "White Lies" . . . *and because* she will be in "The Call of the Wild"

IN OUR HOLLYWOOD SPOTLIGHT

KATHARINE HEPBURN

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . can be so startlingly individual in person, yet can make her screen characters seem like our own other selves . . . is a romantic Hepburn in "The Little Minister," playing a singing Highland girl who finds her true love "blind" and sets out to make him "see" . . . *and because* she chose John Beal to be the puzzled cleric

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . has, in the past year, come into her own — as a beauty, a personality and an actress . . . is the first star in screen history to have contracts with every major producer . . . was amusing in "It Happened One Night," dazzling in "Cleopatra," deeply emotional in "Imitation of Life" . . . *and because* she is now to star in "The Gilded Lily"

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON (above), from New York's Civic Repertory Theatre, looks like one of the year's real discoveries. A fine actress and an unusual personality, she is wanted by Max Reinhardt for leading lady in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" . . . JEAN PARKER (upper left), to-day the movies' foremost and most wistful idealist, breaks more hearts in "Limehouse Blues" and "Wicked Woman," first picture of the German star, Mady Christians . . . ASTRID ALLWYN (lower left), fair Scandinavian, is near the top of the hill that every beginner must cross. She will be noticed in "White Parade" . . . MARIAN NIXON (below), newly married to director William Seiter, is now better than ever at taking direction. The proof is seen in "By Your Leave"

JOHN MACK BROWN (above) is the first and only All-American football star to score as a movie actor—and not in athletic rôles, either. What he did in "Belle of the Nineties" has made him a star in "Against the Law" . . . NILS ASTHER (upper right), whose accent took his handsome visage out of early talkies, has come back in a big way. Even England wanted him, for "Abdul Hamid," after seeing him in "Love Time" . . . GENE RAYMOND (lower right), the white-haired boy of films, who made his first movie hit with Sylvia Sidney in "Ladies of the Big House," is now her co-star in "Behold My Wife" . . . HENRY HULL (below), "Broadway's best," makes a tremendous first impression in "Great Expectations." Next: "Robinson Crusoe"

MARY CARLISLE

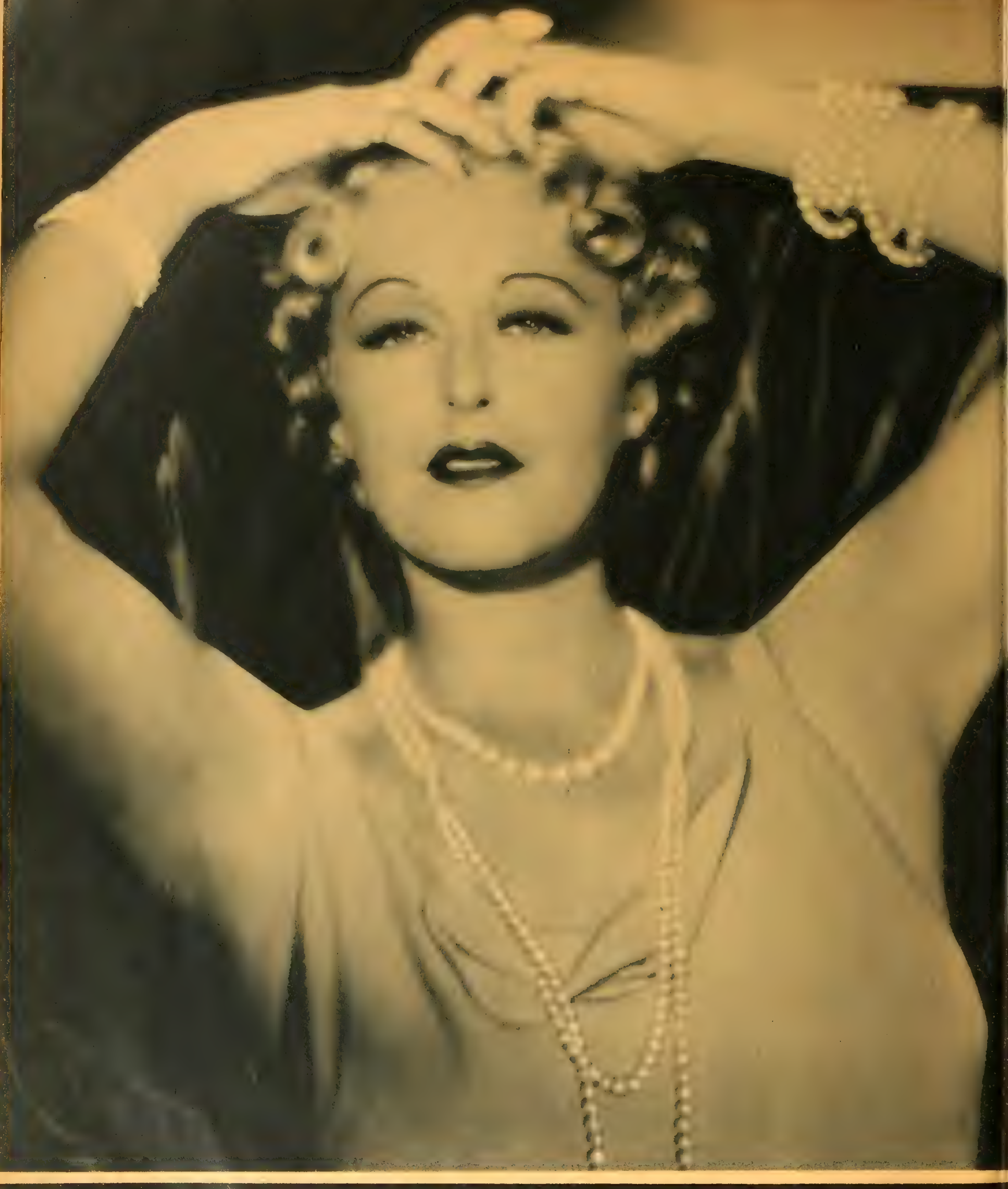
In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . is blonde, blue-eyed, curvacious—yet has outlived the label, "the baby Mae West" . . . has become, in two years, filmland's most popular ingénue—sought by every studio . . . *and because* she is the new and vivacious feminine foil of the Messrs. Wheeler and Woolsey in their "Kentucky Kernels"

MADGE EVANS

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . could, if she would, write volumes about beauty and charm — and has written an article on those themes for this issue . . . would rather be sincere than sensational, takes each rôle in stride . . . even scored a hit as Helen Hayes' rival in "What Every Woman Knows" . . . *and because* she is one of the few American players in the predominantly British cast of "David Copperfield"

SYLVIA SIDNEY

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . is an actress for the love of acting, and intends to be one all her life . . . lives even more quietly than Garbo (Sylvia has NEVER been to a Hollywood party) . . . can usually be found, between scenes, reading a book . . . is now in "Behold My Wife" . . . *and because* she is scheduled to be a second Bernhardt in "The Divine Sarah"



GRACE MOORE

In Our Hollywood Spotlight Because She: . . . is the first to have the voice, glamour and courage to bring great music to the screen . . . *and because* "One Night of Love" will have an early encore

Printed in U.S.A.

C. S. Bull

Back from a four months' holiday in Europe, Marion is positive that "America's the grandest place in the world to live." (P. S. And to shop!)

By CRUIKSHANK

The "Buy-American" Girl— MARION DAVIES

THERE'S one thing about Marion Davies that makes her unique among movie mimes. She confines her acting to the screen. The complete star in pictures, in person she's something else again. And this other self discloses a serious, sensible, sincere young woman, in complete possession of all her faculties, utterly devoid of affectation, pose or pretense.

One becomes resigned, if not wholly reconciled, to finding the filmsters enacting their favorite rôles "off" as well as "on." The shadow becomes confused with the substance, fancy with fact, the player with the person. I half-expected to meet Marion in character. Perhaps, I thought, waiting to see her and framing questions to ask about her four-month sojourn in Europe, she'll make her entrance with the athletic fervor of "Polly of the Circus." Had she elected to bounce upon the scene as a begorrahing "Peg o' My Heart," I was ready with the come-all-ye of a Gaelic *ceilidh*. And I'd have pahdoned her Southern accent as "Operator 13."

But I wasn't prepared for the gracious, urbane girl who greeted me with cool, firm hand extended from the silken sleeve of what, unless I err, is described as a black ensemble. Nor for the warmth of welcome that beamed from the blue eyes under what the milliners feature as a Russian tocque.

Now, I may be wrong about the ensemble. But I'll stand my ground about the tocque. For I scanned countless columns of ads until I found a picture of an inverted sand pail with a tassel on top. It was captioned "Russian tocque." And that was no typographical error. Of course, with another star I might have missed; for fair femininity, just home from abroad, pardonably might be clad from tip to toe in imported creations for which New York yet had no words. But Marion not only is an All-

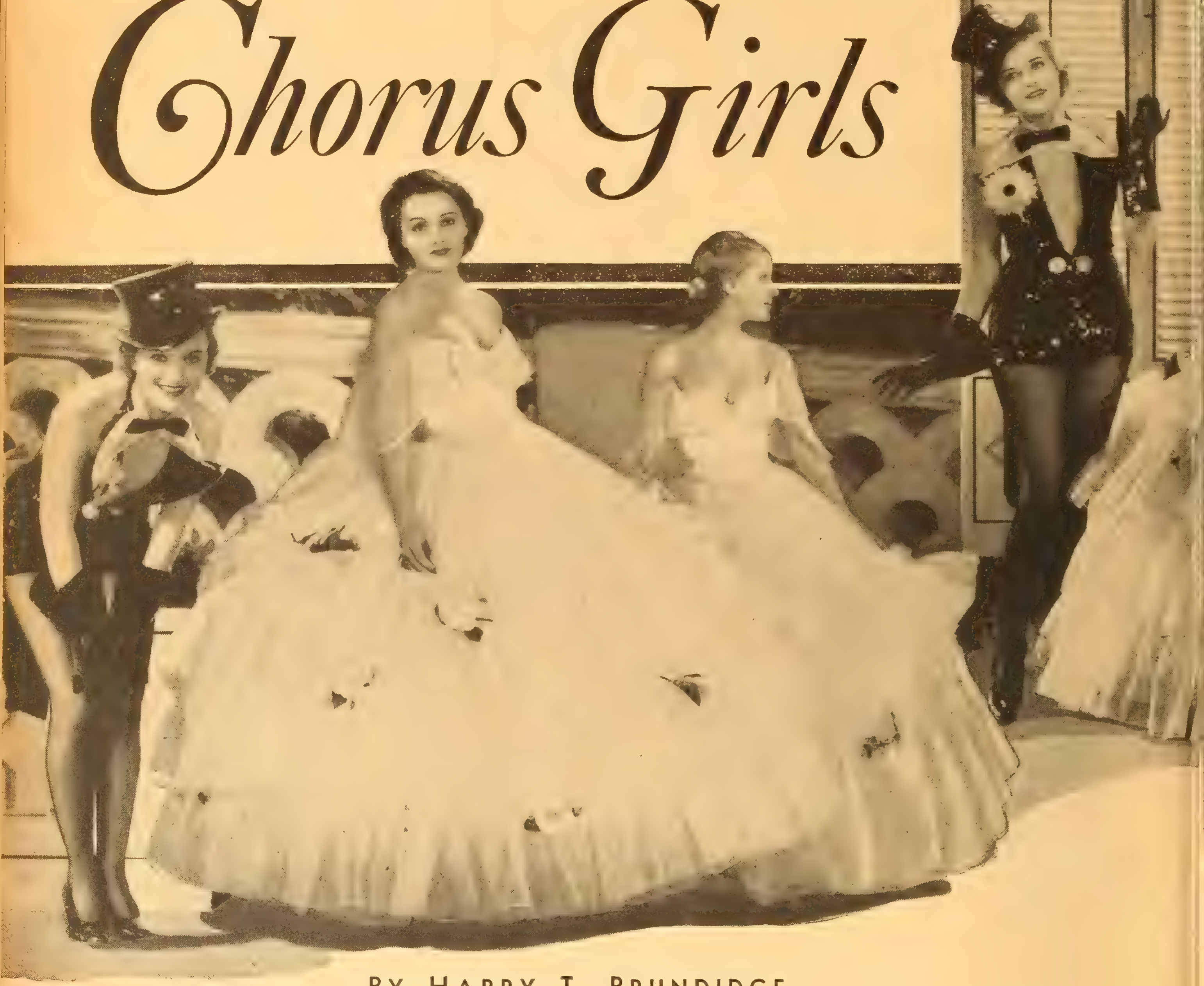
(*Continued on page 70*)

Her Newest Plans

"I'd like to do something a little more important on the screen," Marion Davies says in this interview. And already she is starting to fulfill her ambition!

A few days after she made this statement, Marion and the Warner Brothers, producers, announced the most important movie deal in years. Beginning January 1, 1935, she and her entire producing unit, Cosmopolitan Productions, will be located at the Warner Brothers Studios. Jack Warner, production head of the studio, will personally supervise her first picture under the new, long-term agreement.

EDDIE CANTOR talks about *Chorus Girls*



BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

EDDIE CANTOR is a grand companion because there's an ever-working brain above those comical eyes and he always has something interesting to talk about. To-day it was chorus girls—the chorus girls of yesterday, and to-day. Looking up from a bowl of sour cream, he launched into it (the subject, not the cream) without warning.

"Chorus girls," he began, "are more important than the music in a musical. Irving Berlin and Gus Kahn combined couldn't hope to compete with the rhyme and rhythm of a gorgeous, shapely chorus girl. Toss in a lovely dimple and a pair of bright, teasing, come-hither eyes and the music can be very lousy, and very good, at the same time."

"Well," your reporter suggested, "while on this subject, what about the gold-digging showgirl?"

"Her day is done," he answered. "All her methods, all her tricks, have been too well publicized, too thoroughly exposed in the movies. If there is a moneyed gent in America who isn't wise to her procedure, then he should be 'took.' Everybody knows the answers now.

"If a beauty says, 'My poor mother needs an operation,' the guy she says it to should laugh. If she says, 'I'm sending my young brother through school,' the guy should scream. But if she pulls the one about not having paid her rent for two months, he should get hysterical and fall down.

And Eddie knows what he's talking about . . . He was with Ziegfeld when the late Great Glorifier was picking them—and now, in movies, he's surrounded by Goldwyn Girls . . . He points out how movies have done away with the gold-digging type—and brought a new type . . . He points out, too, how anyone can spot a dream walking a block away . . . And he can predict their futures!

"It used to be a lot of fun to watch the gold-digging chorus girls in the old days and, believe me, I've seen 'em all. Ninety per cent of the old-time showgirls (and when I say 'old-time,' I mean from 'way back yonder until five years ago) went into the business for the sole purpose of marrying a millionaire. In fact, ninety per cent is a conservative estimate. And it goes without saying—if you read the society columns—that plenty of them achieved their objectives. I'll tell you about a couple of 'em.

Back in the Gold-Rush Days

"LET'S go back about nineteen years. Ziegfeld opened in Atlantic City. I won't mention her name, but you (*Continued on page 72*)

FOR RENT —*a Few Palaces*

How would you like to live where a movie queen has queened it? How would you like a beauty for a landlady? Well—there are some big bargains (emphasis on the "big") in Hollywood houses!

Top, Sylvia Sidney at the beach house she rents from Richard Barthelmess—complete with patio and garden. Above, Ramon Novarro's unusual home, which he has been renting

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

ARE you, by any chance, in the market for a miniature palace? Would you like a nice, big, roomy place where you could jump out of your window into a turquoise-blue swimming pool? Do you demand accommodations for a string of polo ponies and eight cars? Or are you just looking for a little nest complete with pipe organ, tennis court, projection room and telescope? Then Hollywood is the place to do your house-hunting. You stand a good chance of picking up some real bargains. And then, too, you could always say that you were living in a movie star's former home.

If one place isn't vacant now, another will be. The turnover in Hollywood houses, so the realtors tell me, is terrific. There are almost as many houses "where Garbo once lived" as there are places in New Jersey where "George Washington once had his headquarters." But the real-estate Romeos can woo you with offers of bungalows at forty dollars a month and haciendas at four hundred dollars, apartments at three hundred dollars and palaces at three thousand dollars.

You can inspect a cozy little mansion of only fifty rooms, or, if your needs are simpler, a mountain cabin with fifteen rooms and only eight baths is waiting for a new occupant. And besides all these luxuries, they throw in *absolutely free* the echoes of famous voices that still cling to the rafters. But don't forget to bring along your check-book. . . .

Pardon me just a moment, while I disguise myself as a high-pressure realtor, and we'll take a look around and see for ourselves. There. Now I'm ready. Are *you?*

This is the former home of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor—now for rent. The grounds include separate servants' quarters, a gymnasium and a dancing pavilion in the backyard

A Twelve-Room Beach House

DO you want to live at the beach, with the waves of the blue Pacific foaming at the edge of your back door? At this writing, Marion Davies has a house for rent at Santa Monica. It is her "guest cottage," and is not to be compared in size or magnificence with her own home in Santa Monica. It has twelve rooms and six baths, besides the servants' quarters. Priceless imported furniture and irreplaceable antiques furnish the spacious rooms behind the tall Colonial columns. It has a private beach and is only twenty minutes of easy driving from Hollywood. Billie Burke once paid $2,500 a month for it. Later, rents came down, and Marlene Dietrich got it for $1,500. You can have it for the same price.

Bebe Daniels, one of our most famous landladies, has three houses for rent at the beach. The most expensive is $1,000 a month. It also is built on the sand, insuring a private beach. It is beautifully furnished, and one of its special attractions is a huge amusement room. An elaborate bar, complete with roomy shelves for bottles and glasses, is there. And around the walls is every game imaginable. Pola Negri once lived there.

If you wish to pay $600 a month, you may have Mary Pickford for a landlady. She still is living at the world-famous Pickfair, but her beach cottage is for rent. Surely, $600 is not much for the privilege of wandering through the charming rooms belonging to America's Sweetheart, and lying on the sand where she once watched the breakers.

Norma Talmadge's place at the beach rents for $850 a month. It is most elaborately furnished, and besides the whole Pacific Ocean to swim in, boasts a private pool filled with fresh water.

Acme

Top, Norma Talmadge's beach house, which has the ocean in front and a fresh-water pool in back—and is for rent. Above, John McCormack's nine-room "cottage"—also for rent

When Colleen Moore hung out the "For Rent" sign on her Bel Air estate, above, she asked $1,250 a month for it. Marlene Dietrich—Colleen's opposite—is now her contented tenant

Sylvia Sidney rents Richard Barthelmess' two-storied beach house—a big place with a two-storied veranda, a sunny patio and a flower garden, suitable for entertaining in a big way and for year-around residence. But Sylvia, who has never yet attended a Hollywood party, and who plays hostess only to small groups of intimate friends, likes its spaciousness for other reasons. She can, in several rooms, enjoy the luxury of privacy. She might, just possibly, be willing to sub-let it for the Winter months for a few hundred dollars per month.

Spanish Outside, French Inside

AFTER Lilian Harvey moved from her hilltop abode of twelve rooms and six baths—exclusive of servants' quarters—Mary Nash took it over. She expects to move shortly, and you may secure it for $750 a month. This house is a bargain for someone. It is of Spanish architecture, so suitable to California climate and scenery. Enclosed patios and gracefully landscaped gardens surround the house, which has five acres of grounds. Delicate, extreme, sophisticated furniture, imported from France, fills the interior. In the amusement room there are billiard and ping-pong tables, many games, and a bar.

Colleen Moore's beautiful estate in Bel Air, an exclusive residential district, was her home when she was a silent star. Now she rents it to Marlene Dietrich for $1,250 a month. One cannot help wondering how a house, built for the gay, round-eyed flapper of silent days, feels now that the languorous super-siren of the talkies is leaning portentously against its doors. Its appeal to both actresses, entirely different as they are, is understandable. For both love quiet and shelter from the *(Continued on page 75)*

Dear Miss —— Will you marry me?

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

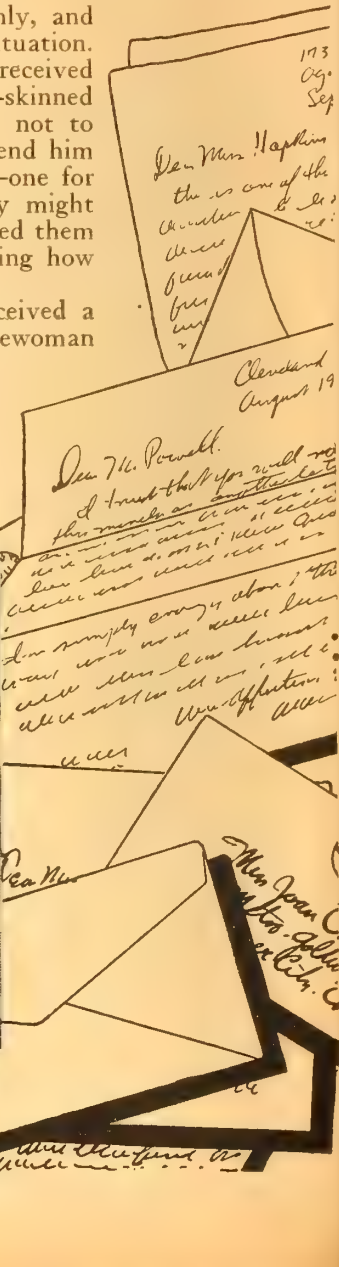
EVERY day, evidences of love pour into Hollywood by the *ton*—and not figuratively speaking, either. Four out of every five fan letters have heart trouble—the kind that usually leads up to that old, old question, "Will you marry me?" And if this fan mail is any indication, Hollywood is the marriage mart, *par excellence,* of the world. Carole Lombard has received as many as thirty-five proposals of marriage in one day—and some of them were really very remarkable offers. Since Joan Crawford has returned to the single state, many males have aspired to be her husband; at least fifteen hundred of them have hastened to advise her of their qualifications. And as for Mae West—well, the figure defies credulity. It would be enough to turn any ordinary girl's head!

And the girls aren't the only ones who are so ardently wooed by the pen that is supposed to be mightier than the sword. Gary Cooper, before his marriage to Sandra Shaw, was probably the most sought-after bachelor in the world—and girls by the hundreds still write him to tell him that they still can't believe he is happier with Sandra than he would be with any one of them. One modest young woman writes, "After all, what has she got compared to what I have to offer?"—which, if you could believe the letter, is considerable. She has three and a half million dollars in her own name, and she also points out that since she was brought up on a horse on her father's five hundred thousand-acre ranch, she and Gary should certainly get along well together.

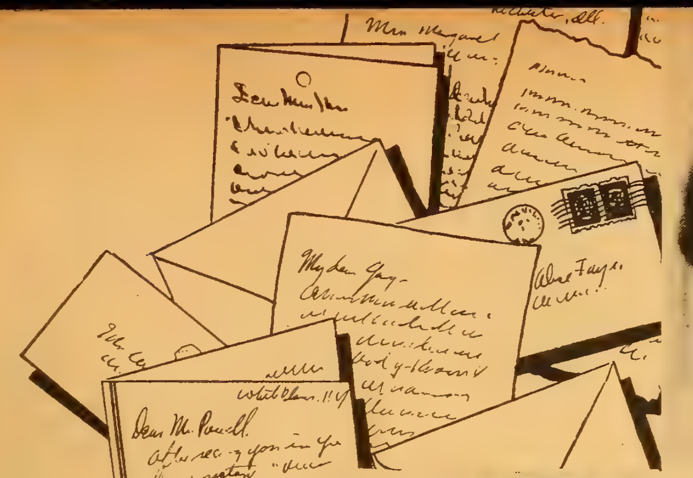
A Potentate Proposes . . .

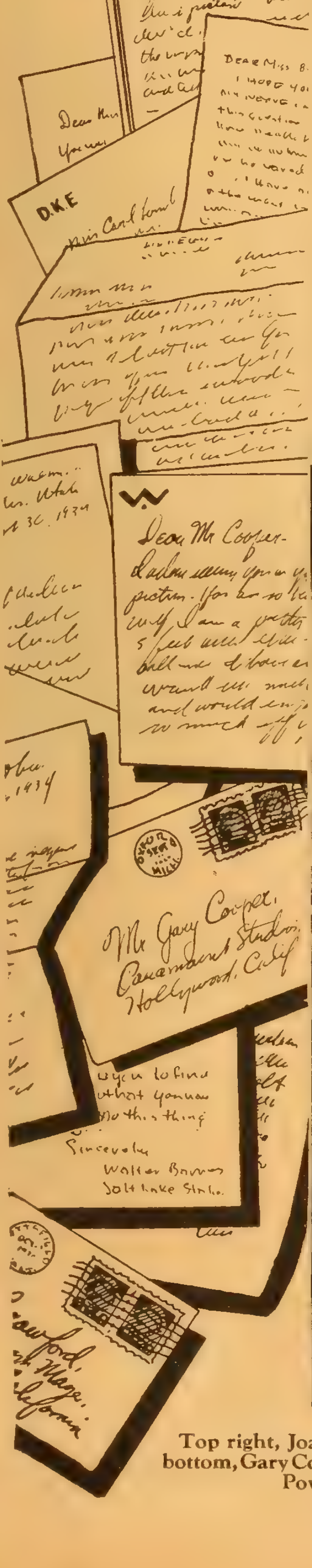
SOMETIMES these proposals are sad, because of the sincerity and hopefulness in which they are made. Again, they are just simply funny in their bland assumption that stars will be impressed. Not long ago Myrna Loy received a very elaborate and dignified proposal from a minor potentate in the Far East. He took great pleasure in informing her of the honor that he was about to bestow on her, and said he knew that she would be gracious and far-seeing enough to accept. Myrna turned down his offer politely, but firmly, and hoped she was done with the situation. But less than a month later, she received another request from her dark-skinned admirer. Since she had chosen not to marry him, would she at least send him autographed pictures of herself—one for each of his wives—so that they might have illustrations of how he wished them to look? Myrna is still wondering how many photos to send!

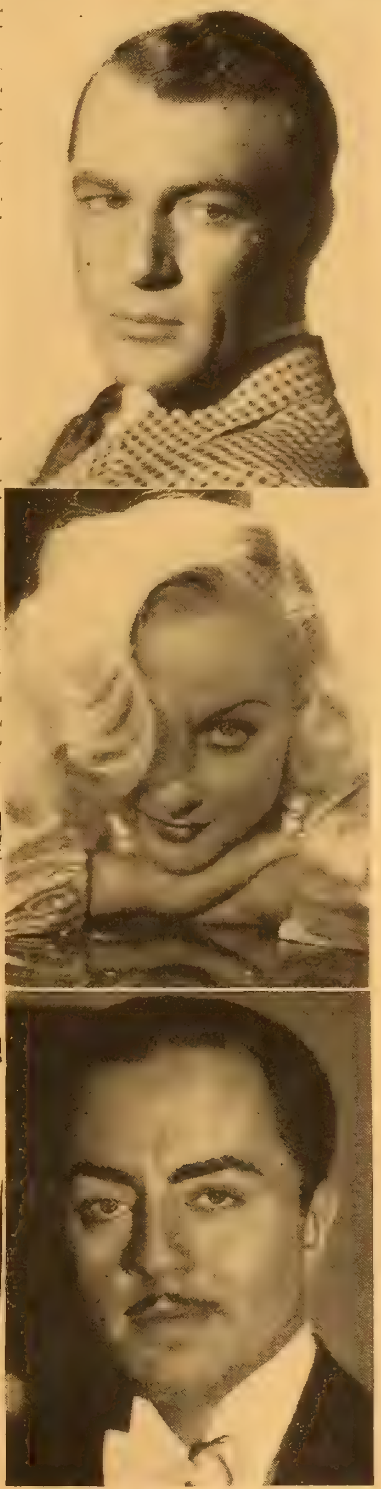
Not long ago, Sally Eilers received a *bona-fide* offer to become a noblewoman with a capital N. The proposal was made through an intermediary—a woman in New York who wrote that she could arrange a marriage for Sally with a real



Left to right, Myrna Loy—wooed by letter by a Far East ruler; Douglass Montgomery—who gets letters from would-be secretaries; Miriam Hopkins—who called up the sender of one romantic letter







Top right, Joan Crawford and Lyle Talbot; top to bottom, Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and William Powell. All get proposals

Where's the fan with soul so dead who hasn't dreamed of some day meeting and marrying the star he worships from afar? He just doesn't exist, if fan letters are any guide. The mailmen deliver tons of love (and marriage proposals) in Hollywood —to men, as well as to women!

Hapsburg count "from an old, aristocratic, Viennese family." Furthermore, she guaranteed to prove the authenticity of his title through a "reliable lawyer." What did Sally do? She turned the offer over to her husband, director Harry Joe Brown, who also has a sense of humor. Now, when she wants to tease him, she reminds him that she might have been a Countess! And when he wants to tease her, he calls her "Your Highness."

Sometimes these offers are inspired just because men have fallen in love with beautiful faces. Again, these ardent suitors, only mildly interested at first, have actually followed the careers of the adored ones until gradually their interest develops to such an intensity that proposals are the result.

He Had Honeymoon All Planned

NOT long ago Miriam Hopkins received one of the most interesting and most beautiful love letters that she had ever seen. She was frankly flattered, because it was obviously from a widely-traveled man of good breeding and intelligence. He took eight pages to describe the honeymoon that he had planned for them in dreams. In great detail, he pictured the places that he knew Miriam had seen and would love to see again; the honeymoon would last a year, and, like gipsies, they would wander from one country to another, fondly going over old familiar spots that were dear to them both, and discovering many new ones. The strange thing about it was that he did seem to know exactly which countries were Miriam's favorites; he had full knowledge of every place where she had ever been and of all the places where she wanted to go. Miriam wrote him a nice little note, expressing her appreciation, but telling him that she had no intention of marrying at the present.

And here's the sequel to the story, which Miriam confided to me, herself. Several months after noting the letter, Miriam was spending an evening with a childhood friend. Miriam (*Continued on page 66*)

Helen Hayes (top) explains it all as an urge to dress up and pretend . . . Raquel Torres (center): "Well, one way to get mink coats is to earn them as an actress" . . . Carole Lombard (bottom): "Women like to be independent, and acting makes that possible"

Why Every Woman Wants to Be an ACTRESS

Nine Answers to why all Women,

BY JACK SMALLEY

DENY it if you can, you members of the fair sex. Put a microscope to any woman, and you'll find an actress! At six, the sweet young thing wants to be Shirley Temple; at sixteen, being a Patricia Ellis would do; at twenty-six, Joan Crawford sets the example; and at fifty-six, there's May Robson to show that there is no age-limit to the triumphs of an actress.

Schoolgirls, shop girls, society girls, business girls, college girls, home girls—all respond to that yen of yens: to bask in the bright glow of the kleigs and the footlights. There is no more difficult, more grueling job in the world than acting, feigning emotions on demand, day in and day out. Yet no sacrifice seems too great to make, no hardship can daunt her, once a woman makes up her mind to be an actress.

I asked Helen Hayes—who made her stage début at eight and has been acting ever since—to explain, if she could, this mysterious, driving, unflagging urge of womankind. It was while she was making "What Every Woman Knows."

"You've put your finger on what every woman knows by discovering that there is such an urge," she smiled. "Why, every little girl loves to go up in the attic and find a long silk dress and pretend she's a grand lady. If she has never hobbled about in Mother's high-heeled shoes, she doesn't know what a thrill is. That's the actress in her coming out."

Miss Hayes tucked at a damp little curl at the back of her neck and sighed. She looked so very small and so very lovely that I nearly forgot the object of my visit. For two days, she explained, they had been trying to get this particular scene. It was hot on the sound stage, and the constant repetition of the scene, from medium-long shots on down through the close-ups, each calling for a change of camera set-up and lights, meant to me only a harassing confusion of activity. Yet Miss Hayes seemed to have abundant reserves of energy when the director called her back, after a moment's rest.

Work That's Also Fun

WHY should any woman want to endure all that? Just because she likes to dress up and pretend? I decided to ask a few others for an explanation of the force that makes a woman willing to undergo any discomfort, smile at any obstacle, in making a picture. She goes through a scene and nobody applauds, nobody cheers (though studio workers *have* been known to applaud Hayes scenes). The director says at best: "We'd better shoot it again to make sure. This time you might lean over the table, instead of crossing around; it might be more effective." But grueling as the work can be, it also has variety. It's work that can, very often, be fun.

When Miss Hayes dropped in at the Paramount projection room to see a filming of her husband's "Crime Without Passion" a few nights later, she was just as thrilled as the veriest neophyte to see herself in a brief flash as an "extra." I had come with my wife to see this curious, exciting film, and Miss Hayes took her seat nearby too late to see that scene in which she appears. The projectionist ran the picture off for us again, so that she could glimpse that part where she, her writer-husband, Charles MacArthur, and his co-author, Ben Hecht, question Claude Rains as he is besieged by newspaper reporters.

Yes, there is a powerful lure to "dressing up and pretending." It's in the air in Hollywood—a vital and electric attraction. But it seems to exert the same power on girls three thousand—or six thousand—miles away.

Raquel Torres sums it up in two words. "Mink coats," she says, her dark eyes twinkling. "You know perfectly well the effect of mink coats on women. Well, one way to get them is to earn money as an actress. And diamonds—that's a feminine failing, too."

Raquel didn't have any mink coats or diamonds when she went to work as an usher in Grauman's Chinese Theatre, but that didn't prevent her from yearning for such luxuries. She, like so many other girls, was an ardent movie fan, and Gloria Swanson was her particular rave. Raquel figured that if she could get a job as an usher where all the stars came to previews, she could see them that much better, and might even touch the mink coats they wore as she showed them to their places. She might even attract someone's notice; and she did. Now she has all the mink furs and jewels her heart could desire. Married to wealthy Stephen Ames, she could buy scads more if she wanted them. But she doesn't quit acting. So there must be something more to it, too, than just the ambition to own finery.

Jean Harlow (top) explains it as a desire to influence others' lives . . . June Knight (next to top) wanted to dazzle the home-town folks . . . Miriam Hopkins (above): "It's an outlet for ambitions" . . . Alice White (left) says it is an urge to captivate the men

"An Outlet for Ambitions"

I ASKED Miriam Hopkins about it—Miriam who doesn't lack for anything in the line of luxuries, all earned by her ability as an actress. "It's an outlet for ambitions," she declared. "Women always want to better their conditions in life. I'll bet it was a cave-woman who made her mate build a log house so that she wouldn't have to live in a damp, smelly old cave. Well, the stage and screen seem to offer women that opportunity for improving their circumstances."

Miss Hopkins is your living example of ambition. It vitalizes her. She is alive with it. That rapid-fire speech of hers, which shoots words and ideas at you, is evidence of the force that motivates her active body and brain.

"I remember reading a story about a girl who went to New York and got on the stage," she said. "The girl seemed to live just the sort of active, exciting life I had been dreaming about. I think I was only twelve then, but it crystallized my ambitions. I decided that when I was through school, I would go to New York and become an actress. And I did."

The stage and screen brought fame to Miss Hopkins, and fortune with it, but that doesn't mean that all girls can duplicate her success, just by wishing. "Many women turn to the stage without realizing that they must study and train endlessly for such a career," she pointed out. "It isn't so easy. Yet girls are inclined to think that it's much simpler than studying for some other profession. It takes ambition, stick-to-it-iveness, and—luck!"

"An Actress Is Independent"

CAROLE LOMBARD places a slim, dainty finger squarely on another explanation for the "acting urge." She told me: "Women like to be independent, and acting makes that possible. Don't you ever believe that a woman likes to beg her husband for the money for a new dress. She may pretend she likes to wheedle, but she doesn't. She hates it.

"One glorious reward of acting is that it makes a woman financially independent. There is no one to deny her the things her feminine heart craves, no one to cajole and coax into parting with a few dollars. And men should realize," she added sternly, "that their wives would be far happier if given a regular allowance, as a sort of salary for their share of the job of housekeeping, so that the wives could save for clothes and not have to beg for them."

And who is going to deny the clear, lucid logic of Carole's argument?

But there are still other reasons why every woman would like to be an actress, and one of them is cleverly put by Alice White. "It's every woman's instinct to find a husband, remember," Alice said, puckering up her small nose as she thought out an answer to my question. "That's why women are instinctive actresses; they are always putting on an act in front of the impressionable males."

"That's being frank," I applauded.

"And honest," she grinned back. "A girl dresses up in her best bib-and-tucker, adopts an imposing manner, and struts her stuff in grand style when a man is going to be her audience. I don't suppose you ever knew a girl who spent an hour and fifteen (*Continued on page 73*)

of all ages, secretly yearn to act!

INTIMATE News

The most famous nun in dramatic history is coming to the screen—and Jean Muir will play the rôle, in "The Miracle"

One Star No One Will Know?

HENRY HULL, that brilliant actor from Broadway (and probably Hollywood's greatest acquisition of the year), wants to play rôles in which his own face will never become familiar to audiences. He begs for disguising make-up, such as he wore in "Great Expectations." In that way, he believes, he will not become tiresomely recognizable to fans and will always seem the character that he is playing. There is something to his theory. How explain the amazing apathy with which the excellent "Treasure Island" was received by adult audiences—except by saying that they must have seen Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, instead of the beloved characters of their childhood days?

Out of the Shadows

LUCILLE LA VERNE, the character actress (her most recent picture is "Kentucky Kernels"), is out of the hospital after a spectacular and apparently victorious fight with death. The muscles of her chest were paralyzed, preventing her from drawing a deep breath. By two brilliant and experimental operations, other muscular tissues were substituted and Miss La Verne will soon be working again in pictures. "She has phenomenal recuperative powers," her doctor says. It was this same kind of reserve strength and determination that gave Marie Dressler three additional years of life after doctors had given up hope for her.

Acme

"She Done 'Em Good" might be the title of *this* Mae West picture. She is apparently putting Gary Cooper (right) in stitches, and producer Emanuel Cohen (left) is certainly enjoying the banquet given to him by employees

Helping the Unlucky

THE Central Casting Bureau, where all movie "extras" are registered and hired, has been completely reorganized under its new director, Campbell McCulloch. (Faithful readers may remember him as an authoritative contributor to MOTION PICTURE.) The lists of "extras" are being combed for those with talent and real prospects, while the thousands of others are being gently turned away. Also, Mr. McCulloch is listening to the tales of human misery brought to him and trying to do something for the unfortunates who clutch at "extra" acting as a last straw in their despair. With the assistance of all the city and charity organizations, hundreds of desperate cases are being cared for. . . Did you hear the recent radio broadcast, in which the work of the Central Casting Bureau was dramatized? And wouldn't you like to hear more dramatizations of Hollywood's workaday life? Wouldn't you like to know how players are tested for rôles, for example? And just what directors do—to bring out actors' best talents?

Rudy May Be Staying

RUDY VALLEE is back in movietown, with his radio entourage of singers, comics, accompanists, arrangers, saxophonists and secretaries. He'll be doing his weekly broadcast from Hollywood for several weeks, probably with a succession of "guest stars," while he is starring for Warners in "Sweet Music." With screen acting, radio rehearsals, planning of programs and broadcasts, Rudy's life is so crowded that it is arranged like royalty's—so many minutes for this, and so many minutes for that. He is quoted as saying that if this picture clicks (as expected), he may make his home in Hollywood permanently. This is a hint that Rudy, a shrewd showman, sees radio and the movies becoming closer and closer, exchanging talent constantly.

Another Marx in the Act?

AND the Marx Brothers are back, this time under contract to M-G-M, and are plotting a bit of nonsense against an operatic background. Now that Zeppo (the handsome one) is an actors' agent (and

from Hollywood

doing very well, thank you), the Four Marx Brothers have become Three, but they make almost as much noise as before. There is some talk that Gummo, the brother who used to be in the dress business and is now their manager, may replace Zeppo in the act.

The Farrells Prove It

CHARLES FARRELL was met by a radiant Virginia Valli Farrell on his return from England the other day. "We're happy!" they chorused, smilingly and superfluously, to onlooking newspapermen. Bette Davis and her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., obligingly moved out of the Farrell house, which they had rented. Charlie made a big hit in England, and had offers to remain indefinitely—but he was homesick and lonely for Virginia, who returned ahead of him. In his next picture—you guessed it—he is scheduled to co-star again with Janet Gaynor. Teams may come, and then teams may go, but Gaynor and Farrell go on and on forever. It was seven years ago that they made "Seventh Heaven."

Newest Contest Winner

A NEW film aspirant, sixteen-year-old Anne Johnston of Jackson Heights, Long Island, has just arrived in Hollywood in quest of fame and fortune. One of the five leading contestants in the national motion picture contest for new screen talent conducted by Monogram Pictures and Agfa-Ansco Corporation, Anne is the sole winner from the Greater New York area. There were more than two hundred and fifty thousand contestants from every part of the country.

George M. ("The Phantom President") Cohan couldn't stay away from films, after all. He's back—in "Gambling"

When she was nine years old, Anne confesses, she began to dream of a motion picture career. Some day, she felt perfectly sure, the dream would come true. As she grew up, she gained acting experience in amateur theatricals. She modeled the latest fashions in Long Island fashion shows. Tennis, dancing and swimming (at which she has won seventeen medals) were her favorite diversions.

Meet Anne Johnston, 16, who won the Agfa "movie test" contest in Greater New York—and a chance with Monogram

In Hollywood, Anne and the four other contest winners will be given further screen tests, which will result in a ten-weeks' contract for the winner, at fifty dollars a week. All five, however, will appear in the Monogram picture, "Women Must Dress," supervised by Mrs. Dorothy Reid and directed by Reginald Barker.

We met Anne the other day, chaperoned by her mother. She is five feet, seven inches tall. Her brown hair is worn in a curly bob. Her eyes are dark blue. We found her charming, with a natural poise and unaffected dignity, despite her eager excitement in the thrilling march of events. She is especially interested in the type of rôles played by Ginger Rogers and Ruby Keeler, but is eagerly ready for anything that may come. Anyway, her dream of a movie career is coming true.

Alice Faye, who has been in Hollywood just about that long, is the heroine of the musical satire, "365 Nights in Hollywood"

Down to Earth—Unexpectedly

BEN LYON, Bebe Daniels and Hal Roach, in Roach's 'plane, made a forced landing in the mountains of Pennsylvania ("the aviators' graveyard") while flying to New York recently. All escaped injury, and Ben and Bebe took a bus on to New York. Time was when the movies frowned on their stars flying. But that day is past. Many stars own their own 'planes now, and have no clauses in their contracts forbidding them to fly.

Who Is Who, Anyway?

THE new "Who's Who in America" has some strange omissions among the movie folk. Under "H," you will find Ann Harding and Katharine Hepburn listed, but not Jean Harlow; under "W," Bryant Washburn, but not Mae West; under "C," Maurice Chevalier and Ina Claire—but where is Joan Crawford? Mickie Mouse isn't mentioned, but Walt Disney gets a long blurb. And Jackie Coogan, it is interesting to note, is still listed.

©Gaumont-British Pictures

Like Roland Young (also English), Nova Pilbeam, 14-year-old star of "Little Friend," likes penguins. She has one for a pet

Coburn

Frankie Thomas, Jr., 11, is Jackie Cooper's first real rival. He's a star in his first picture, "Wednesday's Child"

Hollywood is giving Helen Trenholme, from Broadway, an earful about what a movie hit she will be making . . .

Busy Month for the Medicos

THE month's casualties include Richard Arlen with an infected eye, Victor McLaglen with laryngitis, James Cagney ill of a stomach ailment, Constance Talmadge Netcher with a tonsil removal, and Wallace Beery with an injured foot, stepped on in a scene for "The Mighty Barnum" by Adolphe Menjou and five "extras." Joan Marsh, Ivan Lebedeff and director Wesley Ruggles were jolted in auto accidents.

Another Baby LeRoy Expected

BLESSED Events are jealously guarded secrets in Hollywood, with the columnists contending over which can first break the news to a delighted world. The Mervyn Le Roys (Doris Warner) managed to keep their coming Event a secret for five months—which is nearly a record. Now Doris is shopping for baby wear. Clara Bow Bell, expectant around Christmastime, is being given stork showers.

Mending the Break

JOHN GILBERT'S performance in his latest picture, "The Captain Hates the Sea," has brought him much back-slapping and gives him a new lease on fame. He and Virginia Bruce, divorced six months, met recently to discuss a possible reconciliation. Virginia has readily admitted that she still loves him. John has said that there isn't any reason why they should be apart.

Heroes to Hollywood, But—

THE latest accusation against moviedom is that it is too close to the campus of the University of Southern California. At least, the *Daily Trojan*, U. S. C. campus newspaper, blames the recent surprising reversals of the supposedly invincible U. S. C. football team to the fact that so many of its members worked in pictures during the Summer months and got "soft." Even "Cotton" Warburton, All-American quarterback, had a studio job during the Summer months. When the team went East to play Pittsburgh, which they have defeated several times, they were met by headlines such as "Film Cuties' Pets Here to Try Luck with Panthers." It ought to have sent the Trojans into battle with blood-lust in their eyes, but again they lost—with several famous Hollywood pocketbooks feeling the loss.

Joe Disabled Dizzy

AND then we have Dizzy Dean's wail that the reason why he allowed Detroit to win one of the World Series games from him was that, in shaking hands with him the day before, Joe E. Brown (who used to play baseball, himself) had squeezed the twirling paw a trifle too hard!

A Hero Comes to Hollywood

SIR CHARLES KINGSFORD SMITH, world-famous Australian aviator and first man to fly the Pacific in both directions, got as great a welcome from Hollywood as Princes and Presidents have received. Perhaps greater. The drama of his great two-stop flight to California from the land "down under" thrilled the town that gives the world its make-believe drama. The Warner Brothers gave a luncheon in honor of the airman, attended by notables. Jack Warner told Sir Charles before the assemblage: "I might try to give you a slight idea of how proud I am to have you here with us to-day. I have sent for my son, who wants to be an aviator. I am having him come here from school, so he may shake the hand of a man whom the world calls 'hero.'"

Down to the Sea in Ships

YACHTING is THE sport now. Every film star who is anybody has a yacht. San Pedro harbor is crowded with these boats, and they're not used for parties, either. The stars go on long sails up and down the Coast, emulating the yachtsman-pioneer, John Barrymore. Lee Tracy is the most ardent new yachtsman, with his *Isabella*.

Mae Picks an All-American

MAE WEST recently visited Sherman Indian Institute at Riverside in search of a young Indian to play a rôle in her new picture, "I'm a Lady." Slurred Mae: "Seems funny—me having to go out hunting for a man. . . ." Final decision rested between two handsome youths who were told to take tests and "look Injun" for them. Since neither had the slightest idea of what postures were expected, a cameraman folded his arms and gazed sternly before him, murmuring "Ugh! Ugh!" With grins, the descendants of chiefs copied the poses as best they could.

Audiences Go Talkie, Too

HAVE you noticed how audiences are taking an active part in pictures these days? Cheering, groaning and hissing to show their delight or displeasure? They do it particularly with newsreels, but now they are starting with feature pictures. Which may be an expression of disregard for other moviegoers' sensitivities, but is a compliment to the reality of talkies—audiences forgetting that the players can't hear them. If applause is an adequate yardstick, President Roosevelt is holding his own in popularity. And it is interesting to note that ex-President Hoover, who was greeted by silence in his newsreel appearances a year ago, is also beginning to be applauded now.

The World Is Yours, DONAT!

That's what Hollywood is telling Robert Donat, handsome young Englishman who has become a star overnight in "The Count of Monte Cristo." He towers on the screen horizon. And do you know how he prepared himself for his big break—why he turned down a flattering Hollywood offer two years ago—why he is sold on Hollywood now—and how he pronounces his name? This story will tell you!

BY J. MAURICE RUDDY

WITH one performance, a young English actor, Robert Donat, slightly known in America as the handsome *Thomas Culpeper* in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," has made the toughest critics dig up superlatives and the most sophisticated ladies sigh. And if you have seen him in "The Count of Monte Cristo," you are probably wondering where Robert Donat has been all your life and why Hollywood did not discover him long before this.

Yet Donat came to Hollywood, unheralded and unsung, and left it in the same way. (The picture had not been released then.) It is doubtful if a half-dozen of the stars—except friends in the English colony—knew that he was here during his month's stay. With his wife—yes, he has one!—he occupied a bungalow in the Garden of Allah, but his knowledge of California scenery was confined to the three-mile trip to the studio and back, and his acquaintance with Hollywood society was limited to Elissa Landi, Roland Lee, Sidney Blackmer, and the rest of the cast of the picture. ("I have never worked so hard in my life!" he told me. "Why, we didn't even stop in the afternoons for *tea*!")

Above, Robert Donat as Robert Donat; left, as *Edmond Dantes* in "The Count of Monte Cristo"

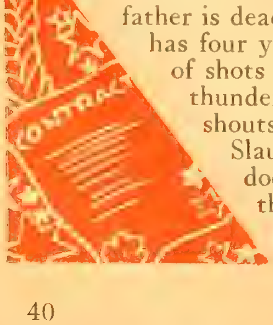
There was more than a touch of luck about his coming. For months, executives had been trying to find the right man to play *Edmond Dantes, Count of Monte Cristo*, in the talkie version of the Dumas classic. (It was filmed in silent days with John Gilbert in the rôle.) Name-conscious Hollywood suggested all the big stars, but one after another they were found wanting for various reasons, price included. Prospects were dismal when a studio chief recalled a slender, romantic-looking figure in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth." They ran off the film and "discovered" Robert Donat.

Hollywood has had its eye on Donat for several years, but he has been in no hurry to (*Continued on page 76*)

Left to right, Joan Crawford, who became her own severest critic . . . Paul Kelly, who has put tragedy behind him . . . Ruth Chatterton, who gambled on fame

If They Could Reach the Top
SO CAN YOU!

LET'S turn back the clock . . . In a dingy New York side-street, an under-nourished, shabbily-clad little girl is sitting on some areaway steps, sobbing, brooding over another scolding, wondering what it is like to die. She has been an orphan since babyhood, has never felt that anyone cared about her or ever will care. Her twelve years have been filled with drudgery and slaps and hunger and cast-off clothes. In all the world, no more unlikely prospect for screen stardom could be found than this sensitive little unfortunate, Ruby Stevens—but she has become Barbara Stanwyck, the idol of several million moviegoers the world over.



In far-away Russia, a work-weary child trudges home from the factory where he slaves for twelve long hours every day to earn the miserable wage of five cents. He is only seven years old—but his father is dead, his mother is an invalid and he has four younger sisters. Suddenly a volley of shots rings out. He hears screams, the thunder of galloping horses, the drunken shouts of the Czar's cossacks. A pogrom! Slaughter! He darts toward a friendly doorway—too late—and falls under the slashing blow of a blood-drenched saber.

It is a far cry from the red-dened snow of Lodz, Poland, to the crimson neon lights of Hollywood—it is a far cry and there are a thousand obstacles to surmount. But is it a hegira too toilsome for human courage? No—for the little boy who was left for dead in the street at Lodz is now known as George E. Stone, one of the finest character actors in Hollywood. Remember his moving portrayal of the persecuted Jew in "Cimarron?" You couldn't see the eight-inch scar on his head, but his eyes revealed the still more terrible scars on his soul.

The Bus-Boy Who Had Ambition

AND, again—in the luxurious dining room of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, a bus-boy is clearing away a litter of dirty dishes. One of the diners points him out and remarks to his companion:

"Can you beat it—that Mexican kid's studying music and dancing. Says he's going to be a movie star. Ridiculous, eh?"

Of course, it was ridiculous. Great ambitions and menial labor have always been a ludicrous duet. But the bus-boy's name was Ramón Samaniegos—and today, as Ramon Novarro, he is the singing movie favorite of half the countries on earth.

IF THEY COULD DO IT, SO CAN YOU!

There have been too many laurel wreathes heaped on

Helen Hayes (left) studied dramatics *after* she was a star . . . George E. Stone (center) lived a tragic childhood . . . Grace Moore (right) risked hunger to sing. It wasn't luck that made them famous

It isn't luck—or even looks—that you need to get the breaks. It takes what Barbara Stanwyck, Janet Gaynor, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and Eddie Cantor—among others—have had. If you have the same qualities, you can't fail!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

the brow of those old beldames, Luck and Looks, for the parts they play in Hollywood. Give them credit where credit is due, but underline this fact: ambition, unconquerable determination in the face of adversity, and work, hard unceasing work, have combined forces to carry nine out of every ten stars to the pinnacles they occupy! In the "extra" ranks you will find innumerable girls and boys.

Hollywood's Joan Crawfords, Clark Gables, Eddie Cantors and Grace Moores are glamourous personalities NOW. But their beginnings, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, were no more glamourous —and no more fortuitous—than those of the Toms, Marys, Dicks and Bettys who lived in the bungalows next door. Many—in fact, *most*—of Hollywood's greatest stars launched their careers in the face of handicaps so terrific that the odds against their successes were overwhelming.

Marie Dressler Never Gave Up

THEY are stars to-day because they had the courage and the determination to forge ahead in spite of every obstacle, because they had the high spirit that refuses to take "No" for an answer; because they had the ambition and the resolution to work and study while others were playing; because, in short, they had what soft-spoken people like to call intestinal fortitude. The true story of Hollywood, told in the lives of its celebrities, is a saga of courage.

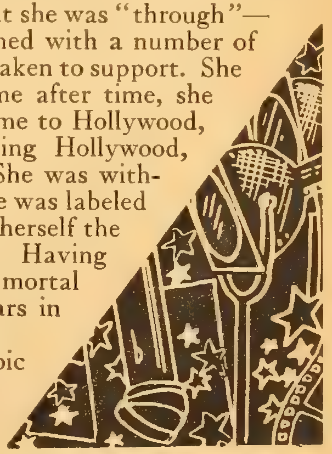
Take, for example, the case of Marie Dressler, the most beloved personality the screen ever has known. There's not one of you, among the thousands who read this magazine, who is not better equipped to reach stardom than was plain little Mary Koerber, the daughter of an impractical German ex-army officer and piano teacher, who brought his disillusionment and frustrated ambitions to Coburg, Canada.

Marie's entire life was a perpetual struggle—and a glorious triumph. The poverty of her parents denied her more than the most rudimentary schooling; but she read newspapers, read books, probed the minds of every human being she encountered, and made herself one of the best-informed women in the world, able to hold her own, intellectually, in any company.

Her lack of beauty and large stature doomed her first ambition to play dramatic leading rôles—so she determined to capitalize on those handicaps and fought her way to fame as a comedienne. Time after time, fortune deserted her and it seemed that she was "through"—out-of-work, penniless, burdened with a number of relatives whom she had undertaken to support. She would not admit defeat. Time after time, she fought her way back. She came to Hollywood, youth-loving, beauty-worshiping Hollywood, an elderly, homely woman. She was without money and, still worse, she was labeled a "has-been." And she made herself the greatest star on the screen! Having done so, she fought back a mortal illness for more than two years in order to hold her place.

Luck? Pull? No! Heroic courage and indomitable will to succeed were the founda-

(*Continued on page 78*)



Laugh and Live Longer!

A famous physician said that—and JOE E. BROWN, who has the world's widest smile, has seen it work, literally. That's why he says: "I have only one ambition in life—to make people laugh"

By SONIA LEE

JOE E. BROWN does not compute his success in terms of dollars, or even in the number of box-office successes he has made—but, rather, in the number of laughs, in the happiness, he gives to his audiences by his antics. Because Joe E. Brown had so little laughter as a child, the making of laughter and the giving of happiness have become his design for living. And the longer he lives, the more he is convinced that laughter helps people to live longer.

When he made his début in pictures, he played in heavy drama. He "died" nobly for the final fadeout of three pictures. And for a while it seemed fated that his twinkling eyes and his stretchy mouth would be cast in the mold of sorrow.

But it was inevitable that his name would become a synonym for laughter. For even as a child, he excited his playmates to hilarity. He had a natural bent for clowning, for making his mobile features play havoc with his fellows' risibilities. He let others essay the hero rôles, while he played the jester. It was easy for him to make others laugh. And so, very early, he decided in the subconscious way of a child that he would go through life making people laugh.

Through those difficult days of his childhood—even though at nine, as a member of an acrobatic troupe, he knew all the hardships and the hungers of circus life—somehow, by some miracle, he maintained his ideal of laughter. When, later, he became a professional baseball player and won a niche in the major leagues, he still spent his spare time, clowning, making his buddies laugh. They were the ones who encouraged him to try Broadway—to extend his laugh-making operations. And he clicked.

Wanted to Help World to Laugh

THEN came the movie offers, chances to play dramatic rôles. He thought he would like to try them. But he found them savorless. His heart wasn't in them. His heart was in making people laugh, in lightening others' burdens. He switched to screen comedy. Many actors have given the gift of tears to audiences. Joe E. Brown wanted to give them the rarer gift of laughter, which they need more. . . .

And because he has, his life is full. He harvests rich and rare rewards—and has no yearnings for the heavy drama he has abandoned. His belief that he has chosen wisely is backed by countless instances that have come to his attention since his career of humor began.

Not long after his first comedies were released, he received a letter from a baseball player's wife. It said: "My husband is a pitcher and his arm isn't going so good these days. We have been sitting home worrying—wondering how long it will be before he is sent to the sticks. I have just seen your picture. It did something to me. I laughed for the first time in weeks. Tonight, I'm taking Bill to see it, too. Maybe if he could laugh—maybe if he could put just one laugh under his belt—he'd feel better. I'm hoping he will. I'll write you again."

Two weeks later he received another letter—a jubilant letter: "Bill is in his stride again. We went to see your show and we laughed until the tears rolled down our faces. It was a sort of combination of hysteria and relaxation for us. After the show we found something to talk about, something else to think about, besides how badly Bill has been going. He slept that night for ten solid hours—the first complete rest he had had for a long time. He pitched the next afternoon and he was back to his old form. He has won three games straight. God bless you for giving us the laughs we needed so much."

Joe E. Brown's fan mail is a (*Continued on page 74*)

MERLE OBERON AND LESLIE HOWARD

Two of England's screen-great get together as co-stars in "The Scarlet Pimpernel"—the most exciting picture that either has yet made. And that is saying something. For Merle was the first of the ill-fated queens in "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth"; and just before he sailed for England, Leslie was daring death as a spy in "British Agent." In the new picture, laid in the days of the French Revolution, he is a nobleman, daring savior of aristocrats, who drives a guillotine wagon in disguise. She is his fearless wife

It takes a Sherlock Holmes to tell the Stars Off the Screen

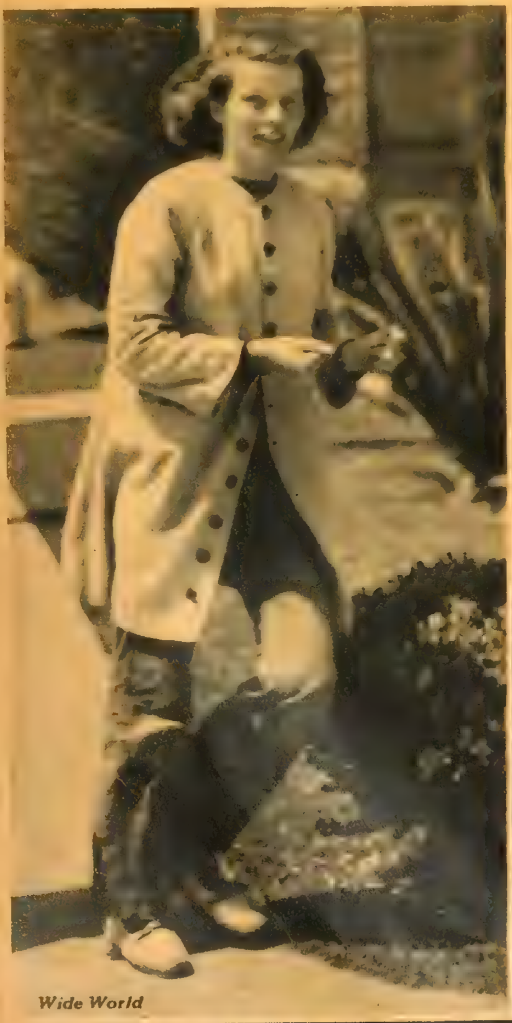
You'd think you would know them anywhere, wouldn't you? Ah, but you'd be fooled! At premières, when they're on dress parade, it's a cinch to name them. But when they go informal and incognito, even experts find it a tough job!

By Jack Smalley

WHY, of course, you'd recognize your favorite stars! The idea of even suggesting that you wouldn't know Greta Garbo or Fredric March just by the beating of your heart if you had a chance to see them! But wait—

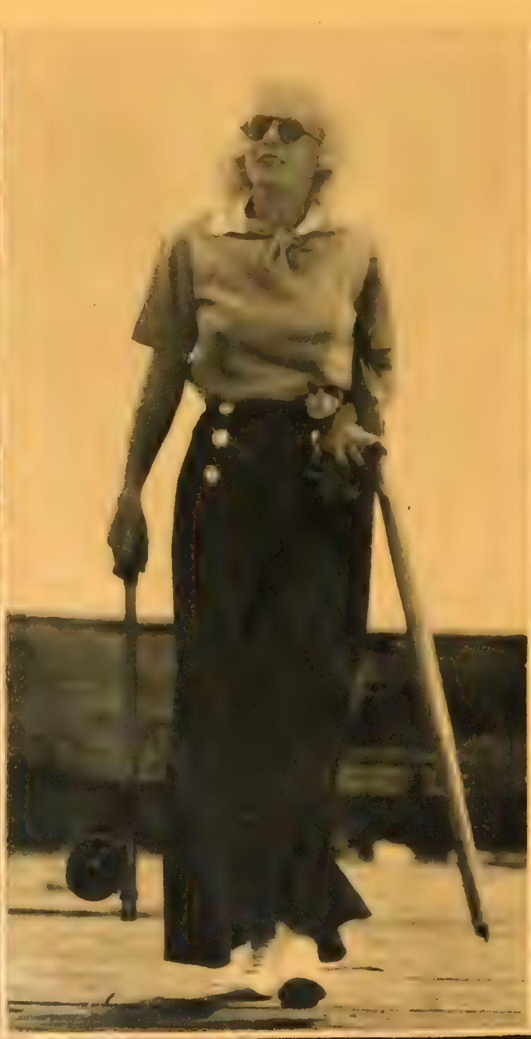
I saw a group of dyed-in-their-woolens fans, guided by one of those nice young men courteously supplied by studios to parties of visiting firemen and their wives, amble along the road past the stars' dressing-rooms one fine afternoon. As they came abreast of a big black car, with a chauffeur, parked by the walk, a woman swung past them with long strides, tossed her tawny hair as she gave them a sidelong glance, and stepped into her limousine. They didn't even give her a second look. Yet the woman was Garbo, rarest prize of all the star-hunters, the most looked-for lady in all Hollywood!

In full view of all of them, she had just come down the long flight of steps that lead to her dressing-room. You can imagine the scramble if she had been recognized! And the funny part of

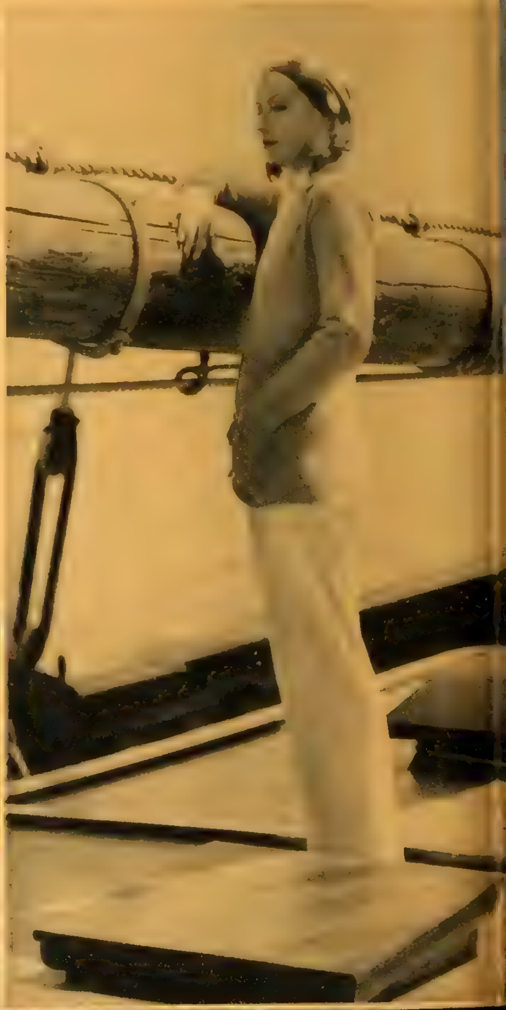


Wide World

Would you know K— H— in overalls?



. . . J— H— in slacks and specs?



. . . and G— G— in white ducks?

And, offhand, would you recognize S— T—on a horse, swinging a polo mallet?

it is, even the guide didn't know her, and not once has he seen her on the lot—he told me so himself, later.

So before you place your bets, girls and boys, let me warn you that it isn't so easy to recognize even your best-beloved stars off the screen. You might think that Charlie Chaplin couldn't skin by without being sighted like the *Leviathan* in San Pedro harbor, but don't be too sure.

The circus came to town, as circuses have a way of doing in the Summer, and Charlie took his two small sons to see the show. He was just one of hundreds of proud papas in the grandstand, cracking peanuts with that mildly pleased air of doing his duty by his offspring and enjoying it tremendously. Without his abbreviated mustache, battered derby, floppy shoes and baggy pants, you might never know the idol of millions, unless, of course, you happen to be a special collector of celebrities.

Some Lunch Incognito

EVEN in the lunchrooms at the studios, where you are on the *qui vive* to spot stars, they'll slide by right under your nose. Of course, they don't help you very much when they wear dark glasses, as Sylvia Sidney did the other day. I'd never have known her, myself, if George Raft—his eyes drawn up with invisible tape and looking exactly like a Chinese for his rôle in "Limehouse Nights"—hadn't come in and hailed her by name.

Garbo, as I have indicated, eludes recognition by being casual and unpretentious in her public appearances. Another example of this: One of my friends was in an Army and Navy store, looking for a pair of white-duck trousers. He kept getting in the way of a determined female shopper who was seeking the same object, and it wasn't until he was ready to go that he awakened to the identity of the lady. Garbo was buying herself another pair of slacks! She usually wears slacks and a sweater, with a beret covering the top of her long bob, and dark glasses to protect her eyes from the sun glare. It's all so much like what thousands of other women wear along the Boulevard that she passes by unnoticed. Marlene Dietrich, going in for entire masculine ensembles in attire, is easier to spot—but she has countless imitators.

Never bet any real money on your ability to spot women stars. Gamble on the men, if you like, but the ladies are apt to fool you. Remember that the female of the species can change her spots, even if the leopard can't, and appear with a new hair-dress, old clothes and smoked specs. Many an "extra" girl, built along the lines of Joan Bennett or Janet Gaynor, wears dark glasses like her idol. And how are you going to tell the originals from the "seconds" at first sight?

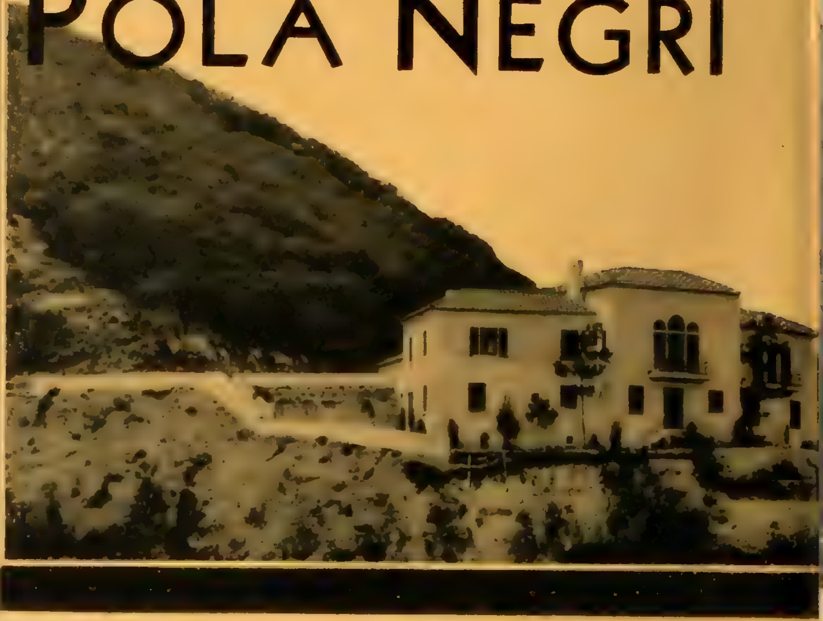
Carefree—Like a Co-ed

STAND on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, and sooner or later all of Hollywood passes by you for a glimpse. Whom would you recognize? Not Anna Sten, certainly, as she hurries by, face guiltless of powder, hair straggling from under a knit cap pulled on without the aid of a mirror, looking like a beautiful, happy-go-luck co-ed from nearby U. S. C.! Not Mae West in beret, turtle-neck sweater and white slacks, without a dimond in sight!

You'd be fooled a dozen times by the pseudo-Harlows, for the platinum Jean is so popular that she has dozens of close imitators. Although it's apt to be fatal to your movie chances if you closely resemble a star, the "extra" girls go right on trying to look more like Jean Harlow

(*Continued on page* 80)

VALENTINO STILL LIVES —for POLA NEGRI



After two years, the Polish star returns to Hollywood. After eight years, she returns to Valentino's memory-haunted home, Falcon Lair. And she says, "Rudy will be with me for all of my life. No man will ever be to me what Rudy was—and is . . ."

By
GLADYS HALL

POLA NEGRI, after two years' absence, has come back to Hollywood, to American films—fresh from picture triumphs on the Continent, from stage triumphs in the East. But there is another, greater story in her re-arrival on the Camera Coast. The glamourous, tempestuous Polish beauty, after eight years' absence, has returned to Falcon Lair—where Rudolph Valentino lived, where they had planned to live after their marriage, a marriage postponed until eternity by his sudden, tragic death. She is reported to be buying the lonely house on the hilltop, tenanted for the greater part of eight years by only the wind and rain and memories, and planning to live there—with those memories.

She took me there, where I, too, might feel its spell, to tell me what had drawn her back to the memory-haunted house that looks over Beverly Hills all the way to the sea. We walked together in Rudy's rose garden. Pola wore white with scarlet trimmings. Her lips, in her white, intense face, were as scarlet as the roses she touched with remembering finger-tips. She said, "Rudy and I planted these rose-bushes together, a long while ago. No—only yesterday . . ."

We sat in an arbor, with Falcon Lair on our right. We looked down over Benedict Canyon and the rises and hollows of the hills and the long trails, where a wood-mist seemed to rise and veil only thinly the figure of a man riding his Arabian steed, racing with his Dobermann-Pinschers, sometimes alone, sometimes with the woman who sat there beside me, remembering . . .

Her First Irresistible Impulse

POLA said, "I came to this house the very first day I arrived back in Hollywood. Before I went anywhere else, before I unpacked, I came here. Before I came, I thought I could not bear it. I thought that it would kill me, that I would faint, that I might have a nervous breakdown.

"I felt that I could not bear even to enter this canyon, where every trail and hill are reminiscent of Rudy. I knew that I would hear the clatter and ring of his horse's feet. I knew that I would hear his voice calling from the hills. I would remember, too vividly, every ride we took together,

As Pola Negri stands in the window of Falcon Lair, high on a hilltop (there is an exterior view on the opposite page), she is sure that she will have the sensation that Rudolph Valentino is still there beside her—as in this composite photograph

every walk. The eucalyptus trees that Rudy loved would be shafts of sombre green memorializing him.

"I knew, too, that I must come. I knew that his brother, Alberto, and Alberto's wife and their boy would be disappointed if I did not come. . . . And then, that first day, when I arrived just as the sun was sinking over the last hill, and I stepped through the gate, he was here to greet me. He was here, Rudy—his vibrations were everywhere. I could feel him, gay and charming, telling us not to be sad, not to mourn, not to grieve . . .

"I dined with Alberto and Alberto's wife and the boy, in the caretaker's lodge where they have been living. We had Italian spaghetti in the way Rudy used to love it, and red wine and coarse bread. It was all very simple. And I thought of the way it had once been with all of us—in the big house—in the Grand Manner. And then, suddenly, in that small room, at that small table, it *was* in the Grand Manner, as it had always been, for Rudy was there with us.

"I was not alone in my knowledge of his presence. Alberto knew it. Alberto's wife and son knew it. We spoke of it as of an accomplished and natural fact, incredible only because it was so beautiful. He was there with us and we were happy because of that—"

From the lodge came, now, the voice of Alberto's wife, humming a faint Italian air. From the big house came only silence and yet, listening with Pola's ears, I seemed to hear the vibrations of Rudy's gay laughter, song and revelry and living voices . . .

"You do believe this?" I asked.

His Soul Goes Marching On

"OF course I do," cried Pola. "Of *course*, I believe in the immortality of the soul. Do you suppose that men like Napoleon, Julius Caesar, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo—beloved men like Rudy—have ceased to exist because perhaps, an operation for appendicitis has not been a successful operation, because a tragic accident has happened, because some little germ has happened to invade the blood—do you suppose that, because of these swift and trivial happenings, these men are no more? That they have ceased to exist because their bodies weakened? Of course not—absurd—this could not be!"

And Pola raised her voice in a ringing denial that seemed to affirm the existence, the presence, of Rudolph Valentino.

"Did you love him so much?" I asked, superfluously.

"So much," said Pola, "that I know now that there is only one great love in a lifetime. I used to laugh at people who said this to me, thinking them visionaries, poets who lived secluded lives. I laughed at the notion of one love's lasting throughout all of life, life alive with loves. I said that it could not be so—and have learned that it *is* so. I have learned this lesson as, perhaps, we all must learn it—in heart - break and tears. There is only one great love in a

(*Cont. on page* 77)

Many people may have forgotten the great romance of Pola Negri and Rudolph Valentino. But when this was taken, they were engaged

Her name is a long one for theatre lights—the longest in Hollywood—but it looks as if it's a name destined to be long in the lights . . . For Helen is a clever exception to the rule: "The average screen life of a star is five years—and an ingénue can't hope to last even that long" . . . When she left Broadway for Hollywood in 1928, she was an ingénue, and to-day she is still going strong—as a star . . . The secrets of her durability? She wouldn't be "just another sweet, pretty girl"; she went in for dramatics, for varied rôles—and her emotional depth, her ability to make characters live and breathe, stood out. She co-stars with Joe Morrison in "Me Without You"

HELEN TWELVETREES

PATRICIA ELLIS

Patricia is another ingénue who is going to outlive ingénue rôles . . . Even now, it is difficult to realize that she still is in her middle teens . . . She has the poise, the self-expression of a girl years older . . . And Patricia's secret, like Helen's, is that she was on the stage very young—before the movies found her . . . Her mother was an actress; her step-father, Alexander Leftwich, is a well-known producer and stage director; she grew up in the atmosphere of the theatre . . . But differing from Helen, she is mixing light comedy with her dramatics —which, in itself, makes her individual . . . And in either "Big-Hearted Herbert" or "The St. Louis Kid," you can see her possibilities

"Budget Your Personality"

... says Jean Harlow

By
Sonia Lee

"BUDGET your personality," advises Jean Harlow, the girl whose platinum beauty has become an international trade-mark, and whose platinum personality has made her a star. "Beauty to-day," she declares, "is the cheapest commodity in the feminine market. Don't count it as your greatest asset. It isn't!

"To awaken interest and admiration to-day, a woman must check up on her charm, on her intelligence, on her emotional plasticity, on her disposition, and on her grooming. Only these qualities — only these factors—are entitled to a percentage on her personality chart.

"Glamour is over-rated. It doesn't exist by itself. It is only the result, the essence of the person. That potent, indefinable quality that places a woman in a niche of her own and distinguishes her has little relation to beauty, either of face or of form. It is an intangible thing distilled of the personality she achieves by care and by work.

"On my personality-budget chart, charm is given forty per cent. That doesn't mean that a woman starts off with that much. But if she is to be an attractive person, she must develop that percentage.

"Charm means simplicity and sincerity. It includes a certain spiritual beauty that comes to the surface and shows itself in the voice and in the eyes. No actress can get along without it. No actress will even be noticed by her audiences unless she gives them the feeling that she is an honest person, intense in her desire to develop.

"To me Barbara Stanwyck is the most charming person on the screen, not because she is a great actress—which she undoubtedly is—but because the sincerity of her emotions transcends the make-believe of every rôle.

"Affectation is the death of charm. People automatically distrust a woman who puts on an act, who is artificial. Too many women look for charm in a beauty shop, as if it were something that could be bought and sold. But they won't find it there. Curling eyelashes and a perfect skin may give an illusion of charm for a fleeting while. But it can't—it doesn't—last. For real charm, like real beauty, is more than skin-deep.

"No woman can dare to depend on her physical attributes for success. There isn't a woman star in pictures whose beauty can (*Continued on page* 83)

"Don't count beauty as your greatest asset. It isn't," says Jean—who adds that a woman, to be attractive to-day, must have five qualities. Charm should be 40 per cent of her personality; emotional plasticity, 25 per cent; intelligence, 20 per cent; good taste in clothes, 10 per cent, a good disposition, 5 per cent. Jean tells why!

A PARIS IMPORT FOR THE LADIES—

Charles Boyer

By Elisabeth Goldbeck

THE CONTINENT SENDS AMERICA a new GREAT LOVER

IT'S pleasant to think of the thousands of romance-starved American wives, maidens, and schoolgirls who are at this moment sitting in their homes, all unaware of what is going to happen to them when Charles Boyer comes back from France. Pleasanter than the thought of what's going to happen to their husbands and sweethearts.

The new generation of movie fans has never had an overpowering, irresistible romantic sensation to worship—a man whose physical appeal is so compelling that it follows you home and thrives in the memory, like a living presence, more real than flesh-and-blood, and makes the boy-friend seem pallid, indeed. But it looks as if Charles Boyer, whose first American picture, "Caravan," hinted what is in store for you, might be the miracle-man.

Of course, ever since Valentino the search has been going on. Before talkies, John Gilbert came close to filling the bill. Then Clark Gable—magnetic, virile—looked like the Great Lover. But Clark has turned out to be a man's man, a sturdy fellow who likes big-game hunting. The search goes on. . . .You see, it isn't just a matter of physical magnetism. A man's whole temperament must be in tune with his appearance. Women want to feel that there is emotion behind the glamour.

And Charles Boyer not only has the physique—he has the temperament and the emotional fire to fulfill the requirements. Tall, strong, broad-shouldered, well-groomed, with mournful, passionate dark eyes, he is every inch the cavalier, the born romantic.

He Holds Them Enthralled

ALL his life, women have crowded around him, and he has cultivated to a high degree the technique of holding their interest. He doesn't rely on glamour alone. And his charm is none the less powerful because it can be summoned at will—and dismissed when it might be wasted. On the French stage and screen, he is the rage. The theatre has less prestige in France than in America, and to go backstage is not smart; yet snobbish countesses so far forget themselves as to dash back to the stage door, like fashionable moths, to try to meet Boyer. They just don't seem to have any will-power, and etiquette means nothing when the dark and moody Charles is at stake.

There is just one possible cloud on the horizon of his potential fame. He is a bridegroom. That condition is popularly supposed to cut down fan mail and box-office receipts alarmingly. But Valentino, Gilbert and Gable have all been sensations, though married. And why shouldn't Boyer be likewise? Especially, when one remembers that he embarked on the matrimonial seas romantically, with an impulsive flair.

"I have known many very charming women, but never before have I even thought of marrying one," he said, himself still slightly bewildered by the event after eight months. "I knew Pat Paterson three weeks, and I had an instinct that it would be all right to marry her.

"Of course, it's impossible to know anyone in three weeks. I knew simply nothing about Pat then, but my instinct was strong. And it is very exciting to marry someone you don't know, first, and discover her afterwards. It is dangerous, but exciting—if it turns out well, as it has in our case.

"We didn't fly to Yuma, we drove there. One evening, instead of going to the movies, we went to Yuma. And the next day—we came back home. That's all there was to it."

"Home" was the (*Continued on page* 81)

"My Head Rules My Heart..."

ANN SOTHERN isn't a success by accident, but by will power. She says, "I make my own decisions—about everything. I would rather be wrong than wobbly . . . I've always done what I wanted to do. More importantly, I've always known what I wanted to do." And her story will be an inspiration to every girl who reads it!

By FAITH SERVICE

"MY head rules my heart," Ann Sothern told me. "I make my own decisions—about everything. I trust my own judgment. I believe in myself. I would rather be wrong than wobbly."

Looking at Ann and hearing her say this and other things was a believe-it-or-not experience. Because Ann, wearing a royal-blue middy suit, her golden hair feather-soft about her face, her mouth a Cupid's bow, her skin roses and cream, looks as though she should be talking teasing baby-talk, thinking of nothing weightier than fluffy frocks and picture hats and music in the moonlight. But as the crisp and definite voice says extremely un-baby-like things, you notice that there is steel in the gray-blue eyes, firm modeling to the Cupid's bow mouth, and a forceful, incisive individuality to the soft, young figure. Here is *not* "just another blonde," but a young woman who has a mind of her own and knows it.

Eddie Cantor's new leading lady (in "Kid Millions") was saying, "I've always been very definite. I've always done the things I've wanted to do. More importantly, I've always known *what* I wanted to do. I've always believed that an indefinite woman is a failure before she ever begins.

"I am not impressed, I think, by the things that impress most (*Continued on page* 85)

ROBERT ARMSTRONG'S HOUSE IS A MAN'S HOUSE

No woman had a hand in planning a single detail of Bob's Early California hacienda. The result is a colorful, super-comfortable house that seems a million miles from Hollywood . . .

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

His "front" terrace overlooks the tennis court, leads to—the kitchen . . .

In the living room, several types of furniture are cleverly harmonized . . .

The dining room table is of lemon wood; the color scheme is blue and yellow . . .

STRICTLY speaking, Robert Armstrong's house isn't in Hollywood, but on a hillside in one of the quiet, sunny canyons that twist away from Beverly Hills. It's a mile from well-traveled Sunset Boulevard. It might as well be a hundred miles away.

No woman had a hand in its decoration; no woman was consulted—or considered—when it was built. It is a man's house, masculine to an extreme—a colorful, romantic extreme. "But if I were planning to marry again," asks its owner, with a grin, "do you think I would have dared to build a home this way? *I* built it as a place where I could lead my own life as I see fit."

Many a woman might cry out at the arrangement of the seven rooms that make up this long, low, sprawling Early California hacienda. No doors lead from one part of the house to another; every apartment opens, Mexican fashion, onto a huge patio. With few exceptions, no curtains hang at the windows, sunken into the three-foot-thick adobe walls; no pastel colors, no highly polished woods, no silks are to be seen anywhere. And as for the huge master bath, as large as a bedroom, imagine all that space wasted without a dressing table! Instead, there is a rubbing table, which is covered with a gayly colored Indian blanket, and an *electric refrigerator*. ("The kitchen is so darned far away, to get a cold drink," Bob explains.)

ROBERT ARMSTRONG

Why the Timbers Look So Old

THE Armstrong house is built of native materials—adobe brick, of which the old Spanish missions were made, and hand-made paving tiles for the patios and porches, laid without cement. The heavy plaster that covers outside and inside walls was put on in native Indian fashion by gloved hands, instead of trowels, thus explaining the irregular "hand-made" effect. The great beams of the living and dining room ceiling and the roof joists were discovered in a weathered pile on a dock at Venice (California) by the builder, who was in search of old lumber.

"Would you take a load of new timbers and boards in exchange for these old ones?" he asked the guardian of the pier. "Sure!" said that worthy in amazement. And so the whitewash, thinly smeared over the woodwork of the long, cool living quarters, reveals the weathered look that no decorator but Time can give.

The "front" of the Armstrong home, reached from the canyon road, far below, is in reality the back. The long brick-floored veranda, strewn with weathered benches and pots of Mexican plants, and overlooking two acres of land and a fine tennis court, leads into—the kitchen. This is one apartment of which a woman would approve. There are even curtains at the windows in concession to "Rosie", the goddess of the place, and the green and yellow tile is modern and efficient.

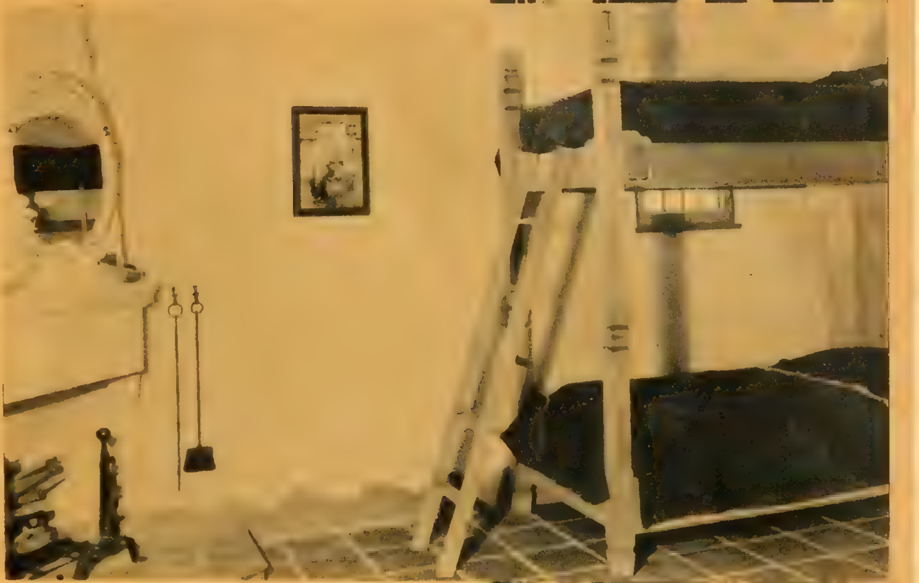
Beyond, one goes past a startling bath, with purple fixtures and a tiled bowl, into the blue-and-yellow guest room, with its corner fireplace, its tiled floor, a simple hearth, surmounted by a hood, and two-bunk bed—the top deck reached by a short ladder. Here, as elsewhere throughout the house, the windows are shaded, not by curtains, but by shutters of varnished wood. The rugs are rough, hand-woven things, and the bed-spreads are purple. Lemon-yellow wood forms the furnishings.

Where His Life Centers

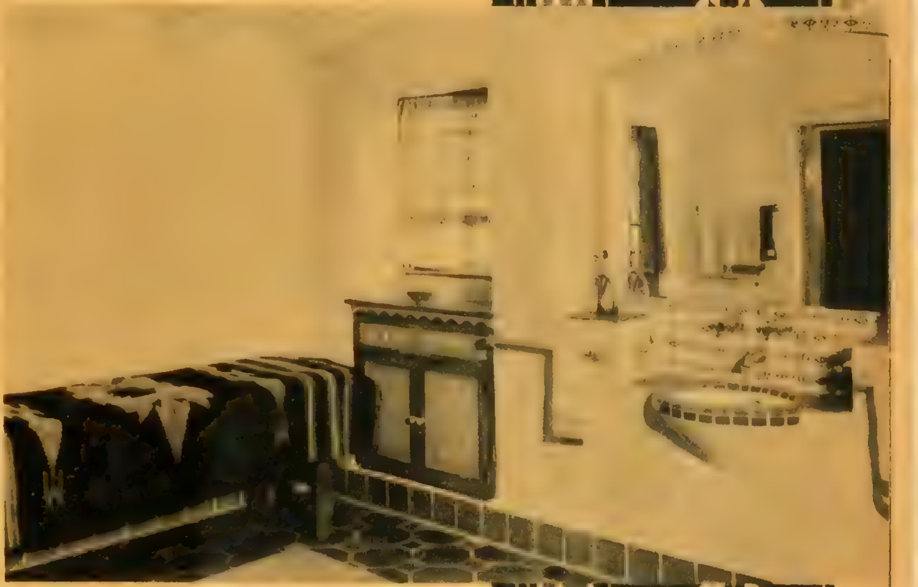
FROM the window of this ell-room one looks out—as from all the other rooms of the house—onto the huge patio, partly roofed, partly in the sun. A circular barbecue pit, which looks like a fountain, a wrestling mat, leather and splint Mexican chairs—meet the eye. Nowhere are there any painted iron or wicker chairs or sun umbrellas. The life of the home centers in the patio. Here the master of the house eats, exercises, smokes, rests, studies, with nothing to disturb him except perhaps a gopher or rabbit from the brush-covered hillside.

The main body of the house is given over to the dining room—living room—two apartments in one, separated by a few steps. Here the floors are wide boards, hand-pegged, acid-burned and waxed. The walls are plaster, whitewashed, with terra cotta, chair high, around the two rooms to give warmth and color. But there is no lack of vivid color! (*Continued on page* 87)

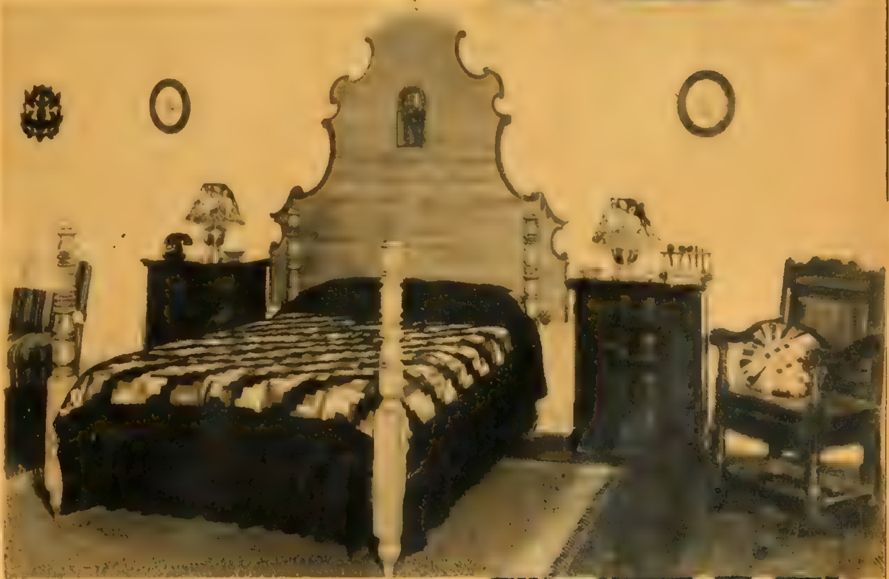
Harold Grieve, Interior Decorator



The guest room has a two-deck bunk, a tiled floor, a corner fireplace . . .



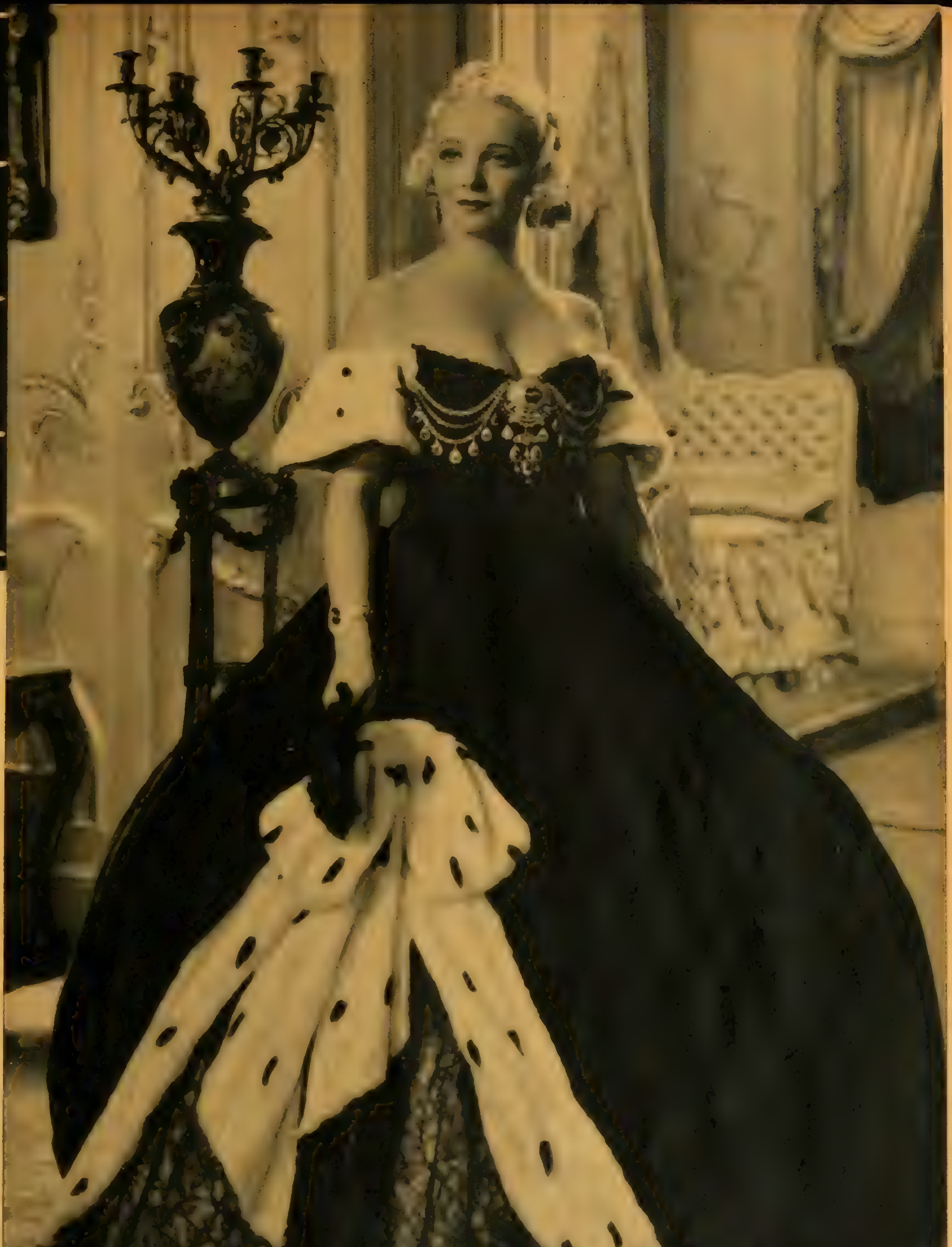
The gay tiles creep into the spacious bath, with its rub-down table . . .



His bedroom has an old Spanish bed, bedside chests, Mexican chairs . . .

P. T. BARNUM AND COMPANY

The Connecticut Yankee who was the granddaddy of ballyhoo—who dug up curiosities never seen before and made a circus "the greatest show on earth"—who said, "There's a sucker born every minute"—is getting a screen biography, bound to be colorful and amusing. Wallace Beery is "The Mighty Barnum," himself. Adolphe Menjou is a slickster of a hundred years ago. Rochelle Hudson is big-hearted P. T.'s sweet, young ward



A "Follies" beauty in hoop skirts! But Virginia happens to be an actress, as well as a beauty—which explains everything. She plays *Jenny Lind,* "the Swedish Nightingale," in "The Mighty Barnum"

VIRGINIA BRUCE

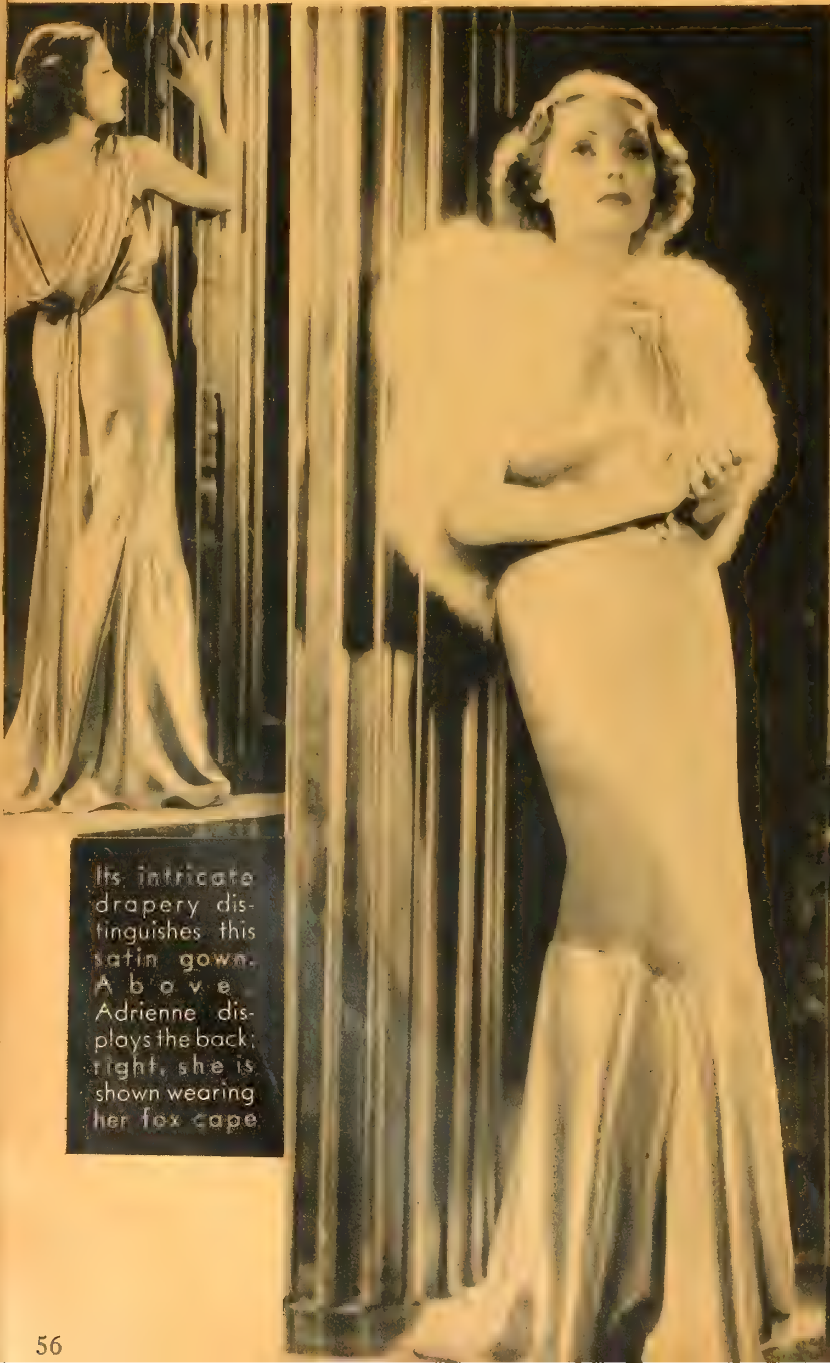
FASHIONABLE DEBUTANTE—OR WELL-DRESSED WORKING GIRL?

In "Gigolette," ADRIENNE AMES has a wardrobe that could be worn by either. Here are screen styles that are practical, inexpensive!

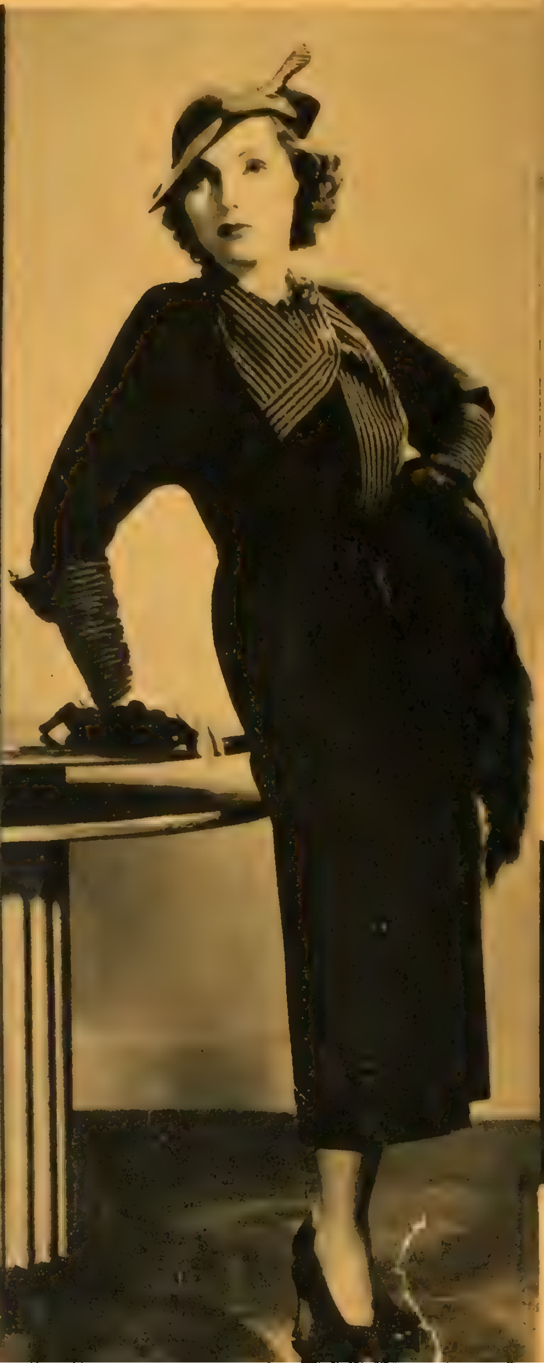
BY RITA JEAN D'ARCY

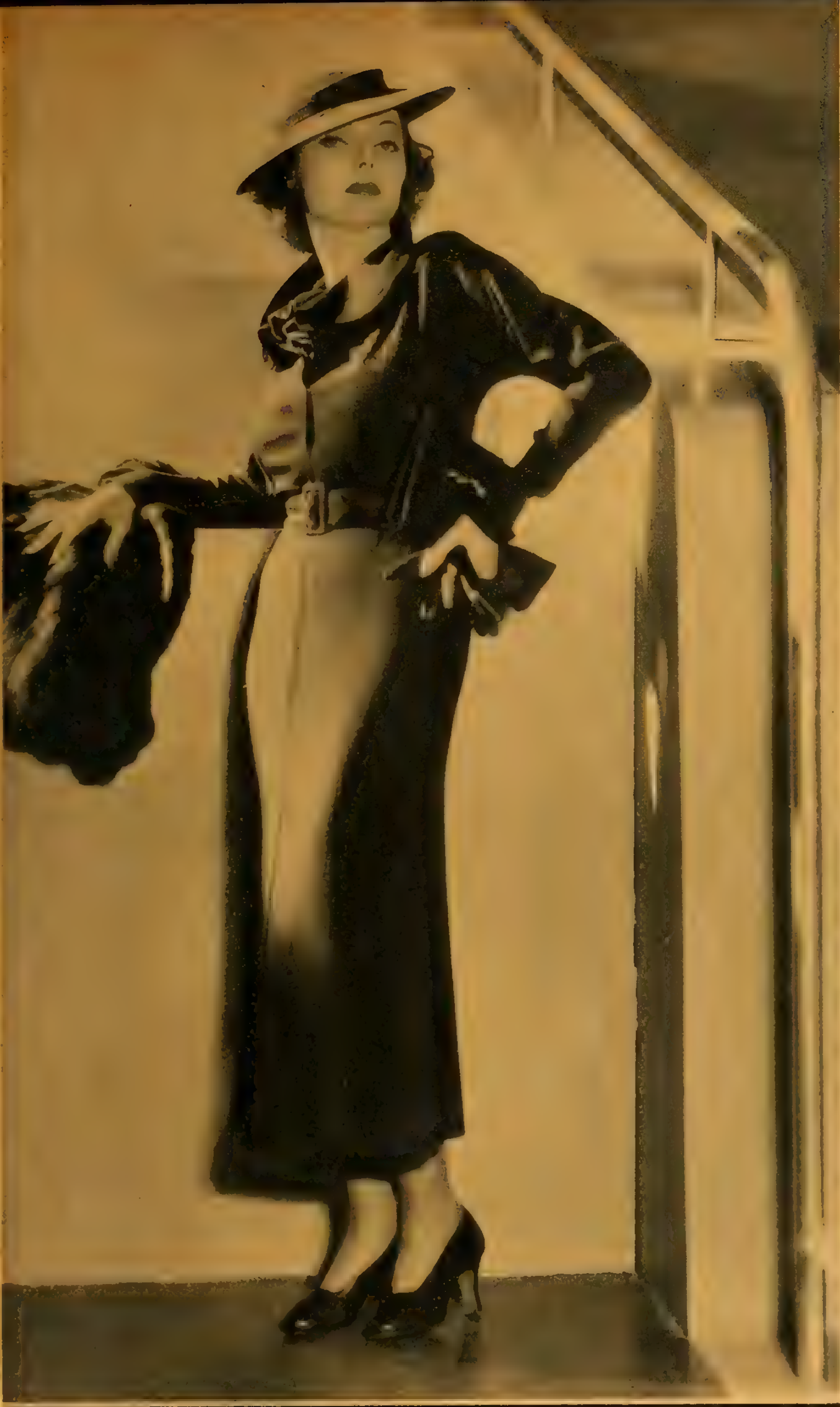
IN this month's "Screen Style Preview," we present some of the fashions that Adrienne Ames sponsors in her newest picture, "Gigolette"—fashions that girls in every walk of life may copy and well afford. Adrienne, who is as well known for her taste in clothes as for her screen work, believes that smart clothes are very important in every girl's life. Whether she wants a career or romance in her life, a girl has to attract favorable attention first of all, and then hold that attention—and the smarter she looks, the smarter she'll be credited with being.

Adrienne has always been cast in parts in which she has had to wear fashionable clothes—and the reason why she is given these opportunities is that she knows *how* to wear them (which is even more important than knowing how to shop for them). Any girl might profitably copy not only Adrienne's styles, but Adrienne' way of wearing them, her carriage, her poise, her graceful movements. Half the secret of glamour is self-assurance.



Its intricate drapery distinguishes this satin gown. Above, Adrienne displays the back; right, she is shown wearing her fox cape





The daytime frock of brown wool which Adrienne Ames is wearing, above, is trimmed with a gold-stitched yoke and collar. With it, she wears a flat-crowned, wide-brimmed hat. Another smart brown wool frock is pictured on the opposite page. Its collar and cuffs are of green and brown chenille

In "Gigolette," Adrienne wears some clothes that are gay and glamourous and others that are schoolgirlish and even hoydenish, in keeping with her rôle. She plays the part of *Kay Parrish*, a wealthy society girl who suddenly finds herself penniless. But this is not the conventional "riches-to-rags" story, because, fortunately, *Kay* has managed to salvage her entire wardrobe and it comes in mighty handy when she sets out to look for a job.

One town frock that is in perfect taste for either working girl or society belle is a two-piece brown wool frock, featuring dolman sleeves with deep armholes. It is trimmed with deep cuffs and an intricate collar of brown and green chenille; and, in keeping with one of the season's most popular vogues, she flaunts a jaunty feather in her small brown felt hat.

A charming ensemble of velveteen and plaid wool is one that many schoolgirls will want to copy, but that doesn't mean that those of you who have gone past the schoolgirl age can't go in for this type of outfit, too. At least it will help you look schoolgirlish a little longer and that is something to be desired.

In a night-club scene, Adrienne wears an alluringly feminine gown that accentuates her charm and poise. I know that many of you will want to have it copied for your next big evening event. This beautiful gown is made of turquoise-blue satin, is cut waist-deep in the back, and is exquisitely draped. The gown is snugly fitted to the form from the waist to the knees, but at the knees there is a slightly gathered flounce effect that allows for a little freedom of movement. The skirt, which is a little longer in back than in front, forms a short train effect and the sash of the gown, which is drawn through the cowl décolletage, contributes length to the train effect. When the gown just described is topped off with her white fox cape, it becomes an exquisite evening creation.

The blouse of the two-piece afternoon outfit (below, left) is of beige-striped brown velvet and the skirt is made of solid brown velvet. Below, right, Adrienne models a really charming ensemble of velveteen and plaid wool—also worn in "Gigolette"

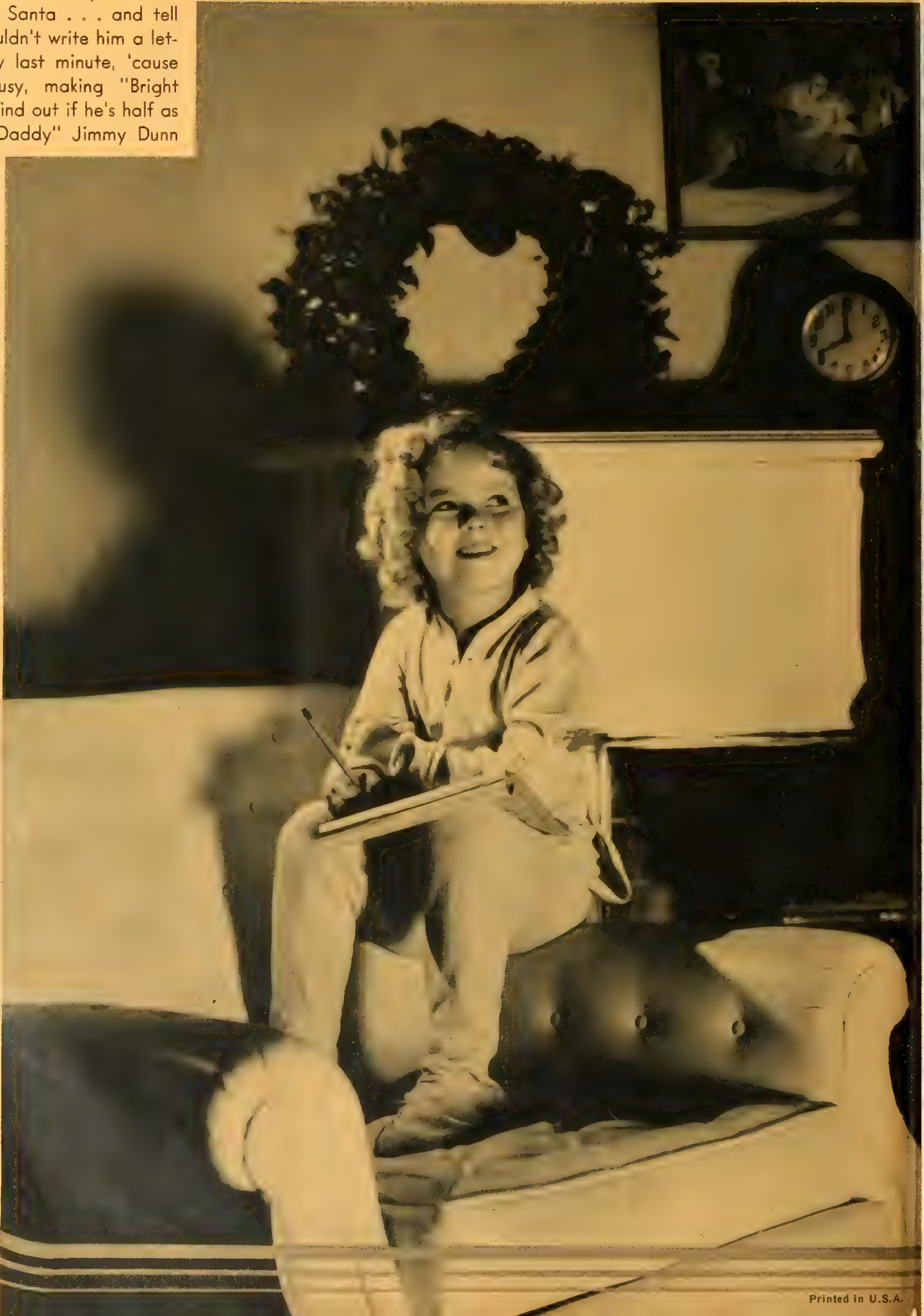
For Those Chilly Afternoons

A CHIC luncheon-and-after frock along very slenderizing lines is one of brown wool that has a gold-stitched yoke and ruffled collar. In spite of the popularity of hats that point skyward this season, Adrienne prefers, with this costume, a quaint flat-crowned and wide-brimmed *chapeau*. It is a brown felt one and the brim has been stiffened. This style of hat is still very much in favor and is considerably more becoming to many girls than the high-crowned models.

Her wrap of Kolinsky fur (which is not a costly fur) has rich brown tones. This wrap, which is a combination of a cape and a short jacket, accompanies the *(Continued on page* 89)

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Giving you a preview of the most famous little girl in the world on the night before Christmas . . . trying to stay awake hours after her bedtime —like any other little six-year-old— so she can see Santa . . . and tell him how she couldn't write him a letter till the very last minute, 'cause she was so busy, making "Bright Eyes" . . . and find out if he's half as much fun as "Daddy" Jimmy Dunn



Printed in U.S.A.

“Each p
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romance all ove

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

Untold Stories of Loves That Have *Lasted*

2. There are happy Hollywood marriages—many of them. One is the marriage of Irene Dunne and Dr. Francis D. Griffin of New York. They live a continent apart, yet constantly grow closer to each other. And Irene explains the "phenomenon"

The headline-hunters thrive on heart-breaks and divorces; they don't tell the world about the happy couples, who outnumber the unhappy ones—in Hollywood, as elsewhere. And it's time you heard about some of these happy movie marriages. Two months ago, MOTION PICTURE told you the love story of the James Cagneys, married for twelve years. This month, we present Irene Dunne's story of her long-distance, happy marriage to Dr. Francis D. Griffin of New York, now entering its seventh year. —*Editor.*

IRENE DUNNE'S marriage is an unusual one, and an unusually happy one. It is a marriage that is a modern miracle. She lives in Hollywood, while her dentist-husband, Dr. Francis D. Griffin, lives in New York—yet they are closer to each other than many a couple who are together for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

The fact that they do live a continent apart has never been classified as "one of those things." For it is common knowledge that, regularly, he drops everything to cross the continent to her and that she as eagerly drops everything to go to him—and that each prefers the other to anything else in the world.

Irene says that she couldn't begin to enumerate the people who have asked her, solicitously, if she believes she can possibly trust her husband back East "all by himself, for months at a time." And she positively shudders to contemplate the number who have helpfully warned her husband of the chances he is taking in permitting her to remain in Hollywood without a husband to watch over her. "There is no use courting temptation," they both have been advised, times without number.

"And there is no use running away from it, either," objects Irene, "because wherever you go you will find it—if you are looking for it. Temptation isn't something that comes from without; it comes from within. It's a state of mind, like jealousy or suspicion.

"We want to be together, as much as does any couple. But each of us is trying to accomplish something in a different field, and while we are striving to do this, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of (*Continued on page 84*)

Actors Are Younger Than Other People

By LEE TRACY

Who guarantees that he will still be young at seventy—and tells why

I'LL still be a youngster at seventy—a bit gouty, perhaps, somewhat creaky and feeble probably, more than a little bald certainly—but "just a boy," nevertheless. There's something about this profession of mine, you see—a certain magic, tonic quality—that keeps old age away longer than most jobs do. You know, yourself, that a pretty actress never gets beyond thirty!

But all kidding aside, actors *are* younger than other people—younger because they *feel* younger . . . younger because they never outgrow optimism and hope . . . younger because they keep on looking to the future, rather than to the past . . . younger because they are never worn down by the grindstone of monotony . . . younger because—well, because of a thousand reasons.

Contrast our lives with the lives of the average business men—contrast the life of an explorer with the routine existence of a bank clerk—and you'll begin to understand why this miraculous Youth Preserver, which old Doc Tracy is trying to analyze, seldom fails.

In the first place, we are undoubtedly the only class of workers on earth whose work is our ruling passion. I became an actor, not because acting offered an easy road to money and fame, but because I would rather starve as an actor than grow wealthy in any other job. My work is my play. I've never known an actor to grow bored; and I've never known one who could quit, and take up any other line of business and be completely satisfied.

Had a Struggle—and Liked It

TAKE my own case. My father wanted me to finish college and become an engineer. Because of certain connections that he could have placed at my disposal, I knew that his advice was sound. I *knew* that I could have an assured future as an engineer. But I wanted to act. I dreamed of being an actor. I was willing to give up anything else in order to make my dream come true. I argued and pleaded until finally I had my way. I lived hand-to-mouth for several years, without any evidence of success—and yet I wouldn't have traded my job for the best engineering position in the world. If I were still struggling for recognition, with nothing but a succession of failures to show for my years in grease-paint, I'd feel the same about acting. And so would any other actor.

We are younger than other people because there is no monotony or routine about our work. I'm sorry for the average business man, who goes through the same motions day after day, six days a week, fifty-two weeks a year! We live a new life with every new rôle. Routine dulls a man's eagerness and makes him old. Variety helps to keep him young.

Actors are younger than other people because they keep looking to the future, no matter what their actual count of years may be. Other people, after they have passed the half-way mark in life, look more and more to the past. Did you ever listen to an actor talk? He's always saying, "I'm going to," "I'm planning to," "I expect to."

Age is no barrier to success on either the stage or screen; consequently, hope lives eternally in an actor's heart. Frank Bacon, supposedly "through" at sixty-one, was the greatest sensation on the American stage at sixty-two. Marie Dressler, involuntarily retired in her late fifties, wasted no time talking about the successes of her thirties; she came to Hollywood, optimistically looking ahead to the future, and, in a few years' time, became the greatest box-office attraction the screen has ever known. She was still looking to the future when she died—and anyone who knew her also knew how young of heart she was.

Always Looking Forward

THE belief that his greatest success is just around the corner is part of every actor's religion. Each new rôle is a complete new life to live, a new gamble to take, a new chance to "break the bank." Here in Hollywood, the boulevards leading to the studios are dotted with out-at-the-elbow actors, thumbing rides to look for work. I've never given a lift to one of (*Continued on page 74*)

Apger

THE SECRETS OF THE DRESSING-TABLE

BY MADGE EVANS

Her Own Home Beauty Treatments

Seated at her dressing-table (top), Madge Evans applies lipstick to a mouth that has no sagging corners. Far left, she brushes her hair, stimulating it. Near left, she powders her chin—a facial feature that many women (but not Madge!) neglect. Below, she applies eyebrow pencil to set off her always-young-looking eyes. Bottom, she puts just a dash of perfume behind her ears. But make-up is only secondary to beauty care

Madge Evans, now playing with Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows," tells—exclusively for MOTION PICTURE—what every woman *doesn't* know about home beauty care. And every treatment she describes (and prescribes) might be adopted with profit by any woman eager to enhance her own beauty and charm. Next month, and each month, another star will write her "Secrets of the Dressing-Table" for MOTION PICTURE, and you.—*Editor.*

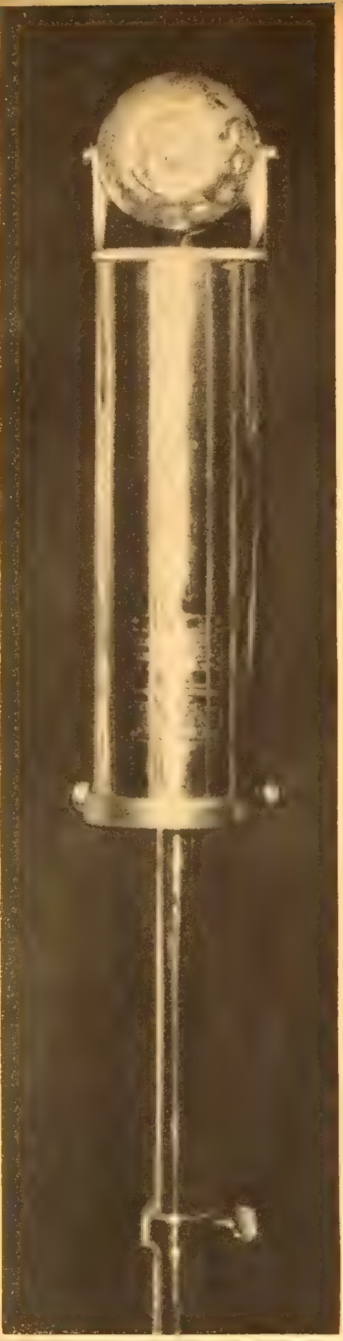
DID you, when you were a young girl, accumulate sample bottles and jars of creams and lotions to make yourself beautiful? And were you thrilled when the trial packages arrived, and did you go off by yourself to dabble among the treasures and "try everything"? I did.

I remember that even when I was still a "child actress," I had collected more than a suitcase full of beauty samples, which I kept carefully hidden under my bed—except when we went off on location, and even then I managed to drag the suitcase along, though my mother thought it was full of my dolls and toys. One day, however, while I was timing a mud-pack (fifteen minutes by the clock, and then it would dry and harden and lift those sagging muscles!), my mother caught me at it. She laughed even while she scolded me. "You don't need those things yet," she told me. And she took everything away from me except some cleansing cream, an astringent, and some fine white powder! But that childhood urge for trying beauty preparations has held over, and to-day I am still an ardent addict of them. My dressing-room shelves are lined with bottles and jars of all colors and sizes, and I *dote* on them!

Always Prepared

AND as for make-up! Here's something that I hit upon a long time ago. When you switch from one hand-bag to another, you know how easy it is to forget to switch the lipstick; or you go out without your mascara; *something* is always left behind. And if I

(*Continued on page 79*)



They're Serious about Radio Now

By LOUIS REID

Radio Editor, *New York American*

MOTION PICTURE stars are taking their radio appearances seriously these days. Marching to the microphones in regimental strength, they are suddenly aware that second in importance to capturing the armchairs is an ability to hold them, once they are captured. This is a vast change from the time when Hollywood's celebrities first found themselves in the broadcasting studios.

Then, they were inclined to look askance at broadcasting, showed no particular eagerness to rehearse or give their radio routine a second thought, and often went on the airwaves in a mood too flippant for satisfactory results. In the early days, screen players refused to be impressed with the fact that radio was anything more than an opportunity for some quick and easy money. Not so to-day. From a lark, broadcasting has developed into an important and valuable by-product of their careers.

Now the average picture star, appearing on a broadcast, realizes that he or she is performing to an unseen, but nevertheless critical audience of millions, most of whom are likely to form lasting opinions gained—or lost, one might add—by the air performance. He is extremely careful to take plenty of time for a program idea and subsequent rehearsals, and to study studio facilities to enlarge his knowledge of radio. Also, according to the broadcasting caliphs, the screen players are to-day free from evidences of the traditional temperament generally accredited to members of their profession.

Connie Goes More Than Half-Way

CONSTANCE BENNETT, for example, was perfectly agreeable to the last-minute revision of her recent radio script. As a matter of fact, she asked for suggestions for its improvement. Her song from the last film she made was repeated over and over until she was satisfied with the results.

Bebe Daniels carries herself like an experienced radio performer. She insists upon having the microphone so

Norma Shearer (left) keeps that poise in a broadcasting studio—even when the unexpected happens. George O'Brien (center) is always prepared for emergencies. Kay Francis (right) is an adept picker-upper of cues

The movie stars who go on the air these days aren't doing it just to pick up some small change. They're all out to give the folks good entertainment. And here's the proof!

placed that she can see the assisting orchestra. It is her purpose to follow the musicians, rather than make them take blind stabs at keeping up with her.

Norma Shearer's behavior in the radio studios has become a special delight to broadcasting officials. At a recent broadcast she put in her appearance well before air time, wasn't the least bit disturbed when an attendant (who didn't recognize her through her dark glasses) attempted to bar her way into the studios, and made a detailed inspection of the control room to find out what it was all about.

Kay Francis, radio men say, has shown a remarkably quick adaptability to broadcasting conditions. Particularly, she has developed the knack of picking up cues and following in record time the complicated signals peculiar to broadcasting.

Another hard worker from the Camera Coast is Dick Powell, at present the master of ceremonies on the "Hollywood Hotel" programs. Dick is a music-lover and plays a score of instruments. Ted Fiorito, orchestra director on the broadcast, finds Powell a useful fellow to have around, not only because his musical suggestions are valuable, but because in an emergency the actor can take a place in the band.

Claudette Equal to Emergencies

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was almost on the verge of a nervous collapse when she made her début as a singer on the Columbia system, but she pulled herself together and did an excellent job. An actress of her standing had much to lose if she didn't do her best, and this thought was a strain in itself.

But Miss Colbert is a resourceful person. One time when the publicity department of her film company handed her a script to read over the air, she looked at it carefully, decided it wasn't suited to her personality, and closeting herself in an office, wrote her own material in a half-hour. Most stars now take a hand in their scripts.

Ginger Rogers usually performs a few dance steps between her air numbers. Though she now appears on broadcasts from the West Coast, she made her radio début in Manhattan. At the time she was playing in a musical show and it was necessary for her to appear at the studios five minutes after the final curtain. So the radio company hired, believe it or not, a private ambulance to rush her to the scene of the broadcast.

Jean Harlow paces up and down the floor of the studio just prior to her broadcasts, concentrating on her lines. On the air, however, she lets no one get the impression that she is either self-conscious or nervous. She displays a laudable sense of humor in her broadcasts.

Marion Davies is more at ease before a microphone than almost everybody else, according to the radio rajahs. Studio attachés like her graciousness.

Ronald Colman, of all film actors, is regarded as the most serious at the loudspeakers. He will spend hours perfecting one line. George O'Brien is another hard worker when a broadcast is in the offing.

The actors in the Sunday afternoon Radio Theatre voted in agreement with their director against visible audiences. Miriam Hopkins, John Boles and Helen Hayes, among others, agreed that an audience in the studio would interfere greatly with their microphone performances.

Helen Hayes and Walter Huston put all the inflections in radio performances that they would in screen or stage performances. Miriam Hopkins goes through all the gestures and facial expressions she uses on the stage or screen, but plays entirely into the microphone, a feat, she believes, that would be impossible if spectators were present in the studio. On one recent radio program, John Boles was intensely nervous and smoked a big cigar all through his performance of *Chico* in "Seventh Heaven."

Rudy Vallee is one of the few radio singers who turn their backs to the audience when

(*Continued on page 72*)

Constance Bennett (left) let the broadcasters make last-minute revisions in a recent script—if you can imagine it. More than that; she insisted on several rehearsals of a song. Dick Powell (center), who has become one of radio's leading masters of ceremony, is also handy as a musical adviser—and a saxophone-player, if necessary. Claudette Colbert (right) is capable of rewriting a script at the last moment for greater naturalness

The PICTURE PARADE

REVIEWS OF THE LATEST PICTURES

The GAY DIVORCÉE

Gay, Clean and Clever Comedy—It Has Everything

THIS is an almost perfect combination of dances, songs, story and comedy for everyone's entertainment. We would say "perfect," except that critics are not supposed to rave! Strung on the thread of a real story, the musical numbers never intrude, and the dancing is a delight for those who enjoy smooth rhythm, rather than elaborate evolutions and trick chorus effects. The odd, Puckish personality of Fred Astaire is established firmly as a movie favorite by his performance of *Guy Holden*, and Ginger Rogers is cute and clever as the gay divorcée. Her dancing is amazing, when you consider that she is teamed with a man recognized as the best hoofer on the stage. The infallible Edward Everett Horton out-Hortons himself and the "whimsical" waiter, Eric Blore, is a find. There isn't a dull instant.

Highlights: Astaire's love-making. Astaire's singing. Astaire's dancing while he dresses. The scene on the dock where Ginger's dress is locked into a trunk. The "Continental" dance. The gorgeous comedy scene between Horton and the waiter over the tea order. Ginger Rogers' appeal. (RKO-Radio)

BEST PICTURES:

"THE GAY DIVORCÉE"

"LADY BY CHOICE"

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

"THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA"

"KID MILLIONS"

"THE WHITE PARADE"

BEST PERFORMANCES:

Fred Astaire in "THE GAY DIVORCÉE"

May Robson in "LADY BY CHOICE"

Henry Hull in "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

Walter Connolly in "THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA"

Loretta Young in "THE WHITE PARADE"

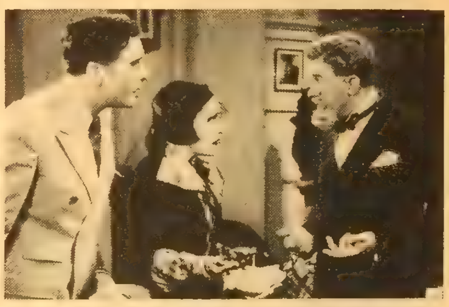
Helen Hayes in "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

Dickens Story Makes Grand Picture

DICKENS himself would have been pleased with Universal's job of transferring one of his greatest mystery stories safely to the screen. Henry Hull's characterization of the convict, whose gratitude for a boy's momentary sympathy becomes a ruling passion, is superb. He is unforgettable in his trembling pride at having made a gentleman of the urchin who befriended him. Scarcely less finely etched is Phillips Holmes as the boy brought up with great expectations of wealth from a secret benefactor. With a splendid script, backgrounds like illustrations from an old book, and a fine cast that includes Alan Hale and Florence Reed, it has all the flavor of Dickens and is a new kind of movie treat.

Highlights: The atmosphere. George Breakston and Ann Howard as the children. The eerie, haunting face and voice of Florence Reed as the woman jilted on her wedding day. *Magwitch's* return, and the growing horror of *Pip* as he realizes that he owes everything to a hunted convict. Hale's *Gargery*, the blacksmith. (Universal)

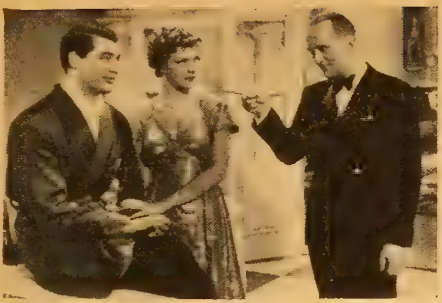


MUSIC IN THE AIR

Tuneful, Well Sung—Entertaining

UNSOPHISTICATED innocence in Alpine clothes comes down from a Bavarian mountain to the Great City (Munich). Here the girl and her school-teacher lover meet a bored actress and eccentric playwright, and pair off anew with disastrous results for a while. Eventually, they return to their own loves. That's the plot. But plot doesn't matter especially. What does matter is that Gloria Swanson looks gorgeously beautiful and sings—adequately. John Boles sings splendidly, but his acting could be more animated. Douglass Montgomery's coyness is out of keeping and June Lang, as the mountain maid, is uncertain whether she is intended to be funny or romantic. But beautiful photography and tuneful music make an ample evening's entertainment.

Highlights: John Boles' songs. The curiously maladjusted love scenes between the temperamental actress and the naïve school-teacher, the sophisticated playwright and the artless peasant girl. Al Shean as the father. Gloria Swanson's beauty. (Fox)



ENTER MADAME

Landi Puts It Over

ONCE talked of as a vehicle for Grace Moore, this rather dated stage play of the temperamental prima donna whose whims make her husband carry less standing than her doctor proves a screen opportunity for Elissa Landi. After her emotional outbursts in this part, she will never be referred to as "cold" again. Except for the singer's flare of temperament there is little action to the plot, which lapses into uncertainty every now and then, despite the gallant efforts of Elliott Nugent, the director, to keep it going with comedy and horse-play, when other means fail. The husband who finally breaks away fron his wife's apron-strings is well played by Cary Grant, who is displaying a rapidly-growing talent for well-dressed farce. It's jerky but worth while—in spots.

Highlights: The dinner scene with the familiar servants competing in noise with the tempestuous mistress. Cary Grant minding the Pekingese dog. The emotional talent of Elissa Landi. Grant's acting. (Paramount)

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN

Tragic, But Interesting

THIS contemporary tale of four college boys who graduate, aflame with ideals and plans for life, only to find that they must take a post-graduate course in hunger, failure, discouragement and sorrow, is drab, but interesting, because of its personal application to so many in the audience. The adventurings of the four friends in quest of a living are loosely tied together by the fact that one of them, Franchot Tone, becomes a reporter at thirty dollars a week. It is he who, in the course of duty, identifies the body of the former football hero killed in a hold-up and witnesses the suicide of another chum's father from business worries. Jean Muir, Margaret Lindsay and Ann Dvorak are good as the girls who share the boys' problems.

Highlights: The scene where the grid hero tries to pawn his gold football, only to find it worthless. The bitter scene where Tone berates the father for bringing another soul into such an unsatisfactory world. The ironic ending with next year's grads facing the future hopefully. (Warners)

LADY BY CHOICE

A Fine Treat in Store for You

A CINDERELLA old lady with a fairy god-daughter, that's the plot of this one. May Robson and Carole Lombard are the reasons for going to see this sentimental, amusing, dramatic story of a tipsy old lady, a cynical young fan dancer—and their mutual regeneration. As a publicity stunt, the fiery dancer adopts a "mother" from an old ladies' home. The "mother," who has been sent to the home instead of to prison by an exasperated Judge (Walter Connolly), proves to be a tough customer to get rid of after the stunt has served its purpose. She insists on mothering the dancer out of her job, and making her respectable. Such a plot gives May a chance for comedy and tears, violent emotion and elegant clothes. Romance, in the shape of Roger Pryor, brings in suspenseful complications.

Highlights: The scene where the old lady tries her arts on the Judge. The scene where the two battle-scarred adventuresses, the one old, and the other young, recognize their need for each other. The dramatic conflicts. The acting. (Columbia)

KID MILLIONS

Sure-Fire Winner—See It

MORE happenings and fewer gags feature this latest sure-fire contribution of that keen comedian, Eddie Cantor, to the public welfare. A little wharf urchin, abused and neglected, dreams of what he would do for other kids if his ship came in. By a freak of fate he falls heir to seventy-seven million dollars—and the remainder of the picture recounts his adventures on the ship that carries him, and the other claimants to the fortune, to Egypt. The prettiest chorus girls on the screen do their stuff at a ship's concert; the melodies are haunting and the situations are funny when they aren't hilarious. Ann Sothern and George Murphy, a taking newcomer, furnish romance, and the final charming and whimsical color sequence must discourage those who plan to make future musicals.

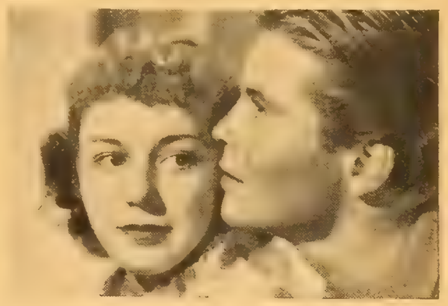
Highlights: Cantor's comedy face. The screaming sequence in which the gangsters photograph Eddie in a wheel chair with a section of the deck railing taken out behind him. The "Your Head on My Shoulder" number. (Goldwyn-United Artists)

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA

But Everyone Else Will Love It

THIS is a Grand Hotel afloat, with all the familiar personages of ocean travel, including the crook, traveling with a fortune in stolen bonds, the dumb detective, the addle-pated rich widow, the honeymooners, the convivial newspapermen. The different episodes and threads of the plot are tied together by the routine of life aboard ship, and by the fathomless boredom of the captain, to whom hysterical ladies who jump overboard, Mexican generals escaping from revolutionists, and blondined adventuresses are an old story. As the captain, Walter Connolly is magnificent. Fred Keating is a promising newcomer, Leon Errol, as the steward who lives in the hope of being tipped for finding ladies in the wrong cabins, is hilarious. There are no dull moments in this combination of laughs and thrills.

Highlights: The conversations between the bored skipper and the steward. John Gilbert's maudlin sentiment as he listens to his sweetheart's voice on a phonograph begging him to stay sober. (Columbia)



ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

Famous Story Makes Charming Picture

JUST how much trouble and discomfiture a romantic imagination can cause when directed upon prosaic, matter-of-fact people, this pleasant little picture shows very amusingly. As the poetic waif adopted by homespun people, Anne Shirley (who used to be the child actress, Dawn O'Day) is reminiscent of Mary Pickford at times, but in mannerisms, rather than looks. Helen Westley, as the foster-mother, does a moving piece of work, and the director and scenario writer are to be congratulated on transferring this childhood classic to the screen without undue sentimentality. It is a picture strictly for the family trade, but, lacking draw names, must rely on the affectionate childhood memories of the audience. Anne Shirley is one of those movie miracles, a child actress suddenly grown up and famous again.

Highlights: The rustic characters and settings. Anne Shirley's wide-eyed appeal, which is never gaga. The tender and restrained acting of Helen Westley. The charm and sentiment. (RKO-Radio)

(Note! You will find additional brief reviews of current pictures on page 90)

Dear Miss—, Will you marry me?

(*Continued from page 33*)

hauled out the letter from her ardent unknown suitor, to read it to her friend. They laughed over it and also marveled at its intelligent writing.

"Wonder what he's like?" said the other girl. "It would be fun to find out!"

Now Miriam is always ready for some playful prank, and you only have to suggest one, to rouse her into action. She went to the 'phone and put through a call to a small town on the coast of Maine. "It's a funny place for a well-traveled gent to live in," she said, "but he probably has a Summer lodge there!"

Well, Miriam did talk to her unseen suitor; she talked sixty-five dollars' worth of telephone time, to be exact. "Have you really been to all those places you wrote about?" was one of her questions. And he broke down and confessed that he had never been outside of dear old Maine—but he had read of Miriam's travels, and he had made it a point to read up on the places where Miriam had been. After that confession, they got along famously, even though Miriam again declined to meet him at the altar.

"Well, if you ever change your mind," he said at the last, "you can always check up on my credentials. I haven't a lot of money, but I come from one of the oldest families in the town. My father has been the best butcher in this town for the last fourteen years."

Miriam hasn't got over it yet!

She Turned Down a Million

BUT Miriam is used to saying "No" to men who would have her take their names, and not in vain, either. For example, one of the "leading citizens" of Boston wrote that if Miriam would marry him, and give up her career, he would give her a million dollars as a wedding present. He is forty-five years old, and a widower. His name is a respected one in social and business circles alike, and he gave her the name of his bank and his lawyer, and begged her to check up on him and see for herself that the money was available. The million dollars would be hers to do with as she wished—the only stipulation being that she must give up her career. Miriam thanked him, but said that she would prefer to continue with her work. Hundreds of men have wooed Miriam, with Uncle Sam's mailmen acting as Cupids—and the letters seem to be increasing in number constantly—and flatteringly . . .

Sometimes a star receives a proposal because, to some lonely person, she is the reminder of an old love . . . perhaps a first wife, now dead . . . perhaps a childhood sweetheart. During the filming of "Afterwards," Julie Haydon lost her voice for several days—and this fact appeared in many newspapers. A man in Sussex, England, saw the item and cabled Julie immediately: "If your career is to be injured by the loss of your voice, perhaps you will consider marrying me." The cable went on to say that she reminded him of a lost love who had died years ago, and he assured Julie that he would always take care of her. Julie wondered, though, if he hadn't just waited till he found a woman who couldn't talk back—before offering marriage. Anyway, Julie recovered her voice, and the Englishman presumably recovered from his sentimental impulsiveness.

June Gets "Orchid Proposals"

AN admirer of June Knight's has been sending her orchids every week for almost a year—each orchid bearing a tag with this one line: "Will you marry me?" Several months ago, June decided to put an end to such sentimental extravagances, and wrote the persistent young man that she was very much interested in another man (Paul Ames?). The orchids continued, however, so finally June went to the florist who was filling the order and asked him to send the flowers to one of the hospitals instead of to her, and asked him to let her know when the orders were given, so that she might write thank-you notes to the sender. June is still writing thank-you notes for orchids she doesn't receive to a man she has never met!

Another avalanche of proposals flooded June when it was publicized that she was buying a small ranch tract in Van Nuys, and building a home. She received two hundred proposals from men who advised her that what she would need now was a husband who knew something about ranching . . . and each and every one of them professed to be the world's best when it came to ranching. A few even forwarded photographs of prizes and awards that they had received at county and state fairs, not to mention rodeos.

In an interview, Glenda Farrell once said that the thing that she anticipated most in life was the day when she would be able to retire from pictures and could settle down and stop counting calories. Here's just one of the many proposals she received from lonesome cowboys when this fond hope appeared in print:

"*Dear Glenda:*

I would be willing to marry you and provide a beautiful home for you and a life of ease and luxury, so you would never have to count calories again. I wouldn't mind how fat you got, either, for when I love a woman, I love her. I enclose a photograph of me, which is not a fake, but really me. You can see that you probably wouldn't find anyone in Hollywood handsomer than me, except maybe Clark Gable, and he's married

All my love,
Joe M——

P.S. All I ask from you, in return for my love and the opportunity not to count calories, is $10,000 to pay the mortgage on my house, so you can be happy in it ever after!"

A Sailor Who Wants a Home-Life

ALICE WHITE, though now married, and very happily, still receives many proposals. There is a sailor who has been writing her for over a year. He not only writes her, but sends her a gift from every port. When Alice was playing in San Francisco in the stage production of "Dinner at Eight," his ship was there and he had a day off. Unfortunately, he missed her at the theatre, but left her a *billet doux* that informed her that he had just bought a five-acre plot in the hills near San Francisco, which would be the site of their future home. He knew she would love it, and he would be back within a year with enough money to build the house (he hoped) and, in the meantime, would she let him know the type of architecture she would prefer? Alice has tried to set him right, with polite little notes that always refer to her husband, but the sailor evidently prefers to ignore Mr. Bartlett's existence, entirely.

As for the men? Well, there's nothing bashful about the women of America, for they don't even wait for Leap Year to let their beloveds in on their romantic dreams. Not one of the stars, single or married, escapes these wild proposals. And when the gossip columnists report that a male star and his girl-friend are no longer holding hands, the proposals double in number, many of the women no doubt hoping to catch the supposedly heart-broken male on the rebound.

One girl, courting William Powell, makes him an unusual proposition. She promises that, if he marries her, he can have his cake and eat it, too—that is, he can have all the comforts of a home presided over by a loving wife, yet can go out whenever he wishes, with whomever he pleases. She won't be jealous, petulant, or a clinging vine. It *must* be love.

Douglass Montgomery has had letters from women proposing to be his secretary and even his washwoman; more backward than most distant Dianas, they have not had the courage to suggest matrimony. But he received one startling letter recently, after a photograph of his apartment appeared in a magazine. A girl wrote, "I want to know the exact color-scheme of that apartment, particularly the living room and the bedroom—because I am buying my trousseau now and I would like to have things which will fit harmoniously into your home. I'm on my way to Hollywood now, and there's no use fighting against it . . . for a fortune-teller told me we'd be married within a month!"

She Sent Lyle a Reference

AND here's one that Lyle Talbot found beside his morning newspaper just recently.

"*My dear Mr. Talbot:*

I know I would make you a good wife. I'm not very pretty, but I can cook. I can't cook fancy, but I can sew fancy. I don't mean I'm a dressmaker, but I can sew on buttons and darn socks better than anybody I ever saw. And if you don't believe me, you can write the cop on the corner, and he'll tell you! His name is Mike ——, in care of the police department.

Sincerely yours,
Alberta R——"

From China, a daughter of an illustrious mandarin writes Charlie Chaplin that she will give up her religion and her family, if he will marry her. A Swedish girl from a respectable Stockholm family informs Ralph Bellamy (who is already happily married) that she would be glad to come to America and marry him, if he will agree to dye his hair and his eyebrows black. She's blonde, and she thinks they'd make a more handsome couple if he would oblige, and become a brunette. And so on and on . . . from all parts of the world, they put in their bids for their idols.

And many thousands, who have wooed in vain and who have married "substitutes," have at least had the satisfaction of naming their children after the stars whom they have worshiped and wanted from afar. In less than one year, Richard Arlen had two hundred and three babies named after him. There are one hundred and ninety-seven little Gary Cooper Joneses and one hundred and forty-three little Gary Cooper Smiths in the world. Fredric March can boast of one hundred and ninety-seven namesakes, too. Among the women, Marlene Dietrich leads the list with three hundred and four namesakes; Claudette Colbert is next with two hundred and fifty; and Mae West ranks third with two hundred and forty-five. Practically all families with the surname of West named their girl-babies Mae during the last year.

These represent only a few of the many thousands who finally gave up asking the stars "Will you marry me?"—and at last found their true loves right in their own home-towns.

TO DISCOVER THE WISHED-FOR GIFT

Gaze into the Magic Crystal!

♠ ***Any Friend or Loved One Will Confirm What It Now Foretells*** ♠

Owner's Signature Engraved Without Cost on Parker Vacumatic Pens or Sets purchased before Dec. 25. Prevents theft—aids return if lost—identifies owner at banks, hotels, etc.—PERSONALIZES your gift for all time. Ask for free engraving certificate when you make your selections.

Millions have Waited for Christmas to Bring Them This Rare and Exclusive Beauty—

THIS REVOLUTIONARY PARKER VACUMATIC

—the Sacless, Pistonless Pen that won't run dry because it holds 102% more ink, and shows when it's running low!

This new and lovely style-creation has all the velvety shimmer of laminated Pearl and Jet. Yet when held to the light, the "Jet" becomes transparent—reveals the column of ink inside—shows when to refill, like the gas gauge on a motor car.

It's the only transparent barrel that doesn't LOOK transparent—that has the same smart pattern and the radiant beauty of its solid laminated Pearl and Jet cap.

The Vacumatic Filler, an exclusive Parker patent, eliminates 14 old-time parts, including the rubber ink sac and the lever filler found in sac-type pens, and the squirt-gun piston pump found in other sacless pens.

The miracle Two-way Writing Point of Platinum, Gold and Iridium transforms writing from a chore into work you love. For it's slightly turned up at the tip so it cannot scratch or drag—even under pressure.

Christmas styles are arrayed at all good pen shops, department stores, jewelers, stationers, and druggists. Make selections early—and receive autograph engraving certificate, free. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

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Over-Size, $10; Pencil, $2.50 — $7.50 — Other Vacumatic Styles, $5

When you undress for bed—

Use all the Cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly Hollywood's way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

MANY a girl who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

"Heavens! What's wrong with my skin?" Soon, to her dismay, she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, dullness, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To avoid this modern complexion trouble, thousands of women are adopting the Hollywood screen stars' beauty method. Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores.*

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly.* Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you protect your skin—keep it so clear and beautiful!

Undress your FACE too!

Hollywood's Beauty Care

Fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap protects the loveliest complexions in the world—and has for years! 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use it to keep their skin exquisitely soft and smooth. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!

Joan Blondell

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "KANSAS CITY PRINCESS"

NRA CODE

LUX TOILET SOAP
I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin

The "Buy-American" Girl—Marion Davies

(*Continued from page 27*)

American Girl, but a "Buy American" Girl as well. And that's the variety of patriotism that counts.

Before we even got to talking about Spain and Italy she said:

"There's nothing in the shops of Europe that may not be duplicated—or bettered—in American shops. And my observation is that American fashions are most flattering, not only to American girls, but to any of the world's women. They know it, too. There are better styles on Fifth Avenue or Hollywood Boulevard than I've seen on the Rue de la Paix. I do practically all of my shopping here now."

From there we went on to talk about Europe, as a whole, compared to America. The amazing Marion has a keen understanding of the problems of the world to-day—a fact not devoid of its surprise element, considering that comment upon her dimples has been the sole subject of so many stories. She remarked:

"There is nothing modern about Europe. Things commonplace here are unending wonders there. The various countries and their people seem bound to antiquity and tradition. Sometimes this contributes to the 'Old World charm' that is very picturesque when not too familiar. But the people would be much better off if they would throw the past over their shoulders, instead of looking over their shoulders at the past.

"I mean, they should face the future; only very old persons and very feeble civilizations live in the past. Europe would be wise to join the big parade of progress, march abreast of the times, live in the present, anticipate the future, and scrap at least that portion of its tradition that is freighted with hatreds and prejudices dating back to goodness-knows-what obscure origins.

Why America Is First

"EACH nation acts as though an enemy, rather than a friend, were at its gates. Their boundaries separate all European countries; ours unite us with our neighbors. Underneath that 'Old World charm,' Europe is shot through with suspicion, a heritage from that closely cherished, viperish past. It holds them back. It deprives the people there of our high standard of living, our happiness in life. There may be an occasional fly in our ointment, but over there it's all flies and no ointment. America's the grandest place in the world to live!"

When Marion gets excited, she talks fast. When she talks fast, she stutters a little. America gathered a couple of extra "m's" as the word tripped from her tongue. She gets excited about America. And the stutter is delightful. It goes with the dimples. But her discourse wasn't confined to political or economic observation, or to epigrammatic comment upon world woes or American homilies.

"I adore Italy, especially Venice. It is so quaint, so romantic, so historically impressive—and so near the Lido. If you weary for a while of canals and gondolas and 'O, Sole Mio,' and want a little respite from *objets d'art* and *Doges' palazzi*, you can go native and have fun at the Lido, just a few hours off. Venice offers the spice of variety. Spain, too, is a very lovely land. More Americans should 'discover' it. Once they do, it will be one of the most popular American rendezvous. The country is pleasant and fascinating in interest. The people are colorful and hospitable. And the food is divine—but too much of it!"

She glanced at her svelte lines as though in sudden terror that curves had developed into unsuspected bulges by which she might too long remember those delectable dishes from Spanish cuisines. But she was reassured by the graceful slenderness she saw. The dimples showed themselves as she smiled. We quit Latin lands and became Anglo-Saxon.

"London was very gay, very dressy. They seem to have a mighty good time over there. I think Americans try too hard to enjoy themselves. We make such an effort to have fun, instead of just letting it come to us. We weary ourselves under a burden of paper caps. The London theatres were very lively. I saw most of the plays; it's part of my job, you know. An enjoyable part, but I'd have been even happier if I could have found some screen material.

Her Future Ambition

"I DON'T know what my next picture is going to be. I'd like to do something a little more important on the screen than I have recently. I've been reading scripts ever since I sailed, and there are a couple of stories that may do. I've had a swell holiday, and now I'm anxious to get back to work."

And it looks as though Marion's own, particular Irish leprechaun may have been eavesdropping when she made that wish for an "important" picture, for 'way down deep in the industry's caverns there is a rumbling rumor that her next production will be something actually epic. A thing of glory and of grandeur, gay, romantic, yet dew-drenched with the tears of tragedy. It will give us a Marion gallant in silks and satins, with powdered curls piled high on her shapely head, tripping minuets with brave beaux, sighing in the arms of a strong lover, surrounded by beauty and by chivalry over which she reigns, most beauteous and chivalric of them all. And in the distance, drawing ominously nearer, nearer, sound the drums of tragic destiny.

Such a rôle is her right. She has earned it. Hailing from Brooklyn, birthplace of many stellar lights, this freckled Celtic colleen has won her way through the ranks—the ranks of mannequins, chorines, magazine-cover girls, the glorified femmes of the "Follies," the musical comediennes, the heroines of cinematic silence. She has known them all—and left them all behind to take the top spot on one of the top lots of Hollywood. She has held it, too, through the years, through the cycles of cinematic change.

Marion possesses dramatic dignity, artistic stature, histrionic poise, a sense of tragedy besides her comic flair. And she deserves a picture worthy of her histrionic steel. We want Davies! We want her in a picture that will make history within the industry. Something that will mark an epoch on the screen. We want the complete Davies!

"Happy Over New Arrangement"

MOREOVER, we seem likely to get her. For since she gave me this hint of new plans, she and Warner Brothers have announced that, beginning January 1, 1935, they will be affiliated for a term of years and have ambitious plans for her future pictures.

Jack Warner, acting as spokesman for the company of which he is production head, says, "We are delighted and consider ourselves fortunate in having obtained Marion Davies for a series of star productions, and our aim and ambition will be to produce pictures with Miss Davies that will create even greater success for her than she has heretofore attained."

And if that sounds promising for Marion's future, listen to what she, herself, says: "I feel very happy over my new arrangement with Warner Brothers. I am confident that they will give me every cooperation in the production of my pictures and that I shall have greater individual opportunity." She adds: "I am leaving Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer with the kindliest feeling and appreciation of everything that they have done for me." And the very fact that she has been an M-G-M star for ten solid years is substantiation of her regard for the company she is leaving.

She towers a full five feet five—not many inches for one of her prominence. For besides being an idol of the film-going world, she is the uncrowned Queen of Hollywood. When Prominent People visit the Cinema City, Marion is the hostess who does Hollywood's honors. The famous of many fields—from statecraft to stagecraft—have been her guests. She is a citiziness of the world, a woman of many and varied interests, conversationally at ease on any topic. You won't catch Marion "talking shop"—or talking about herself—except under duress.

Her charities are manifold, and screened with modesty. She does good by stealth, and not for front-page fame. Her children's clinic has restored many a youngster to health and happiness. Her thoughtful kindness endears her to those with whom she comes in contact, and to many whom she never meets, but merely hears about. She heads the Motion Picture Relief Fund, which expends several hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to make good its slogan that "Motion Picture People Take Care of Their Own." Rents are paid, evictions averted, food supplied, medicines, operations, nurses, hospitals, sanitariums, convalescent homes, are made available to needy film folk. Indeed, the very flowers that perfume her gardens and greenhouses are grown that others may enjoy their fragrant gifts. And of all this, never a word from Marion. Make a query, and you're kidded out of an answer.

Hollywood's Supreme Diplomat

BESIDE being pace-maker in numberless Hollywood activities, Marion rates the title of peace-maker as well. She is forever making folk kiss and make up. In recent newspapers, perhaps you noticed the photograph of three graces, who, upon reading from left to right, proved to be Gloria Swanson, Marion and Constance Bennett. Marion, as usual, was in the middle. Before that particular evening (the evening of a "welcome home" party for Marion), it had been many moons since Gloria and Constance had been *persona grata* to each other. But Marion made 'em friends again. And had the pictures made to prove it. She's full of tricks like that. So blessed be the peace-maker!

Although she battled her way up in the theatre, and in the world, the screen, when it welcomed her, did so with open arms. She is one of the few who actually started as a star. Her first film was "Runaway Romany," and she left the stage to star in it. That was eighteen years ago. She has been a star, and one of increasing magnitude, ever since. Stars have come and gone. But she remains fixed in the film firmament.

Marion's work, and she works hard, is a labor of love, and nothing more. One more triumph can't mean much to one so freighted with honors. More money isn't essential to her manner of living. But she is fascinated, enamoured, by motion pictures, and spurred to action by the desire to keep abreast of their achievements with her own. Few in the industry are so familiar with its many ramifications. Problems of production, finance, distribution are within her comprehensive grasp. She could qualify as a scenarist, director, producer, almost anything but a snoopervisor.

Just try it a little while, then...

SEE HOW WHITE, LUSTROUS YOUR TEETH BECOME

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

wins millions of women by its beauty-giving results

YOU WOMEN . . . how coldly you judge your purchases, particularly those aids to health and beauty. Under your pitiless scrutiny, a product's defects stand starkly revealed. On the other hand, if it has merit you are the first to say so.

It is a source of considerable pride to us that more than 2,000,000 of you have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste —and continue to use it year in and year out. We could ask for no greater compliment for our product.

If you are already using Listerine Tooth Paste, we need not tell you of its results. You have seen. You know.

If, however, you have not tried it, we urge you to do so. Compare it with any dentifrice at any price.

See how white, lustrous, and clean your teeth become.

Note how quickly and thoroughly the up-to-date cleansing agents combat unsightly film and attack debris and discolorations. And remember, these cleansing agents are chosen because of their gentleness—they do not mar or scratch precious enamel.

Don't fail to observe how the active polishing agents of this dentifrice give teeth new sheen and lustre. What flash! What sparkle!

Look for that wonderful refreshed feeling in the mouth after using—the delightful sensation of invigoration and cleanliness that you associate with Listerine.

Lastly, reflect that because of our enormous buying and marketing resources we can offer you this dentifrice deluxe at a price that is a definite economy.

Do not take our word for the success of Listerine Tooth Paste. Try a tube and see for yourself. At all druggists in two sizes—Large Regular, 25¢; Double Size, 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Missouri.

YOUR CHILDREN'S TEETH

Your children's teeth deserve the attention of a safe dentifrice. One that will not scratch or mar enamel and thus foster decay. The principal ingredients in Listerine Tooth Paste are among the most expensive that can be had, chosen primarily for their gentleness in action. They do not mar teeth.

Men who smoke a lot

Men like Listerine Tooth Paste because it gets rid of discolorations and refreshes the mouth after smoking.

THE STAIN-ATTACKING, FILM-COMBATING TOOTH PASTE

Eddie Cantor Talks about Chorus Girls

(*Continued from page 29*)

know it. She was just starting. Now, she had a guy in Atlantic City who was crazy about her, and who paid all the bills. He was with the show. But once we started for New York, she wouldn't even speak to him. She was headed for the Big Town, and the Big Fish. And did she catch 'em! It was an education to watch her maneuver 'em around, to play one against the other. That gal wound up with plenty. She had a brain.

"Contrast her with another. She was beautiful, but dumb. Digging was her specialty One day she came to the theatre for a matinee, yawned, and said she thought she'd take the afternoon off, and go to the beach. It was pointed out that if she did, she'd lose her job. 'Who cares about this job?' said she, yawning—and, opening a large bag, she calmly displayed fifty thousand-dollar government bonds. That wasn't such a long time ago, but when Sam Goldwyn started picking his beauties for 'Kid Millions,' this girl was an applicant. Gone were the fifty grand; gone was her beauty. Goldwyn couldn't use her.

"In the old days, most of Ziegfeld's beauties were former models, shop girls, and the like. Few came from schools. But every now and then a good looker from a nice family came along. Some friend knew a friend of Ziggy, and the girl got a spot. Nine times out of ten, such girls were very dumb, theatrically speaking; they reminded me of lap dogs that, left to themselves, would starve to death. The mongrels always ate. But all that has changed."

"In what way?" I questioned.

There's a New Type To-day

"THERE is a tremendous difference," Cantor explained. "A few years ago, nice people held up their hands in horror at the mere mention of chorus girls. But, since the decline of the theatre, and the advent of musical pictures, nice mothers bring their nice daughters to the studios—bring them right from high school, and fight to get them in the chorus. Why? Because it is THE stepping stone in pictures. In the old days, if a girl stepped out of the chorus and into the rôle of a principal, it was front-page stuff. To-day, if one or more chorus girls are not started toward stardom as the result of their work in ONE picture, the whole company is disappointed.

"For a few off-hand illustrations: 'Whoopee' gave Virginia Bruce and Claire Dodd to the screen; Barbara Weeks and Betty Grable were signed after 'Palmy Days;' 'The Kid from Spain' put the spotlight on Paulette Goddard and Toby Wing, and 'Roman Scandals' started Barbara Pepper and Gigi Parrish on their way to big money. Watch the producers scramble for signatures after 'Kid Millions' is released.

"In the old days, when a pretty girl got into a show, she expected to have a lot of admirers, and get a lot of expensive presents. Their jobs became secondary.

"In Hollywood, chorus girls who are working in a picture have been in bed two hours by the time the witching hour of midnight rolls around. You won't believe it, but when we are shooting, our beauties are ordered to be inside the studio, ready to be made up, at six-thirty a.m. And not at six-thirty-five a.m., either. We've got a time-clock. And they punch it!

"The modern chorus girl can't fool anybody with her make-up. On the stage, she could fool everybody, and get away with it for a good many years. But the camera, a magnifying glass, points an accusing finger and tells the world that Susie didn't get to bed until four a.m. And out goes Susie!"

Cantor, who watched Ziegfeld pick 'em for some eighteen years, can tell what a girl looks like, face on, as she walks away from him. That's a fact! Cantor proved it to me as we walked down the Boulevard.

"Look," he said, pointing to a well-dressed woman—obviously young—who was strolling ahead of us. "I'll give you odds of ten to one that she's homely. Come on, let's catch up, and take a look."

We did. What a pan!

He kept calling his shots. Then—

"Harry, I'll bet ten to one that the girl ahead of us isn't hard to look upon."

Right again; she was lovely. Again—

"That one in blue—she's pretty."

She wasn't pretty—she was beautiful. Exasperated, I demanded to know how he could pick them sight unseen.

How to Spot a Dream Walking

"IT'S a cinch," Cantor said. "If you see a girl walking away from you, who has a splendid carriage, and walks gracefully, it's almost a ten-to-one bet that she has a nice face. And nine times out of ten, a girl with nice ankles has a face that will get by. But, boy, when you see a combination of the two, it's a lead-pipe cinch that she's good-looking. Ziggy taught me that."

"Do you know any other tricks?"

"Sure," he said, "I can foretell a chorus girl's future after two days."

We reached the United Artists Studio and strolled onto the set where Samuel Goldwyn's newest million-dollar pride and joy, "Kid Millions," was in the making. And Goldwyn, sponsor of the Goldwyn Girls, has outdone himself (and the late Ziegfeld) in surrounding Cantor with innumerable visions of loveliness.

We stood watching the girls do a routine.

"Begin," I suggested.

"Begin what?" asked Cantor.

"Foretelling the futures of these girls."

"Okay," he answered. "Well, see that one over there? Her name is Janice Jarrett. She walked in for her first picture and stole the spotlight. She's a swell girl, the kind of girl a guy could take home and say 'Mama, this is THE girl,' and Mama would beam.

Predicts Big Lights for Her

"YOU can see ambition and determination in her face; she can go as far as she wants to go; she can be a star, or she can marry very well and, inasmuch as chorus girls of to-day go in for careers, and not for millionaires, I'll predict that you will see her name in lights—big lights.

"Now, take a look at THAT girl. We won't mention her name, but she's the type that's always complaining that she never gets the breaks. One girl makes her own breaks. But that girl wouldn't recognize a break if it slapped her on the nose.

"There's another girl. She's not the best-looking gal in the cast, not by many rows of gals. But she has intelligence, and she has a splendid carriage, and knows how to walk. That's half the battle. I've had girls hold up production because they couldn't walk across a stage with poise. Mothers owe it to their youngsters, boy and girls alike, to teach 'em how to WALK! But this girl, because of her less dazzling beauty, works harder. And because of her intelligence, she can take direction. She, too, will click."

"Have you ever been fooled?"

"Fooled? And how. See that brunette over there? Well, the first day I saw her, I went to the assistant director and, pointing to this girl, said, 'Better get rid of her. She's too young.' The assistant laughed in my face. 'What's the laugh?' I asked. 'I mean it.'

"'Oh, yeah?' he laughed. 'Come on over and meet her son.'

"The son was nine years old."

They're Serious about Radio Now

(*Continued from page 63*)

singing into the microphone. By such an attitude he believes he can concentrate more fully on the job at hand. Only those in Vallee's orchestra can actually hear his voice, so closely, so softly does he warble.

Joe Penner, a recent recruit to the movies, now uses two microphones on his radio shows. He wants, it seems, the same freedom of action in broadcasting that he is accustomed to in vaudeville, and believes that, with two microphones and the chance to move around, he can have it.

Eddie Cantor works harder for studio laughs than any other comedian. He often falls to the floor, rolls over, indulges in horse-play with his stooges, wears all sorts of crazy costumes. Cantor generally eats a whole box of cough drops during a broadcast.

Jack Benny, latest of radio's funny men to enter the Hollywood lists, would be lost on a broadcast without his hat. He has worn it on every program he has aired.

Ed Wynn is an accomplished pianist and often kills time at rehearsal by showing Eddie Duchin how he believes the piano should be played. Wynn, incidentally, has written the books of fourteen musical comedies.

No one in all of Hollywood's army now on the microphones is probably more painstaking than Mary Pickford in preparing her radio programs. She is studying radio technique, the various phases of tone control. Her Beverly Hills home, Pickfair, is used for preliminary rehearsals, and spies report that she and her assisting cast spend several days each week going over their lines. The result is, of course, a finished performance—a performance as carefully prepared as if it were destined for the Broadway stage, instead of a half-hour on the radio.

To Al Jolson, however, goes the credit for being the first star of Hollywood to take radio seriously. He did so, when in leaving Mammy at the li'l cabin do', he set out to impersonate some of the great characters of life and letters.

He discarded the lazy way, the easy road to microphone expression. Instead of reading lines from a script, he rehearsed his rôles for weeks, became letter-perfect in them. Thus it was that he was able to submerge his identity in such characters as *Pancho Villa* and the *Emperor Jones*, and convince his hearers that they were hearing, not Jolson, but *Pancho* and the *Emperor*.

By careful, serious study and preparation, Jolson brought authenticity, convincing reality to radio drama. It is he, more than any other actor, who has shown the world that radio drama can be something more than a yawn between torch songs.

Why Every Woman Wants to Be an Actress

(*Continued from page 35*)

minutes putting on her lipstick? Well, then! By going on the stage, a woman has a much better opportunity to captivate the men. Isn't it true that actresses, more than most women, are fascinating to men?"

All of which, one must admit, hits close to the truth. It's the nature of the female of the species to attract a mate, and where could she find a better opportunity than behind the footlights or in Hollywood?

An Arena for the Ambitious

AND as for refusing to admit any handicaps, just look at June Knight! She was a sickly little girl, hardly able to walk after a series of grave illnesses. But she had what it takes to overcome almost overwhelming obstacles. Dancing lessons, painful and unceasing, helped her to walk again and gave her that form that any woman might envy. It brought a sparkle to her eyes to see what dancing had done for her. She went on with it, was "discovered" very young, and was boosted onto the stage. Then she mixed singing with her dancing. And next she fought to become an actress, to show the world she could do more than just dance and sing. But you don't think of the years of hard work and striving when you see her, beautiful and graceful, on the screen.

I parked my car outside her beach house, the one next to Harold Lloyd's at Santa Monica, in the course of my quest for answers to this question. She was acquiring a rich brown tan. "Only my face doesn't seem to tan as fast as the rest of me," she said disgustedly, surveying the rest of herself. Which, we must hasten to say, was not a bit disappointing.

"I turned down my first chance to be an actress," she said, "if you can imagine that. I guess I flabbergasted the men who offered me a contract. Imagine a girl's turning down a chance to be a movie actress! But I was only seventeen, and I wanted to go to New York to dance for Ziegfeld. I decided to come back and go into pictures so that I could be near my family," she explained. "You see, I'm a Hollywood girl, and I wanted to be a local girl who had made good."

How to Flatter Any Woman

NEXT I was to learn about this "acting urge" from Nydia Westman, that clever comedienne in "One Night of Love," who is now working in "Sweet Adeline."

"It's absolutely true that women have a failing for acting," she admitted. "Let me give you a confidential tip," and she lowered her voice cautiously; "if you want to make a hit with any woman, just tell her she ought to be an actress. All women respond to that line—now, don't they? Well, there's your proof. I'm not saying that women are more susceptible to flattering words than men are," she added, eyeing me severely, "but I know that women simply unfold and expand like flowers when you tell them that they were cut out to be actresses.

"I meet so many women who confide their yearnings to me, confessing their desire to be on the stage or screen. But just yearning won't get you anywhere. You've got to search out your opportunities."

Jean Harlow once told me the same thing. "If you want success hard enough, and try hard enough, you'll get there," she declared. "It does seem to be a universal urge, this desire to be an actress. But did you ever stop to think that a girl doesn't have to be on the stage or in pictures to be a fine actress? Women who have profoundly affected a whole nation have, by the power of their influence as actresses—on the stage of a royal throne or in the setting of their salons—changed the whole course of an empire."

There was an arresting thought—and opened new ideas on the subject.

"Many women are doing their share in helping the world along by being actresses without a stage or a screen," Jean continued. "The dignity and courtesy learned by a child may come from a woman who lives and acts a great rôle as a mother."

And then Adrienne Ames gave me another thought to mull over: "Acting is the most publicized of all professions," she said. "Think of all the printer's type devoted to movies. Girls everywhere read of the glamour of an actress' life (the hard-work part is seldom mentioned) and they can't help being impressed. Perhaps if there were as much publicity attached to nursing or stenography, those professions also would be regarded as just as important. All this publicity enhances the allure of acting—which was glamourous, anyway, long before press-agents were ever invented."

So there you have the reasons—some of them, at least—why women want to be actresses. Maybe it's instinctive, and maybe it's not. At all events, you can be an heiress, or a society débutante, or an unknown little usher in a theatre, but all women, whether Julie O'Grady or the Colonel's lady, are actresses under the skin!

Amazingly Mild with a NEW KIND of Mildness

America's Finest 15 Cent Cigarette

Actors Are Younger Than Other People

(*Continued from page 60*)

them who wasn't convinced that his big break was waiting for him in the studio casting office!

Pitiful? No—just the courage of youth, just the elasticity with which a youngster bounds again to his feet after taking it on the chin from Luck. Other people, who have failed in business at fifty, are whipped—and old. An actor is so incurable in his optimism that he is never whipped.

Actors are younger than other people because they never become so buried under petty business worries that they forget how to "play." An actor has no petty business worries—he seldom has much money to invest! The actor's concern is limited to two fundamentals—"Will I get the rôle?" and "Will I give a good performance?"—and most actors are so steeped in self-confidence that they never bother with the second question.

A business man, at thirty-five, is already forgetting how to play. I see them around the golf links sometimes—there on doctors' orders. Their attempts to enjoy themselves are awkward. They snatch time from work, take a load of worries away from the office, and fling themselves into recreation savagely. They are pitiful.

He Can—He Does—Relax

THE actor, on the other hand, has no office hours. And between jobs he is free. He has more complete leisure than any other working man alive, and he makes the most of it.

I am only one example. Between pictures, I can—and do—achieve perfect relaxation. I like to fish. Very well, I go fishing—and I'm thinking about *fish*, not about some bothersome, intricate business deal. I have a good time, because I've nothing in the world to do until my next picture. When I am playing a rôle, I *work*. But when I'm relaxing, I *relax*. That tends to keep me young, mentally.

Actors, as a class, do not acquire family responsibilities as early in life as other people. They don't have the opportunity, for the early years of our careers are exploring years—seeing the world on a few cents. In my own case, I deliberately avoided responsibilities. I wanted that magic-carpet existence. Acting is the work of make-believe, and I dreaded being shackled by hard realities. Most actors, being romanticists at heart, feel the same way—and there, I think, is one great reason for the failure of so many theatrical marriages. In my opinion, no actor should marry and risk acquiring a family until he is at least thirty years old. Even at forty-five, he will be as young as most fellows at thirty-five.

That old bromide, "The show must go on," plays a part in keeping actors young. The phrase is actually a theatrical tradition and the average actor would actually risk death, rather than break it. And, strange as it may seem, if a human being refuses to give in to sickness or injury, he soon feels better. I've seen it work time and again; and from my own experience, I know it works.

A Show a Day Keeps Doctor Away

I REMEMBER one night in New York, when I was playing in "The Front Page." I was so sick that I didn't see how I could get through the first act. But I kept telling myself, grimly, that I had to go on.

When the curtain finally rang up for the first act, something happened to me. I quit being Lee Tracy, a guy with a splitting headache and a fever of 104, and I became the character I was playing. I never gave another thought to my sickness until the show was over. And then, it was too late to think about it, for I wasn't sick any longer.

I've seen actors go on when, by all the rules, they should have been in hospital beds with doctors holding consultations over their cases. And I've seen nine-tenths of them forget everything but their parts while on the stage and pronounce themselves much better when the show was over.

Another thing: We keep ourselves in better condition than the average business man. We have to, for our work often demands considerable physical exertion, we have to feel fit, look fit, act fit. His physical appearance too, is an important asset.

Actors have the time—and they take the time—for systematic exercise. They go to a dentist when they should, not when they have to lose a tooth. They diet at the first sign of overweight or underweight. In short, they take care of themselves. And they stay young.

Actors are younger than other people because they have fewer inhibitions. Our work gives us a chance to release our emotions. The actor can—and usually does—indulge his moods when he feels like indulging them, and no one criticizes. "Don't mind him—he's an actor!" That's another way of saying "What do you expect—of children?"

We're younger because we laugh more than other people. Why shouldn't we? Entertainment is our business, and we live in a world of make-believe, like youngsters. We're younger because we *feel* younger.

Shucks, I'll still be a youngster at *eighty*.

Laugh and Live Longer!

(*Continued from page 42*)

cross-section of the world's hurts. To him turn not only those sound of body, but the ill, and the maimed and those whose hearts are too full of sorrow. They come to him in gratitude. They come to him in hope that he will continue to give them laughter.

There is a man in a certain town in New Mexico who is slowly dying. He has gone there to seek the dry air of the desert in a vain effort to relieve his tearing lungs. Months ago he started writing to Brown.

"I'm lying here on my back," reads an excerpt from one of the letters, "and I'm looking at the wall. You're grinning at me. You seem to tell me, 'Buck up, old man—let's have a laugh together.' Tomorrow afternoon, I'm going to see you. There's going to be one of your pictures on. And the doctor said if I was very, very good most of the day, and if I would stay in bed and be very quiet, I could go down."

In the nation's capital there is a woman who credits Joe E. Brown with actually prolonging her life. Physicians had given her six months to live. As she tells it, she happened into a neighborhood motion picture theatre and laughed heartily at Joe's antics in "Top Speed." She went home in such a cheerful mood that the family commented upon it. She told them that she had discovered a new comedian—someone she had never seen on the screen before. And that night the whole family went to see him.

The woman who had resigned herself to death is to-day a happy and a hearty woman—who remembers every birthday, every occasion for celebration in the comedian's life, or in the lives of his family.

There is a little fifteen-year-old girl in a New York City flat, who treasures the memory of a red-letter day when her screen hero came to see her. She had written him that, due to an accident, she would be confined to her bed for at least a year. She asked for a laughing picture of him, and if it were not too much trouble, for a little note from him. Joe sent her a dozen pictures from which to choose her favorite, and since then she has received scores of stills from every one of his productions. He sent candy and games and flowers and books and fruit. During his personal appearances in New York a while ago, he went to call on her. And found her room completely covered—every inch of it—with pictures of himself.

And Joe E. Brown believes that it is never beneath the dignity of any man, in any situation, to make others laugh. At the Friday night boxing bouts in Hollywood, attended by practically all of the sports-loving stars, he is invariably singled out and called into the ring and always has something gay to say. People sense that here is a man who sees beneath the surface gaiety in the faces of those about him, and knows their need of laughter.

How Joe Sums It Up

HE sums up his philosophy something like this: "The world is starved for laughter. We are all traveling alone. No matter how friendly we are, no matter how close we get to a person, there is still a lonely spot within us, which nothing and no one can reach. We try to forget that inescapable, terrifying loneliness, which is always with us, by seeking companionship.

"Now, look—if you're in the theatre and a situation makes you cry, you cry quietly, shamefacedly, hoping that no one will see you, don't you? But if something makes you laugh, then you turn in friendliness to the perfect stranger at your elbow and grin at him or at her out of sheer radiation of personality. It is easy to meet in friendship on the Bridge of Laughter.

"We cry alone—but we share a joke. Laughter makes us human; it gives us an interest in life; it gives a new complexion to living.

"A famous physician once declared that laughter causes physiological changes in the human body. He said that ten good hearty laughs add a day to a person's life. And so I figure the value of my pictures, not by the amount of money they make at the box office, but by the number of laughs they contain. We clock those laughs.

"I have never believed that the theatre should offer problems that we must take home with us. It is so easy to assume woes, even though they are only those of a make-believe character. I prefer to make people laugh, to give them an hour's entertainment, to make them forget their troubles, to give them something to refresh their spirits, even though I may neglect their minds.

"I have only one ambition in life—to make people laugh. If I can do that—if I *have* done that—then I have accomplished something worth while."

For Rent—a Few Palaces

(*Continued from page 31*)

world, and, behind the deeply carved oak door, the peace of complete isolation reigns.

Toward the street, windows are comparatively small and sheltered with little trees and shrubs. The great living rooms open on an enormously long, glassed-in sun porch, which runs almost the length of the house. It, in turn, gives entrance to a great circular outdoor living room, paved in stone and defined by a low balustrade of gray, rough-hewn rock. Trellises, a huge tree, and shading vines make this a secure retreat from the world. At the end of the velvety, terraced lawn is the bluest swimming pool in the world. Dressing-rooms, and an outdoor fireplace, complete with barbecue equipment, are at the far end of the pool. A private theatre and servants' quarters are tucked away at one side among trees, and on the other side is the tennis court.

A Gym in the Backyard

THE house that used to shelter Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor is now for rent for something in the neighborhood of $350 a month. Over the enormous living room and sun parlor downstairs are the master bedrooms and two smaller bedrooms. The servants' quarters are in a separate building. Dempsey's former gymnasium also is a separate building, and still another out-building houses a beautiful ballroom. Miriam Hopkins lived in this one for a month.

Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are living now in a house formerly rented by Miss Hopkins in Bel Air for $500. It is a gracious home, English style, furnished suitably, and has a private pool.

Speaking of private pools, it is interesting to note that rentals are increased about $250 by the presence of a diving board and what goes with it in the backyard. Much ingenuity goes into the designing of these luxuries. Imported tile, carved marble, rubber bricks, especially constructed fountains make each one different. One house in Hollywood has a pool that circles it like a canal. Ramon Novarro's house completely surrounds his pool, and, should the impulse take you suddenly—just like that!—for a swim, all you have to do is to dive out of practically any window.

Myrna Loy lived in this house while Novarro was in Europe on his concert tour. You cannot rent it at this precise moment, for Douglass Montgomery has it. However, he is moving in a month, since Ramon is back from South America to make a picture. Montgomery is enthusiastic, not only about its extremely modern lines and its specially designed furniture, but also about the innumerable push-buttons and gadgets that make life there somewhat of an adventure. He spent his entire first day in his new home pushing buttons, turning knobs and surprising himself.

House of a Thousand Surprises

"I TRIED to turn on the hot water, and a box of cigarettes leaped out of the wall at me," he said. "Then imagine my astonishment when I thought I was turning on the porch light, and my car rose from the garage through the living room floor, put on my make-up and drove me to the studio!"

The house that once was filled with the romantic warblings of John McCormack has been a honeymoon cottage for two famous couples. Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck lived there for a while, and more recently, Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer rented it. It is a one-story, rambling Irish cottage with beautiful grounds and flowers. It has nine rooms and is on the top of a hill overlooking the entire city. $450 a month is the price.

One of the most remarkable houses for rent in Hollywood does not belong to a picture person. It is an enormous place smoth-

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ered with vines and shrubs and guarded by walls. The patio is made inaccessible to the outside world by two towering iron gates. A passageway leads from there to the swimming pool. This house has separate gardens surrounding each wing. The most remarkable feature of this remarkable home is the children's wing. It is complete with living room, dining room, bedrooms, dressing rooms, sunrooms and bathrooms, all furnished and equipped to the last tiny detail in miniature. Child-size chairs, tables, beds, couches, pianos are there. Light switches are at the proper height for little arms. This rents for $500 a month.

A Living-Room Theatre

ANOTHER elaborate house, which rents for only $500 a month, belongs to an internationally famous movie executive. It is an Italian villa with fifteen rooms and fifteen baths. The surrounding two acres are landscaped elaborately. There are graceful patios, a fountain, an outdoor dining room under a romantic trellis, and a kitchen that would put the largest hotel kitchen in the world to shame in size, as well as equipment of ranges, refrigeration plant, larders and storage space. The living rooms are probably the largest in town. The one upstairs has a completely equipped stage at one end.

One house in Pasadena rents for $4,000 a month. It has innumerable rooms, a pool, an eight-car garage, and stables big enough for a string of polo ponies.

But if you want to live in a house that has echoed to the tones of many famous voices, perhaps you had better take your $500 to that famous abode on San Vicente Boulevard, Santa Monica. By signing just one lease, you can live in the house occupied, at one time or another, by six of the world's most famous.

The glamourous Garbo once lived there in solitary quiet. Later, Miriam Hopkins took it. (How that girl moves around!) Miss Hopkins says that her stay there was very busy. No matter who came—a friend from out-of-town or her fellow stars—they all asked her to take them upstairs to see Garbo's bed. It was the biggest attraction in the film colony, and she felt more or less like a guide. Frances Dee and Joel McCrea were there for a while, and then Bette Davis moved in. Irvin S. Cobb has it now.

Step right up and sign for your palace now, because ye author has to take off and see a man about renting an auto-trailer to spend the winter in.

The World Is Yours, Donat!

(*Continued from page 39*)

rent out his profile, voice and talent for American dollars. Indeed—though it is hard to believe—he once politely declined to come to Hollywood even to play opposite Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through," in the part that Fredric March afterward accepted.

When asked why he did not start his Hollywood career two years ago, he smilingly replies, "I didn't want to leave London, with some rather interesting plays coming along." That is typical of Donat. He likes to do what he likes, which is also the reason why he went on the stage.

The residential suburb of Withington, a mile or so from Manchester, the center of England's cotton industry, is his birthplace. Apart from cotton, Manchester is very theatre-minded. It has fostered a repertory theatre and several amateur stock companies. As a result, though Donat père was a cotton shipper, Manchester fog was not the only thing in young Robert's nostrils.

According to family records, at the tender age of seven, Robert wrote a play, entitled "The Hunchback." In great style, he played the lead, a prince, and brought down the house, or rather the kitchen, where he had set up the stage.

"The family decided that I should learn to recite or 'elocute,' as it was called in those days. This meant that at every family gathering I had to hang Danny Deever or Carry the News from Ghent to Aix. Still, this spouting of poetry taught me the beauty of words. I began to realize that they can be like jewels, fine-cut and gleaming in richness. And it was my good fortune, when I was thirteen, to study with James Bernard, a famous teacher of elocution. So from the age of fifteen to nineteen, I 'elocuted' all over the countryside."

His Voice Made Him an Actor

SWASHBUCKLING as he may on the screen, modesty is an outstanding characteristic of young Donat in private life. He forgot to mention that he won the gold medal of the Royal Academy of Music and Elocution, when he was barely eighteen. He was the only one of seventy-six candidates to pass on that occasion and the youngest ever to do so in the British Isles.

The newspapers carried columns of praise for young Donat as one of the "great reciters of the day." An eminent London critic declared that rarely had he heard "such matchless voice and diction." This mild success clinched the matter. In the Summer of 1921, Robert Donat made his professional stage début in Birmingham as *Lucius* in "Julius Caesar."

"It wasn't much," he grins. "About three lines and a cough. But it was four weeks' work at three pounds—about fifteen dollars a week. The company went on tour into the small towns of the North country. Ye gods, it was primitive at times! Then, after working with the Liverpool Repertory Company, where I knew Diana Wynyard, a topping girl, I joined Sir Frank Benson's company and really got the experience I wanted. And at last came the chance that every English player yearns for—a London opening.

Was Prepared for His Break

"THREE years ago, Edwin Justus Mayer's play, 'Knave and Queen,' was presented in London and I played *Cartwright* in it. It proved the value of my stock training. I am convinced that you have to prepare yourself for your big break, so that when it comes, you can take the fullest advantage of it!

"The whole business of coming to Hollywood was a bit fantastic. I had finished a seven months' run in London and a holiday seemed a good idea, so I ran down to Cornwall for a couple of weeks. I had hardly arrived there when I got a telegram from Alexander Korda, who produced 'Henry, the VIIIth,' asking me to return at once. Well, do you know, I was a bit annoyed to have the vacation plans disturbed! Yet I had a strange hunch that there must be more than an ordinary reason for the sudden call from Korda. He went straight to the point, and asked how I felt about going to Hollywood to work in a picture.

"But in the next sentence I was disappointed to learn that it was to be a new version of 'The Count of Monte Cristo.' I could not possibly hope for more than a small part in a film like that. It was obviously and definitely a one-man picture.

"'What would my part be?' I asked. You can imagine my surprise when he quietly told me that it was to be the title rôle. And here we are. . . ."

Donat is the most un-actorish actor you could meet, in spite of decided good looks. He is strongly built, has wavy auburn hair, and fine brown eyes set wide apart in a face that is lit with a ready smile; his mouth is mobile, and very expressive; his humor is keen, infectious, and never malicious. He won't discuss the many personalities he has met in any but a kindly way. His pleasures are simple—hiking, riding, motoring, and fencing (in this, he is expert, as you saw in the film). His appetite for books is enormous. He will read anything from a detective thriller to a Greek play, depending on his mood.

How He Pronounces His Name

YOU may pronounce his name any way you like—"Do-ná," or "Do-nat," or "Don-at," or even "Doughnut," if you like. He will laughingly tell you that his family and he say it one way only—"Doan-at." It is not an English name, but one brought over by a French ancestor at the time of the exodus of the Huguenots.

His impressions of Hollywood are somewhat limited. From the moment he arrived, he was working. There were so many costumes to be fitted, so many details demanding attention, that it meant being up at six each morning and spending the whole day at the studio, coming back to his bungalow too tired to do anything but sleep.

"I am impressed with this, during my hectic period in Hollywood: that the American producers offer much more opportunity to the actor or actress than their contemporaries in England. Hollywood has developed the art and technique of building a star. You are made to feel, when you arrive, that you have the backing of every member of the organization with which you become associated. Everything is done to present the player to the public. No effort is spared to have the best in make-up, lighting, costuming, and camera angles.

"I felt that it was my great opportunity to deliver the goods. In most extraordinary fashion, writers, make-up experts, sound technicians, lighting wizards, all studied my most minute idiosyncrasies. Hollywood's system of making films inspires confidence. You are given a grand and glorious feeling when you know that all the resources of the studio are behind you.

"There is not this alacrity, alertness and keenness about a British studio. In Hollywood, I felt that everyone was taking a personal interest in making the film a success. A cheery word from the electricians simply bucked me no end at the close of a hard day. And once, from the dim recesses of the 'catwalk,' there came the magic words 'Boy, that's a lily' when I had completed a grueling scene. Those were honeyed words, music in my ears, and so typical of the fine enthusiasm of all the crew.

"And the climate!! At first I may have yearned for the crispness of England. Now you can count me as a sunshine convert. I have to confess that America has bowled me over, or, as Americans say, knocked me for a homer, by one thing in particular—Long Island Roast Duck! It has become an absurd weakness and I shall take all the formulae and recipes I can find back to England with me. The dish is one of America's great contributions to modern civilization!"

Robert Donat will return, after finishing an English film contract, and perhaps to greater triumphs than his *Edmond Dantes* in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Valentino Still Lives—for Pola Negri

(*Continued from page 47*)

lifetime—and my great love is Rudy. I may love again. I may marry again. I may be happy with the man I marry. We may find charm and congeniality and happiness together. But no man will ever be to me what Rudy was, and is. Rudy will be with me for all of my life. He will be with me when I die. He will be with me after my death and I with him. It is this, and only this, that gives life its meaning."

"Apart from the obvious reason of his great attractiveness," I asked, "why did you love Rudy so profoundly? Can you say?"

Why He Was So Beloved

INTENSELY, quietly, Pola said, "He is less a shadow, even though he is gone, than men who live in the world as flesh and blood—because he was all things to all women. He had glamour for women. But he had, also, the wistful appeal of the boy whom all women want to mother, to scold a little, perhaps, to soothe and console and cherish in their hearts. He was a brother to girls who had never had brothers or, having them, wished that their brothers could be as Rudy was. He was the 'other son' of all elderly women whose own sons had deserted them or disappointed them. He was the Sheik, he was the child, he was the man, the brother, the good comrade . . . he was all of these things to me and to all women. . . .

"But we must not talk of him here to-day only sadly. Rudy was not sad of heart. He would not want me to sit here to-day, in his garden, covering his roses with my tears. He would want me to tell you of the happiness we had together . . . of how we rode down these hills, singing, calling, one to the other. I am an expert horsewoman. You know how Rudy rode, like a god astride some celestial stallion.

"That was more than eight years ago . . . Rudy had been gone eight years on the twenty-third of last August . . . but it is yesterday to me. . . ." Pola's white hand, still clasping a red rose, covered her heart. "It is yesterday to me," she repeated. "I suffer now as I did then. They say Time dulls—but no—I grieve for him now as I grieved then on the day of his passing. . . .

"But we must speak of the gay times. There was one, especially. Rudy had been away, and while he was gone, I had redecorated his house for him, making it beautiful and new for his return. And on the night of his return, we gave a party. We were more than merely happy that night. There was triumph ringing in the air like cathedral bells, holy as well as happy. During the evening, while the revelry was high, the rains began. Torrents poured down these hills. It seemed like music to us, a symphony.

She Harbored the Refugees

"THEN"—Pola laughed, now, throwing her night-black head back in glee, "then, the next morning, at seven o'clock, the 'phone rang by my bed. It was Rudy. He said that Falcon Lair was being washed away down the mountains by the rains. He said that he would have to come over to my house with all of his family, servants, horses and dogs. He came over. It was so funny"—Pola laughed again—"so funny to see him arriving with his retinue of family and servants and horses and dogs. We had to clear out every gardener's house and outbuilding available to house them all. The house, as you see," said Pola, "has since had a retaining wall built to protect it. . . .

"We were so sufficient, the one to the other. We did not need the world or the playthings of the world. We stayed much alone. We ran the pictures we wanted to see in the projection room of my home in Beverly Hills. We were both very much interested in spiritualism. We used to use the ouija board and we would get the most amazing results together. We both believed, you see. We read a great deal. We talked, and talked. We made plans for a future that seemed to stretch, like a rainbow, from this world to the next. And then he was gone."

Pola's face in the deepening dusk seemed to shine, ghost-like, moon-white. The clouds were gathering and banking over the Canyon, over Falcon Lair. A coyote cried from the hills as if in mourning for the man who used to race these hills, so vibrantly alive.

"And I am back again," Pola said. "I am back again."

We rose and walked toward her car, parked outside the gate of Falcon Lair. Pola called goodbye to Alberto's wife, who came and waved to us, bade Pola to come soon again. I knew that she would. I knew how closely Pola keeps in touch with those of Rudy's family. She has with her, and has had ever since Rudy passed away, Rudy's secretary. In Italy she often sees Maria, Rudy's sister.

Wants to Create a New Rôle

AS the car began to make the sharp descent, Pola said, "I am back again—to make pictures. Yes, of course, to make pictures. I have one story already chosen. It is called 'Tavarich' and must run, first, as a play in New York. I hope to do it with Ernst Lubitsch as my director. And we shall film it in March or April. I must return now to the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel because Ernst is to call on me there at six.

"It is a perfect story for me. I want to create a new Negri. I want singing and music and gaiety in my pictures now. I want to be sophisticated, but gay. I would not play a costume picture again, no, not if the kingdoms of the earth were offered to me.

"I have been studying voice, music, singing. I leave in a few months' time for a concert tour of South America. My personal appearance tour, just finished, has lifted me up. It was successful. I broke records. I could feel enthusiasm coursing again through my veins.

"I will not make anything second-rate, you may depend upon that. I have had offers, many of them, for this picture and that, and I would not accept. I do not have to make pictures. There are many things to interest me, many different kinds of things that I can do. But if I can do what I wish to do, with Lubitsch, I shall be glad.

"I want to create the rôle of the ultra-modern woman—ah, very ultra-modern, sophisticated, of the world, in the grand manner. You have not any such woman on your screen to-day—not one—I know it. And I must work with Ernst. Together, we once made motion picture history—such productions as 'Passion,' 'The Flame,' and the others. Together, we can do it again."

And I hope that she can, that she will. It is exciting and blood-stirring to have Pola back again. There is something electric about her, something tumultuous and triumphant such as no other woman of the screen has ever had. Civilized to her glittering finger-tips, she still breathes forth something heady and aromatic and barbaric. When you talk with her, drabness melts away from the world. Yes, there is something magnificent, something very much in the Grand Manner about this woman who will love Rudolph Valentino for as long as there is Time.

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When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

If They Could Reach the Top So Can You

(*Continued from page 41*)

tions of Marie Dressler's stardom. Read her biography—and be ashamed if you have ever shirked an issue or said, "I can't."

Joan Crawford's Success Secret

THERE are millions of girls in the world to-day who idolize, and at the same time envy, Joan Crawford. "If I only had the chance to do what she has done," they say. And they dress their hair like hers, paint their lips like hers, and try to imitate her mannerisms. There isn't one of those girls who has not at least as good a chance as Joan had—for it is not her appearance alone that has carried her to stardom!

The rungs of the ladder she has climbed have been work, study, self-denial, determination. She practised dancing when she was so tired that every movement was torture; she recognized her insufficiency of education and remedied it by poring over books when her eyes ached from the glare of the studio lights. On the set, as an "extra," she wasted no time at bridge or small talk. She "understudied" the star—and then went home to play that star's rôle before the cruelest critic in the world, her own mirror. She analyzed herself ruthlessly as a zoölogist analyzes a new specimen, determined her own faults and set about overcoming them. To-day, she bears no more resemblance to the self-conscious, unimportant Billie Cassin of twelve years ago than a butterfly does to a cocoon.

And yet people call her *lucky!* But people have always been eager to depreciate the achievements of winners. The belittling of Hollywood's stars is a national pastime. Someone knows somebody whose cousin knows a fellow who used to go with a girl who once played "extra"—and you just ought to hear what she said about those movie stars! And then follows, with an air of pride, the inside "dope" on Suzanne Star's dumb luck. Bosh!

Undoubtedly, a few have reached stardom through lucky breaks, through fortunate connections—but not one has held it! If screen success is desperately hard to win, it is still more difficult to retain.

Grace Moore Molded Her Destiny

WOULD you call Grace Moore "lucky"? Do you think anyone's influence lifted her to the heights? She ran away from a comfortable, affluent home, braved being disowned by her parents, braved hunger, braved the heart-break of failure, simply because she was determined that she would be an opera star. She lived in ramshackle rooming houses, sang for her supper in Greenwich Village cafés and danced in the choruses of tank-town troupes. She fought her way to musical comedy leads and scrimped and saved in order to follow her first, unalterable ambition. Even after being told, in so many words, by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company that her voice "wouldn't do," she challenged their decree, turned her back on the certain success that musical comedy offered her, and buried herself for two years in an Italian garret to study.

That she eventually brought the Metropolitan and the entire music-loving world to her feet is less important than the fact that she absolutely refused to accept defeat. That she was born with a glorious voice is trivial compared to the fact that she *did something about it!* Thousands of people are born every year with fine voices—and later waste them on self-consoling complaints that "Luck" never gives them a break. Grace Moore—and virtually every other star of the theatre and screen—made her own breaks. And if she could do it, so can you! *If you have the courage!*

Such courage, for instance, as Ruth Chatterton revealed when she went to the West Coast as the star of a road company, and plunged head-over-heels into debt in order to bluff Hollywood into giving her a chance, and became the first great feminine star of the talkie era. Such courage as George Loane Tucker displayed when he took a story that had been laughed at by every major studio and risked the last cent he had in the world to produce "The Miracle Man." Such courage as Robert Hatton, a man with both legs amputated at the hips, showed when he promoted a few thousand dollars and maintained himself for years as a money-making independent producer. Such courage as that of Maurice Chevalier, who was laughed off the stage on three successive nights in Paris, only to return on the fourth night with a new "routine" and lift his audience out of their seats to applaud him. And if you have the courage to keep your ambition aflame in a gale of hardship and discouragement. . . .

Gable Dared Hunger

CLARK GABLE did, for *twice* he came near starving as a Hollywood "extra," but he still clung to his resolution to be an actor and he made himself a star. Janet Gaynor did, for after being told, flatly, by a casting director that she could never succeed on the screen and that she should go home, she still said "I will succeed" and made herself one of the greatest stars in screen history. Anna Sten did, and never faltered on the tortuous road that led her from dishwashing in a Kiev restaurant to the luxuries of Hollywood.

Jane Wyatt is the newest New York stage actress to have Hollywood excited—as the heroine of "Great Expectations". . .

People see Helen Hayes in a picture and go away talking about her "God-given" talent. She prefers to talk about the years of grueling study that she spent in a dramatic school *after* her name was up in lights on Broadway. People talk about Jeanette MacDonald's beautiful clothes, but she tells about silently accepting the jeers aimed by her fellow chorus-girls against her cotton underwear while she saved her pennies to pay for tuition and strove to lift herself above the "ensemble."

Hollywood—like all the rest of the world—is in love with courage, ambition, determination. It admires June Knight—who was a "hopeless" invalid as a child, from the after-effects of infantile paralysis, and danced her way to health and fame. Alice White—the script girl who became a star, was let out, went on a record-breaking vaudeville tour and "came back." Esther Ralston—who did much the same thing. Gloria Swanson—who started as a bathing girl in two-reel comedies, became a dramatic actress famous for her clothes, and now is the screen's only dramatic actress who has become a singer. Greta Garbo—who used to lather faces in a Swedish barber shop and to-day is the most glamourous woman in the world; who made good, alone, in a strange country. Katharine Hepburn, the society girl passionately determined to be an actress, who refused to accept countless rebuffs, and last year (her first on the screen) was voted the "best actress" of them all. Jean Parker—who used to be a mother's helper, always dreaming of doing great things, and never relinquished those dreams. Ann Dvorak—who taught dancing in a studio for three years, tenaciously trying to get a chance to act, and finally won her big break. Mary Pickford—who could have retired years ago, her fame secure, but has had the courage to dare new achievements, to become an author, a stage actress, a radio star.

Poor Once, Richest Now

CHARLIE CHAPLIN—a wistful ragamuffin out of the London ghetto, who has become the world's richest actor, the only man in the world who can make people of all races, all nationalities laugh. Wallace Beery—ex-elephant trainer and female impersonator, to-day one of the screen's great actors. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—who has overcome, through his own efforts, the handicap of having a famous father. John Boles—who ushered in theatres, who taught school, so that he could earn money to continue vocal studies. James Cagney and George Raft—both of whom grew up in crowded tenement districts, where fists talk and where lives can be warped by poverty, and became not only gentlemen, but fine actors. Herbert Marshall—who has not let a War injury, resulting in a perceptible limp, handicap him as an actor. Charles Laughton—who was clerking in a hotel seven years ago, to-day is an acting genius. Joe E. Brown—who had a laughless childhood and to-day is making the world a merrier place. Paul Kelly—who has made a great comeback after a tragic exit from Hollywood.

I asked one of the most famous producers in Hollywood if an untrained newcomer had a chance for success here. He answered:

"Never forget that we producers started from scratch. We've had to fight our way, and we're human enough to admire a fellow-fighter. Anyone can succeed here, if he has the courage, the ambition and the initiative to go out and make his own breaks. If he sits at home and waits for us to discover him, of course he hasn't a chance—and doesn't deserve a chance. If someone comes to my office, demands to see me and refuses day after day to be discouraged, I'm bound to become curious enough to give him an audience. I'm inclined to believe in anyone who has implicit belief in himself and ambition enough to convert his belief into action.

"How can you ask such a question? I defy you to find anyone in the United States who started life under greater handicaps than Eddie Cantor, for instance."

If they can do it—SO CAN YOU! But do something—don't be content with conversation.

The Secrets of the Dressing-Table

(*Continued from page 61*)

catch myself without a lipstick, for example, I'm like a chicken without a head—running around in circles. So one of my pet luxuries is a complete set of compact, lipstick, eye-shadow, mascara and *everything* for each different bag; and I keep them always in the bags so that there is no chance of forgetting anything. In my daytime bags, I have the shades that I wear during the daytime. In my evening bags, I have brighter, gayer colors and a "night" shade of powder. Isn't that slick? Even if you can't afford to invest money in full-size packages of each, you can have the smaller ten-cent or "trial sizes." You'll be surprised to discover what a convenience a beauty kit for each bag is!

And that reminds me of a pet peeve of mine—soiled powder puffs. I know you are going to think I sound super-fastidious, or something of the sort, but really, if you only knew how bad an old, used powder puff is for your skin, you'd see to it that yours was washed every day or you'd use only fresh cotton. After you have used a puff even a few times, it becomes greasy and soiled from your face, and if you go on using it in that condition, you are only patting that grime and grease right back into the pores again. That's why I prefer absorbent cotton; it's safer. I have a whole roll of it in my dressing-table drawer, and I put fresh pieces in my compacts every day. You wouldn't think of using a dirty bath towel on your body, would you? Well, then, don't use a soiled powder puff on your face!

Speaking of bath towels reminds me of those grand new preparations that are as fragrant and pleasant to use as ordinary bath powders, but are also deodorizing. Have you tried them yet? They're grand, especially in Winter, when we wear so many heavy woolen dresses, even in heated rooms. I've never seen why the emphasis should be put on deodorants in the Summer only, anyway. They're just as important and necessary in the Winter!

A New Thought About Cosmetics

BUT getting back to facial creams, did you ever think that maybe too much applying of creams, and too much putting on make-up, and too much "experimenting" with your face might be harmful to it? I know that I used to wonder at times if I weren't possibly overdoing my experimenting. But Jack Dawn, our make-up expert here at M-G-M, set me right on that point. He told me that there wasn't any better way to keep a face young than by applying pure cosmetics regularly. He pointed out to me that long after Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Jean Harlow, and—as he was kind enough to include me—Madge Evans, and all the other young people of to-day, have quit pictures, we shall all look at least ten years younger than we really are.

The reasons? There are two of them. First, because the oils of good cosmetics clean the skin and keep it soft and supple. And second, because the routine of putting on and taking off make-up gives automatic exercise to the facial muscles, and prevents sagging at the four points that are first to show age—the sides of the eye sockets, the corners of the chin, the corners of the mouth, and the muscles directly below the ears.

And here are a few things I've discovered that you can do, to protect those four danger-points against the marks of age. First of all, let's consider the skin around the eyes, and particularly the eyelids. Every evening before going to bed, take a little anti-wrinkle cream on the tips of the middle fingers of each hand. Then close your eyes, and very gently, with the soft pad at the end of your finger, begin tapping slowly, gently, around your eye, both under and above, in a light rotary motion. Keep this up for five minutes or so. Allow the cream that comes off to stay there until morning, when you can wipe off the excess cream with a cleansing tissue. Blot it off gently, because you must never rub the eyelid too hard.

Easy to Take—on the Chin

THE chin—often overlooked—rates a beauty treatment all its own. After cleansing thoroughly, apply a nice stinging, cooling astringent, and then begin patting—first with the back of your hands, slapping up to the under part of the chin. After a few minutes of that, begin to pat both hands (the insides of the fingers) against the chin, beginning at the center, and following out to the sides, along your jaw line. This is grand for increasing circulation, and for strengthening those side muscles of the face!

Now, for the corners of the mouth, we become gentle again, and also go back to the anti-wrinkle cream. Smooth this all around your mouth, and then massage it in gently, with the tips of your fingers, always in an upward movement.

Then, don't forget those "sore spots" under the ears. To keep from "slipping" there, you've got to hold your head up, all the time. It's just like holding your tummy in—the more you make a conscious effort to do it, the better will your muscles be able to do it, themselves. Keep your head well up, and then several times every day do that old rotating exercise—rolling your head around on your neck.

People are always wondering why it is that Hollywood stars seem to have the best-looking teeth in the world. The only answer to that is that we pay constant attention to them, for they are constantly "on display." The funny thing is that your teeth's "beauty" depends on much more than constant brushing. The greatest rule for having that well-known sunny smile is to include in your diet the things that make teeth strong and beautiful.

These Have What Your Teeth Need

YOU have all heard that soft, rich foods are our teeth's worst enemies, and it's true. You should include plenty of eggs (especially, egg yolks) in your diet—and lots of milk, citrus fruit, cereals and fibrous vegetables such as spinach, carrots and turnips. And you should eat lots of crunchy, chewy things—Melba toast for the crunches, and meat, not taffy, for the chews!

As for brushing the teeth, it isn't so much a question of how often you do it, but simply *how!* The main thing *not to do* is to brush your teeth back and forth horizontally. Brush them up and down—and then brush the backs of them, as well as the fronts. Massaging the gums is just about the most you can ever do for them. You can massage with your toothbrush, or with your fingers—and not in a back-and-forth motion, but in tiny circles. My "teeth-equipment" includes two toothbrushes (I always alternate), a paste and a powder dentifrice (I alternate here, too), a mouth wash and dental floss. And believe me, I use them all, at least four or five times a day. And I see my dentist *more* than twice a year, even if it's only for a good cleansing.

This has been fun, really, writing on beauty care, for as you may have guessed before this, it's one of my pet hobbies. There is oodles more I could rave on about . . . but maybe I'd better save that for another time. In the meantime, I hope I have been of some help to you—and may your theme song be "Keep Young and Beautiful"!

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THE HOUSE OF DELTAH
NEW YORK PARIS

It Takes a Sherlock Holmes to Tell the Stars Off the Screen

(*Continued from page 45*)

than she does, herself. But, of course, there's only one Jean, and if her wide and floppy hat brims obscure that beautiful face, just remember that she is modeled on most exclusive lines. The town is full of silver-topped heads now. The white car she drives, in a white polo coat with a white dog beside her, gives Jean away. But when she goes fishing—in slacks, jersey and smoked glasses—she has privacy. It would take a Federal agent to spot her.

Carole Lombard is always trying out a different coiffure. Before the camera and at public functions, she is perfectly groomed and easily identified. But that's not the game, remember—anyone can name a star when she's on the screen or stepping into the white spotlight glare at a première. But when she's off parade, any old togs will do for Carole, and if her hair is in curlers, she doesn't care. The other day she was taking life easy in her dressing-room, when a bevy of visitors passed by, looking in. But none of them recognized her, for she could hear their conversation.

Gary Fairly Easy to Spot

GARY COOPER'S dressing-room is next door. The walls are covered with paintings and sketches of cowboys, Indians, and frontiersmen, and it's all as masculine as the owner. You can't miss your bets on Gary—except to discover that he's even better-looking off the screen. Pictures can't give you the amazing blue of his eyes, for one thing. They are startlingly vivid in his lean, tanned face. Also, he's so tall that he stands a head above ordinary men.

Gary doesn't spend much time in crowded places, so your opportunities to spot him are limited. Like many other male stars, he considers his clothes only incidental to his scheme of living, and around the lot and on locations he would be mistaken for one of the "grips" or property men. An old pair of khaki pants, a shirt open at the throat, and an old pair of shoes will do. But you'd know Gary, no matter what he wore.

Ralph Bellamy, also tall and well built, is easy to recognize. He stopped in at the post office the other day, and the clerk at the window asked him for his autograph. The autograph-collectors all have something in common with detectives; they have a camera eye for faces.

Don't go by their clothes when you're seeking familiar faces, by the way, for few of them dress as you might expect. Probably you would want to slip into something inconspicuous, too, if you had to doll up for six weeks or more on every picture.

Even Studios Didn't Know Her

SEVERAL years ago, for a gag, Gloria Swanson put on some hick clothes, did her hair differently and went around to studio casting offices as "Rosalie Grey," asking for a movie job. Believe it or not, nobody would give her an appointment—they told her she wasn't the type. And Gloria, at the time, happened to be one of the best-known stars on the screen. However, no one was expecting to see her in that kind of clothes!

Jack Oakie and his sweat-shirt are like ham and eggs—always spoken of together. And his trousers sometimes look as if he had just crawled out from under a car, but he's happy, anyway.

Nor can you judge them by their cars. It might surprise you to discover that most of the picture folk scoot around in light roadsters that cost—new—around six hundred dollars. And from the looks of Franchot Tone's little buggy, I'd say it was worth about a hundred and fifty as she stands. He usually wears a coat of one color and pants of another, with a slouch hat and gray shoes making up the ensemble.

You'd probably never suspect the little runabout, with its top down, that carries Gene Raymond on his errands. Gene always wears dark glasses and a cap over the blond hair he's so sensitive about. This disguises him perfectly, and although he doesn't go out of his way to conceal his features, he's just as well pleased to escape the autograph mobs. Gene's another lad who is more attractive off the screen, for his skin has an orange-brown glow and, like Cooper's, his eyes are a brilliant blue.

John Mack Brown drives a small green coupé that cost six hundred and fifty dollars with radio included, and it suits his purposes far better than his big limousine. Johnny is easy to recognize, with his wavy black hair, broad shoulders and genial grin.

Doing the Unexpected—Munching

JUNE KNIGHT would probably walk by you safely, for off the screen she goes in for few frills, either social or sartorial. I saw her and Paul Ames roaming through that colorful little Mexican street down in the old part of Los Angeles the other evening, and didn't recognize her until she had gone by. They were munching cactus candy and holding hands.

Many a celebrity-stalker who thought he had Katharine Hepburn spotted has seen her double, Adalyn Doyle, instead. The resemblance is startling. Adalyn looks more like Hepburn than Hepburn herself, but if you see a titian-haired lady watching tennis matches, polo games or horse races with her hands over her face (to foil photographers), you can bet it's Katie. Or if you see a girl in overalls and a smock, that's Katie.

There are so many "doubles" in Hollywood that only an expert can detect the original at twenty paces. Knowing full well that a "double" has little chance of succeeding in pictures, girls will still perversely make themselves up as replicas of famous stars. Garbo has had a number of doubles; the girl who was her stand-in for "The Painted Veil" bears a striking resemblance to the Swedish star, and she is often mistaken for her, right on the Metro lot.

Mae West is a great fight fan, and you can usually spot her as she sits at the ringside, watching the fistic play intently and saying nothin' to anyone. When the final bell rings she quietly arises and walks out, with her manager, James Timony, stalking about six paces behind her. It's her sister, Beverly, in black satin and white furs, who looks like the movie star.

I thought I'd recognize Spencer Tracy anywhere, but it was a difficult job to pick him out in that polo game last Sunday. He's much heavier than you expect, with powerful wrists. He plays with Jimmy Gleason, Raymond Griffith and Big Boy Williams, and when they don their uniforms and polo caps, they are all fairly well disguised.

But there's one star you never can mistake. That's Miss Shirley Temple. With perfectly-shaped little legs skipping along, skimpy little skirt bobbing and curls flying, you'd know her in the midst of any crowd. Mrs. Temple goes out of her way to avoid drawing attention to Shirley, but her daughter makes no effort to go about incognito.

"What's the use?" she says, precociously. "They'd know me, anyway!"

A Paris Import for the Ladies—Charles Boyer

(*Continued from page 50*)

John McCormack estate, which Charles had been rattling around in since his arrival in Hollywood, and which in itself would drive a man to matrimony. Every word reverberates through the huge rooms, which are built for pipe-organs, rather than the human voice. And the broad grounds cried out for a woman to preside over them.

Married on a Hunch

"IT'S impossible to say why I chose Pat, instead of some of the other charming women I have known," he continued, studying her picture on the table. "She is very sweet. But it's not that she is prettier than other women, or—any definite quality like that. It's something you can't explain. Just an instinct that I felt at once. And so far it has been right. No one can tell about the future, but so far I have never had a misgiving or a regret. Nor did I have any doubt or hesitation before I did it. It is good to follow an instinct like that."

To all this, Maurice Chevalier remarks that Charles must be "crazee." Remembering the carefree, heart-free past, he can't yet picture his friend as a domestic type.

"They have seen Pat in 'Bottoms Up,'" Charles explained. "They have seen that she is very sweet, so they do not mind. But I didn't give a thought to the reaction of the fans when I married. I would sacrifice exactly nothing for my career. I love my work, of course, but I would never allow it to interfere with my private life.

"In France, we are not accustomed to consider the public when our private lives are concerned. And they do not care. If you are married or divorced in Paris, there might be one small paragraph in the newspapers—nothing more."

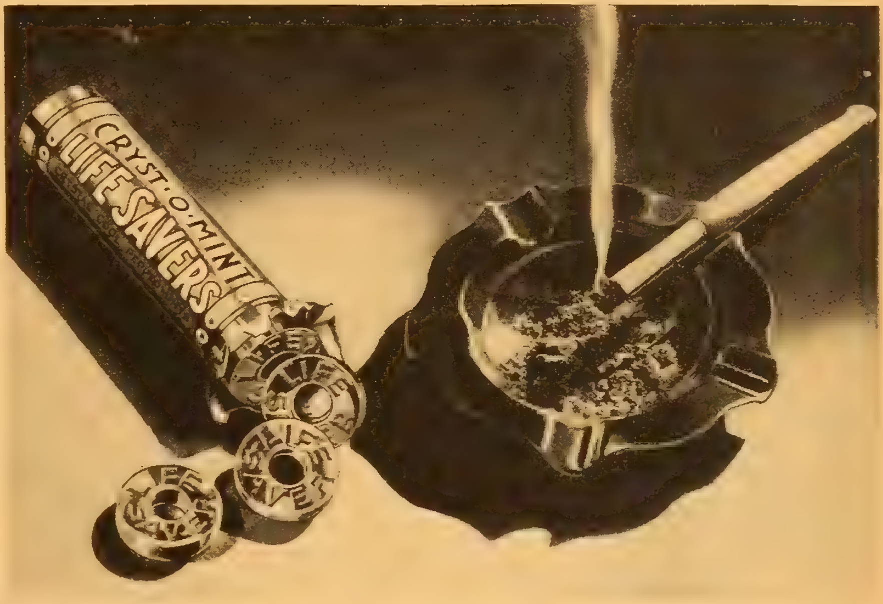
Charles has the glamourous self-confidence of a man who has never known anything but success. Born in a small French town some thirty-odd years ago, he went to Paris to the Sorbonne, and afterwards studied for two years at the Conservatoire, the dramatic school of Paris. A producer, who often came to the Conservatoire and watched his progress with interest, gave him a leading part as soon as he got out, in a play that ran for two years. From then on, of course, he was made. He has never played anything but leading parts.

Three years ago, he came to Hollywood for three months, to make foreign versions for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and immediately was rumored romantic about Frances Dee. True to the best fiction tradition, he emerged from this brief, but flaming romance with a very good working knowledge of English, which he hadn't known a word of on arriving.

But for Pat Paterson, his English wife, love is not the best language teacher. Eager as she is to learn French, she will never allow her husband to try to talk the language with her—"because she is very timid with me," he explained. She struggles valiantly on with her text-books, and meanwhile they can converse in English, at which he has become beautifully accomplished.

"Caravan" has barely scratched the surface of Charles Boyer's possibilities. He does not intend to be labeled as a light-comedy lover. "It is not the sort of thing I have the ability to do," he says. Heavy dramatic and emotional rôles are Monsieur Boyer's dish, and he shall have them when he returns this winter from France (whither he dashed to fulfill a contract) to take up his rightful place as a serious menace to the American male. He is scheduled to play opposite Ann Harding in "Peacock Feathers."

SMOKER RECONCILED TO OLD FLAME



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Answers to Movie Gossip Test

(*Continued from page 16*)

1. The four beauties pictured on page 16 are, left to right, Jean Harlow, Constance Bennett, Marion Davies and Gloria Swanson. This get-together occurred at a party for Marion, given at her Santa Monica Beach home, to welcome her back from a four months' tour of Europe. The guests appeared in Tyrolean garb, making it a very colorful costume party. The picture shows Connie and Gloria together for the first time in many years, which makes it specially interesting. These two beauties have been rivals on the screen and in Hollywood society, where Gloria was the first Marquise de la Falaise and where Connie now holds the title.

2. When Cecil B. DeMille was asked to name the ten greatest motion picture directors since 1921, in the order of their importance, he named David Wark Griffith first and then, modestly, admitted he was second on the list. The other directors who made up the balance of the list in the order named are: James Cruze, George Fitzmaurice, Maurice Tournier, Frank Borzage, Sam Wood, Josef von Sternberg, William C. DeMille, Dorothy Arzner and Eric von Stroheim.

3. Max Reinhardt, the foremost European theatrical producer and director, was signed to a motion picture contract by Warner Brothers after he produced the greatest spectacle in theatrical history, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the Shakespearean fantasy. Reinhardt staged it in the Hollywood Bowl with a cast picked from the film city and the spectacle was witnessed by more than 20,000 people. Max Reinhardt will now bring "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to the screen.

4. Anna May Wong, the Chinese screen star, received the largest number of votes as the world's best-dressed woman in a universal poll and she was presented with the statue of the Goddess of Fashion by the Mayfair Academy. Miss Wong, who has been appearing on the London stage and in British films, recently returned to Hollywood and played one of the leading rôles in "Limehouse Blues" in which George Raft plays a Chinese rôle.

5. With a bride as an additional prize, there was no reason why Campbell Black should not have been the winner in the London-to-Melbourne air race. Florence Desmond, the British screen actress, promised to marry him if he reached Melbourne first. Therefore, when Campbell, with his co-pilot, C. W. A. Scott, won the race he won half of $40,000, a gold cup and a bride. When Florence Desmond was in Hollywood she appeared in the Will Rogers picture, "Mr. Skitch."

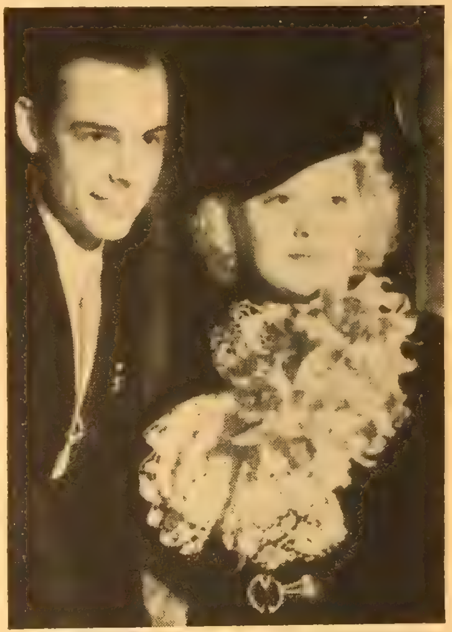
6. Discouraged because her screen career wasn't progressing as she wanted it to, Marian Marsh left Hollywood and went to England where she made several pictures. She recently returned to Hollywood and was given a leading rôle in "A Girl of the Limberlost," in which picture Marian proves that she really can act. Now, because of her fine work in this picture, Miss Marsh has been signed to a long-term contract by Columbia Pictures and Marian will probably never have to worry about getting good parts in pictures again.

7. Pat Patterson, who married Charles Boyer after a very brief courtship, recently announced that she would give herself two years in which to reach stardom. If, after two years she has not attained stardom, she intends to retire from the screen and go completely domestic and raise a family. Pat believes two years are more than enough time in which to determine whether she has made enough success on the screen to continue.

8. Fay Wray, motion picture star, who was born in Canada, but has lived in the United States since she was three, recently applied for her final citizenship papers. Miss Wray is now working on a picture called "Mills of the Gods" for Columbia Pictures.

9. The star-director team of Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg has been dissolved. "Caprice Espagnole" is the last picture in which von Sternberg directs Marlene. Since von Sternberg discovered Marlene on the stage in Berlin, he has directed all of Miss Dietrich's pictures except one, "The Song of Songs," which Rouben Mamoulian directed. The splitting of this star and director combination is a friendly arrangement. Marlene and von Sternberg both feel that she will benefit by varied types of direction.

10. At a banquet held in honor of Emanuel Cohen, Paramount executive, Mae West surprised all those present by drawing a lorgnette from her purse and using it to read her speech. Leave it to Mae to do something startling every time. The picture on page 36, taken at the dinner, shows Emanuel Cohen, Mae West, and Gary Cooper and they seem to be enjoying a good laugh. Perhaps it is over the lorgnette episode or Mae may have put over a new witticism.



Keystone

11. The latest Hollywood romance is that of Mary Carlisle and James Blakeley (above) and they make a very cute couple. Blakeley, who is one of the newcomers to Hollywood, is the son of Mrs. Grace Hyde, Park Avenue socialite.

12. It hardly seems possible, but the "old hag" pictured at the bottom of page 16 is the handsome Leslie Howard, disguised for his rôle in "The Scarlet Pimpernel," the Alexander Korda production. Howard plays the rôle of *Sir Percy Blakeney* who must disguise himself as the Scarlet Pimpernel. On page 43, you will find a portrait of him as the nobleman.

"Budget Your Personality," Says Jean Harlow

(*Continued from page 49*)

Match that of dozens of the 'extra' girls. But the player who becomes a star charts her attributes, works to iron out her deficiencies, and emerges on solid ground.

"When I played in 'Hell's Angels,' I was a long way from being an actress. But those who saw me in that—and in subsequent rôles—felt that, at least, I was sincere, that I was trying my very best. And that sincerity carried me over the rough spots until I learned something about the business of being an actress. Sub-consciously, audiences sensed my honest desire to improve.

"Charm in a woman is the quality that we call manliness in a man. It denotes an integrity of character, an innate knowledge of the fitness of things. Background, breeding, money—all these help toward the realization and the development of charm. But these are not essential. Every woman can develop it within herself and by herself.

"I know a woman, who, on analysis, has nothing of beauty. Her eyes are too small; her nose is too large; her figure doesn't meet the modern standards of beauty. Yet, because of her superlative charm, she is automatically considered a very attractive woman. Frequently, she has flashes of great beauty because she distills kindliness—intensifies it to the point where she gives a lift to the spirit of everyone who comes in contact with her.

Her Definition of Charm

"LET'S call charm that beauty of spirit, that unconscious, unselfish eagerness to help and inspire others, that idealistic honesty and sincerity. No simpering girl or woman ever has it. It takes a certain maturity, a certain balance, which has no relation to age. So in my estimation, forty per cent is a modest estimate of the importance of charm on the personality chart . . .

"I budget twenty-five per cent for that quality which, in an actress, is an ability to be emotionally pliable. For the woman who is not an actress, it is primarily a sympathetic reaction to the problems and the moods of those with whom she lives and works.

"An actress must be a stained-glass window, through which are seen the multi-colored personalities of a variety of make-believe women. She must immerse herself not only in the surface problems of each new characterization—but in the psychology, the inherent beliefs, the personality of the woman whom she is attempting to make real for audiences. It can't be a superficial interpretation; there must be the establishment of a spiritual bond.

"No woman can live a detached life. No woman can live for herself alone. She must have sympathy for others. And to have sympathy doesn't mean that a woman must meddle with the philosophies and the beliefs of others. She is only making an effort to understand the actions and the emotions of others. It is a wise tolerance.

"Tolerance doesn't necessarily imply the abandonment of personal ideals. It only requires an acute analysis of the situations in which others find themselves. It's getting on the other side of the fence and taking a look at the world from there.

The Most Feminine Trait of All

"SYMPATHY is largely a quiescent quality. Too many women believe that, if they are sympathetic, they will be marked as weak. But it is part of their heritage as women. And no matter what progress the world makes, a woman must cherish that inner softness that contributes so vitally to her as a pleasing, delightful, warm-hearted person.

"No actress on the screen to-day can camouflage an unsympathetic nature. The camera is merciless in revealing traits of character—more merciless even than in revealing physical deficiencies. A screen player must be sympathetic to others—naturally sympathetic, without affectation—if she hopes to win some measure of fame.

"I give twenty per cent to intelligence on my personality chart. No longer is it a fashion in femininity to be beautiful and dumb. The world has changed. Men no longer find delight in merely sitting and looking at a woman. They want her to have something to say. Intelligence implies a keen mind, an ability to absorb information and knowledge, and a willingness to furnish and groom the mind.

"A woman must be intelligent to know her own limitations, to understand her abilities, her potentialities and her strengths. For an actress, it means that she must realize what she can do best and what she can never hope to do. No intelligent woman dissipates her energies. She knows her limitations—and doesn't worry about them, if she can't do anything about it.

"Women have listened too long to the beautiful fable that feminine intuition is inevitably right, and, as a result, they neglect to develop the qualities of logic. They depend on their intuition to help them solve problems. But, to date, the human race has found no substitute for intelligence.

"Intelligence presumes that a woman is not only willing, but eager to acquire the sort of knowledge that will fit her to the best advantage for the job she has in hand—whether it is as a housewife and a mother, or as an actress.

Clothes Rate Only Ten Per Cent

"DRESS has only small importance in the personality as a whole. But I give it ten per cent since it contributes to the idea that people form of us. Because I am an actress, certain glamour is expected of me. I must have a fairly comprehensive wardrobe. I must fulfill a definite ideal. But that is true of every woman!

"As an actress, I have to be at my best in public. The clothes I wear are part of my personality. It isn't necessary to spend a great deal of money for a wardrobe; it is only essential that a woman study herself, define her own type, and dress accordingly. You can't subsidize deficiencies in character by expensive, extravagant clothes.

"I include perfect grooming in my dress percentage. Water and soap are cheap. A woman whose hair is clean, whose face looks well-scrubbed, whose hands show some care, inevitably looks well-groomed.

"I give the final five per cent on my chart to a good disposition. No sulky, nagging, dissatisfied, disgruntled woman can be attractive.

"Charm, intelligence, understanding, a conception of proper dress, and a good disposition are a triumphant quintette that every woman can adopt for her own—and emerge a triumphant personality.

"You can't depend on physical beauty—which may be short-lived. It won't carry a woman far. It has never carried an actress far. Count on those qualities for which you, yourself, are responsible.

"Every woman—actress or not—has to balance her personality budget in these dynamic days."

And Jean Harlow is one girl who has balanced her personality budget!

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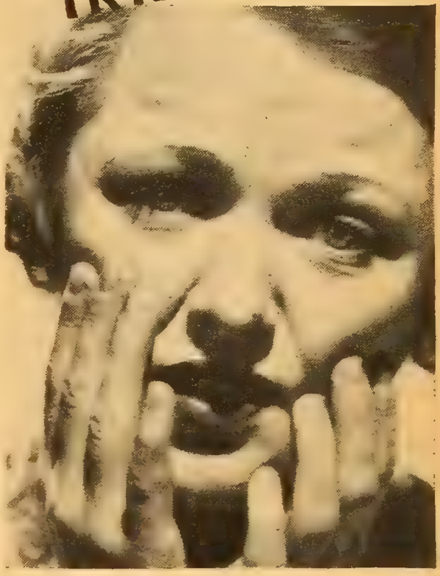

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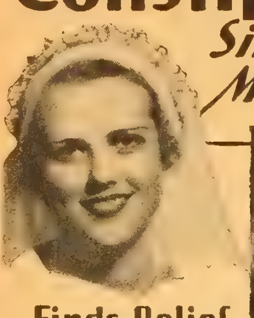

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Untold Stories of Loves That Have Lasted

(*Continued from page 59*)

daily companionship. There may be more than three thousand miles separating us, much of the time, yet the same quality that will make any other marriage a success has kept us happy and contented."

"Would it have saved some of the famous 'happy marriages' that have foundered?"

"Absolutely!"

"What is this magic quality?"

"Common sense. If you want to make a go of marriage, or of anything else, just be sensible. That is what has made our marriage happy, and what is going to keep it happy—common sense."

Irene Dunne leaned back in her chair, and half-closed her eyes. "Common sense," she mused, "and a sense of fair play—being able to see things through the other fellow's eyes. If we hadn't learned that, we wouldn't be married to-day.

"When we first went together, each of us used to see things his own way. We have since claimed that we disagreed enough that first year to last us all our lives. Once we married, however, we reached an understanding, and there has never been a disagreement since."

Of course, Irene Dunne's marriage was no week-end celebration of a sudden infatuation. Francis Griffin bought a diamond for Irene Dunne five years before she let him put it on her finger!

Tells of Their Courtship

"OURS was the strangest kind of courtship you could imagine," she confessed. "I was in New York, studying voice and had no time for romance. I was working hard all day—studying, practising and calling on agents in search of work.

"One night, however, some friends insisted that I go to a dance at a hotel with them. I pleaded 'No clothes,' for at the time my funds were very low, and I couldn't afford to buy an evening gown. They said 'Wear anything.' So I put on a red dress, I believe the first and last red dress I have ever owned, and went along. There I met a young dentist by the name of Francis Griffin—who danced very well and was very courteous to a tired girl.

"Before the evening was over, he asked where I lived, and if he might call on me. I hesitated to give him my 'phone number, because I knew I should feel very silly if he did not call me. When I finally did tell him the number, he did not write it down—and I felt I would never hear from him again.

"And I didn't—for three months. Then he called me and asked me if I remembered him. Under the circumstances, I didn't know whether I should remember him or not—but, finally, I did! The next evening he called on me, and told me that the instant he had seen me at the dance, he knew I was the one girl in the world for him. You can imagine my surprise!

Each Asked a Sacrifice

"HIS excuse for not calling me sooner was that he had ambitious plans and felt that he should stay away from me until he could work some of them out. I was the last word, so far as he was concerned, but he hadn't felt in a position to court me till now—which statement practically dumfounded me. He had been delightful and I had liked him immensely at our first meeting, but I had hardly anticipated this at our second.

"I had never been so attracted to anyone, myself, at first meeting. But I could not believe that it was love with either of us—so soon. And when he came around with the ring, convinced that this was love, I would not take it, because I didn't want anything to stand in the way of my work. I had worked hard, and was not willing to sacrifice it all without winning some success.

"I went on a forty-week tour that season, and he made two trips to Europe—one of them a 'try-and-forget-you' trip. But he didn't forget, and he did keep sending me souvenirs. He had been urging me to marry him if I loved him, and I had been insisting that he would let me have my career first if he loved me. Each of us saw things only through his own eyes and wanted things his own way. In those days we weren't listening to common sense or giving fair play a chance.

"Five years passed this way—and then I decided to give up my work and marry him. We were married on July 16, 1928 in a church on Eighty-Second Street, and then sailed for Europe. In Brussels and Switzerland, I bought all sorts of household goods, such as linens and laces. Now they all are in storage, and when I think of the barrels and barrels of things we have packed away in New York, it makes me just ache to get them out.

"Returning to New York, we took an apartment in an apartment hotel. Almost instantly, Ziegfeld was after me to play in 'Show Boat.' It was at that point that my husband realized that I loved him and would not give him up for a career.

Then Came Real Understanding

"HE became interested in my work, and was always ready with suggestions, if I wanted them. He said that our marriage should not deny me the things I wanted to do—that my life was still my own.

"Then came the great opportunity of motion pictures. I loved him, and I wanted him out here with me. But now came my turn to be sensible. I knew how his patients in New York clung to him. I knew he had ties there that would be hard for him to break. So I tried to see things through his eyes. If I was entitled to my life, he was entitled to his.

"I once had given up my profession for him, and he knew that I would do it again. He had not asked it—and I could not ask him to give up his. But he knows that if he should ask it, I would quit pictures tomorrow. And since this is so, we are doubly happy. We are happy because of our mutual happiness together, and because of each other's happiness in his work.

"In signing my present contract, I insisted upon the provision that I should have time to visit him in New York between pictures. We are gorgeously happy in one another's company—and absolutely at ease in our increasingly brief separations, each confident of the other's love and trust and understanding. And each knows that when the other travels three thousand miles to see him, it is not out of duty, but out of love. Each parting brings us still closer together—and each meeting starts our romance all over again.

"I do not say that it is a perfect arrangement, but we are making the best of it and are very happy. And when the time comes when I want to settle down, I'll know that I have a husband who really prefers me to any other woman in the world, and who is willing to let me live my own life.

"And I also say that the common sense that keeps our marriage a success can make a success out of any other marriage. For common sense is the deadly enemy of misunderstanding and suspicion—those two arch-conspirators against marriage.

"Happiness in marriage is like happiness anywhere else—you can't find it by looking for it. It is within yourself."

"My Head Rules My Heart . . ."

(*Continued from page 51*)

women—usually to their own undoing. Flattery, for instance. A little of that goes a long way with me.

"A blonde, and rather a small one, has considerable difficulty in impressing people with the fact that she is not just a paper doll to be bent this way or that at the sway of a finger. But there is Danish blood in me, on my mother's side, and you know the definiteness of the old Vikings. Anyway, I am definite. I don't wobble. I would rather be wrong every time than to be fluttery."

"Give me a concrete example of what you mean," I urged.

Ann's mother had come into the white-paneled, book-filled room while we were talking. She said, "May I tell you of an incident in Harriette's life that I think will illustrate? . . . I still call her Harriette; you see, I can't get used to the new name. At any rate, Harriette was in high school. Her first year, I think. During that year she had developed a passion for wearing Russian clothes and for one solid year she wore nothing but Russian clothes—full sleeves, barbaric embroideries, high collars. She was teased about it considerably at school. She was told that they didn't become her, that she was not the type and so on. But she had made up her mind and there is no unmaking the mind of Harriette.

"She had a French teacher that year with whom she was not very congenial. At the end of the year they had some words together and the teacher, rather unfairly, I thought, brought up the matter of 'the absurd clothes.' At the beginning of the next term, Harriette met this teacher in the hall. She said to the child, 'Well, Harriette, I suppose I will not have you in my classes this year—I know you don't like me very much.' And Harriette replied, composedly, 'You don't like me, either, but I learn a great deal in your classes and so I will be in them.'

"This, I have always thought, is a marked instance of the way Harriette uses her head to govern her heart. Most girls would have been passionately resentful, would have flared up. Harriette was passionately resentful, too, but her head was stronger than her resentful heart."

Why Women Are the Weaker Sex

"WOMEN," said Ann sagely, "are always too feminine. That's why there have been so many more famous men than women in the world. Women will almost always forego some real advantage to themselves for the momentary satisfaction of paying off a petty grudge, of getting 'the last word.'"

"I recall one other incident," Madame Yde interrupted. (Ann's opulent, pretty mother is THE Madame Yde, concert singer and famous voice instructress.) "It was when Harriette was about twelve and I was on a concert tour. I was scheduled to sing in a certain church in Minneapolis on Christmas Eve. A special song in a special part of the programme had been arranged and held for me. It appeared that I was not going to be able to make it; storms were holding up the trains. Harriette knew this. She offered to take my place. She had never sung in public in her life. She had never attempted that song. But she came to the immediate conclusion that my part of the programme *must* be filled and that she would do it.

"I arrived just in time. I was told what had happened. I didn't announce my arrival. I sat in the congregation and watched the child, who looked an angel with her fair face and long, fair braids over her shoulders. She sang that song as beautifully, as professionally, as though she had been singing

Men Avoided Me

I WAS TOO FAT!

I JUST LOVE to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

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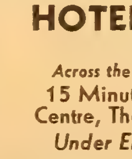
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all of her life. I knew, then, that Harriette was marked with success. There it was."

"Mother," Ann said, fondly, but firmly, "you have a letter to mail, you know."

Madame Yde, full-blown, every inch the diva, rose to go, with a smile. "When Harriette makes up her mind, you know . . . " she said.

Gave Up the Easy Life

"I THINK the thread of my own definiteness runs pretty consistently through my life to date," Ann continued. "As you probably know, I went for a time to the University of Washington. My father—Mother and Dad have been separated for years (one was professional, the other was commercial, and the two just didn't blend)—anyway, my father wanted me to go through college. While I was there, he gave me a very generous allowance. He has a large yacht and I spent a good many weekends aboard, with other girls and boys. I had about everything I wanted, everything a girl is popularly supposed to want. But I wasn't happy.

"I just didn't feel that I belonged, that that life was for me. I made up my mind to quit, then and there, and try a career, to try to accomplish something in the world. My father said that he would cut off my allowance and that would be that. 'That' meant that I was penniless. I was untrained. I couldn't be dependent on my mother. I left, nevertheless. I came to Hollywood, where Mother was giving voice instruction, planning to make her a brief visit while I formulated my next step. My next step was—the movies.

"You may also know what happened to me here—at that time. I didn't get a look-in. There were too many pretty girls and not enough pretty parts. Most of my camera work was in front of a 'still' camera. Still, everyone told me that my only chance was to be on the scene and to wait for my Break. Then Florenz Ziegfeld asked me to come to New York and try out for the second lead in 'Smiles,' starring Marilyn Miller . . .

"Well, everyone had advice to give me. I was crazy if I left Hollywood, where I had a long-term contract, a gradually widening circle of friends, and a chance of clicking some day. I used my own judgment, got out of my contract, and departed for New York. It turned out to be the thing to do. First I was in 'Smiles' and then 'America's Sweetheart' and 'Everybody's Welcome' and 'Of Thee I Sing,' in which, by the way, I first understudied Lois Moran and then starred in the road company.

Didn't Take Broadway's Advice

"THEN came another offer to return to Hollywood. And more advice—this time from Broadway. I had had my experience out here, hadn't I? Did I want to repeat it all over again? I had been successful in New York. Why should I persist in leaving places? But I read the script of 'Let's Fall in Love.' I liked the part. I saw something in it. My head told me to go, though my heart bade me stay—and I went.

"There arose the matter of changing my name from Harriette Lake to something else. I had lived with that name all of my life and was, sentimentally and emotionally, fond of it. Every combination of names you have ever dreamt of was suggested to me. I have always admired the late E. H. Sothern extravagantly. My mother's first name is Annette. The name came to me, full-fledged, and I was sure of it—Ann Sothern. That's how it really happened."

"You aren't one bit afraid of life, are you?" I asked. "You never have to regret any of your decisions, do you?"

"I couldn't be discouraged—not permanently, if that is what you mean," Ann said. "I can always talk myself out of a low mood. And no, I've never had to regret any of my decisions to date.

Knows What She Wants to Do

"I HAVE decided, now, to go in for dramatic work. Singing and dancing are all very well—but if you become too well known as a singer and dancer, you remain one for the very brief while that sort of thing lasts. I am changing my tempo, my style, the sort of thing I do. Harriette Lake did one type of thing. All right, Ann Sothern will do another."

I said, "We haven't mentioned the emotional side of life—boys and flirtations and the possibility of falling in love and marrying. Such things do happen to the young and pretty, you know—"

"Not if their heads rule their hearts," smiled Ann, "and in my generation this is largely the case. I'm not interested in superficial emotions—flirtations, romances that are hot to-day and cold tomorrow. I have been in love. Perhaps I may say that I *am* in love right now. But I shall not marry—not now. I couldn't have both marriage and a career. I intend to become a star of at least reasonable magnitude. And I shall not be swerved from my purpose. In this instance, though it may be the hardest battle I have ever had to fight, I shall summon all my powers and *force* my head to rule my heart. It can be done. I'm doing it!"

The Human Side of Hollywood

(Continued from page 12)

following week, Lou Sheridan was cast as major principal in four pictures! One of her biggest rôles is with Sylvia Sidney in "Behold My Wife" . . .

. . . . . **And who will be** the young man Sue Carol is to wed? At "Van" Smith's party, a lady horoscope and card-reader told Sue she will wed again. Within ten minutes after Renée Torres was told she would make a trip shortly, Mona Rico invited her to accompany her to New York the following Sunday! The only stipulation Renée made was that Mona would loan her one of her fox fur pieces. . . .

. . . . . **When the crash came** a few years ago, young Samuel Hinds, millionaire Pasadena attorney, was hit terrifically hard. He lost everything. To occupy his mind, he began playing minor bits in the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He developed into a capable actor. It was inevitable that he would find his way from the amateur Pasadena stock company to Hollywood. Here he became a standard character actor, building his standing to a reputed $750 a week. Recently, with Richard Dix and other members of the "West of the Pecos" company, he left for a location. It was in Pasadena, the set being the rented mansion of a wealthy family. On arriving, Hinds collapsed from emotion. The hired "location" was his own former home! . . .

. . . . . **When** the hue and cry over censorship arose, Mae West seemed to be the personal worry of most fans and Hollywood as well. Their fears were needless. Mae wasn't and isn't worried. She doesn't care if she quits to-day. Every dime (and there are millions of 'em) she has made on the stage and in pictures is carefully invested in government bonds and diamonds. Her principal right now is sufficient to guarantee her an income of several hundreds each week for the rest of her life. And for a long life.

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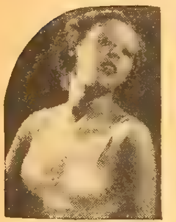

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Robert Armstrong's House Is a Man's House

(*Continued from page 53*)

Blue and yellow Mexican pottery and glass blaze on the painted cupboard at one end of the dining room; the chairs are handmade and upholstered with lemon-colored leather, studded with gilt nail-heads; and the long trestle table is of lemon wood. On the floors are hand-woven Indian rugs of dull purples and rust color. Speaking of rugs, the resourceful Harold Grieve (decorator-husband of Jetta Goudal)—who has made the house fit both its owner and its California setting—took Bob's old living room rug, had it dyed plain blue and surrounded it with a long, gaily-colored Spanish fringe to pull it into harmony with the surroundings. (The house, itself, was designed and constructed by Kenneth Albright, young Hollywood architect.)

The Old Harmonizes with the New

THE furnishings of the living room show what can be done in adaptation of old furniture to new surroundings. The davenport is the usual one to be found in the usual up-to-date living room. Mr. Grieve re-upholstered it in Aztec-printed linen of a dull mulberry shade. He took a Victorian arm chair and covered it with blue corded fabric, and opposite it placed a Provincial sofa in blue rough wool and linen. The lamp beside the fireplace is an old one belonging to the Armstrong family, of heavily chased brass, and fits into its new locale splendidly.

This room is a lesson to those who wish to make over their homes into distinct types of decoration. Almost any kind of furniture will fit into almost any style or period, if handled cleverly. Of course, several typically Mexican pieces, of painted wood, are scattered among the rest. Director Wesley Ruggles made one of the chairs of cowhide. Over the davenport is a gay modern Mexican painting on paper, pasted into the plaster, to resemble a mural.

Beyond the living room is the library, also with a much-used fireplace, deep leather chairs, and a low, wide window-sill, painted raspberry. All the colors in the Armstrong house are brave and bright—greenish yellows, terra cottas, dull blues, purples. With the plain walls and cool shadows of the interior, these are possible, where in a house with fussy decorations they would be jarring.

Colorful—and Comfortable

BUT the room of rooms in Bob's hacienda is the master's bedroom, where Bob has treated himself lavishly. The old, dark, heavy, Spanish bed, with its very high back, inset with a carved saint, might have come from a grandee's mansion. The bed is covered with a heavy quilt in a colorful zigzag pattern. A huge mahogany chest of drawers looks as though it might have come around the Horn in the old sailing days. The black Mexican chairs have gay cushions of linen, heavily fringed. Old milk-glass lamps, wired for electricity, carry out the quaint atmosphere, and prove once and for all that one can mix furnishings of bygone days, even though those days were lived in far parts of the world. On one of the bedside chests stands a rack of pipes; when Bob reads in bed, he can puff a companionable briar.

This bedroom is separated from the rest of the house by an open passageway from front veranda to rear patio. Nothing in these essentially masculine quarters can be hurt by cigars, pipes, bottles, feet wet from the swimming pool, wrestling bouts and exercise. One small, gilt-framed mirror over the chest of drawers and a larger bathroom mirror, well-lighted for shaving, prove that men are not vain, no matter what the ladies claim.

(*Continued on page 89*)

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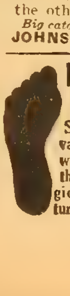

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF MARCH 3, 1933, of MOTION PICTURE published MONTHLY at CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, for October 1, 1934. State of NEW YORK, County of NEW YORK. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared STANLEY V. GIBSON, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the MOTION PICTURE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Stanley V. Gibson, 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.; Editor Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc., the stockholders of which are Robert E. Canfield, 122 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y., as Voting Trustee (Silver Screen Publications, Inc., Equitable Owners) and Silver Screen Publications, Inc., c/o William S. Pettit, Far Rockaway, N.Y. The Stockholders of Silver Screen Publications, Inc. are William S. Pettit, Far Rockaway, N.Y., Mrs. E. V. Brewster, Great Neck, N.Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only). STANLEY V. GIBSON, PUBLISHER. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1934. Frank K Zimmerman. (My commission expires March 30, 1935.)

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" Delivers a Great Sermon,

Says MOTION PICTURE Reader

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" Preaches a Sermon

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street," this very night, has taught me the difference between the selfish love of a parent who breeds hate and fear in the souls of his children and a very devoted love, capable of destroying illness and the fear of death. No greater sermon has ever been preached than by this story, based on truths that proved more gripping than fiction. Would that every father and mother in the world who dominate their sons and daughters, binding them with unbreakable ties, might see this living drama restored from the past.

"I entered the theatre with the thought: I should save my money for run-down heels. I left with the thought that we have a perfect right to love, to live, to drink of ecstasy to the very last. What care I for heels when "God's in his heaven and all's right with the world."

MRS. HAROLD VAN TASSELL, *Newark, Ohio.*

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

"Our Daily Bread" Portrays Real People

Eureka! At last I have found a movie depicting real people. The characters in King Vidor's "Our Daily Bread" are natural, sweating, unglamourous human beings. Literally and symbolically, they are not "made-up." The hero is not the typical matinee idol; he is not concerned with his well-chiselled profile, but rather with a sincere interpretation of his rôle as an emotional young man with normal weaknesses. His voice is not crooning and evenly modulated, but changing from high pitched tones to low rich ones. The heroine (Karen Morley) uses no obvious mascara, wears low-heeled shoes, and "unsexy" pajamas. She talks as would you or I, reiterating "That is all right by me" and is entirely consistent with her part at all times. All the characters, in fact, are natural and it is a relief to find them so.

These "human beings" in "Our Daily Bread" vitalize a well-constructed and poignant theme. Nevertheless, the original story of the difficulties encountered by a group of proletarians in developing a cooperative farm project could have lost all significance if the characters in it had been incorrectly portrayed. The picture reeks of authenticity. Trees are cut down, a river is made to change its course, men perspire doing their work—all these things are not "acted," but done before our eyes.

Such productions will serve to bring more of us into the movies not as an escape or a means of obtaining light entertainment, but as a chance to help us find the solution of our own problems.

LENORE TOBIAS, *New York, N. Y.*

THIRD PRIZE LETTER

Movies With All-Star Casts Are Bound To Be Successful

I admire the splendid idea the producers have of casting more than one star in a picture. The old manner of having one famous star and a cast of characters made up of many unknown, and sometimes mediocre actors, detracted so much from the star.

In most stories there are several characters besides the hero or heroine who are of real importance in developing the plot; and these, I believe, should be portrayed by people of real ability.

A star surrounded by stars gives greater brilliance.

I am sure a cast such as that of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," which includes such stars as Norma Shearer, Fredric March, and Charles Laughton, all Motion Picture Academy Award Winners, will attract vast audiences and prove profitable to the producer.

GLADYS G. SMITH, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

Here's money for your thoughts. Write us what you think about the movies and be in line for one of the prizes of $20, $10, and $5, which we award each month. Make your comments short and snappy. Address Letter Page, Motion Picture, 1501 Broadway, New York City

"Chained" Excellent

I have just seen "Chained," and want to extend my congratulations on this most entertaining picture. I wonder if the producers don't realize that this is just the sort of picture that appeals to the greater part of the movie-going public? The picture was without flaw, as to settings (most artistic), story (not at all improbable), acting of the entire cast, and the display of clothes.

ELCY EBERT OBERDICK, *Leavenworth, Kan.*

The Audience Turns Jury

The public wants real acting—not merely a display of the star's physical allure.

In the bid for fame as a "beauty" the modern actress seems to have ignored the arts of acting and of make-up.

It is quite improbable that the "jungle girl," the "mountain woman" or the "pioneer mother," had plucked eyebrows and manicured nails. The perfectly tailored leopard pelt and home-spun dress, emphasize the sex-appeal of the actress but rob the play of that value of illusion, in which the spectator loses himself.

LORROL O. JACKSON, *Seattle, Wash.*

Robert Armstrong's House Is a Man's House

(*Continued from page 87*)

Except for two rows of huge trees—mostly umbrella trees, from which the house takes its name, The Ranch of the Umbrellas—one at the front and another shading the open pavement at the rear, no attempt has been made at landscape decoration. However, gaudy flowers burn about the place, the bare ground is overrun with wild strawberry vines, and Bob has a vague plan of a vineyard sometime. Rude steps at the back run up to a bath house and a pool, cleverly made out of an old cistern that stood above the former ranch shanty there.

A boy in overalls and a woman in a print dress look after the ménage. Little black Scotties and their progeny waddle about. The wild lilac and the yucca bloom untouched on the hillside, as they bloomed two hundred years ago before the eyes of the *padres*. Hollywood seems not a hundred, but a million miles away. . . .

Fashionable Debutante—or Well-Dressed Working Girl?

(*Continued from page 57*)

brown-wool frock harmoniously, and is warm enough, when worn with a woolen dress, to substitute for a coat.

Another charming frock is a two-piece one which combines a beige-striped brown velvet top with a plain brown velvet skirt. "Patterned" velvet is very smart this season and different from anything worn in other seasons. Some velvets are made up in stripes that give them a corduroy look and others are shot with brilliant gold or silver specks and still others are embroidered or stitched with gold or silver threads.

With this brown velvet dress, Adrienne wears a stunning large beret, which takes an upward turn in back, and is caught with a flat bow. This velvet beret and the two-piece velvet dress described above make an ideal costume for those "don't dress" occasions when you want to look your best.

There are several other outfits that Adrienne wears in "Gigolette" that I would like to describe to you, even though we can't illustrate them all.

A Skirt, a Blouse, a Coat

THERE is a demure little three-piece suit of gray tweed with a snug-fitting white collar and cuffs, for example. It is one of those "just right" outfits that make a girl feel well-dressed for business or shopping or an afternoon walk—in fact, for practically every daytime occasion. It consists of a skirt, a jacket-effect blouse and a long coat. With this gray tweed outfit she wears a saucy navy felt hat and a matching purse.

As we said, Adrienne, in the rôle of *Kay Parrish*, is a wealthy society girl who suddenly finds herself penniless. She obtains a job as a gigolette (which is where the picture gets its name) and, naturally, in this capacity, she meets many men, among whom there are several admirers. As *Kay*, Adrienne not only gets her job because no mere man could resist her appeal in her smartly swagger clothes; she also fascinates her suitors with her ravishing appearance. And the wardrobe she salvaged from her prosperous days plays a large part in helping her look so alluring.

The fact that she could wear the same wardrobe in her life as a society belle and later as a gigolette and a working girl only goes to prove that smart clothes are appreciated in every walk of life and the secret is in their simplicity.

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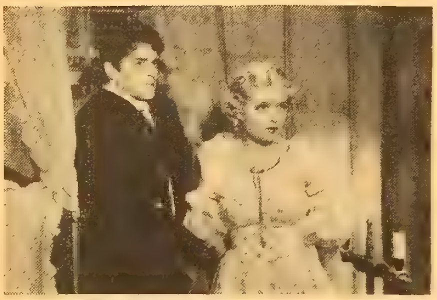
Daisy Stebbing, Dept. M.P.-13, Forest Hills, New York

TIP-OFFS ON THE TALKIES

What They're About—And How Good They Are

By JAMES EDWIN REID



Francis Lederer comes into his own, wooing Joan Bennett, in "The Pursuit of Happiness"—a comedy with real charm . .

(The pictures listed in capital letters are those especially worth seeing. The pictures that are starred are those particularly suitable for children.—Editor.)

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—Irene Dunne and John Boles go back to the 1870's, when marriages were supposed to last forever, to re-live Edith Wharton's poignant story of two lovers who married the wrong people (RKO).

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—Life and love in the Victorian days of repression, interpreted with great skill and suspense by Norma Shearer as the invalid *Elizabeth Barrett*, Fredric March as the dynamic *Robert Browning*, and Charles Laughton as her subtly cruel father (M-G-M).

Belle of the Nineties—Mae West, the lureful lady with the sense of humor, again puts on bustles and an amusing show—a sketch of the life of a burlesque queen in the New Orleans of the '90's (Par.).

Big-Hearted Herbert—Guy Kibbee—he's a star now—gives another grand take-off of "a typical American." This time he's a hearthside dictator whose family stage an insurrection, led by Aline MacMahon (W. B.).*

British Agent—Leslie Howard and Kay Francis, spies on opposite sides in revolution-torn Russia, make the tactical error of falling in love. An old story? Ah, but it has unexpected twists and an unexpected ending (F. N.).

By Your Leave—Frank Morgan and Genevieve Tobin, married, but restless, take their last youthful flings separately. The result is slyly clever—and clean—comedy (RKO).

Caravan—Spectacular, but slight—a romantic musical comedy about a gipsy (Charles Boyer) and a Countess (Loretta Young), who think they are in love with each other, but discover that they love two other people—Jean Parker and Phillips Holmes (Fox).*

The Case of the Howling Dog—Warren William solves a baffling, if weird mystery, with Mary Astor, chills and comedy (W. B.).

Chu Chin Chow—Musical fantasy on a colossal scale, re-telling the "Arabian Nights" tale of what happened to the unjust master of a dancing girl (Anna May Wong). Slow, but soothing to eye and ear (Gaumont-British).

CLEOPATRA—Cecil B. De Mille weaves history and legend together and makes a dramatic spectacle, with Claudette Colbert as the nymph of the Nile, Warren William as *Caesar*, and Henry Wilcoxon as *Antony* (Par.).*

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO—Dumas' great story of a "forgotten man" who finds adventure, justice and love becomes a great picture, starring Robert Donat, featuring Elissa Landi (U. A.).*

Crimson Romance—Not boudoir stuff, but a war story, with Ben Lyon as an American in the German army, who falls in love with ambulance-driver Sari Maritza. Far-fetched melodrama (Mascot).

The Curtain Falls—Henrietta Crosman, who knows her character acting, scores a minor triumph as an aged trouper who impersonates a missing friend and untangles a few lives (Chesterfield).

The Firebird—Ricardo Cortez, flitting from flower to flower, is murdered. Verree Teasdale takes the blame. But is she guilty? That's the mystery—and a good one (W. B.).

Gift of Gab—An intended satire of radio, and especially fast-talking announcers (Edmund Lowe plays one), turns into a glorification of the air-wave army, for such stars as Ruth Etting and Phil Baker are present (Univ.).*

Happiness Ahead—Dick Powell, who washes windows, falls in love with a poor little rich girl (Josephine Hutchinson), who doesn't want him to know she is wealthy. Light and pleasant, and Dick's new sweetheart looks like a real "find" (F. N.).*

JUDGE PRIEST—As a sly small-town judge in the Kentucky of the 1890's, Will Rogers has his best rôle yet. (He'll do an encore soon.) And the customers get comedy, pathos, exciting drama and romance all welded together in Grade A style (Fox).*

Kansas City Princess—Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell have some rough fun—a farcical time, in other words—as two manicurists in search of adventure (W. B.).

THE LAST GENTLEMAN—More character sketch than drama, but constantly absorbing, with George Arliss as a crotchety eccentric who isn't so crazy as his relatives try to make out (20th Century).*

The Lemon-Drop Kid—Lee Tracy mixes comedy and heartache, and the mixture doesn't jell. He is a racetrack tout who reforms for the sake of Helen Mack and then runs into ironic trouble (Par.).

LITTLE FRIEND—An English wonder-child, Nova Pilbeam, aged fourteen, tears hearts loose from their moorings in a courageous, sincere story of a sensitive child whose parents are parted (Gaumont-British).

A Lost Lady—Willa Cather's delicate story of a May-and-December love becomes heavy on the screen. But that's because of the scripters, not because of the acting of Barbara Stanwyck, Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez (F. N.)

LOVE TIME—Poetic and charming musical romance, based on the life of composer Franz Schubert (played by Nils Asther) and his wistful love for a lady of high station (Pat Paterson). The music alone is worth the price of admission (Fox).*

Madame Du Barry—Dolores Del Rio glorifies the tempestuous, tragic little milliner who became the uncrowned Queen of France. The new and lavish version of the always-dramatic story is expurgated a bit (W. B.).

MAN OF ARAN—A simple, superbly photographed story of life on the barren Aran Isles, off the West coast of Ireland. A poem in pictures (Gaumont-British).*

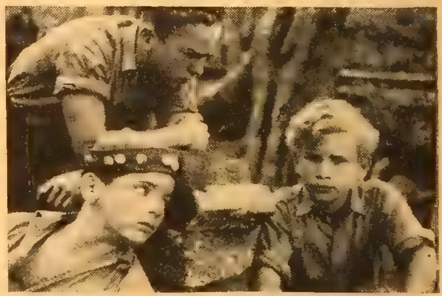
Menace—Three friends of a man who met a tragic death find themselves pursued by a relentless avenger. It's hokumish, but exciting, with Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanagh and Henrietta Crosman featured (Par.).

THE MERRY WIDOW—Franz Lehar's operetta IS an operetta on the screen this time, complete with music. Gaiety reigns, with Jeanette MacDonald as the singing, mischievous heroine, Maurice Chevalier as the debonair, unlucky lover, and Ernst Lubitsch directing (M-G-M).

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch—Pauline Lord, of Broadway renown, makes an impressive, if somewhat unexpected screen début as the philosophical mother of a large, amusing, always-up-to-something brood of youngsters (Par.).*

Nell Gwyn—An intriguing young English person, Anna Neagle, renders an intriguing screen biography of the saucy favorite of Charles II (U. A).

Nova Pilbeam proves herself a fourteen-year-old Hepburn as an innocent victim of divorce in "Little Friend" . . .



Frankie Thomas, Jr. (right) makes poignant the plight of a "forgotten boy" in the title rôle of "Wednesday's Child" . .

One Exciting Adventure—The title is a misnomer; it's more comedy than melodrama. A glamourous kleptomaniac (Binnie Barnes), the man who is trying to cure her (Neil Hamilton) and a suave jewel thief (Paul Cavanagh) have an entertaining battle of wits (Univ.).

Outcast Lady—Michael Arlen's "Green Hat," turned pale. With the original story getting a kid-glove handling, Constance Bennett and Herbert Marshall have a struggle being believable (M-G-M).

Peck's Bad Boy—Jackie Cooper lives the rôle of a young, mischievous, misunderstood boy who craves the companionship of his busy father (Thomas Meighan). There's something in it for the whole family (Principal).*

POWER—Ironic tragedy of court intrigue in the XVIIIth Century, revolving around a glamourous, suavely sinister man of mystery. It lives up to its title, with a tremendous performance by Conrad Veidt (Gaumont-British).

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS—A peace-loving Hessian soldier (Francis Lederer) deserts and hides out with Puritans, who have some quaint customs, including the custom of "bundling." It has charm, and is both amusing and novel (Par.).

Ready for Love—A boarding-school runaway (Ida Lupino) upsets the peace of a Connecticut town until a local reporter (Richard Arlen) makes her famous. Laughably light (Par.).

Six-Day Bike Rider—Joe E. Brown, with a mirth-provoking marcel, hops aboard a bicycle and goes to the races in slapstick fashion. (F. N.).*

The St. Louis Kid—James Cagney at his robust best—as a happy-go-lucky, pugnacious truck driver who can't seem to dodge trouble, excitement and amusing predicaments (W. B.)

Student Tour—An alleged comedy about a group of collegians seeing the world. Even Jimmy Durante as a crew coach and Charles Butterworth as a goofy professor can't save it (M-G-M).

A Successful Failure—William Collier, Sr., expecting a raise, gets fired instead, which provokes his fast-spending family. But he gets a chance to lead his own life at last. Human, down-to-earth mirthfulness (Monogram).

Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round—A musical mystery-comedy, with an ocean liner for its setting and Jack Benny, Gene Raymond and Nancy Carroll for its stars. Sparkling, "different" entertainment (U. A.)

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD—A theatrical, but highly effective drama of a young boy whose divorced parents put him in a school and go on living their own lives, while his threatens to be warped. Frankie Thomas, Jr., new boy-actor, gives a great performance (RKO).*

WE LIVE AGAIN—Anna Sten clinches her right to stardom in a powerful and timely revival of Tolstoy's "Resurrection"—a drama of a peasant and an aristocrat who at last are equals. Fredric March shares the "we" of the title with her (U. A.)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—Helen Hayes, after a too-long absence from the screen, returns in triumph in the delightful Barrie comedy of a mouse-like miss who subtly makes her handsome husband (Brian Aherne) do just what she wants him to do (M-G-M).*

WHITE PARADE—A vivid, sensitive, dramatic kaleidoscope of the life of student nurses in a big hospital, with Loretta Young giving the finest performance of her career (Fox).

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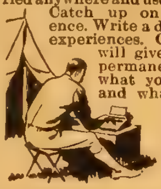

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In the gay young group that dictates what's "done" in New York, Mrs. Boyer plays a charming part. What to wear, where to dance, what to see, how to entertain, what people prefer to eat, to smoke—she knows all the answers. That is why you find Camels in her house and in her slim cigarette case.

"There seems to be more going on this winter than ever," she says. "Lunches, teas, parties, dances—everyone is gay and almost everyone is smoking Camels. They certainly add to your enjoyment with their mild, rich flavor and I notice that if I'm tired, a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

People find that Camel's finer and MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS give them a healthy "lift" when their energy is low. Smoke one yourself and see.

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